

was evidently that of Luther when he professed himself totally indifferent as to whether or not the skies should begin to pour down a rain composed of a certain duke who was opposed to him, multiplied a great many thousand times. His Excellency in Invercargill did not care a pin for any opposing power, for there was a force behind the throne to uphold him in the face of all opposition. Here is his own description of it, as given at the banquet at which he was entertained, and as reported by the *Southland Times*: "He had anticipated that he would meet in Invercargill a cordial reception, and had not been disappointed. Was it fancy, or was he right in thinking that here, in the southern portion of the colony, he had been received more warmly than elsewhere? He did not mean the greeting accorded to himself personally, because he was quite a stranger; but were there not more than a few in Southland whose greeting was kindlier, and whose good wishes were truer because they felt that they and himself came of one common race—(loud cheers)—a race famous throughout the world for the tenacity with which the members of it clung to and helped one another when absence from Home made them strangers in strange lands—a race which recognised the strength of the link which bound together those who had one common birthplace? As a Scotchman he was pleased to think of the large share his countrymen had had in building up this portion of the colony." With such a tenacious multitude then, clinging around him, and such a support, what need His Excellency care about Sir George Grey or any one else? Through thick and thin his throne is founded in the affections of his people, and he may set the world at defiance. His Scotch following will back him up in everything that may happen. Meantime it may be somewhat mortifying for our ultra-loyal friends from all parts of the United Kingdom to learn, on such high authority, that in order to give full force to their "good wishes" for Her Majesty's representative, it is necessary for them to own the same fatherland with him.—Or is it only our Scotch fellow-colonists whose "good wishes" lack something of the truth, unless they be poured out in favour of a viceroy who himself comes of "one common race" with them? Good wishes, not so true as they might be, we have a suspicion, are after all only a kind of insincerity, and on the whole we had rather not be accredited with them in public by one thoroughly conversant with our nature. Again, it must be somewhat unpleasant to those good people in the north who imagined they were most enthusiastic in the reception of their Governor or to learn from his own lips that their warmth was evidently not what it might have been; it failed in the "white-headed laddie" tone that has marked the greetings of the south. But is his Excellency quite sure that he is pure-blooded Scotch? We doubt it; we are half-inclined to suspect that Irishmen also may claim a place amongst his hereditary supporters. At least according to Joe Millar, it is the traditional Irishman only who "never opens his mouth but he puts his foot in it." Somewhere amongst his ancestry our Governor must certainly own a traditional Irishman.

STUPID GUSH. We are brimming over with loyalty in this colony, so we are; and even if those of us who are not

North Britons fail in being as warm towards our Governor as we might be were we fired up fully by copatriotism, we want nothing to make us blaze away most furiously at the hint of anything tending towards disloyalty. We have, in fact, too much loyalty for our own use and it is necessary for us to get rid of a little of its exuberance by expending it upon our neighbours. Here, for example, is a letter of loyal entreaty written by some one in Auckland to the police magistrate of Brisbane, and its prayer is most touching. "Respected Sir,—We do earnestly beg of you that you will not suffer all the Australasian colonies to be disgraced by the continuation of Irish Land League sympathy sedition meetings, though the leader in such may be a member of the honourable Legislative Council." This letter, it will be seen, is couched in charming language, and its sentiments are such as do honour to the writer. We cannot tell, of course, whether his good wishes on behalf of the powers that be might not possibly be more true, but it is clear that his bad wishes towards those who venture to hint that there might be some improvement made in their method of conduct could not possibly be more sincere; he is ready to eat them up. But it is mere idle talk for our ultra-loyal fellow-colonists, including the worshipful Mr. Watt, Mayor of Wanganui, to confine themselves to attempts against the holding of Land League meetings in these colonies. The very utmost they can effect by this is to prevent the public expression of sympathy that will still be felt in private, and which, for all their talk, will still be manifested in the transmission of substantial aid to the leaders of the movement in Ireland. We recommend to them the example of those brave volunteers of South Australia and Wellington, who lately gave us such an example of hunger to do and die in the service of their country. Let them organise an expedition to Ireland for the purpose of strengthening the police; that will be something, whereas here they make a noise that has neither sense nor meaning, and that only. Perhaps however, it is in this that their talent lies and they are fit for nothing else.

