

received from his Grace the following emphatic telegram in contradiction of the story:—"Enclosure false; impudent fabrication." I know that you will make no difficulty in publishing this contradiction. —I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours, ✕ WILLIAM J. WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin. 4 Rutland square, East. 17th December, 1888.

ANOTHER WHOPPER.

A SECOND paragraph contains the details of another vision. It runs as follows:—"An English dignitary, well-known in Rome, in a letter to a Catholic priest says:—

'I am told that the Pope gave Mgr. Kirby (Rector of the Irish College) a good 'wiggling' a few days ago, when he took some of his students for an audience. The Pope told them that his Irish children, for whom he had done so much, were the only ones who had given him pain during his jubilee year. I hear that his Holiness will stand no nonsense about the Rescript, and that the tardy submission of the Irish bishops has by no means enhanced the episcopate in the eyes of Roman pontiff. . . . This vision, so far as we know, has as yet received no authoritative contradiction, but the seer who saw it was inspired similarly to him who saw the other—perhaps, indeed, one and the same seer saw both. Let us hope the well-known English dignitary who repeats the tale was not himself a mental eye-witness. Otherwise a "wiggling" in his own case would not be uncalled for, and, on the principle of spare the rod and spoil the child, it is to be desired that he may obtain it.

THE third paragraph contains a quotation from SORELY PUT TO IT. "Ireland under Coercion," a work already referred to by us, written to order by a brilliant specimen of the cute Yankee named Hurlbert, and whose worth is to be estimated by that of the writer, as he is known to fame in his own country. The passage runs thus:—"But it was reserved for the nineteenth century to witness the strange spectacle of men, calling themselves Irishmen and Catholics, deliberately slandering and assailing in concord with a non-Catholic political leader the consecrated pastors and masters of the Church in Ireland. When, in order to explain what they themselves concede to be 'the absence from the popular ranks of the best of the priesthood,' Nationalist writers find it necessary to denounce Cardinal Cullen and Cardinal McCabe as 'anti-Irish,' and to sneer at men like Dr. Healy as 'Castle Bishops,' it is impossible not to be reminded of the three 'patriotic tailors of Tooley Street.'" Mr. Hurlbert, as we have learned from the American papers, is reminded of whatever it suits his purpose to be reminded of, and his fancies are quite on a par with his facts. The fun of the whole thing is, however, to find an Orange newspaper like the *Union* thrown back for support on the Pope and the "consecrated pastors and masters of the Church in Ireland." Even if it were the genuine Pope and genuine Catholic Bishops, the position would be ludicrous. But this appeal to a bogus and exaggerated Pope and Bishops is the very culmination of absurdity. It shows us plainly the straits to which the Unionists are reduced.

THE following passages from the Roman correspondence of the *Nation* of December 29, contain a full refutation of all such scandalous gossip as that which we have quoted from the *Union*. It is to be hoped it has been read with repentance and profit at St. Andrews and other places of a like kind, where repentance and amendment are badly needed.—"The most venerable Rector of the Irish College, the Most Rev. Monsignor Kirby, has had during the past week two private audiences with the Holy Father, during one of which he drew the Pontiff's attention to the false, and, indeed, cruel telegrams sent to the English papers. He was authorised to give a distinct denial to these stupid lies. Indeed, I am informed that the Pope was very much pained when he heard of them, especially the one in which it was said that his Holiness refused to bless some beads for an Irish priest. However the secret has come out: It is all a case of money, and unless news could be invented detrimental to Ireland the money was not forthcoming. The correspondent of one noted journal, I know as a fact, received a sharp note to the effect that the paper he was writing for was not Irish, and was told that unless he could send other news he need not send any. I believe that it is the intention of the Rector to have the beautiful group of statuary presented by his Holiness placed in the second corridor of the college, at the head of the stairs, and near the passage leading to the room looking into the church. The gift has come at an opportune time, and will serve to remind us not to put faith in those who, for their own ends, would try to weaken our trust and love for the Holy Pontiff. The new Vicar of St. Peter's, Monsignor Persico, is having an apartment fitted up for him in the Palace of Sta Martha, behind the Basilica. He will go into residence about the beginning of the year. The Reuter's telegram which appeared in all the papers last Monday, in regard to his supposed report on Ireland, as well as the one I mentioned above, has called forth the following strong denial, which appeared in large type in the *Osservatore Romano*. It reads thus:—"In several English and Irish papers there has recently been published a telegram, said to have come from Rome, according to which the Holy Father had

