

the West End, or noble hall in the country. But all this reminds us of how far removed from culture and the manners of the great world poor Ireland is still to be found—will it be believed, the admired of all English admirers, the lion of the House of Lords, and ornament of fashionable albums, was despised by Irish labourers. In fact, their disgust at him was once availed of by Father Tom Burke to play one of those merry tricks for which he was famous.—A writer in the *Month* describes the matter thus: "Father Burke's love of innocent mischief accompanied him to the last. Only a short time before his death he was coming over to England, and at Holyhead happened to be alone in a second-class carriage with a small dark man, who somewhat resembled the portrait of Marwood. Presently, to the disgust of his fellow-traveller, a number of labouring men came up to the carriage, deposited their bundles and ran off for a drink before the train started. 'What a nuisance,' said Father Burke's fellow-traveller; 'I thought we should have the carriage to ourselves. You are a priest; cannot you make your fellow-countrymen go elsewhere!' 'Certainly,' said Father Burke, 'if you will leave me free to use what means I like.' The man consented, and when the Irishmen returned and greeted him respectfully, Father Burke made a significant grimace, and pointing over his shoulder into the carriage, whispered to them, 'Marwood.' Then, turning to his fellow-traveller he said aloud, 'Well, sir, did it all go off well at Kilmainham?' The man looked astonished, and answered doubtfully, 'yes, very well.' This was quite enough. The Irishmen seized their bundles, and left the carriage with hot haste, as if the very devil were there."—"When," adds the writer, "the man heard of the trick that was played on him he was not a little wrath with Father Tom, who had the malicious satisfaction, after he had left the carriage at Chester, of seeing a crowd of curious and inquisitive faces gather round it in order to catch a glimpse of the supposed hangman."—Had the labourers been of the culture of English lords, nevertheless, we may conclude that Father Burke's ruse would have had a totally different effect from that intended.—Let us not be surprised, then, that there have been numerous and anxious candidates for the vacant place.—Who would not be a hangman if by such means he were sure of becoming the pet of the nation?

As a further contribution to the Lutheran literature of the moment, we shall quote another anecdote, related also in the *Month*, of Father Burke. "For

years," says the writer, "his suffering had been almost continuous, owing to internal ulceration. But so far from beating him down, it seemed to rouse him to greater activity, and only evoked fresh bursts of drollery. Whilst undergoing a most agonising operation, he was more brisk and full of fun than ever. When he was about to be literally cut open with a view to discover the character of the ulceration, he told the doctors a most absurd story during the preparations. He absolutely refused to take chloroform, preferring to endure the agony for the sake of that Master who had endured the agony on the Cross for him. While the operation was being performed, Father Burke under stress of the agony, uttered a groan. 'Poor fellow!' said a Protestant doctor, who was holding his head, in kindly pity. 'Don't pity me,' replied Father Burke quickly, 'it is the best thing that could happen me. If your friend Martin Luther had had a touch of this when he first began his tantrums, he might have been in heaven now!' When the operation reached the seat of the ulceration, someone asked him whether he would like one of the Fathers who was his confessor to be sent for. 'No,' was the answer, 'it is not necessary; he has known my interior for years. Besides there is an axiom in theology: *Ecclesia non judicat de internis*.' Luther's admirers, then, may find it interesting to contrast Father Burke's patience with, for example, the roaring of their Apostle at Wartburg over his maladies.—We are ourselves unable to furnish our readers with the text, as the roaring in question is revolting beyond endurance, even in the Latin tongue, and we dare not if we would, translate it into English.

OUR contemporary the *Dunedin Morning Herald* will not accept our excuse of insanity for Luther, and this is to be regretted in the cause of charity.

But let us not dispute the matter—violence, rancour, fury, cruelty, license, looseness, distinguished Luther's career, and yet Luther was a pious man.—Perhaps in like manner he was a sane man, although he witnessed portents, and raved continually of the devil who appeared before his eyes and thundered, rattled, or chattered unceasingly in his ears. We may possibly have been an exception, and an extraordinary one, to the rule by which sane men are judged, as he certainly was an exception, and an egregious one, to the rule that defines the pious man. But our contemporary fixes on the "Table Talk" as that which reveals Luther's true being, and looks upon it so revealed as everything that was good and noble. The "Table Talk," nevertheless, probably stands highest in the estimation of those who have never read it. Those who have done so have found there gross superstition—the filth not only of a coarse age, but a good deal more than that, and provocative of immorality,

