

ing round of cushions and wax-dolls at exorbitant prices during their tender years. It is a dreadful thing to think about. The poor public has been nicely taken in; even the editorial pocket has been turned inside out, and a complimentary season ticket has proved to have been no more than a "delusion, a mockery, and a snare"—a part, in fact, of the general "swindle" most religiously carried out. It is pretty religion, indeed, that provides a man of wisdom, politics and literature, with twopence worth of Berlin wool purchased over night in the full flush of gallantry at a cost of half-a-sovereign, but viewed in the morning in the cold day-light, and under the supervision of the "missus" in all its naked deformity. Palled gallantry is the most awful dregs in the world, and it is no wonder it makes the man afflicted with it as cross as the cats, and ready to eat up every lady he ever saw. These bazaars then, must be done away with; if we needs must practise charity, let us go through with it, after its kind, with long faces, and hearts unbeguiled, even for a moment, of their spuriousness. It is very disagreeable to have to give away money at all; and it is bad enough to have to give away as little as you can,—not to speak of being obliged to part with as much as ever all sorts of bewitching wiles can manage to get out of you in a soft moment. But what shall we do with our "swindlers"? Must they really be provided with suites of apartments alongside of those poor fellows ruined in their infancy by just such iniquity wreathed in smiles and adorning silks and laces as they themselves represent. We "see no other way to do it." Sunny hours are approaching for our worthy governor, Mr. Caldwell. His "All Nations Hotel" bids fair to surpass in popularity all the other hotels in the city. We have no doubt he has already seen the propriety of making due preparations, and has, it may be, even already introduced among his warders the curling-tongs, and other appliances productive of spruceness. By all means let the whole bevy of bazaar-promoters be secured and withheld from mischief; until this has been done complimentary tickets must continue to be regarded with deep distrust in the office of our contemporary the *Daily Times*.

THE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

WE do not know that a strike is necessarily "altogether unpardonable." It depends upon the usage that has been received by the parties striking, and the prospects they can see, or rather perhaps cannot see, of their circumstances being ameliorated.

The telegraph officials, it is admitted on all sides, have not been well treated; hard work and scanty pay have been their portion, and unless they themselves had taken some emphatic step to mend matters, it is probable that they might have continued to occupy the unenviable position in which they found themselves. We cannot see that they were by any means bound in conscience to do any such thing. It is, however, a pity that matters should have been so pushed to extremities; the disposition to enslave is not a commendable one wherever it may be found, and undoubtedly to act upon it can be productive of nothing but evil. The telegraphic department is one of the most important in the Colony, and one on which the comfort, and in many instances the vital interests, of the public depend; it is, therefore, but a foolish management to conduct it by means of men possessed of a just grievance, and we hope the Government may see their way to deal with the matter in a right spirit. It is a mean thing to try and compel men to serve on terms that are injurious to them; and we hold that in a new country where a great deal depends upon the energy of the inhabitants, any measure that so tends to subdue and break down the independence of any class is an offence attempted against the community at large.

THE POPE AND THE JESUITS.

(From the Roman correspondent of the *Genova Courier*.)

THE Very Reverend Father Beckx, Superior General of the Society of Jesus, has made, in the name of the whole Order, an act of full adhesion to the restoration of Christian philosophy. For this purpose he went to Rome and, in a private audience granted him by the Holy Father, declared his entire submission, not only to the teachings and orders of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, but also to his counsels and his smallest desires. At the same time, he informed His Holiness that measures had been taken that the members of the Society of Jesus devoted to teaching, should identify themselves more and more explicitly and uniformly with the doctrines of St. Thomas of Aquin.

Though expected and quite natural, this act of adhesion was particularly gratifying to His Holiness. What above all pleased the Sovereign Pontiff was the very spontaneity of the step taken by the Very Rev. Father Beckx, no less than the unlimited devotedness to the Apostolic See, the zeal for truth and the greater good of souls, the spirit of simplicity and abnegation that the words of the saintly religious bore upon them. Hence the Pope did not confine himself to personally congratulating him; but, when the audience was over, and in the presence of many prelates attending him, he expressed the great satisfaction he had just experienced "in speaking," he said, "with a Saint." The Sovereign Pontiff was pleased to add other not less precious encomiums of the Society of Jesus, confirming its title of an illustrious Order deserving well of the Church.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

