

cessionists then divided themselves into two bodies, one moving north to Newport and the other back to Kilcommin. The police, believing the northern wing was retiring home, did not follow them, but kept in the wake of that moving to Kilcommin, and several slight conflicts occurred between them ere Kilcommin was reached. In the meantime, the northern contingents doubled back and held a meeting at Red Cross, which was addressed by several priests.

Tyrone.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the people of South, Middle, and East Tyrone was held in the townland of Oranogue, near Dungannon, November 18, in support of the National cause, and with the further object of protesting against the eviction of Patrick Kelly. The landlord is Mr. Clarke, of Maccesfield. Upwards of 5,000 people, with bands and banners, attended. Amongst those present were—Rev. J. J. McCartan, P. Fox, Thomas McWilliams, P. Murphy, F. McNally, J. Toner, J. O'Donnell, P. Shearin, W. J. Reynolds, M.P., John A. Quinn, Terence O'Neill, William Moffatt, Francis Shields, Joseph O'Neill, P. Mahony. Rev. J. J. McCartan, P.P., presided. W. J. Reynolds, M.P., who was warmly received, detailed the facts regarding Kelly's eviction. Mr. Kelly was debarred from getting a fair rent fixed on account of being a leaseholder, while his neighbours, who were not leaseholders, got abatements of 50 per cent. The attention of the public was not sufficiently concentrated on the evictions in Tyrone, but he trusted this would not be the case in future. Mr. Mansfield, an agent, had retired because he knew that the tenants under him were utterly impoverished and unable to pay their rack-rents. He was assured that the Protestant farmers had no sympathy with the course pursued by Mr. Clarke. Referring to the Ashbourne Act, he said that a number of the tenants on the Salters' estate, who had purchased under that Act, had their farms advertised for sale by reason of their inability to pay the instalments to the Government. Alluding to the speeches of Salisbury and Hartington at the Non-Conformist banquet, in which they asserted that Protestant ascendancy was dead, he regretted to say that that was not so. In Belfast a Catholic Unionist would not be elected. In conclusion, Mr. Reynolds said that the Tyrone quadrilateral was impregnable, and at the next election they would hear the last of Tory and Liberal-Unionist.

Waterford.—At the weekly meeting of the Dungarvan Guardians a landlord named Nicholas J. Wall, who had been in the house for some time past, was called before the Board and stated that since the Land League was started his income had fallen off. He could not get one penny rent from his tenants. The property was mortgaged to the Duke of Devonshire for tithe-rent charge and his sisters in Dublin had another charge. The Board considered that if Wall applied to the Court of Chancery a portion of the profits of the estate would be set apart for his benefit.

The demonstration at Waterford in commemoration of the Manchester Martyrs was proclaimed by the Castle. At the sitting of the Sessions Court Mayor O'Toole denounced the action of the authorities, and a meeting of clergymen and those interested in the peace of the city was held in the Town Hall, at which it was decided to issue a notice calling on the people not to give the police an opportunity for another Mitchellstown. Father O'Donnell addressed the people from the pulpit of the Cathedral in the same sense. Late in the evening the city was in a state of siege, with military and police parading the streets.

Wicklow.—The '98 tournament was continued on November 18. The three matches played were remarkably well contested, the O'Tooles defending themselves in a style that augurs well for their future against their veteran opponents, the Round Towers. The Dillons played in their usual dashing manner, and found no mean competitors in the plucky Liberators. The match between the Sarsfield Guards and the Shamrocks was at length concluded, after lasting from the commencement of the tournament. Very Rev. Father Curran, Blessington, and W. Osborne and Joseph Brady gave every satisfaction as referees. The scoring was as follows: Sarsfield Guards, 1 point; Shamrocks, 0; Round Towers, 5 goals 6 points; King O'Tooles, 0; Dillons, 2 goals 3 points; Liberators, 1. The O'Tooles lodged an objection against the Towers, alleging that their captain played with the Home Rulers, and declared himself a member of that club.

NOTES ON A TRIP FROM WELLINGTON, N.Z., TO BOSTON (MASS.), UNITED STATES; AS READ BEFORE THE WELLINGTON CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

(Concluded.)

As a result of the strike before mentioned a portion of my luggage got astray at Chicago. On arrival at Council I was given a receipt by the baggage master who told me to present it at San Francisco. This I did with the result that the missing valises was delivered at my hotel one day after my arrival in Frisco. My verdict is, that the baggage check system on the U.S. railways is perfect. 7.30 p.m. On my way to Council Bluffs. I am very comfortable and breakfast next morning luxuriantly in the dining car. Oyster soup, ham and eggs, veal cutlets breaded, potatoes, baked, boiled and *a la Lyonnaise*; green, black and English breakfast; tea, fruit, this is what I can remember of the bill of fare. A dining car is a curious sight. Tables are arranged at both sides from end to end of the car; curiously contrived seats can be let down and each table will comfortably seat half a dozen. Snowy linen, silver with the Company's mark on it, silvered lamps hanging from the magnificently carved and painted to ventilators of colored glass admitting a dim religious light at the top and Brussels carpet on the floor with costly mats on which the feet of the passengers make no sound. Taken as a whole a very pleasant place to spend an hour, and if you add the pleasure of dining, with the train moving at 45 miles an hour it even improves matters. We reach Council Bluffs and get transferred to the "Union Pacific," which will take me into San Francisco without the necessity of once changing. Nothing of note occurred till we reached a place between Green River and Ogden where a freight train was wrecked, ran off the

