

## THE LAST OF MR. DILLON IN CHRISTCHURCH.

On Christmas Eve Mr. John Dillon took his farewell of Christchurch. He arrived at Lyttelton in the morning, and proceeded quietly up to town, where he became the guest of Mr. McNamara for the day. Having rested for a short time, he was accompanied by Mr. O'Connor and Mr. McNamara to the Museum. Like most visitors to Christchurch, Mr. Dillon was surprised and pleased at the extensive scientific collection which the late Sir Julius von Haast succeeded in gathering within the walls of this institution. The Auckland museum, he said, was richer in the possession of Maori curios, but for the scientist the collection in the Christchurch museum was the most interesting in this part of the world. After luncheon, the party visited Mr. Matson's ostrich farm, the old Provincial Council buildings, and the Hospital. With the grounds around the Hospital Mr. Dillon was very much pleased. The great glories of Christchurch—the winding Avon and its beautiful willows, came in for a large share of admiration from the Delegate, who returned from his drive around Fendalton and Papaqui with a much better opinion of the beauties of Christchurch than he had before. During the day he chatted pleasantly about many things and expressed entire satisfaction at the success of his mission in New Zealand. Amongst the colonial Irish, he said that he thought the national spirit was quite as strong as amongst those who are Irish born. The greatness of soul possessed by John Dillon was made very apparent in a few casual references which he made to Balfour. To the cruel oppressor of Ireland and the bitter persecutor of the National League he gave the full meed of praise due to his astuteness, tact, and general cleverness. Anyone who heard Mr. Dillon describe the Irish Secretary must have said, "This is a most generous enemy." There is not a trace of pettiness in the man's whole character. There is perhaps, no great merit in doing justice to the qualities of one's friends, but a man who can be so generous to a relentless enemy as Mr. Dillon was to Balfour, certainly earns the comprehensive Scriptural eulogium of being a "just man."

By the half-past seven train in the evening Mr. Dillon left Christchurch and was accompanied to Lyttelton by Messrs McNamara and O'Connor. There he was received by Father Lavery, who saw him on board of the Penguin about nine o'clock.

So Christchurch has seen the last of this grand-souled, devoted patriot, and most polished and true-hearted Irish gentleman. In all probability it will be long before we look upon his like again. Men of the knightly stamp of John Dillon are not often now turned out of nature's mould. Many of those who heard him here will probably never again behold his dark, fine face and majestic form, but it is to be hoped that they will not forget him. Those who are his opponents, while they remember him, cannot well forget that a true Irish gentleman is about the best specimen of the human race. His own people when they remember him will have ever before their mind's eye a perfect model of what an Irishman ought to be. If Irish people here and elsewhere would only treasure his memory and try to be true to the standard of honour and fidelity to principle which he so often and so eloquently advocated in his speeches and so splendidly illustrated by his own example, then the visit of Mr. Dillon to this side of the world would be productive of more lasting and more far-reaching good to the Irish cause than even the subscriptions of thousand of pounds to the National fund, if every pound of it were multiplied a hundred-fold.

## CONCERT AT KERRYTOWN.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Temuka, December 28, 1889.

THE annual concert given by the pupils attending St. Joseph's Convent School at Kerrytown, was the most successful yet held. I was completely carried away by last year's excellent entertainment, but the one given on the 19th inst. wrested the palm from all the previous ones. The large school, as on the former occasion, was much too small for those eager to witness the treat which had been prepared for the evening. The stage was excellently arranged, and the building was well lit up. The programme, as will be observed was long and varied, and not a hitch occurred throughout. Mr. J. M. Twomey occupied the chair, and, after some well-chosen remarks, for which he was applauded, Miss M. Hoare opened the concert with an overture, "Recollections of Scotland," which she executed in her usual able style, and for which she was loudly applauded. The singing came followed with the full chorus, "The Cows are in the Corn," and from this it was evident that the same attention had been paid to the children at this school as to those at the Temuka; the singing was melodious, the order splendid, and the white dresses of the children crowned all. The drama, "The Peasant Queen," showed much careful training, and all spoke and acted their parts well. The characters were taken as follows:—Virginia, Miss S. O'Driscoll; her Mother, Miss Barry; The Baroness, Miss L. Hoare; The Stewardess, Miss E. Louny; Village Girls, Misses O'Connell, O'Keefe, Coughlan, Sullivan, Murphy, and Bronsahan. Misses M. Coughlan and J. Hoare next rendered "Dear Little Robin," and were loudly applauded, as was also Master Denis Hoare for his recitation, "The Irishman." Miss Mary Bronsahan was accorded an enthusiastic ovation for her comic song, "Betsy Wareing," and was succeeded by the piano solo, "The Last Rose of Summer," by Miss Julia Scannell—a somewhat youthful performer—which was given with due appreciation to music. The dialogue, "The doctor and his patient," by Masters Coughlan and O'Connell, created a considerable amount of amusement, and was well-spoken. Misses Hoare and Coughlan made "a hit" with their duet, "Thy Voice," and were rapturously applauded. This brought the entertainment to the principal item on the programme, the ever-popular drama, "Dick Whittington and his cat." The cast was: Dick Whittington, Master M. Driscoll; Fitzwarren (a London merchant), Master P. Keane;