refused to bless some medals and other religious objects presented to him for that purpose by an Irish priest, and destined to be distributed in Ireland. We are authorised to oppose to such notice the most formal denial, and in doing so we invite once more the Catholics of every nation not to put faith in the correspondence or telegrams of those journals which permit themselves to endeavour to cast a doubt on the benevolent feelings that the Holy Father entertains for all his children, both near and far off; because these doubts and suspicions, besides being devoid of foundation, are injurious to the august personality of the Pontiff.' This is, perhaps, the strongest denial we have yet had from the *Osservatore*. The question is, will these denials stop the lies?"

IMMODEST WOMEN.

WE are thorough believers in the rights of women within due bounds, and have no sympathy with prudery of any kind. In relation, however, to the case which has occasioned so much comment in the Dunedin Press during the past week, and in which a respectable lad has been accused of indecent conduct at the St. Clair baths, we differ from the policemen engaged in the matter, and look upon their gallantry and devotion to the fair sex as completely out of place. It is of course a great privilege attending on the duties of the guardians of the peace to watch over the interests of the sex, and nothing should be dearer to the heart of the gallant constable than the union thus brought about of his baton with the sword of chivalry. But there are quite opportunities enough for the knight of the truncheon and rattle to exercise this privilege without his going in search of some that seem to lie a little out of his way. If women, then—we do not say ladies, because the word lady applies properly only to the woman of refinement and modesty, who, under no circumstances, would be found in such a position—if women thrust themselves in needlessly where men are bathing, whether half-clad or wholly naked, they deserve to be as much shocked as they are capable of being, and that we will venture to say is not much. In short, the proper office for the police, under the circumstances, would seem to be that of keeping watch in the neighbourhood and warning such women off, if they saw a disposition on their part to approach too near. This is what public decency would seem to demand, and, otherwise, it can be preserved by no bathing costume that men can be required to wear. There is, in fact, no excuse whatever for women approaching the baths at St. Clair while men are bathing there. The path that passes behind the baths is a kind of *cul de sac*, and leads nowhere in particular. There is, besides, on the other side a broad expanse of beach—to which it is no hardship to demand that women should confine themselves for the necessary time. No shadow of excuse, therefore, can be found for their inmodest intrusion. As to the particular case referred to, it was dismissed by the magistrates, and very properly so. The lad accused had evidently done nothing that even prudence itself could interpret as tending towards indecent conduct. He was simply made a victim to shamelessness—owing to the punctilious devotion of a police sergeant to women that deserved no such consideration.

THE POPE AND IRELAND.

IF any further contradiction were needed of such stuff as that we have quoted from the *Union*, it is to be found in the following cablegram to the American press:—"Archbishop Walsh read from his pulpit on New Year's Day a very affectionate message from the Pope to the Irish people, in which his Holiness said: 'We have always held in special affection the Catholics of Ireland, who have been long sorely tried by many afflictions, and have ever cherished them with a love which is more intense because of their marvellous fortitude and their hereditary attachment to their religion. In the counsels we have given from time to time, and in our recent decree, we were moved not only by the consideration of what is conformable to the truth, but also by the desire to advance your interests. Our affection for you does not suffer us to allow the cause for which Ireland is struggling to be weakened by the introduction of anything which could fairly be brought in reproach against it. In order to specially manifest our affection, we send you a number of gifts which are specially blessed.' The Pope also sent a valuable present to each of the Irish cathedrals." Our readers have also learned from the passage taken by us from the Roman correspondence of the *Nation*, that his Holiness has manifested his esteem for Mgr. Kirby by giving as well a magnificent present to the Irish College at Rome. We are sent the *Union*, therefore, from St. Andrews, only that we may see how barefaced it is in the publication of falsehoods.

AN UNFOR- TUNATE LADY.

WE are sorry, (says the *Pilot*) to see the once-respected name of "The Nun of Kenmare" on a book that has been placed side-by-side with Fulton's filthy volume in the window of the Boston apothecary who advertises such obscene and anti-Catholic productions. But the "Nun of Kenmare's" book is not obscene. It is only stupid (unexpectedly so), petulant, and, on the whole, utterly absurd. It consists of over 500 pages, mainly devoted to "exposing" the endless dark conspiracies and plottings of scores of Irish bishops, priests, and sisters, against the unhappy "Nun of Kenmare." They were all