

How the Land is Owned.—The area of Ireland is 20,000,000 acres, and 750 individuals own half the land. Here are some figures: 110 individuals hold in Ireland 4,152,142 acres, or one fifth; 192 others 2,607,719 acres; 440 others 3,071,471 acres. One and three-quarter millions of people in Ireland possess not one rood.

The Over-Taxation of Ireland.—In 1795 the Irish people were taxed at the rate of 9s a head of the population, while in 1845, although the population had doubled the tax had increased to 17s 4d a head. At the present time a tax of 49s 6d a head is charged to the Irish people, while the burden on the English taxpayer is considerably lessened. 'One result of the century,' says Mr. Lough, an English M.P., 'is that the inhabitant of England has had his Imperial taxation cut down one-half, while the inhabitant of Ireland has had his doubled.' The total income of Ireland, that is, the value of every commodity produced on the island, is £60,000,000, on which the Irish people have to pay an annual tax of £12,000,000 or one-fifth of its value, or in other words, for every pound of income raised in Ireland is has to go to support the British Crown. The income of England is estimated at 1600 millions, on which the English people pay a tax of 115 millions or one-fourteenth of its value. Everyone knows that the taxable capacity of Ireland is not so great as its wealthy and prosperous neighbour, but by a system of book-keeping, known only to English statesmen, a royal commission has recently found Ireland is annually robbed of 2½ millions of pounds in taxes more than she is justly entitled to pay.

Ireland's Demands.—The Irish local councils have passed resolutions in favour of Home Rule, the establishment of a Roman Catholic university, and the redress of the country's financial grievances.

Irish Footballers in Scotland.—Having easily disposed of the Saxons on Shamrock-bearing soil, Messrs. Louis Magee, Mike Ryan, and Co. turned their attention to the Scottish Celts who fight friendly battles under Rugby rules, and travelled over to old Edina on Saturday, (says the *Dublin Freeman*, February 25), just to give the descendants of the Irishmen who colonized Scotland a taste of the quality of the Celts at home. They did so with very considerable success. If there was one thing in connection with Saturday's match more surprising than another, it was the cheerful confidence of the braw laddies of Scotia and their admirers. They had a feeling almost amounting to superstition that Scotsmen were invincible on their native heath—perhaps mud would more appropriately indicate the scene of the struggle—and the natives watched their champions filing out with pride, and gleefully offered the big odds of 5 to 1 on them. Of course the Scots knew that Ireland had soundly whipped England; and the fact that they were willing to offer five to one against the boys who beat the Saxons shows that the people of Edinburgh must hold in dire contempt the representatives of John Bull at that gentleman's own game. As our readers knew on Saturday evening, long before the information was obtainable elsewhere, the Irish won by nine points to three.

THE POPE'S LATEST POEM.

A ROME correspondent states that immediately before his last illness, the Holy Father wrote some beautiful hexameters in Latin addressed to nuns, which translated read as follows:—

THE MAIDENS CONSECRATE.

"Lo! Christ is nigh and His delight it is
To greet you as His spouses—sweetest name,
Who by a holy pact to Him are pledged,
Far from the clamour He has given you,
Within the peaceful precincts of your cells
To lead a blameless life. You blossom there
Like fragrant lilies in a garden close.
Let Satan spread his nets and baleful arts
And with his frown the timid mind o'erawe;
Jesus, Who ever guards, shall fly to aid
And make the weakest powerful in the fray.
Then shall He make your love more ardent glow
And shield you closer in His Sacred Heart,
Your souls with wondrous sweetness gladdening,
And when at length your happy course is run,
And to you, faithful ones, Death shows himself,
All beaming and with visage mild and kind,
Our Lord shall give you His supremest gift;
From your drear exile He shall lead you then
To the celestial shore and bid you there
Be ever blessed with the light divine."

THE FRENCH SOUP KETTLE.

MISS PARLOA, when in France, remarked that over the fire or on the side next its hearth there is always the never failing soup-kettle—a wholesome custom, an economical one, and one which every American woman who discovers it clings to faithfully. A bowl of soup to a hungry child or to a beggar, a cupful when the mother herself is tired and has a hysterical lump in her throat, that is good sense. When a French housekeeper makes her clear bouillon it is a matter for rule, but into the everyday soup kettle goes every scrap of food in perfect condition and unswweetened. A crust of bread, a slice of apple, a bit of cauliflower, a shred of cabbage, a piece of bacon, a couple of chicken wings, one follows the other, day in and day out, until by some unlucky chance it runs dry or discretion suggests a new start.

