

honour, and place their earnestness beyond the region of doubt. Most unprejudiced persons feel that there is a serious hardship in the Roman Catholics being compelled, in addition to this, to contribute equally to the support of a system from which they allege that conscientious scruples preclude their deriving any direct benefit." Now these are charming sentiments, and do their writer infinite credit. His generosity and magnanimity are delightful, and there is nothing we might not expect from his exquisite sense of justice.—But beyond expectations, alas, it is to be feared we should not have far to move.—We have all heard of that agreeable and amiable cow that first with all the generosity in the world yielded to her milker a fine full pail, and then gave that pail a sound, if graceful, kick and turned her yieldings at once into spilled milk—for which, as we all know, there is no help whatever.—Well, here is how our editor puts his foot in the cream of his elegant leader, and leaves us a little worse off than he found us—with all our hopes aroused only to be distracted.—“*But how is this grievance to be redressed without breaking down our whole educational edifice, reared at such enormous cost? Let some of our ambitious politicians show us how all these difficulties can be smoothed away, all these conflicting interests and claims reconciled, and he may rest assured he will at once be the foremost man in the Colony.*” There we are, then, left to suck our thumbs pondering over our acknowledged grievance, until the statesman of the future has been developed and comes to our aid.—Our educational edifice has cost so much that no one must touch it—and Catholics must continue to suffer injustice lest any attempt to relieve them should bring the whole precious affair toppling down! This is the most delightful consolation possible.—But the system has cost so much that it must still cost more, and good money must be thrown after bad, as the saying is, to maintain it, worthless though it is, and grievously unjust.—And as to that Statesman of the future he must simply be the equal of the doctor who can cure those blindest of the blind, the people who will not see.

AT the time we write the telegraph has been broken in Australia, and no message has come to relieve the DOUBLE-HEADED minds of the New Zealand colonists from the pressure under which they labour as to the fate of the Emperor of all the Russias. We do not know whether his majesty has been crowned at Moscow; we do not even know whether he still has about his person the part whereon a crown is generally placed when it is worn, which we have been credibly informed is not always the case.—For have we not even seen, for example, in some old publication the printed astonishment of a certain peasant who had found her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, a mere old woman without a morsel of a crown about her. No queen, we need hardly say, since her late Majesty's time has ever been a mere old woman. The Emperor of all the Russias, in short, for all we at the present moment know, may be a heap of *disjecta membra*. One great ground of hope we have, however, that his Majesty's life has been spared to his loving subjects, and that those among them who are given to the pursuit of an Imperial game may have the object of their sport still within view, and unharmed—and it is that in St. Paul's Anglican Church at Dunedin last Sunday the Russian National Anthem was played, by the way, no doubt, of a supplication for the preservation from all harm of the Imperial life. We do not hear that the words of the anthem were sung, but this, perhaps, may have been owing to the fact that the choir did not know how to pronounce the Russian language, or could not read its somewhat strange characters, or, perhaps, it may have been feared that the congregation in general would have mistaken the strange sounds for those of the Latin tongue, and the report might there and then have gone abroad that the choir, organ and all, had gone suddenly over to Popery, as we know there are suspicions now rumoured about, supported by satanic candles and other things of the kind. But we want to know what is the particular relation that binds the Emperor of all the Russias to the Anglican community of Dunedin.—Are our Anglican fellow citizens, indeed, the devoted friends and admirers of a despotic rule all over the world? Do they pine for the sway of the autocrat and all its accompaniments?—Or was this demonstration made with a view to an acknowledgment of the rights of exalted rank, and a covert protest that the Bishops of the Anglican Church were and would continue to be lords in spite of all that could be said to them. For some special reason we are driven to seek for this particular musical performance. It can hardly have been a mere mark of courtesy towards a great people, since other great peoples there are with whom New Zealand seems more intimately connected than even with the Russians, and nothing has been done to honour their festivals in the Anglican churches of the Colony. We have never heard, for example, that at the instalment of a President of the United States “Yankee Doodle” has been played during the course of divine service. But, perhaps, it may be in the ecclesiastical character that the Anglican community honours the Russian Czar; he, we know, is head of his National Church, as the Queen of England is head of hers, and as Anglicans incline to a union of the Churches,

