

talkee, plus some gimcrack and more or less useless article of small first-cost, offered at a price which would supply a family with thirty to sixty volumes of interesting and useful Catholic literature, or one and a half to two years' subscription to the N.Z. TABLET, or other benefits which would be of real advantage to a Catholic home. Bleeding people through their most sacred domestic affections is, in all reason, a nasty trade, but what shall we say of the glib-tongued sons of Ananias who, partly by strenuous lying and a cheap affectation of piety, extort enormous profits out of the religious feelings chiefly of the Catholic women-folk of New Zealand, and then flit from the colony with little fortunes in their fob. The N.Z. TABLET has from time to time written on this matter. A newspaper can give good advice to the best of its ability. When it has done so its duty is discharged. It cannot give good sense.

THE DUEL. In the British Isles and Colonies the duel is as extinct as the dodo. Anybody who would attempt would be, figuratively speaking, swept off the surface of the planet upon a vigorous storm of healthy ridicule. Many TABLET readers will remember the answer given by the Irish M.P., Dr. Tanner, to a challenge. He was quite prepared to meet his opponent on any ground and with any weapons from horsewhips to Gatling guns—a hundred years from the date of challenge. The case of General Miles and the head of the commissariat department proves that the institution is dead in the United States. Before, during, and for some time after the Civil War, the duel was, in many instances, *de rigueur*. There is more sense nowadays in the brain-pan of the American officer. Duelling is now strongly discountenanced in the German Army. French newspaper men and politicians hold fast by their eyelids to this curious and absurd code of so-called honour. Sometimes the combatants succeed in piercing each other's epidermis. But, as a rule, the surgeons who are on or near the spot earn their fees lightly, and the non-fatality of such encounters is a matter of unholy merriment to the *journaux pour rire*.

A story in point records how a Monsieur (say) Paume one day waited upon a Parisian dame—let us call her Madame Viard—to inform her that her husband was probably at that very hour engaged in mortal combat with a brother of the pen. He found her already in deep distress of mind, due, however, to apprehension of quite another sort. The husband had made the usual pretence of a visit to the country on business, and news had just come to hand of a serious accident on the train in which he ought to have returned. After some hesitation the visitor managed to blurt out the real facts of the case. His announcement was received with a burst of tears—not of sorrow, but of joy and gratitude. 'A duel!' cried Madame, clasping her hands, 'bless you for this news! Thank God! He's safe!'

AN ORATORICAL FIREBRAND. MANY N.Z. TABLET readers may have heard of the pyrotechnical displays of the notorious Scottish no-Popery orator who bears the name of the Rev. Jacob Plimmer. This perambulating nuisance keeps breaking out in fresh places with great fervour and assiduity. One of his latest displays is thus douched with cold irony by the *Scots Pictorial*—a non-Catholic magazine:—

'The Dunfermline Protestant Association, headed by Messrs. Plimmer and Wallace Drysdale, have been on the war-path again. They slung bombs in the shape of resolutions into the enemy's camp with the usual result. The enemy flippantly replied with squirts of cold water in the shape of letters from Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Salisbury. The resolutions protested against the two recent appointments in the University of Glasgow as being gross outrages on the Constitution and Christian sentiment of the country, and an unmitigated insult to the Protestants of the nation—that is Dunfermline. My Lord of Burleigh, in returning the documents, declined to receive or acknowledge them in their present form. This was chilly. The Prime Minister's note was simply freezing. Here it is: "I am directed by Lord Salisbury to acknowledge receipt of your letter, enclosing a copy of the resolution passed by the Dunfermline Protestant Association." That is all. But how coldly courteous and how eminently unsatisfactory. But, all the same, the Rev. Jacob Plimmer compels my admiration. He is a born fighter, and has come through what would have broken the heart of John Knox. He, the great reformer, had always the holy recreation of burning or smashing other peoples' property to fall back upon—a substantial satisfaction, I should think, as compared with the mere passing of resolutions. But Mr. Plimmer has been snubbed by the clergy, laughed at by the laity, sneered at by the Press, and stoned by the cads of the capital and other centres where he has held his conventicles, and still he comes up, not smiling indeed, but solemnly—ready to resume his mission and sign more resolutions. I verily believe the man is quite happy.'

