

the Drapier. From this moment the battle was virtually won; the Drapier had triumphed, and Swift ruled Ireland." Nine troubled months, nevertheless, had still to pass before the Lord Lieutenant announced, at the Autumn Session of 1725, that an end had been put to Wood's patent. All Ireland was then filled with exultation, and praise of the Drapier was in every mouth. He was honoured in every conceivable manner. "When he appeared in the streets all heads were uncovered. If for the first time he visited a town, it was usual for the corporation to receive him with public honours. Each year as his birthday came round it was celebrated with tumultuous festivity. 'He became,' says Orrery, 'the idol of the people of Ireland to a degree of devotion that in the most superstitious country scarcely any idol ever attained.' Even now no true Irishman ever pronounces his name without reverence."

We are naturally anxious to extend our circulation by all lawful means, and sixpence is as much an object of desire to us as it is to any one else—barring the regular miser of course. It is an encouragement to us, therefore, to learn, as we have learned recently from the Wellington correspondent of a contemporary that there is always a ready market within our reach, and that we have only to write a note on one determined subject to sell a copy of our paper without failure. What is more the sixpence to be gained by us will come from the Government, and that should be a double recommendation. We do not know whether there is any intention of, all in due time, establishing a censorship over the Dunedin newspapers, but, we admit, it looks somewhat ominous to find that Captain Hume has given orders to the Dunedin Gaoler to buy a copy of every newspaper that publishes a word about the prisons, and send it to him post haste. The Captain may be going to gag us all, for aught we can tell, but, meantime, we shall endeavour honestly to give him value for this sixpence of the public money he holds out to our acquisition, and, where we fail, he must take the will for the deed. Is it true, then, that two of the Lyttelton Visiting Justices have recently sent in their resignations because the Minister of Justice reinstated Warder Ferguson, who had been suspended by them and the Gaoler for a breach of discipline, and removed him to Wellington without further inquiry? And how comes it, by the way, if this be true, that the Justices at Lyttelton appear so much more touchy than some of those at least in Dunedin seem to be, for Warder Nicholson who was suspended here for a breach of discipline by a Justice and the Gaoler, has been reinstated without further inquiry so far, and still the Justice keeps his position?—Warders Nicholson and Ferguson, it will be remembered, were extremely active in collecting evidence for the late inquiry and were found very useful indeed to the Inspector. Here, then, are a few remarks that we would actually forward to Captain Hume for nothing if we thought there was the slightest chance of his explaining the matter we inquire about, but we believe that he would, under no circumstances, do anything of the kind.

A SMASHING of glass has been the occasion, within the last few days, of an amusing action in the Resident Magistrate's Court at Dunedin.—That is to say the action has been a cause of amusement to the people looking on, for we do not suppose the unfortunate plaintiff felt very much amused about the matter—although, perhaps, the defendant grinned a little in his sleeve, especially when he had got off scot-free, and, besides, he would appear to have been fond of his joke all along.—The plaintiff in the case was one Mr. Allan, who has a nursery garden in the close vicinity of the Dunedin Bowling, Fives, and Lawn Tennis Club, and the defendant was no less a personage than Professor Macgregor himself, one of our leading lights in matters educational, and a Master of Philosophy capable of guiding into the paths of wit and wisdom a whole regiment of *bourgeois gentil hommes*. The Professor, however, seems to have guided Mr. Allan in quite a different direction, for that gentleman and cultivator of flowers has come before the public dancing mad on account of the way in which he has been treated. The balls, in a word, with which the game of fives is played, keep perpetually bouncing over the wall of the Club's alley, and descending on the glass of Mr. Allan's conservatories, through which they go as clean as a bullet.—The aggrieved gardener declares that from 500 to 600 of these balls have come into his premises in such a way, and he has actually 60 of them in his possession, which he preserves as curiosities probably, or it may be to rouse his spirits by looking them over when he feels dull, and out of sorts.—Professor Macgregor, however, appears to have thought it very wholesome for Mr. Allan to receive these balls, for he said "it was a common joke amongst the players to say, there goes another of Allan's panes of glass."—And we know the Professor never could have looked upon the matter as a joke unless he thought it likely to prove wholesome.—Harmless merriment, they say, as is very well-known no doubt to the Professor, may be reckoned among the most wholesome things

