

Diary of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, 4th.

COAL found near copper deposits, Woodville.—Port Melbourne footballers beat English team.

THURSDAY, 5th.

Wellington Rugby Union deny rough playing in match with English Footballers.—Accident to ballast train at Inglewood, Victoria; one man killed, three severely hurt.

FRIDAY, 6th.

Dr. Robinson pronounces Westport coal finest in Australian colonies.—Indignation meeting at Greymouth condemns Government for abandoning Grey-Hokitika railway.—Meeting at Oamaru passes resolution urging Government to undertake reproductive work in North Otago for relief of labourers, suggests construction of road to interior.—Severe earthquake shock in Goulburn, Mittagong, and neighbouring districts, N.S.W.

SATURDAY, 7th.

Greymouth coal exports for week, 3,420 tons.—H.M.S. Diamond returns to Sydney from arranging preliminaries of governing New Hebrides, and punishing murderers of Walker, labour-hunter, at Pentecost Island.

MONDAY, 2nd.

Croudis, survivor of Wairau massacre, dies at Blenheim.—English footballers defeated at South Adelaide.—Rich stone discovered Jubilee reef, Kimberley.

TUESDAY, 10th.

U.S.S. Company's 'uva goes ashore at Westport.—Christchurch express thrown off line at Parakanui cliffs.—Fifty pound of stone from Kimberley, tested at Perth, yields 8lb gold.

MINING.

Returns from Gallant Tipperary, cake of retorted gold 200oz 10dwt from 509 tons.—Battery returns for week at Reefton; Keep-it-dark, 232oz of amalgam for five a-half days; Globe, 202oz of amalgam from 175 tons of stone; Fiery Cross Extended, 235oz of amalgam from 100 tons of stone; Progress, 73oz 10dwt of amalgam from 90 tons.

THE BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM.

In an interview between Bishop Bagshawe and a reporter of the *Nottingham Express*, the following dialogue is reported to have passed:—

"Are there not cases of boycotting which will not come under the edict?—There may, perhaps, be cases which would not come within the intention of the Decree. It is not for me to say.

"I see it stated in a telegram from Rome published to-day that 'the Pope is more than ever resolved to limit his interference in Irish affairs to religious questions.' Do you consider he has any right to interfere with Irish political affairs?—He has already declared, and the bishops have accepted his judgment that in all political movements directly affecting the interests of the Church, he has the right to direct them. He said nothing as to political affairs in any other sense than I am aware of.

"But is not his present decree an interference with political affairs?—No. He has simply declared such and such proceedings to be unlawful. There must be some judgment as to lawfulness and unlawfulness, and the decision of the Pope, which is the highest that can possibly be pronounced, ought to be followed by all faithful Catholics. The Tribunal of the Inquisition, I admit, is not infallible. Its decision, however much to be followed, is not the pronouncement of the Pope in his character of universal and infallible teacher. Nevertheless, obedience is due to its decision from all Catholics.

"As you have said that the Plan of Campaign and boycotting form no part of the programme of the National League, I suppose you do not hold that the edict means the extinction of the League?—I certainly do not, for it has nothing to do with the League.

"And you do not think that it will at all affect the main work of the League?—I do not think it will."

RED JACKS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

ABOUT 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday last, the 29th June, a blaze was observed to be issuing from the chimney of the hotel of the firm of Gillin and Devery, and by night-fall the building, which was a two storied one, was completely burned to the ground. The hotel was situated at the "Twelve Mile," which means twelve miles from Greymouth on the Reefton Main Road. There are two other hotels in the township which, owing to the exertions of the navvies and other residents were saved from destruction, also the firm's butcher shop, out offices and a good deal of the bedding, furniture, liquor, etc. Great sympathy is felt for the loss the firm has sustained, more especially as I am given to understand the building was not insured. Great sympathy is also felt for the boarders staying in the hotel who have lost all they possessed, particularly a Mr. Elders, who is clerk of works of Mr. Brown's railway contract. He lost, with other things, valuable papers which cannot be replaced. I may state that this gentleman is highly esteemed in the neighbourhood. I visited the Twelve Mile on Sunday last, and observed there was nothing to indicate where the hotel stood, but the charred still smoking piles, a brick chimney, stack hoops of liquor barrels and iron headsteads.

LITTLE WESLEY.

SINCE little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—
W'y I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miss the whipperwill!
And to think I net to scold him for his everlasting' noise,
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys!
I wish a hunderd times a day 'at he'd come trompin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud ag'in!—
It 'nd seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went!

Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it net to do—
Yit now they's times it 'pears like it 'u'd bu't itself in-two!
And, let a rooster, suddent like, crow som'ers clog't around,
And seems 'e ef, mighty nigh it, it 'u'd lift me off the ground!
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
In the red o' early mornin', or the dusk and dew and stars,
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but jes go on,
A'whistlin' kind o' to theirse's'—sence little Wesley 's gone!

And then, o' nights when Mother's settin' up uncommon late,
A-bilin' pears er somepin, and I set and smoke and wait,
Tell the moon out through the winder don't look bigger'n a dime.
And things keep gittin' stiller—stiller—stiller all the time—
I've ketch'd myssef a-wishin' like—as I clumb on the obeer
To wind the clock, as I have done for more'n fifty year'—
A-whishin' 'at the time hed come fer us to go to bed,
With our last prayers, and our last tears, sence little Wesley 's dead!
—James Whitcomb Riley, in the *Century Magazine*.

WHAT IRISH LANDLORDISM HAS DONE FOR IRELAND.

THIS is what Irish landlordism has done for Ireland—it has practically expatriated the Irish race. But the people thus driven from their native shores have turned down their thumbs and the doom of the baneful system is sealed. For many years these expatriated people sent large sums of money annually to aid their friends to pay rent. They do not send money now for rent.

Then we owe it to Irish landlordism that the number of inhabited houses, which was 1,328,839 in 1841, fell to 961,880 in 1861, and again to 914,108 in 1881. In other words, there were 50 per cent. more inhabited houses forty-seven years ago in Ireland than there are to-day. It has been estimated that the number of houses levelled by the landlords in the twenty years, 1841-61, was 270,000, and not one of them was the landlord's property—but the tenant's. The English people are well aware that this levelling has not ceased, and they are also at last aware that the houses which the landlords level with such nonchal-nee, not to say such fiendish glee, humble as they are, belong to the evicted not the evictor. In no other country in the world is a landlord permitted to destroy his debtor's property, yet in Ireland, as the landlords know, they hold and exercise that power.

The levelling of the people's houses has been consequent upon eviction, and in the squaring of accounts this is an item which can hardly be overlooked. The landlords, in presenting their case to Lord Salisbury, did not mention how much of other people's property they had appropriated in rack-rents or by the eviction process; but it is pretty well known now that evictions up to the establishment of the Land League were highly profitable to a landlord. They were the means by which he got rid of a tenant he had ruined, and substituted another who could go on paying the old rent, or even a higher rent, because he got his predecessor's house and buildings for nothing. All this will have to be carefully borne in mind when we come to the final settlement. It is calculated that, from 1849 to 1882, 482,000 families were actually evicted. Now, even if we suppose that only 200,000 of these were positively compelled to leave the country, then at the very moderate estimate of £100 each the landlords may be said to have robbed the evicted people of £20,000,000 worth of property.—*Contemporary Review*.

"Bloody Balfour" is not the only distinguished man of his name. Balfour, of Burley, who murdered the Venerable Archbishop Sharpe, with the barbarity of a Comanche, had as little heart or conscience as his namesake who plotted the deaths of O'Brien and Dillon, though like the latter he professed to be governed by a very tender consideration of duty.—*Pilot*.

London, May 13.—A party of tithe collectors and police were attacked by a mob at Llanidfawr, Wales, yesterday, and in the conflict that followed thirty-five persons were injured, seven of them seriously.

A priest eminent no less by learning than virtue was travelling by rail to one of our provincial towns. On the train he was accosted by a very nice and distinguished looking gentleman with whom he allowed himself to be drawn into quasi-religious discussion. "Pardonez Monsieur l'Abbe," suddenly says the V.N. and D.L. gentleman, "I must tell you at the very start that in religious matters I am a total unbeliever." "What! you do not even believe in the existence of a God, . . . in the immortality of the soul?" "Oh! as for that, I feel that I believe that much, . . . but I don't believe in the existence of . . . hell." "But sir, do you admit revelation?" "Revelation? Why I look upon it as romance." Have you ever examined the proofs of a divine revelation?" "No, Monsieur l'Abbe." "Do you know anything of the works of Bossuet, Fenelon, Balmes, Nicholas, Brownson, and of so many others among the learned writers of our age who have written philosophical treatises on the most profound religious problem?" "I admit that I know nothing of those writings." "Have you ever read the Holy Scriptures, the Gospels?" "Never." "Well, sir, allow me to say that you are totally wrong to call yourself an unbeliever." "How so?" "Well, I hope my frankness will not shock your feelings, but, young man, you are an ignoramus and no unbeliever."