—anger, intense self-love, and immoderate conceit. But even those utterances that are free from such faults are mere claptrap. We know not what degree of merit there may be in having been the first or among the first to invent the commonplaces of sectarian piety, but that is, in fact, all the merit to be described in Luther's more decent and less harmful "Table Talk." There is in it a great deal that might very well be spoken in his lucid moments by any minister of the present day who had lost his wits—never having had very much more than his neighbours to lose. There is also a great deal that no decent minister could possibly say if he were sane, and which if he were to say when he had become insane his former decency might very well be called into question. Finally, we agree with our contemporary, that Luther is "far beyond the reach of calumny." It would be impossible for the foulest tongue to calumniate him.

THE situation of the Irish National League before
A DREADFUL REPORT.

THE situation of the Irish National League before the Dunedin daily papers came out last Saturday morning could only be compared to that of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria on a certain occasion previous to the publication of an important American newspaper.—Said Mr. La Fayette Kettle to Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit, on the occasion alluded to:—"Well, sir, I tell you this: there ain't an engine with its boiler bust, in God Almighty's free U-nited States, so fixed and nipped, and frizzled to a most e-tarnal smash, as that young critter, in her luxurious location in the Tower of London, will be, when she reads the next double-extra Watertoast Gazette." Little we knew, indeed, what the morning papers had in store for us early last Saturday morning, and we are in a position to state that those members of the Irish National League who have as yet seen them are quite as much disturbed as was Queen Victoria when she, at length, perused the Watertoast Gazette—if she ever did so.—And such will be the fate, also, we may add, of those members of the League who are still, for the first time, to read the papers alluded to.—The fact is they contained the most fixing, nipping, frizzling and e-tarnally smashing report that we had seen for some time.—They contained a notice to us that a banner had been flung out on the air against us—denouncing us with the pious, glorious, and immortal motto: "Kennel up you d—d curs."—There is at hand no obliging reporter to "suppress the national participle," and, therefore, we must give the motto in all the force of the original.—The Champion of Protestantism, in short, has come forward a second time in his recognised character and we acknowledge him worthy of the cause he heads, as the cause is worthy of him.—Mr. Larnach, M.H.R., then proposed on Friday last, at a Protestant gathering the following resolution:—"We, the Protestant Alliance Friendly Society and the Orange Institution, condemn the Irish Land League and its professional agitators as being responsible for the atrocious assassinations and outrages that have recently disgraced Ireland; and therefore are of opinion that it behoves all Orangemen and Protestants in New Zealand to carry out their principles, to increase their vigilance, and to still further prove their loyalty."—Murder in Irish! What a blight has fallen upon us now. These temperate gentlemen, these considerate Christians, these pure patriots, say they look upon us as stained with atrocious assassination.—Is it any wonder, then, that they should fly out against us that banner with the motto of their Champion, "Kennel up you d—d curs."—The motto is, moreover, worthy of the societies as the societies are of the motto, and both together are worthy of Mr. Larnach, and he of them.—But the days when Protestant Alliances and the Orange institution were formidable to Irishmen are gone by.—They have done the dirty work for which the Government had encouraged their formation and sustained them, and there is no longer a use for them.—They were the miserable tools by which, while bigotry was of use in overthrowing any Irish movement, the Irish cause was now and again blasted.—Bigotry is now, however, a feeble weapon, and one of no force against the great Irish nation, scattered but united all over the world,—and consequently Protestant Alliances and Orangemen will find themselves confined to their proper quarters where all their valor must waste away in unheeded scolding.—Some puppy-dog, perhaps, may be excited to bark at the sound, but there will hardly be anything else to notice it. Meantime, we should propose for the perfection of that banner not only the characteristic motto of the Champion, but his likeness as well.—Let him be represented as he nobly appeared the acknowledged Champion of Protestantism, proud with his victory at the Peninsula election last February.—The attitude would be an imposing as well as an appropriate one.—But if the banner should seem to have braved, for some little time, the battle and the breeze, as even a new banner belonging to an old party might fitly do, if it should even appear somewhat dilapidated and battered, as banners will that struggle with the wind and weather; it would be all the more suitable to wave in advance of a party that has seen its best days—such as they were—and now can only look forward to utter contempt, and final dissolution for the benefit of the humanity concerned.—But we speak of the future; as it is, of course, we have, like her Majesty, been taken with a "cold chill" at the dreadful report that has reached us.

A NOTE ON
LUTHER.