in the world.—It happened, then, lately, that the Professor was engaged in the Fives Court, whether as a player or a spectator we know not, when a ball flew over the wall, and, according to that merry jest, another of Allan's panes of glass went.—Immediately the learned gentleman—perhaps desirous of ascertaining how the joke affected Mr. Allan, and taking observations in the cause of science as to the phenomena resulting from a jest, went round to fetch the ball back.—It has not been explained, however, why the Professor remarked, on hearing that the joke had actually been perfected and the glass broken,—“That is a pity.—We should have expected, on the other hand, that he would have proved, in a learned dissertation, and to Mr. Allan's full conviction, that the smash had been a very merry affair, and one to give rise to mirth alone.—That it gave rise to a claim on the part of Mr. Allan for £34 15s—the asserted value of plants destroyed by the frost's getting in through the broken glass, may perhaps be taken as the completion of the joke, since the plaintiff was non-suited—it not being proved that Professor Macgregor had been the cause of the damage, although, in the interests of science perhaps, he went after the ball.—So much, nevertheless, we learn, that all kinds of little accidents are to be looked upon as matters for merriment.—When Professor Macgregor—a leader and authority on educational affairs—and a pundit of the utmost weight, can bend his great mind to feel amusement at the damage caused by these stray balls, how loudly may not our larrikins cry out in delight at such breakages as may occur in connection with their own peculiar games?—There, for example, is the shanghai—a charming instrument for the exercise of youthful skill—why should it not be as delightful to contemplate the windows broken by means of it, as to contemplate Mr. Allan's glass smashed by the balls from graver hands? There is a question here of somewhat deep import, and which we would gladly find explained by some philosopher or another—whether by one who has followed the stone driven into some drawing-room in order to investigate the effects of his joke or another.

THE Hon. Mr. Dick's selection of Mr. Torrance as OUR UNIVERSAL universal minister, naturally inclines us to inquire somewhat closely into the qualifications of the gentleman in question, so far as we have had any opportunity of judging concerning them. And it is, perhaps, our misfortune that we have not had an opportunity of judging more intimately than by mere newspaper reports of what the gentleman really is.—Something, no doubt, there is about him to recommend him exceptionally to those who have reason to know him—whether it be a superior skill in the decoction of tea, or something else, it may be of a kindred nature, for the powers that be, doubtless acting from their reasonable convictions, appear to have treated him in his character of gaol chaplain at least, with an unusual indulgence, and even to have found a breach of discipline on his part a mere trifle unworthy of notice.—Mr. Torrance, however, we may remark in passing, has not been quite alone in this respect, for breaches of discipline on the part of Warders Clarke and Nicholson were also overlooked, and, in fact, Clarke has since been promoted from Assistant Warder to be Warder in Timaru gaol.—The chaplain, nevertheless, might naturally be expected to be a pattern, not only of all that is pious, as of course he is.—And what flowers of Godliness, indeed, have there not blossomed out upon the world from the surroundings of our contemporary the Dunedin *Evening Star*—whose very devils are more probably to be looked upon as cherubs in disguise, and needing, it may be, merely a quantum of soft-soap, or some such thing, of which, moreover, there should be plenty on the premises—to bring out all their beauties, and prepare them for the part that is truly theirs.—Mr. Torrance was, possibly, so prepared years ago for the part of universal minister now about to be conferred upon him.—But in his character of gaol chaplain, as we said, we should not only have expected to find him a pattern of piety, but also one of all propriety, and the observance of every rule. If, however, he broke the regulations, as he certainly did, for instance, in allowing Warder Clarke to bring him a message from Cummoek, and in receiving a note from the same prisoner, we must still believe that the character of the man was sufficient to overbear every irregularity of the kind, and that what in another person would have been a breach of the rules, tending to the subversion of all discipline, was in this excellent chaplain an admirable piece of benevolence, fully approved by the Government, which has allowed it to pass unnoticed and by their silence consented to it.—It would, however, be just as well were the Government to explain to the public why it is that Mr. Torrance is deserving of an indulgence not accorded as a rule to other people, for, as things are, we understand that certain undiscerning folk, and a good many of them too, not knowing the reasons why evidence that coming from any one else would be extremely reprehensible, when given by Mr. Torrance, is to be accepted as the straightest, clearest, and most creditable evidence possible, and feeling disgusted at the style of his testimony on the late inquiry have actually declined to contribute to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society so long as he remains the Agent. Mr. Tor-