MINNESOTA. Now that the condition into which a few wretched families of paupers brought out from Connemara and settled in one of Bishop Ireland's settlements in Minnesota had very naturally fallen has begun to be a matter for the sneers and unfair criticisms of the secular Press, we find of considerable importance the following account given in a letter to the *London Spectator* by Mr. J. H. Tuke of Hitchin. It relates to Avoca, an Irish settlement in the same district with that inhabited by the unfortunate Connemara families, and also settled under the management of Bishop Ireland. "A fourth colony is at Avoca, about 170 miles south-west from St. Paul's. Here 52,000 acres of excellent land were purchased, the whole of which, it is expected, will be sold and settled by July 1881. The price of land here is five to seven dollars per acre,—either spread over a term of years, or for cash, in which case a liberal deduction is made. Avoca, not 'the vale in whose bosom the wild waters meet,' is the only one of the colonies which, from the severity of the weather and great distances required to be travelled, I was able to visit. It is situated on the borders of a pretty little lake, and consists at present of a few scattered wooden houses, in front of which the single track of the railway passes which brought us from St. Paul's. All around, and so far as the eye can reach, stretches the boundless prairie, covered at this season (October) with tall, dry, grass, except where the prairie fires had burnt the surface to a black cinder. Two years ago neither house nor railway existed. Fifteen years ago, as the first settler informed me, his nearest neighbour was forty-five miles distant; while the nearest shop and post-office were 70 miles away, and his wheat had to be taken nearly 100 miles to the nearest mill. In those early days his homestead had been burnt by the Indians, and he escaped with difficulty. Now there are two lines of railway within easy reach, and Avoca boasts of nearly thirty houses; and the neighbouring village of Fulda, another part of the colony, of nearly as many, the growth of less than two years. In the former may now be found a Roman Catholic chapel, a school, seven shops of various kinds; a good, small hotel, and two smaller houses of entertainment, all without beer or spirits; and ten houses of various sizes. There are many other little houses or 'shanties' belonging to the new settlers, which lie scattered at wide intervals over the prairie, usually a mile or a mile and a half distant one from another. Some of these I visited in company with Mr. O'Brien, the secretary of the Association, who kindly met me here, affording me every assistance in his power. Like Bishop Ireland his heart is in his work to which he has devoted his whole energies. One or two of these visits can be noticed. Leaving the little village, our route led us over a rough road and partly over the long, dry grass of the prairie, until we reached the little farm of Joseph Hurst. He had been a market-gardener near Liverpool, and wishing to improve his circumstances had left home in April last, applying for land to the Catholic Colonisation Society, of whom he had purchased 160 acres, paying six dollars per acre, to be repaid in a term of years. On this he had erected a small wooden house, 16 feet by 20 feet, costing 30 dollars. During the early summer he had ploughed out 30 acres with a yoke of oxen, sowing Indian corn and flax, and in May planting a few acres with potatoes and turnips. . . . He had a cow and two pigs. He had cut a quantity of prairie grass for hay, as well as fuel. This, his wife said answered well and soon heated the kettle or warmed the room. In two days a man could cut as much of the long dry grass as would last for a year's fuel. During the harvest Hurst had worked for his neighbours at from 2½ dols. to 3 dols. per day, and was 'almost torn to pieces' in their anxiety to obtain his services. He had dug a well 18 feet deep and had excellent water. 'With good crops no man need look behind him; but a man must work hard and ought to have £100 to make a start with.' Hurst was happy and contented, the model of a little immigrant farmer. Another man, an Irish Canadian, had taken 320 acres. . . . and been a year and a half on the land. 'The land could not be better,' with three horses and two ploughs he had broken up 140 acres of the prairie, employing a man for three months to assist him at 30 dols. per month and board. He had sown 80 acres with flax 'on the sod' (the first breaking of the virgin land), which yielded 20 bushels to the acre, worth 1 dol. a bushel, or 20 dols. per acre, for land costing 6 dols. and seed and breaking another four dollars, cent. per cent. on his investment. Of wheat he had about twenty bushels to the acre, worth there eighty cents per bushel. This land is well suited both for cattle and sheep." Disparaging remarks, then, with regard to Bishop Ireland, and sneers at the condition of the unfortunate Connemara families are alike idle. The bishop has done his work so far well, and Irish emigrants have well co-operated with him. A few poor creatures, made what they are by the wicked system that has so long obtained in their native country, prove nothing except the wickedness of the system under which they have lived. The only wonder is that the whole Irish peasantry are not on a par with them.

FOOLISHNESS. THE *Saturday Review* seems to favour the aristocratic view of things. He considers it to be unheard of that men of the people should seek to ameliorate the condition of the people, although he does not consider