

The Rev. W. Saunders has flung an imputation of the gravest import at the Catholic Church and, by necessary implication, at the whole Catholic body. He has done this, too, with a wealth of stinging epithets such as, I have been assured, has been seldom or never inflicted on the public of Dunedin for the past 40 years. One who publicly flings such a serious charge as I have taken exception to at the vast majority of his fellow-Christians should be ready with his proofs. If they are forthcoming in the promised discourse, their value will be thoroughly tested; if they are not, I shall have a brief further word to say.

I am in cordial agreement with the Rev. W. Saunders in disliking controversy, but those who dislike it do well not to provoke it. But the Rev. W. Saunders' charge is of far too serious a nature to be either passed over or to be let rest where it now stands.—I am, etc.,

EDITOR "N.Z. TABLET."

Dunedin, May 4.

LATEST NEWS FROM KLONDYKE.

DR. NANSEN'S OPINION OF THE FIELD.

THE *Sydney Freeman* just to hand contains the following, which is the very latest reliable news from the Klondyke field:—

By the steamer *Moana*, which arrived in Sydney from Vancouver, there landed Mr. James Henry Hector, a seafaring man, who left Dawson City, near the Yukon and Klondyke goldfields, on January 16 of this year. Mr. Hector proceeded to the Yukon River by way of St. Michael's in August last, and since that period he and his mates cleared £600 per man. The reason why he retired was that, having contracted an attack of fever in New Guinea just prior to going to Yukon, he was somewhat weak, and developed pneumonia. He says that men can only work four months out of the year, and that for the remaining eight there is idleness. There is plenty of gold, but many hardships have to be encountered on the way to the field as well as in the auriferous region. He proceeded and returned by way of St. Michael's in the Arctic Circle, and then had to go 600 miles up the Yukon River in a smaller steamer. At St. Michael's there are nine hotel steamers anchored, 400 houses, five hotels, and two churches. There are few Australians on the field, but Paddy Slavin is keeping a saloon in Dawson City, and doing well. Mr. Hector brought a letter from Slavin for the Melbourne *Argus*. Everybody on the field is armed, and several lynchings had taken place there. Gangs of ruffians from all parts of the world were settled in St. Michael's, Dyea, and Juneau, and they were committing all kinds of depredations. They have also started a new industry, by selling false papers concerning claims on the goldfield. The newcomer generally jumps the claims, and as it takes a whole season to prove that the papers are false—reference having to be made to Canada—the newcomer generally has the gold dug out before the fraud can be discovered. Altogether, times appear to be very lively at Klondyke and on the Yukon. Gold is found at St. Michael's, Dyea, and Juneau as well as on the chief field.

Dr. Nansen, the famous Arctic explorer, was on the field when Mr. Hector left, and the Doctor is of opinion that the Klondyke and the Yukon will not be made easily accessible for at least two years. He purchased the gold obtained by Hector and party, otherwise the latter might not have been able to get away, as there are but few buyers there. It cost Mr. Hector about £150 to return from Dawson City to Sydney, and he does not expect to be able to return there under two years, as his health has been impaired by the exposure. He says there have been some fearful accidents and catastrophes on the tracks from Dyea and Juneau, over 100 persons having been overwhelmed by an avalanche which had been threatening to fall for over two years.

MORE JESUITS FOR THE KLONDYKE.

The Very Rev. B. Rene, Prefect-Apostolic of Alaska, sailed on Saturday, February 12, on the French liner *La Gasconne*. He was bound to Paris and Rome to obtain from the heads of the Society of Jesus, to which he belongs, at least ten more assistants for work in the Klondyke. Speaking of the present conditions in the gold regions, he said:

"It is not known here that we now have finished building in Dawson City a hospital, schoolhouse, and a church. They are not very pretentious buildings, being built of logs, as all our houses there are. The hospital is two storeys high and is under the charge of a Father from Baltimore. It has twenty-six patients who are nursed by the miners. Think of it! Those rough, hardy miners, after digging for gold, go to the hospital and care for their fellow-miners.

"Six Sisters of St. Anne started from Montreal to act as nurses and teachers, but they became stranded in the Lower Yukon, and had to return to Kosiarefski. They will reach Dawson City as soon as the weather permits.

"My predecessor, Father Tosci, died recently at Juneau from apoplexy, brought on, I believe, by overwork among the miners. He was 60 years old, and a man of great energy.

"I have greatly at heart the establishment in the centre of Alaska of an agricultural institute to teach the best methods of raising all kinds of vegetables, and to breed cattle and reindeer, and to cut and dress lumber which will be a great benefit to the natives.

"The miners in Dawson City are elated over the prospect of soon having an orchestra."

An expert declares that a 60-minute engagement between two big fleets of the modern type would involve a cost of over £100,000. And this estimate takes into view only expenditure of ammunition and wear and tear of guns—leaving out of consideration damage to and loss of vessels.

THE FIGHTING RACE.

"READ out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head,
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal-passers—all.
Then knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an off-hand way:
"We're all in that dead man's list, by cripes!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain."
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kelly: there's trouble," said Burke,
"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."
"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch and go for life?"
Said Shea: "It's thirty odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
Stoppod a rebel ball on it-way.
There were bl'ssoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea—
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade!"
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pike's were great
When the word was 'clear the way!'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea."

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said: "We were at Ramillies.
We left our bones at Fontenoy,
And up in the Pyrenees.
Before Dundirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille and Ghent.
We're all over Austria, France and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps or crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here is to good, honest fighting blood!
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed.
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said;
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehosaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

—JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE in *New York Sun*.

The cat-o-nine-tails came into use in the army about 1770, and did not become obsolete until early in the present century. After each stroke on the back of the unfortunate culprit it was dipped into a pale of brine, and to prevent the man's screams being heard the regimental drummers kept up a constant roudale on the drums. The use of the "cat" in the army and navy was abolished when a Bill, introduced by Mr. C. S. Parnell, and supported by the whole Irish party, became law.

Divers in the royal navy, before being passed as proficient in their craft, have to be able to work in 12 fathoms of water for an hour, 15 fathoms for half an hour, and 20 fathoms for a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Gawne, of Dunedin (says the *Southland Times* of April 13, 1891), has just been on a visit to Invercargill to push business a little. Not that it wants much canvassing, for since he commenced the manufacture of his Worcestershire Sauce, the demand has kept pace with his capacity to supply it. He makes a really good thing, indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrin's, which he places upon one's table at a much lower price, and trusts to that to secure a steadily growing trade. Those who have not yet tried the colonial article should put their prejudice aside for a time and test the question with a bottle or two.—ADVT.