

blow at coercion. Such is the way the Pigottists' boasts of the success of Balfour's policy are being justified before the world.

The heart of man can scarcely realise as possible the wanton inhumanity of the last move of the Most Vile the Marquis of Clanricarde and his tools, Teper and Co., at Portunna. We are troubled with a vague sense that the barbarity is incredible even while we write of it. He has noticed Father Coen that he must pull down forthwith the huts of the evicted tenants which charity has built for them on the piece of the waste land attached to the parish church, and threatens him with all the terrors of the law if he refuse. Can one realise the wanton malignity of the man who, not satisfied with ruining these wretched tenants, robbing them of all the property their capital and labour had created in their holdings, seeks now to rob them even of the poor shelter that pity had raised for them? There is no question of rent here, or refusal of rent. It is sheer, wanton malignity, such as devils were supposed to monopolise. We are glad to have reason to believe that the malice is as impotent as it is vindictive, and that there is no process of law by which the evicted tenants can be disturbed. Their huts are as safe and as sacred as the church beside them.

Father Coen, of Woodford, is dead. These will be sad words to the myriad friends whom his genial and kindly hospitality won for him among the visitors to Woodford. They are, indeed, black and bitter words to the poor of his parish, by whose side he stood in their struggle with the rack-renters, through good repute and evil, with magnificent self-devotion. Almost the last act of that noble life was his defiance of Clanricarde, on behalf of the evicted tenants, for whom his charitable forethought had raised a shelter even at the church door. Personal sacrifices made and indignities suffered in the people's cause he counted as nought. In all that long struggle and bitter suffering he was ever their kindly and thoughtful friend, softening their wrath and comforting their despair. In the wise but mysterious dispensation of Providence he is taken from them in the hour of sorest need. Well may they ask their sorrowing hearts to-day: "Where will come such another?" May God answer their prayer with comfort.

A little Don Whiskerandos—a martial youth of twenty-one, tied, like Dolabella, to a big sword—went very near to causing a fearful scene in a Catholic church on Sunday, March 3. This military personage, whose name is given as Geoghegan, was in the gallery of the church attending Mass, while a number of other soldiers, artillerymen, and 18th Royal Irish, were scattered throughout the sacred edifice. As usual, previous to the opening of Lent, the pastoral of the Bishop was read out after the first Gospel. In this the state of the country was touched upon, but only as a matter for the prayerful attention of the congregation. When the priest, Rev. Father Ryan, came to a reference to coercion, the military officer referred to got up in the gallery and shouted out, "Tara out, military." A dreadful sensation ran through the chapel at this unexpected piece of profanity, but the priest called on the people to remain quiet, and requested the military to remain where they were, and that he would hold the officer responsible for his disrespectful conduct. Only two sergeants followed the officer out of the church, but a number of policemen who were present obsequiously escorted him out and through the town.

CANTERBURY CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

On account of New Year's Day being in this diocese made into a strict holiday, and other circumstances preventing the Society's annual picnic from taking place on Boxing Day, the excursion was deferred until Easter Monday last. The weather in the morning was rather rainy and unpromising. But about half-past eight the sun broke through the heavy overhanging clouds and the day soon became sunny and pleasant. About 9 a.m., members and their friends, a party of from two to three hundred persons—more would undoubtedly have attended had the weather been fairer—started from Cathedral Square in five drags and in a machine which may be considered a carriage, an omnibus, and a drag rolled up into one vehicle. The Society's brass band, led by Mr. Mohr, occupied the first drag. Mr. Murphy, vice president, with two other gentlemen, brought up the rear in a dog-cart. The drive occupied about two and a half hours. The place chosen for the picnic was Mr. Green's plantation at Tai Tapu, a place 16 miles from Christchurch. The plantation is situated in a sort of valley or flat between two spurs, and is about half a mile wide, and extends back into the hills about the same distance. The valley is very level, and is by a road longitudinally divided into two portions. One part, on which is the homestead, forms part of Mr. Morton's extensive estate, known as "Ready Station." The other portion is a part of Mr. Green's property, and consists of about ten acres, which are subdivided into six small paddocks, and which Mr. Green kindly placed at the Society's disposition. One paddock is mainly planted with blue gums, which are large. There are also pines, willows, and poplars in the plantation. The trees are in rows, and form long avenues, which were most convenient for the races and other sports organised by the society. The road, which for miles skirts the hillsides, extends past the valley. On the plains opposite there is a swamp of a thousand or more acres in extent, and a large expanse of stagnant water called Ready's lagoon.

