

discover some other method of upholding the honour of united Canterbury.

The death of Mr. Pearson leaves the Ashley seat to be wrangled over by candidates who were disappointed at the last election. Mr. Rolleston is spoken of as the probable successor of Mr. Pearson. Some persons imagine that Mr. Ives, who has taken up his residence in Christchurch, would have a very fair chance for the seat. The constituency is a Conservative one, and I fancy Mr. Rolleston has the better chance. If Mr. Rolleston stands and is again defeated he will never recover it. It is said that, like the stag of Jacques, the tears have never ceased to course down Mr. Rolleston's "innocent nose" since the night upon which the returning officer declared Mr. Baxter duly elected to the disgust of Mr. Rolleston. I am not sure that I should be greatly grieved if the wells in the sad eyes of this pious and solemn gentleman were caused to overflow afresh by another defeat. Mr. Rolleston is an unbending Conservative of the old school, he regards the people as *canaille*, or, to use his favourite quotation, as the "herd." It serves him right when the "herd" exercises its functions and kicks. Whoever may be the next member for Ashley, he is not likely to excel Mr. Pearson in popularity. The dead young member was unassuming, he was pleasant in manner, bright of intellect, was as much liked in the House as out of it, and by all classes in Canterbury his early death is deeply deplored.

The Shakespeare Club in Christchurch is a most flourishing Society. It is only about a year old, but has, in that time, done some very good work in the way of studying the writings of Shakespeare. Professor Brown, who is President, occupied the chair on Monday night. The Professor is not a believer in the celebrated "Cryptogram." He is firmly convinced that Shakespeare, and he alone, wrote the plays. His anti-Baconian belief, among other reasons, is founded upon the fact that Shakespeare, in many of his plays, openly ridicules the Puritans. This, the Professor maintains, would not have been done by Bacon. The great Elizabethan philosopher sympathized with the Puritans, and would never have lashed a system in which he believed as its stiff, piggy formalism is lashed in the character of Malvolio. This difference between the opinions professed by Bacon and the opinions in Shakespeare's plays, I should scarcely imagine to be so conclusive a proof of the Shakespearean authorship as Professor Brown makes it out to be. A large-minded man, such as Bacon was, must have been quite capable of seeing through the shams of Puritanism. May he not have chosen the light vehicle of the drama as a means whereby to convey his real opinions to the ear of the world. What really seems to throw much more doubt upon the Shakespearean authorship than the intricate "Cryptogram" is—how could a man with Shakespeare's limited education have written these plays at all? In them are reflected more of the mind of the philosopher and polished courtier than that of the poacher and strolling player.

*Appropos* of literary matters there is a book in the market just now of the kind upon which English people, no doubt, largely form their opinions in reference to Irish matters. I have read a great many books in my time, and have perused innumerable printed lies about Ireland, but I think I have never read a grosser or more brutal tissue of falsehoods between two covers, than those contained in "Parnell and His Island." The book is not as one would suppose, a satire. To be satirical, polish and wit are necessary. There is neither in this book. There is nothing humorous about it. There is not one flash of wit, or one single indication of literary merit from cover to cover. It is a dead, heavy, savage attack upon the whole Irish nation. I first picked it up upon a drawing-room table in Christchurch, and was assured by its owner that every word in the book was perfectly true. "I can vouch for its truth," said the speaker, "because I have been in Ireland myself." Pictures of the vilest and most revolting kind are given of the Irish peasantry, who are represented as having entirely lost all moral sense and as living the life of semi-brutalised savages. "The graft of civilization," he says, "which the Anglo-Saxon has for seven hundred years striven to bind upon the island, has never caught." The Celt of the present day is described as a "savage eminently fitted for cattle-lifting, but ill-suited to ply the industry of farming." Pictures are given of the Irish patriot and the Irish priest. The latter is credited with sanctioning murder, in order to get his dues. The following is a delicate picture of a Parnellite member. He is cunning, selfish, cruel, his blood is thin with centuries of poverty, damp hovels, potatoes, and servility. His passions are dull and sullen as an instinct. And this half tamed animal walks out of Euston Square into London, and makes his *début* in the House of Commons. He is described as making up for centuries of fasting by making a terrible onslaught upon English beef and pudding. The description given of the service in an Irish chapel is such a description as only a person lost to all sense of decency and delicacy could give. Such a man is the writer. In every savage insult which he flings at the Irish people, there is the unmistakable reflex of a brutalised mind. Over and over he asserts that the Irish peasant has been left behind while the rest of the world advanced. "The Irish peasant," he says, "will only be able to take his place as an equal beside his Saxon neighbour when he has contrived to rid himself of centuries of inherited filth and idleness, supplanted by ten years of the most infamous moral teaching which it is possible to conceive." His infamous teaching of course is the teaching of the Land League, whose doctrines, as he asserts, are "murder and repudiation of debt." Not content with attacking all Irish institutions and declaring able to set off, that the sooner nature steps in, applies the positive check, and extinguishes the Irish, the better it would be. This writer does what I believe no other writer has hitherto done. He grossly slanders the morality of Irish women. In these vulgar caricatures and impure imaginations is thoroughly revealed the base mind of the writer whose partiality for revelling in the foulness of a foul mind far exceeds his taste for objective uncleanliness which he attributes to the Irish people.

