

# Diary of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.

**EARTHQUAKE** shock at Westport.—Late Governor of Queensland buried with military honours.—Platform in Catholic Church in Pennsylvania collapses; several persons fatally injured; Archbishop Ryan narrowly escapes.—Campbell, M.P. Fermanagh South, commences libel action against the *Times*, as Parnell's secretary accused of writing forged letters.—William O'Brien eulogises resistance of League at Waterford to evictors, and advocates smashing landlords and coercionists.—Bloodhounds fail to discover London murderers.

THURSDAY, 11th.

London wool brokers agree to proposal of Australian growers for farthing bids at sales.—Irrigation settlement to be established on Nepean river.

FRIDAY, 12th.

Railway station at Opawa, near Christchurch, burned down; incendiarism suspected.—Earthquake shocks, severe at Westport, slight at Christchurch and Kaikoura.

SATURDAY, 13th.

Earthquake shocks at Woodville and Masterton.—Harrington noticed by Parnell commission to produce books and letters of League. Invincibles revived at Dublin.—Attitude of Emperor William at Vienna causes anti-German reaction in Russia.

MONDAY, 15th.

Young man in Yorkshire kicks his mother to death; dismembers and burns remains.—Dublin committee appeals in aid of Parnell defence fund.—Emperor William has interview with Pope.

TUESDAY, 17th.

Whangarei Farmers' Club protest against dismissal of Elliott, Sheep Inspector.—Emperor William crowns tomb of Victor Emanuel at Rome.

## SALISBURY'S LAUREATE.

MR. GOSCHEN'S eloquence was by no means the only instrument of conversion relied upon by the Durham Conservatives in their recent demonstration at Wyngard Park. According to a correspondent of the *North Eastern Gazette* the poetic muse of the Tory party was invoked on the occasion, with a success which must have surprised, and possibly delighted, Mr. Goschen. Here are two samples of the Unionist poems distributed broadcast among Lord Londonderry's guests:—

THE G.O.M.

When the Grand Old Man goes to his doom  
He will ride in a fiery chariot,  
And sit in state  
On a red-hot plate  
'Twi'x Satan and Judas Iscariot.

Says the Devil, "My place is quite full, as you see,  
But I'll try and do all that I can.  
So I'll let Ananias and Judas go free,  
And take in the Grand Old Man."  
But the Devil soon found the whole thing a sell,  
For old Gladdy corrupted all people in Hell.

GONE, GONE.

Gone from the sweets of office,  
Gone from the head of affairs;  
Gone in the head, they tell us:  
Gone—and nobody cares;  
Gone, not to join the angels,  
Gone to reflect on the past,  
Gone into Opposition;  
Gladstone's gone at last!

Gone, let us hope for ever,  
Gone, whither none can tell,  
Gone, let us hope to Heaven,  
There are devils enough in Hell.  
Says Satan, "The place is as full as can be,  
But I like to make room if I can."  
So he let Ananias and Judas go free,  
And took in the Grand Old Man.

If Lord Tennyson should cease to be Poet Laureate Lord Salisbury need now be at no loss to find his successor.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

It should be welcome news to hotelkeepers, storekeepers, and the public generally that Mr. J. D. Feraud, MacLaggan street, Dunedin, has reduced his price list. Mr. Feraud's aerated waters, wines, and cordials bear the highest reputation, and have gained the approval of all authorities to whom they have been submitted for test or trial.

Mr. W. Heffernan, late of the Shamrock Hotel, Bendigo, Victoria, has become proprietor of the Pier Hotel. The house will be found convenient and well managed in every respect, and thoroughly in keeping with the reputation in his business deservedly possessed by Mr. Heffernan.

Coercion is the one cause on which the Government majority is still solid. On the Local Government Bill and on the King-Harman Bill is had been falling and falling, till it almost reached the vanishing point. But this (Wednesday) morning it went up again at a bound to the maximum point, the figure of 93 being within one of the largest possible majorities that the Government can now command. At the general election the full majority was 114. The following table, showing how it has been reduced to 94, may be of interest:—

## "REMEMBER MITCHELSTOWN."

(The Nation, August 25)

THE inquest on Dr. Bidley concluded on Friday of last week. Despite the swearing of Dr. Barr, whose statements on oath were about as sincere and true as his patron, Mr. Balfour's, in the House of Commons, the jury came to a unanimous verdict. They declare that Dr. Bidley killed himself in a fit of temporary insanity, caused by the fear of the revelations at the inquest on Mr. Mandeville. They further assert that Dr. Bidley was compelled to act in his official capacity in contravention of his own humane and considerate views. They add an expression of sympathy with Mrs. Mandeville, whom Mr. Balfour's deputy declared on oath to be a perjurer, proving thereby his own reckless disregard of the sanctity of an oath. For Mrs. Mandeville deposed merely as to the nature of the communications made her by her husband; and what could Dr. Barr know of them. They link to this expression of sympathy another with the afflicted wife of the unfortunate Dr. Bidley. They condemn "the reckless and unfounded charges made by Dr. Barr against the medical men and poor Mr. Mandeville"; and they vindicate Dr. Moorhead against the attacks that were made upon him.