perhaps they also incline, as, indeed, they can hardly avoid doing, to receive both their heads. Decidedly, under such circumstances the Russian National Anthem, and “God Save the Queen,” may well be played indifferently, or in conjunction, so far as the laws of harmony will permit—unless, perhaps, and for the sake of harmony, the Russian Czar might be persuaded to take six months of the headship, leaving the other six months to her Most Gracious Majesty, in which case the anthems might be played alternately. But, however it be, let us hope this performance of the Russian National Anthem may have had some effect in thwarting the designs of the Nihilists, and preserving to the Czar a place whereon to wear his crown.

THERE are very few people who would venture to ask an American whether he were not ashamed of his country, and fewer still are they who would dare ask any American worth speaking of that question a second time. Yet, if the fact of murder's being committed by some unfortunate wretches here and there in a country is sufficient to cause the people of that country generally to be ashamed of their nationality, Americans have much more cause to hang down their heads than have Irishmen. The murders committed in America, in short, during the time of peace and prosperity are, in every way, out of all proportion with those committed in Ireland, driven desperate by ages of oppression and misery, and undergoing a revolutionary excitement. According to the *Union Argus*, then, of March 4, a paper published in Brooklyn, two murders and one suicide had been committed in the country for every day in the previous year—a list that it is frightful to contemplate; the more so since the country which furnishes it is one standing in the van of civilization and every year becoming of a more marked influence on the rest of the world.—Progress, and education, and independence, such are the distinctive features of American life taken as a whole, and to find it also accompanied by murder and suicide on so tremendous a scale is a fact that may well appal.—Nor will it do to try to explain away this grim accompaniment by attributing it to the foreign element—for everything goes to prove that it is among the natives of the country the worst crimes exist, and the greatest extent of crime. Statistics published, for example, the other day, represented the illiterate population of the States as very large in proportion to their total inhabitants; but in the prisons the educated prisoners predominate, and the better educated classes must certainly be chiefly composed of the natives of the country. Again, in a list of seventeen murders published among the news of the day by a late issue of the *Washington Daily Republican*, the sixteen names given betray nothing of a foreign origin. They are as follows:—Thomas Kerr, Samuel Rives, Jennie Griffin, George Felmar, Charles Branch, John Booth, Joe Styles, Charles Gilman, George Portwood, — Ellis, F. Shaw, Merriam A. Montgomery, Joseph Jarvis, Samuel Blackwood, and Hon. N. L. Dukes. We are justified, then, in concluding that among the signs of the age's progress, murder and suicide are to be reckoned, and that, so far from being ashamed to belong to a country where they are in vogue, people who claim to march with the times must learn to look upon them with equanimity, if not with respect. For ourselves, we acknowledge, nevertheless, that we are humiliated and sincerely grieved at the terrible things that have been done within the last year or two in Ireland—but then, we do not claim to march with the times, but to be altogether out of the running, and old fashioned in the extreme.

AN OLD FRIEND

IN another place will be found a paragraph from the *American Celt* published at St. Louis, and giving the particulars as to the present situation of Mr. Robert Williamson, for many years connected with the Dunedin Press, and very well and favourably known in this city. The following pithy paragraph which we clip from the same paper referring to the mission of the Irish American journalist, we believe to be from the pen of the gentleman in question, to whom we wish all happiness and success in his new sphere of life and labour. “Salutation, oh Celt! The Standard under which you fight represents ‘not a war of dynasty,’ but ‘a war of motive;’ that motive the helping forward of the Irish race among the nations; a war which has a permanence because a principle is involved. And such a struggle, which, in one age, produces an Emmet, and in another a Parnell, not afraid to sacrifice class interests to the common good of the dear old land, involves a principle, and that principle has ‘a passionate interest and never loses its pathos by time. Success to such a cause will assuredly come, for, in the language of the noble Emerson, ‘when men are led by ideas and die or suffer imprisonment for what they live for, the better code of laws at last records the victory.’”

The Swiss Federal Government has rescinded the decree exiling Monsignor Mermillod, but the Geneva Government has, it is said, refused to recognise him as Bishop of Geneva.