A splendid view is obtainable of the plains, of Lake Ellesmere and of the Southern Alps from the summit of a small hill behind the plantation. These mountains now present a sombre aspect. On their summits vestiges remain only of what at other times is a vast and deep snow carpet. Over the plains numerous clumps of trees mark the various homesteads. Across the lake, which is nineteen miles broad, Leeston and Southbridge with their surroundings can be seen. Tai Tapu is a very pretty place and the land there is generally most excellent. Originally it was very rough, and its present attractive appearance is the result of much industry. But some of the land, from its low situation and its nearness to the hills, is evidently occasionally flooded by continued rains. Everywhere well-

trimmed fences, beautiful paddocks, corn stacks, whole fields green with potatoes and other root crops, also cattle, sheep, and pigs, are noticeable. The melodious strains of the Society's band seemed not to charm much the latter animals, as they usually scampered away as we rode past. In a paddock near the plantation two tents were erected by the caterer, Mr. Hichmott, who provided an abundance and a variety of refreshments. Much praise is due likewise to the members of the band, to Mr. W. Courtney and to Mr. J. Joyce, the Society's able and indefatigable secretary. About an hour after the arrival of the main party, the Rev. Fathers Marnane and Halbwachs came. Early in the afternoon, the Most Rev. Dr. Grimes, according to his promise, honoured the picnic with his presence. His Lordship, who was accompanied by the Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais and others, remained for several hours and was attended to by the priests present, to the number of nine, also by the President, Mr. H. H. Loughnan, and by Messrs R. Lonargan, Chase and W. O'Shanghnessy. Among those who came some distance was the Rev. Father Chervier from Shand's Track. Father Binsfeld was also there, but Father O'Donnell from some cause or other, was not present. Mr. W. Holly, accompanied by Misses M. and E. Holly, also visited the picnic from Leeston. Shortly before returning home, nearly all present were grouped and sketched by Mr. White, a photographer. The Rev. Father Halbwachs, and "Basto," to whose nose and ears the tainted ground and the noise of his master's gun seem agreeable were with the rest immortalised. The pines on one side of the plantation formed an excellent photographic background. The portrait will be an interesting souvenir of the Society's visit to Mr. Green's estate amid the quiet hills at Tai Tapu. There was also at the plantation on the same day another party misnamed the "Bachelor's picnic." This party consisted of thirty persons, all of whom were young, and most of them were ladies. The party arrived in a drag tastefully decorated with ferns, and drawn by four horses. Two or three of the drags in connection with the Literary Society were somewhat overcrowded, and, as the distance was long, in some cases the want of more horse power was experienced. When returning home the "carriage" which had been left a long way behind—Deil tak' the hindmost—became twice planted on a newly gravelled portion of the road near the Magdeline Asylum. Matters were, however, finally set right, and with the exception of this delay, which has occasioned not a little mirth, the excursion was a great success, and was much enjoyed.

VICTORY ALL ALONG THE LINE.

(Pilot correspondence, London, March 18.)

NEVER has a St. Patrick's Day dawned on Ireland more brightly than in this year of hope, 1889. The counsel for the *Times* announced last Wednesday that their case was closed, and the Commission adjourned until April 2. On the previous day an expert accountant testified that he had examined the books of the Hibernian Bank and the books of the National League, but found nothing in either of an incriminating nature. Mr. Parnell cheerfully assented to Sir Henry James's request to be let examine the private account of Mr. Parnell with the National Bank. Then a Cork reporter named Coffee told how he had bamboozled a policeman with a tale in which there wasn't a word of truth, receiving 575dols. from the *Times* for the same. Presiding Justice Hannen seemed to think that Mr. Coffee had taken a serious liberty in thus hoaxing a policeman, and committed witness for contempt of court. Mr. Soames, with characteristic asininity, took the stand next day to testify that Coffee was an untruthful man, and Mr. Biggar took advantage of the opportunity to elicit the fact that Soames had sent Kirby to America to coax Sheridan to come over and testify, but that Sheridan would not do so for less than 100,000 dols.

Then a man named Levy swore that he had been a member of the Fenian Supreme Council, admitting on cross-examination that he had spent a year in prison for robbing his employer.

At the request of Sir Charles Russell, Justice Hannen ordered the release of William O'Brien and Mr. Timothy Harrington, whom it is necessary for Sir Charles to consult, on condition that they abstain from agitation during their liberty. Sir Charles Russell asked the Court whether it was prepared to express a judgment regarding the question of an interim report on the forged letters.

In reply Presiding Judge Hannen said: "We are not prepared to give an answer limiting our freedom of action. The extraordinary circumstances attending the withdrawal of the letters speak for themselves. No report can enhance or diminish their effect. But we have not yet come to a decision as regards the making of a report."

The *Times* is certainly in a peck of trouble. Mr. Campbell, the private secretary of Mr. Parnell, has begun the first of many libel suits, which will be brought by slandered Parnellites against the friend of Richard Pigott, and the case will probably be tried in May. Mr. Frederic Harrison has published in the *News* another vigorous protest against the retention in office of Attorney-General Sir Richard Webster after the exposure of the latter's connection with the *Times* infamy. The whole Tory Government is tarred with the same dirty stick. Home Secretary Mathews admitted on Friday that the scoundrelly spy, Lt. Caron-Beach, had been permitted to refresh his memory by going over his correspondence with the Home Office authorities before appearing on the witness stand to help the *Times* out with an oath. Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon, and Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt have been subpoenaed by Sir Charles Russell. None of the Parnellite counsel will participate in the attack in the House of Commons on Attorney-General Webster.

The heaviest blow to Toryism has been the defeat of its candidate in the Kennington division of Lambeth last Friday. The enforced resignation of the Tory scapegrace, Mr. R. Gent-Davis, compelled an election, which resulted, to the surprise of the Tories, in a victory for Mr. Beaufoy, the Gladstonian candidate, who polled 4,069 votes, against 3,439 for Mr. Hope, the Conservative nominee. At the last election Gent-Davis, the retiring member, received 3,222 votes, and Mr. Beaufoy 2,792.