The whole clique of the Disunionist Press, taking its cue from Mr. Balfour and Dr. Barr, profess the utmost contempt for this verdict, treating it as if it were a foregone declaration. But an analysis of the composition of the jury proves that it was at least half composed of men of a political hue specially favourable, if they allowed favour to influence them at all, to the police and prison authorities. No fewer than four of the jury were Protestant Conservatives. One was a Catholic Whig Justice of the Peace. Another was an army pensioner. Only two of the jury were members of the National League. A jury more disposed in its majority to take a view favourable to the authorities could not be manufactured even by the veteran packer, Mr. Patrick Coll. Their verdict is perfectly unassailable from the ground of the constitution of the jury. The jury, moreover, gave the case most patient consideration. Their questioning of the witnesses throughout the inquiry was in splendid contrast to the inept and inconsequent queries of the Crown Counsel. Their examination was directed simply to elicit the truth, and with no ulterior political purpose. Mr. Lennox, who took a leading part in questioning the witnesses, is a Northern Protestant. There can be no doubt, therefore, that this verdict is the honest delivery of an impartial jury. That it is as true as it is honest will be the conclusion of every man who brings an unbiased mind to the consideration of the case. Mr. Lane's evidence alone is a complete justification of the opinion that Dr. Bidley's humanity was terrorised by the orders and criticisms of the Prisons Board. The inquiry establishes another claim of blood against the Balfour regime.

Miserable and unfortunate as the whole case is, yet it has its valuable lessons. It proves that if the twenty years of unhalting and unchecked coercion is to continue, the instruments for the execution of its brutality will not be so easily found. Here and there, through even Castle officialism, there will be men alive to the instincts of decency and humanity. The prison doctors are not all Dr. Barrs, nor all the prison governors Fetherstonhaughs. The Castle departments will require a new rigging, and Mr. Balfour will have to go a little abroad for his tortures. Nor will he be able to work his way in the dark. As long as there is an authority in Ireland not amenable to Castle menace or Castle gold a means will be found to unmask the murderous cruelty of the Balfourian gaolers. Mr. Balfour's own cynicism and his Chinese insensibility may shut him out from the category of men whom martyr-suffering in manly defence of what the sufferer believes to be the right can touch; but the heart has not yet been plucked out of the British people, however it may be petrified by the luxuriousness of a pampered class. And this dreadful picture of the Irish Protestant doctor, nursed in traditions and feelings antagonistic to the aspirations of his countrymen, yet driven in madness to death rather than stand responsible before the world for the pitiless brutality of Balfourism, will make itself felt on the heart of Great Britain.

"Five-and-twenty pounds a year" is the modest stipend offered by the vicar of a Yorkshire parish in the advertising columns of our contemporary, the *Schoolmaster*, for a teacher for a moorland school in his neighbourhood. The candidate must be certificated and a churchman; he must also be able to play the harmonium; finally, his merits must be attested by four gentlemen, of whom two must be clergymen, speaking from their personal knowledge. On close examination of the terms it appears that the actual salary is £20, to which is added £2, the estimated rental value of the schoolmaster's two-roomed cottage, admitted to be "rough," and the children's school fees, which together make up the total amount. The vacant post, we learn from the same source, has been filled by a "most excellent man" for some years, so that the possibility at least of existing on the salary referred to—assuming that "this most excellent man" had no other means of living—seems, incredible as it may appear, to be established. Moreover, the vicar has already received "a good many applications." This latter fact we gather from a letter from the vicar himself, in which he bitterly complains that his advertisement has brought upon him some "rude letters" through the post, and voluntarily explains that the value of his own living is only £380, out of which he has to pay four assistant clergy and two lay workers, leaving him, "after the greatest economy"—all these persons living together in the vicarage—a deficiency of £150 a year to come out of "his small private means." Clearly the vicar has, on his statement of the case, no very easy time of it. Still, as his own experience has taught him that five gentlemen living under one roof require for their subsistence £530 a year, even with "the greatest economy," we are left without any solution of the problem of how the poor village schoolmaster, the certificated student, the orthodox churchman, the accomplished harmonium player, the personal friend of "two clergymen," can be expected to provide for all his earthly wants with £25 a year.—*London Daily News*.