The worst feature in regard to publications of this kind is that English people, blind with prejudice, read these vile effusions and upon them form their opinions in regard to Ireland and the Irish. However capable of exercising fair play in regard to other matters the English mind may be, it is incapable of being fair where Ireland

is concerned. No matter how false or how brutal the lies may be which are told in regard to Ireland, these are swallowed as gospel. Looking at "Parnell and His Island" in the windows of the bookseller, and knowing how the Saxon reader will believe every word of it, one realises how almost hopeless is the expectation that the two countries will ever understand each other, or that the old feuds will ever pass away.

## CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, DUNEDIN.

A LECTURE by the Rev. Father Burke and an entertainment, in aid of a fund for erecting a gymnasium in connection with these schools, were given in the Choral Hall, Dunedin, on Friday evening. The platform was occupied by the singing class of the school, otherwise known as the Young Ceciliaans, who, arranged in order of size and age, and each adorned with a handsome green rosette, formed a very goodly and pleasing looking company, and one, moreover, that seemed very well pleased with themselves, and also with things in general. His Lordship, the Bishop, took the chair at 8 p.m., and the performance commenced with the "Wearing of the Green," sung in a highly spirited manner, and with complete sweetness and harmony, as arranged in four parts, by the Young Ceciliaans, under the conductorship of one of the Christian Brothers, and accompanied on the piano by Herr Schweers, who kindly gave his valuable services as accompanist throughout the evening. Father Burke then delivered the first portion of his lecture, "The Man of the Modern Irish Movements," beginning with Theobald Wolfe Tone, and ending with Robert Emmet. Appreciative and eloquent sketches were also given of Orde, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Father Murphy, the Brothers Sheares, and others, and the tragic fate that met each in turn was described in powerful and touching language. The rev. lecturer was throughout evidently dealing with subjects that he had mastered, not as worked up for an especial occasion, but as realised by long and loving study, and habitually entered into with a deep and ardent sympathy. The frequent applause of the audience, meantime, told how they hung upon the speaker's words. In the interval that followed, the Ceciliaans sang the "Minstrel Boy," arranged in four parts, and which they gave with admirable expression as well as extreme sweetness—Master Frances Healey, one of the pupils of the school, recited, with genuine fervour, Dr. Ingram's splendid verses "Who fears to speak of '98?" and afterwards came the song "Erin the tear," arranged in two parts, and sung as pleasingly as those that had preceded it by the choir. A pretty effect was produced in this performance by an arrangement of the smaller boys of the class in front, where they accompanied the singing of the verses with appropriate gestures. Their delineation of the rainbow, the "one arch of peace," at the conclusion being particularly graceful. Master John Buckley, another pupil also recited Emmet's last speech in a most telling and pathetic manner. The second portion of the lecture consisted in a review of the days of the Young Irelanders, and the establishment of the *Nation*—the rev. lecturer again showing himself something more than familiar with his subject and carrying the sympathy of his audience with him. At its termination the "Dear Little Shamrock" was sung by Master Nicholas Molony, one of the Ceciliaans, very sweetly as a solo, with chorus, arranged in four parts, by the class. The "Harp of Tara" was next given by the full choir, with an equal success. The comic element was then introduced upon the platform in the shape of an admirable representation of "His Honour," as got up by Master John Deaker, who looked as if he had just walked out of one of the caricature pictures issued by the *Weekly Freeman* and *United Ireland*, and who sang with a great deal of humour the "Extremist's Song." At the end of each verse "His Honour's" self-congratulations were taken up by the writers for the *Nation*, represented by Masters John Day T. Walsh, and J. Macedo, who, each with a quill behind his ear, sang the refrain "Yes you are the poor man's scourge, but from such the whole island we'll purge," and who finally chased "His Honour" ignominiously from the public view. This occasioned great amusement, and was loudly encored. The rev. lecturer, who was prevented by the lateness of the hour from entering upon the existing agitation at any length, merely alluded to it passingly and concluded with a remarkably fine peroration, in which he joyfully hailed the approaching deliverance of Ireland. On the whole we may say that Father Burke surpasses even himself, and that is saying a good deal for in graphic description, quaint humour, quiet though keen satire, polish, and elegance of diction, and literary style, he possesses few rivals in the colony. The plaintive and beautiful melody "Forget not the field where they perished," was then sung with admirable feeling by six of the Ceciliaans. The concluding chorus was that very pretty and stirring one, "The Village Choristers" arranged in four parts. But nothing could be more pleasing than the way in which the boys acquitted themselves during the evening in everything demanded of them. They gave convincing proof that the very most is made of their abilities by the devoted, capable, and painstaking teachers to whose care they have been committed. It must, moreover, be a source of delight to Irish parents to find that their children are being effectually trained up in the admirable and honourable traditions and sentiments of their dear native land. Were it for this alone, they would owe the Christian Brothers a debt beyond all power of repayment.—A vote of thanks to the reverend lecturer was proposed in a very neat speech by Mr. John Carroll, and seconded by Mr. J. P. Hayes, who in testifying to the worth of his former teachers and of the school at which he had been educated, was probably unconscious that his own clever and well delivered little speech was a clear proof of the truth of his testimony. His Lordship, the Bishop, in putting the motion to the audience, spoke highly of the pleasure he had derived from the lecture and from the entertainment generally. The vote was carried by acclamation. Mr. J. P. Armstrong then proposed a vote of thanks to the Bishop for presiding, and spoke in grateful terms of the manner in which his Lordship, since his arrival in Dunedin, had vindicated and upheld the respect due to Irish settlers. The arrangements in the hall were attended to