Alice, (his daughter), Miss J. Coughlan; sea captain, Master E. Hoare; King and Queen of Barbary, Master Kelly and Miss Stack; interpreter, Master M. Coughlan, cook, Miss K. Fleming; Queen Sunbeam, Miss Coughlan; fairies, Misses J. Scannell, P. Hoare, M. Hoare, H. Hoare, E. Fleming, E. Geaney, A. Bothwell, A. Bronsahan, and F. Perry. All the various parts were unstained with a vast amount of perfection, the acting and speaking throughout being good, while the wearing apparel was not the least noticeable feature. A very enjoyable item of the entertainment was the piano and violin duet, "What are the wild waves saying?" by a brother and sister (Master James and Miss Lizzie Hoare). This was really delightful and well deserved the rapturous encore which it received. The full chorus, "The wearing of the green," was very successfully rendered, and was followed by the piano duet, "Les Papillons," which was faultlessly treated by Misses Hoare and Coughlan, and followed by another full chorus, "There is no love like mother's," which was no exception to the general rule. The boy's drama, "The broken window," followed, the characters being: judge, Master Hugh Bronsahan, Widow Careful, Miss M. Bronsahan; witnesses, Masters D. Hoare, J. Stack, J. Scannell, J. Lyons, J. Driscoll, M. Naughton, and C. Foley; jurymen, Masters P. Scannell, M. Geaney, J. Barry, M. Barry, S. Coughlan, and D. Scannell. In this there was only a repetition of the careful tuition displayed in the other dramas, and it did not fail to amuse the audience. Miss Nora O'Driscoll sang "Better days for dear beloved Ireland" very nicely, and was followed by the dialogue "The May Queen," the various parts being well spoken by Misses M. Hoare, J. Scannell, H. Hoare, E. Fleming, and J. Bronsahan. Masters Hoare and Geaney were loudly applauded for the piano duet, "Ireland," which was the more creditable owing to the tender age of the performers. Miss Hoare brought down the house with her solo "In the gloaming," the applause being very hearty. Master and Miss Geaney next spoke a nice little dialogue, "Idle Willie," Misses M. and D. Hoare following with the duet "Very suspicious," which was splendidly rendered. The piano solo, "Humours of Doonbrook," by Miss Coughlan, gave place to the recitation "Kiin," by Master Keane. I must not pass this item without a remark. During the rendering of this recitation a pin could be heard fall. Master Keane's recitations at previous entertainments have been a great feature, and on this occasion he displayed his elocutive capacity to even a greater advantage. Miss Coughlan was again successful with her solo, "The song that reached my heart," for which she received loud applause. A source of great mirth was Master Foley's recitation "Bory O'Moore's visit to Dublin," which seemed to amuse everyone. Miss Hoare followed with "Mrs. Jones' Musical party," which she rendered in a capital manner. The drama "A slight mistake," brought the entertainment to the last item. The characters were: Lady Proudly, Miss Coughlan; Saranet (her maid), Miss Hoare; Penelope (landlady of a village inn), Miss D. Hoare; Rosina (her cousin), Miss M. Hoare; Dorothy (Penelope's faithful domestic), Miss L. Moore. Great life was put into the various parts by the different performers, and indeed it would be hard to excel them. The chorus "Christmas boxes" brought the programme to a close. Mr. O'Driscoll moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Twomey for presiding, and to the children for the excellent entertainment. I must not omit to mention that Miss Hoare played the accompaniments on the piano, as a great deal of the success of the entertainment is due to her excellent playing.

I feel scarcely justified in specially praising anyone when all did so well. However without doing injustice to anyone, I might mention that Miss Deborah Hoare's acting was simply grand, and that she greatly increased the reputation which she made for herself last year. The children, without even one exception spoke their parts with remarkable cleverness, and the singing throughout was first-class. In the choruses the voices of the children blended nicely together, and they showed a marked improvement on the last concert. The dresses worn in the dramas, too, were equal to those of last year. Kerrytown may well be complimented on the amount of musical talent it possesses, for it would be almost impossible to find another place of its size to equal it. The children are a credit to their parents, and particularly so to their teachers, and the Sisters of St. Joseph are to be heartily complimented on the very high standard of perfection to which they on this occasion have trained their pupils.

At the beatification of the Blessed Jean Perboire a brother and a sister of the martyr were present. The former is a priest of the Congregation of the Foreign Missions at Paris, the latter a Sister of Charity at Naples. Another brother is a missionary in China.

The Italian Government intend at once to take practical steps to realise Garibaldi's dream of making Rome a seaport. It is proposed to cut a ship canal, 80 metres wide and 10 metres deep, from the Tiber, at a point just outside the city walls, to the sea at Castel Fuvano, a distance of about 11 miles. The canal will probably be constructed by an American company, and the estimated cost is £2 750 000.

With reference to a recent speech of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in which he referred to the Primrose Dames at Brighton as an Amazonian cohort, a contemporary complains that it was hardly courteous, and adds that the Speaker's suggestion, that this involves an altered method of conducting elections, proves that he never heard of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, getting a vote for Mr. Fox by kissing a butcher. Well, yes, probably he had; but the Primrose Dames of Brighton did not follow the precedent set by the Duchess, but confined themselves to scurrilous abuse and shameless backbiting of Sir Robert Peel. It is not given to every Primrose Dame to be as beautiful as was the Duchess of Devonshire.—*Truth*.

A Reuter's telegram from New York announces the death of Colonel Thomas F. Burke. Colonel Burke was one of the most dashing and brilliant of the Fenian leaders; and those whose memory goes back to the days of '67 will remember the splendid speech he made in his defence when tried and sentenced to death for high treason. Colonel Burke served with Meagher in the American Civil War, and was with O'Neill in Canada when Colonel Booker executed that splendid retreat famous in song and story.