

STRONACH BROS AND MORRIS report for week ending 8th inst, as follows:—

Fat Cattle—Best bullocks, L7 10s to 18 10s; medium do L5 17s 6d to L7; light do, L4 10s to L5 15s.

Fat Sheep—1647 penned. Best crossbred wethers, 9s to 10s 9d; extra do, do ewes, to 11s 3d; medium wethers, 6s 9d to 8s 9d; best crossbred ewes, 7s 6d to 8s 3d; medium do, 6s 6d to 6s 9d; merino wethers, 5s 6d to 6d.

Fat Lambs—Best, 5s 6d to 7s; others, 3s 6d to 4s 6d.

Pigs—Suckers, 6s to 7s 6d; stores, 15s to 20s; porkers, 2l 6d to 25s.

Sheepskins—Prices remain on a par with last quotations.

Rabbitkins—Best autumn, 7½ to 8½d; others in proportion.

Wheat—Prime milling, 2s 10½d.

Oats—Best milling, to 1s 4d.

Potatoes—Best Derwents 35s to 40s.

Chaff—Best is worth 37s 6d to 45s.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

MESSRS. WRIGHT, STEPHENSON AND Co. report as follows:—

The horses offered at our sale on Saturday, consisted almost entirely of town and dealers' lots, for which there was a fair demand. Both draughts and light harness horses were in better request, and we have no doubt a consignment of young horses would command a fair sale. Aged draught mares brought up to L17, and upstanding backs to L14; heavy active draught mares and geldings (4yrs to 6yrs), L14 to L20; light and small do, L8 to L12; aged and inferior do, L4 to L6; unbroken colts and fillies (2yrs to 3yrs), L9 to L15; upstanding active spring van horses (unbroken), L13 10s to L17; useful light spring cart horses. L9 to L12; upstanding hacks and harness horses (young), L7 to L10; aged and inferior do, L2 to L5.

MR F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale price only—Oats: Quieter, feed, 1s 1½d to 1s 2½d; milling, 1s 3d, to 1s 3½d; seed, nominal. Wheat: Milling 2s 8d to 2s 10d; fowls' wheat, 2s to 2s 8d scarce. Chaff: Inferior, to medium, 30s to 40s; good to prime, £2 5s to £2 7s 6d. Hay: Oats, £3; ryegrass, £2 15s. Potatoes: locals, 30s to L2 per ton; market full. Flour: Stone, £6 10s to £7 0s; roller, £7 to £7 10s. Oatmeal, 25lbs, £7 10s; bulk, £7 5s. Butter fresh, 6d to 10d, salt, 5d, dull demand. Factory, 10d to 11d. Eggs, 1s 10d per dozen (scarce).

A CHAT ON EDUCATION.

Dear Sir,—As a visitor from Australia I am, I assure you, enchanted with the beauties that surround your fair city. I have often topped the Roslyn hill, roamed through the Kaikorai Valley, climbed once the steep sides of the lofty Flag Staff, and everywhere I have been delighted with the lovely scenes that break upon the sight in whatever direction I turned. On some occasions I have ventured even farther afield, and have "tramped it" all the way to the pretty village of Waitati.

Once a person gets through the North East Valley, and negotiates safely the steep ascent as far as "The Junction," he is well repaid for his toil by the panorama that stretches out before him. He has a grand view of the Inner and the Outer Harbour, with Port Chalmers and its pretty islands basking in the sunshine and lying apparently at his very feet. Beyond the harbour he has the hills of the Peninsula running out boldly into the ocean, while inland on his left he has a grand stretch of country, beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and bounded in the far distance by the fine range of hills so aptly termed the "Silver Peaks." If one but travels that way on a fine day in winter, the sight of these peaks clad in nature's beautiful mantle of virgin snow will give him some idea of the beauties of New Zealand scenery and of what he may expect to see in case he can get to Mount Cook or to the fine ranges that surround the crystal lakes of Central and Southern Otago.

With the nice sights that break upon the view at each of the many turns in the winding road one scarcely feels the journey, and finds himself footing it bravely into Waitati before he has time to think of getting tired. By leaving the city at say 9 o'clock a.m., he can easily accomplish the distance on foot by dinner time. Then at mine host Colehan's he is greeted with such a hearty welcome, and provided with such good cheer that he loses sight of the fact that he has covered about 14 or 15 miles on foot, and prepares for a good ramble in the bush shortly after finishing dinner.

And what shall we say of the Waitati bush? Indeed the New Zealand Bush is proverbial in all parts for its beauty; but if there be one place where this beauty can be said in a manner to surpass itself, that spot is Waitati.

There, indeed, can Nature be seen in all her pristinest loveliness. Hills clothed to their very summits with every variety of tree and shrub; fertile valleys, well stocked with the finest cattle to be found in the Australasian colonies; lovely streams and silvery rivers, reminding one forcibly of some of the fairest scenes of the Emerald Isle.