At the Roman Catholic Church yesterday morning, 1st inst., Father Chataigner, addressing a very large congregation, reminded them that they were beginning a new year, and that it was their duty as good Christian citizens to behave gently and kindly to everyone. He appealed to them to take part in no riot, and give offence to no man. They may be taunted with that as there was now a large force in town to preserve order they were afraid, but they should take no notice of that. They had provoked anger, and they ought now to put up with the result with Christian forbearance. They had broken the law, which they had no right to do, and they ought not to do it again. He hoped now that when they had time to reflect they would see the folly of their ways, and make a firm resolution before leaving the church never again to allow themselves to be carried away by any such feelings. They could go to the sports, but he would advise them not to keep in bands, or form any combinations that would lead people to look upon them as one section of the community. There was a very strong feeling against them, but they had themselves provoked it, and he earnestly desired them to make every effort to counteract its effects by their future good conduct. If people rebuked them they ought to accept it with civility, and give cause for no further offence. He would ask them all to pray that their Guardian Angel might keep them in the right way; to prostrate themselves now before the Almighty God, express their sorrow for what they had done, and beg of him the grace to live in peace and happiness with their fellow colonists during the year which had that day commenced. A meeting was afterwards held in the school-room, at which all pledged themselves to use every means in their power to prevent a recurrence of what had already taken place.

Bishop Redwood in speaking at Ashburton said:—Of course need not tell you that I find no words too strong to condemn such proceedings, and I am sure the whole of the Catholic body at large throughout New Zealand has been deeply grieved and deeply shocked at what has occurred. It is traceable only to a few and certainly only to those who took part in the proceedings. They have the strongest reprobation of the Catholic Church. She protests against any such lawlessness and rowdyism, and particularly at this time of the year when we should live at peace and good will.—*Tamaru Evening Telegraph*.

FLOODS IN SPAIN.

"It was in the middle of the night that the Serenos (watchmen) perceived the waters rising rapidly and approaching the parapet that protects our suburbs. The Serenos raised an alarm and, thus, over the noise of the rain and thunderstorm, the Murcians heard the bells ringing the dread alarm. The inhabitants rushed into the streets and formed affrighted groups, whilst the authorities moved about to organise help for the part of the town lying below the flood levels. As we walked about in the dark night amidst a deluge of rain, we would hear the distant roar of the water tearing past in the Segura, until low, rumbling, crashes told of the inundation breaking into our streets. Suddenly all our gaslights went out, and we were aware that the water had swept into the works. From street and square came the cry, 'The water is rising.' It was a fearful moment, because all the struggling suburbs of San Benito and San Laurexo, before half the people could get out of their beds, had water over the lower-floors of the houses, and in churches, institutes, and public buildings. It swept along to the railway station, tearing up sheds and embankments, destroying rails and telegraph posts. During the terrible hours of the night our authorities and the admirable Civil Guards worked with a will to rescue women and children. By torchlight, knee-deep, and often up to the waist in water, the gallant fellows waded in the suburbs, seizing half-drowned and frightened fugitives, cheering up others at the windows and on the roofs until boats, barges, and even carriages could be used to save the dwellers from abodes that threatened ruin. Several times in the night we heard the crash of falling houses and timbers, and above the noise rose the wailing and shrieks of the unfortunate beings that could not escape, and were soon smothered in the ruins and torrent. Acts of heroism were performed by the authorities, by the boatmen, and by the Civil Guards. One guard five times braved the torrent, with water to his chest, and each time came back with a child, and when he was going for the mother and last little one the house was gone! One nobleman in his carriage saved dozens of people, until the horses, dead beat and half-drowned, could no longer pursue their work of charity. As fast as the rescued came in they were taken into private dwellings, into Government House, and the Bishop opened his palace to several hundreds, providing them with soup and wine. When the day broke—gloomy, and with sky overcast—the Murcians forgot the horrors of the night as they gazed on the Vega, or rather on what had been the day before: a lovely, tropical, garden-like plain. Far as the eye could reach, the waters had spread, and were surging about and carrying along *débris* of farms and cottages, dead animals, and not a few human bodies. The villages and farms had shared the same fate, and no intelligence could be got of the survivors, as the roads were impassable, the railway line destroyed for miles, and telegraphs had ceased to exist. Patrols of Civil Guards and volunteers of all classes sallied in coaches and tartanas, or were well mounted, and very soon returned to say that the retiring waters had left a thick coat of mud and detritus on the once cultivated huerta. Era Alta and Norduermas were a heap of ruins around their churches and a few larger houses, some of the inhabitants of which had escaped by spending a night on the roofs in the storm, surrounded by the flood. Benjain, Lorge, and Carravaca had equally suffered, and as to the hamlets of the Vega they contained nothing but ruins and dead bodies. In forty-eight hours, 160 were brought in and laid by 142 others taken from our suburbs. The stench was such, in many parts of the Vega, that neither the Civil Guards nor the authorities thought it would be prudent to attempt any exploration for the victims. Never had Murcia and the valleys around experienced such a catastrophe since the floods of 1691 and of 1802."—*Exchange*.