

along with General Gordon, and the Mr Power here referred to is stated to be a brother of Mr. Arnold Power. We do not know whether this is really the case or not, but if it be, there is something in the facts for the modern Tymon, or anybody less embittered than a Tymon, for that matter, to ponder over. Mr. Frank Power, it is well known to many who remember him in Dublin, was not particularly welcomed at home in the years immediately preceding his departure from Ireland. He was left to shift for himself, and his straits were often great. When his death was announced the family did not hesitate to take all the odds attaching to his career in the Soudan, and the monetary solatium for his loss granted by the Government. Mr. Frank Power, if alive, would hardly feel pride in the conduct of the brethren who have profited so far as they could by his thirst for adventure. He was an amiable fellow, and while unpretentious in the matter of nationality and politics, as a man educated abroad might be somewhat excused for being, he was quite incapable of doing anything which would bring himself into such disagreeable prominence as the brothers whose names now come before the public.

Soldiers are now by law entitled to take men's parts in politics, and since they are given the privilege of voting at elections it cannot be wondered at that they display their political proclivities publicly like other men. It is a little odd, however, to hear that a detachment of the Wiltshire Regiment—we presume, for the most part Englishmen—should have acted as they are reported to have acted at Boyle on Saturday last. The men were leaving the town for some other garrison, and as they moved off someone called for cheers for Mr. Parnell, and they responded to the invitation with great heartiness. A demonstration of a somewhat different character took place a couple of days back at the muster of the Clare Artillery Militia. Colonel O'Callaghan, of Bodyrke notoriety, is the commander of that corps, and the *Cork Herald* states that on parade the men exhibited their sentiments towards him and his doings by groaning him with all their power, and that they also cheered for William O'Brien with great vehemence. Furthermore, it is stated, the men have got up a memorial to the War office showing reasons for objecting to serve under such a commander. These are incidents of the present struggle which cannot well be overlooked. No wise Government could possibly ignore their significance.

Tom Moroney is now eighteen months in gaol for refusing to betray his comrades to Judge Boyde. The savage sentence is actually without precedent. Never in the history of the law in this country or in England has there been an instance of a man getting eighteen months' imprisonment for a mere technical contempt of court. He has been convicted and sentenced without evidence or trial, jury or verdict, Tom Moroney's crime was, in the memorable words of Removable Hamilton, "taking part in the Plan of Campaign," and refusing to turn informer on his Campaigners. Judge Boyd had boasted that he would put down the Plan, and he is wreaking a cowardly vengeance on brave old Tom Moroney for his ignominious failure, to which the sturdy old Campaigner so largely contributed. If Tom Moroney had picked a pocket he would have been out of prison a year ago. If he had merely kicked his wife to death he would have been out of prison at least six months ago. His crime was that he had been honest and true and leal to his comrades in the hour of danger, and for this crime he must die in gaol if priest-hunting Boyd had his way. What zealous friends can do to mitigate the rigour of his imprisonment has been done. A visiting committee has been formed of ladies and gentlemen, who each day in turn bring to the prisoner a glimpse of the outer world from which he has been so long closed in. To the outer world it is comforting to know that the staunch old hero is in no wise cowed by the trying ordeal to which he has been subjected.

It is saddening in the extreme to read of the continued flight of the people from this miserable mis-governed land. The emigration returns are becoming positively appalling. Our hardy population, golden boys and girls in more senses than one, still fly from it in thousands, as though a physical plague were over the land as well as the blighting pestilence of a rule which looks upon the Irish Celts as vermin. Last week (ending May 12) the emigration of Irish-born people from Queenstown amounted to 2,032; and a still larger figure was anticipated for this week (ending May 19), as great numbers have been booked for the outgoing steamers. Most of the emigrants were hale and handsome young men and women, from Galway, Clare, Kerry, Limerick, and other western counties—for the most part Celts, of course. Is there no means of stopping this horrible hemorrhage? If it goes on for another decade or two there cannot be any great difficulty in settling the Irish question according to the taste of the *Times* and the Tory Government.

So used are we now to the violation of canons of decency in the administration of what is called law, that there is no longer any faculty for surprise within us. We can only feel sickened at the outrageous pranks before high heaven that the shameless mercenaries who pollute the magisterial bench are now daily playing. Yet it is impossible not to read without some touch of dulled emotion of the exhibition of moral turpitude which took place at Blarney on Monday, May 14. One of the latest batch of Removables, a Mr. Caddell, who has graduated in the militia presided there at petty Sessions, and adjudicated on a case in which an Emergencyman named Felix McCarthy was charged with a felonious offence. This Emergencyman is, or was, in the employment of the Cork Defence Union, and removable while engaged in the service of these landlords he fired a revolver at a carman named Cogan. McCarthy had hired Cogan to drive him to Blarney at a cost of 4s 6d. When the contract was fulfilled the carman and his fare stopped at a house. The carman demanded the money due. McCarthy tendered half-a-crown, and offered a locket as a pledge for the remainder, telling the carman to take the trinket to the Cork Defence Union and that he would get money for it. The carman objected to such a mode of settling the debt, and thereupon the Emergency man, swearing "By G— I'll pay you," fired his revolver at the driver, the bullet lodging in the wall of the house. The only defence was that both carman and Emergencyman were drunk at the time of the occurrence. The plea, which does not count for much whenever ordinary crime is linked with it, was quite enough excuse for the Blarney bench. Informa-