ALLEGED HIBERNICISMS. Has the *Mount Ida Chronicle* any Irish readers? If it has, the N.Z. TABLET is wondering if they have been perusing the fill-up paragraphs with which the editor has been steadily adorning odd corners of his paper week in week out for some time past. A paper's politics are usually as plain upon its face as a sign board over a hotel door. But the personal tastes and whims and mental bent of the editor's mind in minor matters may often be gauged from his fill-up paragraphs, supposing them to be really his selection. But why and oh! will not some of his Irish readers point out to the editor of the *Mount Ida Chronicle* that Pat and Brigid (or, as the name is wrongly spelled, Bridget) are not in the mass such rough and tumble idiots as his paragraphs make them out, and that Irish wit is of vastly finer fibre than such cheap buffooneries, and that the language he puts into Irish mouths is as unknown in Ireland as Choctaw? 'Tay' for tea is an honest Irish provincialism, following the general rule that the 'e' sound is dropped in 'ea' combinations, and the stronger and opener 'a' sound predominates. But we can offer a prize for the discovery of an Irishman who says 'swate' for sweet, or 'oi' for I. The *Chronicle* is helping to perpetuate an impression that is as false as it is ridiculous. A passing acquaintance with old English writers, from Chaucer, say, to Butler of *Hudibras* fame—not to come down to writers of a later date—would convince a reader of ordinary intelligence that many of the provincialisms current among the Irish peasantry were once part and parcel of the literary English of a past day. The Irish people have been more tenacious of certain forms of expression than writers of English undefiled across the Channel.

## Diocesan News.

### ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent).

February 25.

HIS Grace Archbishop Redwood left Wellington for Christchurch on Monday last to attend the meeting of the Senate of the New Zealand University. He is expected back early next week.

The Very Rev. Father Henneberry, of Hobart, has just returned from a trip to the Old Country, and is looking all the better for the change, after 33 years' residence in the colonies. He has been the guest of the Very Rev. Father Devoy during his stay in Wellington. He leaves early next week for Hobart, visiting Christchurch and Dunedin *en route*.

I regret that in the account of the passes for the Junior Civil Service last week an error occurred in stating that Miss Honora Casey was a pupil of St. Francis Xavier's Academy. She has always been a pupil of St. Mary's Convent, Hill street.

The following are the principal points of interest touched upon by the report presented at the half-yearly meeting of the Marist Brothers' School Old Boys' Association:—The Association was started in August last, since when a great deal of good had been done. The Very Rev. Father Devoy, V.G., was chosen president, and several influential Catholics had consented to act as vice-presidents. St. Patrick's Hall, which had been renovated, had been handed over to the Association for its exclusive use, with the exception of one night in each week. The thanks of the Association, for this privilege, were due to Father Devoy, and also to Messrs. Brady and Sen for decorating the hall free of cost. The Association was presented with the books belonging to the late Catholic Young Men's Literary Society. Several persons had promised to give donations of books to the library, which the incoming committee would no doubt endeavour to make more attractive. A picnic in connection with the Association had been held at Ross's gardens about the end of the year, and was a very successful gathering. One general meeting and twelve committee meetings had been held during the half-year, which showed that the interests of the Association were well looked after. During the same time several concerts were given, and these proved highly successful. The Dramatic Club provided the programme for the entertainment at the prize distribution in connection with the Marist Brothers' School. In conclusion, it was hoped that the Association would increase in membership, so that it would be a credit to the Catholic young men of Wellington.

(From our GREYMOUTH correspondent.)

The following pupils of the Convent passed at the last practical music examination:—Senior honours: Maud Bradshaw, 83; senior pass: Evelyn Tarrant, 65; intermediate: Cecilia Kennedy, 76; Kate Sheedy, 73; Nellie McDonnell, 66. It may be mentioned, also, that Hilda Beresford and Cecil Yarrall passed the second grade free-hand drawing at the last examination.

The Sisters of the Convent have again shown their capabilities as teachers, three out of four of their candidates for the Civil Service Examination having passed. The names of the successful candidates are Florence Foot, Maggie Kennedy and Emily Roche.

The ladies comprising the committee who carried out the recent bazaar are not satisfied with the results. About £300 was cleared. As a large stock of materials remains unsold it is intended to have another bazaar shortly. Several causes militated against the late bazaar being the success it was expected to have been. The drill shed—the only available hall—is in rather an out of the way