How many of your readers, Mr Editor, have seen with their own eyes the beauties to which I refer? Of this I have not the slightest idea. Unfortunately for poor human nature we go to great expense and travel hundreds of leagues by land and sea to view scenery which is surpassed in beauty by what lies, as I may say, at our very door.

I hope this cannot be said of the people of Dunedin. They, indeed, have beauties, and the prettiest of nature's beauties within easy distance of their fair city; and if, when roaming in distant lands, they hear the stranger expatiate on the fairy-like scenes he has beheld in his travels, let them listen with attention till he has concluded his remarks, but then let them take up the thread and unfold in glowing strains the beauties of New Zealand.

But to come to the real point. I was in Waitati some time since and taking a quiet ramble along one of its pretty roads, when I was accosted in friendly tones by a gentleman evidently bent on the same object as myself, namely, a little healthy exercise in the bush. I very soon perceived that he was a business man from Dunedin who was having a few days' well-earned rest in the country. I found him very intelligent and communicative, but at the same time in no way obtrusive.

The conversation was not long in reaching the leading topic of the day—education. From my manner and accent he had no difficulty in telling my nationality, and concluded at once that I was a holy Roman.

He said there is one thing I admire very much in Bishop Moran, and that is his consistency on the education question. He has held out firmly to that all through, that religious education should be imparted in the school. "No use," he continued, "in saying people ought to teach religion to their children at home. As a matter of fact we don't do it. Now I'll just tell you something that happened to myself. A few friends were dining with me on a Sunday, when one of my sons asked if he might leave the table. I inquired why he wished to leave. "Because, father, I want to go to Sunday-school," was the reply. "Do you like going there, George?" "Oh! yes father, I do." "Well, may I ask what you do there of a Sunday?" "We say some prayers, get some instruction, and sing some hymns." "Now, do you think you really learn anything there?" "Oh! yes father, of course, we do." "Well, come now, George, could you just tell me who was Pontius Pilate?" "O father you are only joking now, asking me such a question." "No, no my boy, I am quite serious, tell me if you know it." "Of course I know it father. Pontius Pilate was a race-horse."

I could not help smiling when the gentleman concluded his highly instructive narrative, and, Hibernian-like, I proceeded to let him know something of my own experience in a similar line in Victoria.

Mr Justice Hodges was speaking at a public session of the Church of England in Melbourne, in presence of the Protestant Bishop and a number of other gentlemen of the same Church, both lay and clerical, and in the course of his remarks spoke very freely and very forcibly on the sad ignorance in religious matters that prevailed amongst the State-school children in the Colony. His Honour remarked that an intelligent little girl of ten years or thereabouts was brought before him as a witness some time previously. Before allowing her to be sworn, the judge put several questions to her to ascertain if she knew anything of the nature of an oath, or what punishment would be meted out in the next life to those who swore falsely. His Honour found her so utterly ignorant on these and kindred subjects, that he considered himself bound in conscience to decline the administration of the oath, or to receive anything she might have to say in the way of evidence.

Your humble servant happened, when conversing with a member of the Upper House some time after in Victoria, to make allusion to these remarks of the judge. "Oh!" said the M.L.C. "Mr Justice Hodges spoke of *one*, but I'm sorry to say that *one* was *all*. They are *all* the same; they are now—those State school pupils, grown up to manhood and womanhood, they are fit to be our representatives and they know nothing whatever of the truths of religion."

This M.L.C. was a staunch Protestant himself, and I wondered somewhat to hear him speak so forcibly in condemnation of the Government schools. But I had to hear more, much more, before the conversation ended.

"The fact is, sir," he continued, "this State school system of education is ruining the Colony, the youth are growing up devoid of religion, the Colony is crushed by the enormous expense of this Godless system, and, furthermore, it is pauperising the colonists, for men who are well able to pay for the education of their children avail themselves of the State schools, send them there to be taught for nothing instead of doing their duty by paying for them themselves." This worthy legislator waxed warm on the subject. He was a wealthy squatter, a shrewd business man, in fact a thorough man of the world and one least of all likely to let his feelings get the better of his judgment, but so full was he of the injustice and iniquity of the godless system of education that I had but to let him go on, and give him a patient hearing. In the end I ventured to make some allusions to the Catholics, when he at once took me up and said warmly, "The fact is, sir, that we owe you Catholics a deep debt of gratitude for the noble example you have given us of what should be done in the cause of religious education."

My worthy Waitati friend heard me out to the end. He was quite of the same way of thinking as the Victorian squatter, and furthermore, I may venture to assert, it is the candid opinion of every intelligent and right-minded non-Catholic in these Colonies that religion—the Christian religion—ought to be taught in the schools if we want the young to become a race of steady, honest, God-fearing men and not a nation of infidels.—I am, etc,

A SOJOURNER.