tions were refused on the ground that no "intent" had been proved despite the fact that the Emergencyman himself, by his exclamation before firing the shot, had disclosed his intent. It is right to chronicle the fact that the J.P. who assisted the militia officer Caddell to come to this flagitious decision were Messrs. B. U. P. Townsend, B. Pratt, and N. Mahony. When we recall the fact that men have been sentenced to fifteen and twenty years' penal servitude for similar offences the gross and barefaced defiance of law and justice in this case almost makes one blush that he wears the same human shape as the persons who have perpetrated it.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY CARROLL, an old and respected resident of the Ellesmere district, died on Saturday, 30th June, at the residence of her son near Southbridge, at the ripe old age of 90 years. She was a native of the County Galway, removing on her marriage to the County Tipperary, where her children were born and her husband died. Eighteen years ago, her sons being then grown up, they decided to come to New Zealand, and landed at Lyttelton in the year 1870. They came to the Ellesmere district, where they have since resided, the old lady being the guest of her sons, who made it their pleasant duty to see that she had a home and wanted for nothing. Two of her nephews are priests in Ireland at the present time. She received the last sacraments a few weeks ago, but lingered on till Saturday retaining her consciousness to the last. The large number present at her funeral bore ample testimony to the respect which she and her sons shared in the feelings of the Ellesmere people. She died in the faith of our fathers and was buried in the Catholic cemetery on the Leeston road, The Rev. Father Chervier performed the burial service.—*R.I.P.*

ON BOARD THE AORANGI.

THE following extracts are taken from a letter received from Mr. Patrick Barrett, of Christchurch, and begun on board the s.s. Aorangi at Tenerife on March 11:—

We got to Rio on the evening of Good Friday, and left next day about 4 p.m. I went ashore with Mr. Warner. We went to Carson Hotel. Everything in Rio is very dear. We had to pay 8s each for bed, 8s for dinner, and 4s for breakfast; in all £1 each for our stay there. Rio is a very pretty city, unlike anything I ever saw before. There are several large open squares like Cathedral Square in different parts. The Botanical Gardens are very pretty, chiefly on account of the different kinds of flowers and ferns and trees, but they are not as large as the gardens of Christchurch. The cathedral is an immense building. All round the interior are carvings and statues of the Blessed Virgin and different saints. There are no seats, everybody stands, or brings a cushion and sits on it, or else sits on the floor or round the edges of the pillars. . . . The streets of Rio are paved with rough stone. They are very busy and full of life. I thought Sydney was a wonderful place for trams, but it is just like Christchurch compared with Rio. All the trams are drawn by mules; in fact, all the horse work is done by mules. There are double lines of trams always passing up and down to almost all parts of the city. They are nearly always full. I only saw two horses there, except the six horses the Governor had in his carriage. It is wonderful how these little mules manage to pull a load up a steep hill that we would have a draught horse to do. . . . The harbour at Rio is one of the largest in the world, but I do not think it is nearly as pretty as the Sydney harbour. There is a great deal of shipping done here, chiefly with Buenos Ayres and New York. It is a wonderful place for fruit, but as this is the beginning of the winter season it is not so plentiful as it has been. The weather was not very cold before we passed the Horn, or very warm since. I have felt the days very much colder and hotter at home. We crossed the line six days ago. We have had a slow passage, as except for the first few days we have had head winds all the way. The biggest run yet has been 328 miles, the second day out; the lowest 258 miles, yesterday. I expected to be able to post this at Tenerife, and send it by the Tongariro, but we saw the Tongariro the night before we got to Tenerife on its way to New Zealand. We got to Tenerife on the 12th, about 4 o'clock in the morning. The boat was quarantined on account of not being twenty-one days from Rio, and we were not allowed to land. They were finished coaling about 12.30 and we left at one o'clock in the afternoon. We took about twelve saloon passengers from Tenerife, and are now so crowded out that the captain had to give up one of his berths, and two of the passengers had to sleep in the smoking-room. We had a fancy-dress ball two days after we left Rio, and were to have had another after we left Tenerife but the captain decided it would be better to have a concert so we had a concert instead. We are now in the Bay of Biscay, and are expecting to land the mails at Plymouth about daybreak tomorrow (Monday, April 15). The weather is still beautiful, though rather foggy, but not nearly so rough as I thought it would be. We saw several shoals of flying fish and porpoises, but only four whales. Some of the officers do not think we will land at London until Thursday night. We expect the Arawa will be leaving Plymouth on Thursday so we will just be in time to catch her mails.

GRATEFUL WOMEN.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these bitters. "Courant."