THE NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

Few people in this Colony are aware of the magnificent dimensions of the new Westminster Cathedral, or of the progress which has been made in its erection. A recent issue of the *London Tablet* gives many interesting particulars of this new Cathedral, which, when finished, need not shrink from comparison with any of the old cathedrals of England. The outer walls of the Cathedral now stand at 85ft from the pavement, and the arches to carry the domes are now being turned. In like way the walls of the aisles, chapels, transepts, and monks' choir are up to the copings—in fact, speaking generally, it may be said that the great fabric is ready for the roof. There is no reason why the whole Cathedral should not be roofed in by the close of the present year, and ready for opening on the Golden Jubilee of the Hierarchy, the 29th of September, 1900. It is not a question of time, but of money. Over £90,000 has been received, and of that sum only £7000 remains in hand. One effort is wanted to carry the work beyond the reach of failure, and then the Catholics of England may feel that they are in possession of an edifice of which their children's children shall be proud. For it is not a little thing that has been done, or some second-rate Cathedral that is in question. If we take the superficial area of the nave, or its width, or its height, there is not a church or cathedral in England, ancient or modern, which in any of these respects can vie with the building now being raised at Westminster.

It will be of interest to record that up to date 9,300,000 bricks have been laid, requiring 12,000 tons of sand, and 3000 tons of Portland cement for mortar. In addition to the above 42,000 cubic feet of Portland stone have been used in the dressings.

There will be 12 altars in the Cathedral in addition to the High Altar, as there were 12 Apostles around our Lord. They will be dedicated to different objects, and will bring out and feed different Catholic devotions.

So far five chapels have been appropriated. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is being collected for by the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, who got nearly £4000 in Spain for this object, and is at present in South America soliciting subscriptions. The cost of the structure of this chapel is put down at £5000, and £7000 or £8000 will be needed for its becoming decoration, which will be rich in mosaics and marbles. The chapel of Our Lady, has already been provided for more handsomely than any other. In the year 1871 the Baroness Weld died, bequeathing over £11,000 for a memorial chapel in the Cathedral of Westminster. With accumulated interest the sum now amounts to more than £17,000. The cost of erecting and adorning the chapel of St. Joseph has been generously undertaken by Mr. Weld Blundell. Lord Brampton, of Brampton, more generally known as Sir Henry Hawkins, the famous Judge, who, in recognition of his great services to his country has been raised to the Peerage, is the Founder of the Chantry, dedicated to St. Gregory the Great and St. Augustine his disciple. There is yet one more chapel already undertaken and appropriated, that of the Holy Souls. Mrs. Robert Walmsley, who has taken the Benedictine veil at East Bergholt, founds this Chantry on behalf of her late husband, and of the souls in Purgatory.

Europe has been laid under tribute for the marble columns required for the interior of the Cathedral. Altogether thirty-four columns, each thirteen feet high, will be required for the arcade of the aisles, dividing the chapels from the nave; they will also carry the groining of the aisles and the floors of the galleries. These columns, each a single stone, will be of great beauty and of infinite variety. Besides the *verdo antwo* columns from Thessaly there will be others of another and more delicate shade of green, the famous Cipollino marble, from Switzerland and Euboea, from the quarries near Verona will come the Brescia marbles, purple and grey and yellow with streaks of white, while the columns supporting the gallery, where it crosses the transepts, will be supplied by Egypt and show the red and orange of the Numidian marble.

From a comparative table, showing area, height, and width of naves of the principal English cathedrals, as compared with the new Westminster Cathedral, we can realise to some extent its fine proportions and great dimensions. York Minster has the largest nave area of the old cathedrals of England, but it falls short by 800 square feet of the new Westminster, which is nearly double the size of St. Paul's, and is two-thirds more than the Brompton Oratory. Its total breadth across the nave and aisles is 150ft. which is nearly double that of Salisbury. The walls are 109ft high, or 4ft higher than Westminster Abbey, which up to the present was the highest of any of the great churches of England. In a word, its nave area will only fall short of the combined nave areas of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey by about six hundred feet.

The German Emperor stands god-father to all the seventh sons in Prussia. The ex-Empress Eugenie in one year acted as god-mother for 3834 children who were born in France on March 16th, 1866, the same day as the Prince Imperial. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is godfather to about 40 young scions of the British aristocracy.

MR. P. LUNDON, Phoenix Chambers, Wanganui, is still busy putting people on the soil. He has also hotels in town and country For Sale and To Lease Write to him.—*.*

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