line killing one person. Cars piled on the top of each other. We have to stop five hours to clear the wreck and have the track put right. Arrived at Ogden on the 2nd March, 800 miles from San Francisco. I must refrain from a description of Ogden it would occupy too much time. As we have 8 hours to spare here, we are offered free passes to Salt Lake City and I back, an hour by a branch line. I avail myself and take a 20 mile run by the Denver and Rio Grand cars into the City of the Saints. I visited in Salt Lake City the Mormon tabernacle. The Custodian, who is civil and obliging, gave me some curious and interesting information. The building is 30 years old, circular and capable of seating 10,000. The acoustics are of such rare excellence that a pin which the Custodian dropped into his hat was distinctly heard by me at farthest point of the building. The roof is supported by the walls; not a single rafter is visible. The temple, which is being built close beside the Tabernacle, is grand. Even now, in its unfinished state, it is very high, with towers at the four corners. It is built of granite. The Mormons will hardly see it applied to Mormon uses, as the U.S. Government are crushing them in their religious observances. I took a stroll over the city and noticed a certain "go-a-headism," and conspicuous improvements everywhere. I had a conversation with a young Mormon gentleman, who, of course, painted a rose-coloured picture of Mormon life, but subsequently, an American Gentle, resident in the city, when asked was not this the city of the saints, made use of the rather blasphemous expression "saints be damned," with other strong language referring to the Mormon element in that city of the blest, which led me back to the opinion that there are two sides to every question. Left Ogden on the 3rd at 8 p.m. I had the pleasure for the second time of seeing the Red Indian when we arrived at "Winnemucca." He stalks abroad in high boots and a blanket, with a picturesque hat on his head decorated with eagles' feathers. I saw one or two splendid specimens of men, two or three squaws, and the inevitable papooses. These people will not live in houses, so they camp out in the snow. Those to whom I speak of them say they really do not know what it is to feel cold, as the palefaces do. One or two Western men whom I questioned, invariably wound up by saying "The best Indian is a dead one." The ordinary Western man hates an Indian like poison. The American Government take good care of the remnant of these children of nature and they have some fine land in their reservation.

4th, 7 a.m.—Crossed the Sierras, and now in California. Stopped for breakfast at Sacramento. Rain falling in torrents. We arrived in Oakland 12 noon. Crossing ferry we became aware of the fact of a wreck having taken place, by the amount of *debris* in the bay. A hospital bulk broke from her moorings and drifted against breast-work, and smashed all to pieces; people on board, who were quarantine passengers from a Chinese port, all saved, but lost all baggage. One lady lost a quantity of jewels. Located once more in the Russ House, I have time to look about me. Being Lent I go to Vespers in the evening. St. Mary's was crowded, and by the evidences all about me I conclude the San Francisco Catholics are not the poorest community. In the same seat with me was a young lady fairly representative of the ordinary San Franciscan belle: ermine trimmed jacket, diamond ring, earrings, costly cloak trimmed with expensive fur thrown down beside her; the light was reflected dazzlingly from her diamonds as she moved. The music was as the music of the spheres; the soprano sang a solo, and I say it without exaggeration, that every nerve in my body thrilled to the enchanting voice. It seemed to roll in liquid melody around the vast church, and as the last echoes died away it left a sense of sorrow and void with me. Vespers in that San Franciscan church, apart from religion, was a magnificent musical treat. On the Wednesday evening following, I again heard that soprano, and sat entranced while the flood of melody poured over me. While in San Francisco I visited the building containing the battle of Missionary Ridge. It was well described by a good lecturer, himself an ex soldier. The battle scene was painted in France and sent out to Frisco. The building was specially constructed; the admission 50 cents. This is only one of many similar pictures all over the Union. I also saw the Battle of Gettysburg in Boston. Space nor time does not permit me to give a description of these magnificent pictures. Visited the office of the Western Union Telegraph Coy., and was courteously shown around the building; the system of telegraphy is somewhat more advanced than ours. I went through the outskirts of Chinatown in the day time, saw the Chinamen in all departments of trade. By the way, they all wear their pig-tails in San Francisco dangling down to their heels, and all dress Chinese fashion and act just as if they lived in China. Their theatres are advertised in the daily papers, and had not the Americans put an effectual check on immigration, San Francisco would have become another Peking or Canton. Kearney, the anti-Chinese lecturer (and, by the way, an Irishman and a countyman of my own), is the sole author of this anti-Chinese legislation. He is highly spoken of all over the States, and as his oratory is all native and owing nothing to study or imitation, his success is the more to be commended. He is a forcible and telling speaker, and holds his audiences by the genuineness of his style and the plain common-sense of his remarks. Denis Kearney is now a great power in America. There is one institution which struck me as having a good foothold in San Francisco—that is, the boot-black business. Boots are never left outside the doors of American hotel bedrooms. You put on your dirty boots and get them cleaned on your feet by an individual who charges five cents for the operation. At the corners of the principal streets, in a cosy nook, the boot-black erects his workshop. Two chairs are placed on a raised platform. They are sheltered at the top and sides by substantial, painted wooden boarding. There are foot-rests on which to place your feet. The artist hands you the morning paper, you light your cigar, and smoke and read while he brushes your boots to a degree of brilliancy never attained to by hotel hirelings.

Nothing of any note occurred till I found myself on board the Alameda on the 9th of March, at 10 a.m. The Alameda is a new steamer, having been built in Philadelphia in 1883, and cost a half a million of dollars. She is superbly fitted, and I can recommend her as a good sea-boat, with a fine genial lot of officers. Her captain is