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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IN these days when Protection *versus* Free-trade COMING EVENTS. or *vice versa*, is a common topic, and also when the relationship between a colony and its mother country is more or less discussed, some remarks recently made by the French Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies—in which both of these points are touched on, may not be without interest for us. The report, from which we quote in effect, is given by the French *Journal of Chambers of Commerce*:—In the past, said the Secretary, France could boast of having widely opened her ports, of having been a free trader, and made the fortune of her neighbours. To-day she can no longer ignore what goes on around her. There are facts which Europe cannot misunderstand. America, for instance, having built up her industries behind carefully closed ports, thinks of creating a Zollverein limited to American products. France, then, should take care to reserve for herself her own market—that of her territory and that of her colonies. What proves that in speaking thus we speak truly and for the interest of the country is the irresistible movement that carries Europe away. There is a country which we were the first to explore and colonise, that is Africa. All the nations of Europe are rushing to this country, even those who formerly professed the deepest disdain for colonial enterprises. Germany has entered there on the East and West. Italy has penetrated there on the East, and her situation is much more important than is recognised. As to England, she is everywhere in Africa as she is everywhere throughout the world. Her activity and perseverance disconcert the most active and persevering. The reason is that, with increasingly rapid production by machinery it is necessary to seek an extension of consumption. France must, therefore, go abroad; she should go to Africa and the Indies. In Africa our task has been long accomplished, and it only remains for us to profit by it. In Indo-China we are permanently installed, and we shall remain there, let them say what they will. But we should not stay there for the Annamites only. We should thence reach China without letting ourselves be preceded by a people that neither hesitates nor shirks its work—that is, by the English, who have two routes by which to arrive there, Siam and Birmah. We have the good fortune to occupy Tonkin, a country which leads more directly to China by its roads and its river. This will form the everlasting honour of the man who undertook the conquest. Europe, before many years, will envy us this country.—This utterance furnishes us with another proof that the colonial rivalry of European nations is a matter that must increase from year to year. Whether it will ever go to the length of provoking war between them it would be rash to say, but it may certainly exercise a more or less direct influence on other questions that from time to time arise. It will also in all probability be necessary to take it into consideration in any projects for division or union that become prominent in these colonies.

A GRIEVOUS announcement is made. It is to the DESERECATION. effect that the Vale of Avoca, or a large portion of it, has been purchased by an English match company, with the design of using up its timber in the shape of Lucifer matches. But does it not almost seem as if it had been with a prophetic eye towards this catastrophe that the name of Lucifer was originally pitched on? The idea, aesthetically considered, is, indeed, one that might have arisen from the deepest shades of Erebus. Fancy that "brightest of green" sliced down into match-wood, and stuffed into miserable little boxes, whose very sight is suggestive of the sweater and all that is distressing. There are sermons, we are told, in stones. Alas that the day should come for us to find poetry smothered in match-boxes. But to what dirges may not the greenery of the Vale of Avoca, reduced to such a condition, give rise? All that now remains is for the "clearest of crystal," the waters themselves, to be diverted to some base use. Is there, for example, no fell-mongery to set up upon their brink, or can they not be conducted away to flush a system of sewage? But there is horror in the thought of "Arry" lighting his Sunday-out cigar with a match so associated. Irish

woods before now, however, have been levelled and carried off, leaving the country they had enriched bare and disfigured, under worse conditions than those of purchase. Ireland, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was a country covered with forests, abounding in noble trees—and one of the perquisites of the captains who worked such cruel havoc in the island was the timber they felled there. Sir Walter Raleigh, in particular, made large sums of money in this way. The conqueror who lays disfiguring hands on the Vale of Avoca wins not by the sword but by means of hard cash, and it is to be feared that some unsentimental son of Erin may, as the seller, be his aider and abettor. But do we not live in the age of utility? "Ouida," for example, in her "Village Commune," while she tells us many things that call undeniably for condemnation, weakens her plea a little by placing the mere æsthetic on a level with the just and equitable. One of the changes she looks upon as deep offences is the substitution of an ugly steam-mill for a picturesque water-mill, and another is the cutting down of a copse to make room for a tram-way. What destruction, again, among romantic nooks and beautiful hedges—rows has not been wrought by improved farming. Nay, one of the results of Home Rule itself may be inimical to the picturesque—taking the form of an invasion of solitudes by factories and workshops. We live in a prosaic and practical age. One of the misfortunes of Ireland, indeed, is that her condition has too long furnished a theme for the poet. It is to be feared, then, that the Vale of Avoca is doomed—so far at least as any hindrance can be offered to its being made use of as furnishing a supply of timber desirable for match-wood. The spirit of the age—in some of its aspects a very ugly spirit, perhaps—but one, nevertheless, that cannot be resisted, even if the attempt might legitimately be made, is too strong for the poetic situation when it comes in contact with it.

STINGING nettles applied to the lips. Such was A NECESSARY the form of mortification acknowledged the other FAILURE. day at a Government inquiry into the management of a Home in the South of England by a "Sister" who presided there. The Sister was a lady of the Ritualistic party in the Anglican Church, to whom the Home belonged—and a lady of a very mortified spirit no doubt she was—that is so far as other people were concerned. We hardly need this proof, however, of the vanity of attempting successfully to work institutions that are out of harmony with the system in connection with which they are adopted. Monastic institutions, Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods, belong properly to the Catholic Church. Under her guidance and in communion with her they have their use and are admirably qualified to fulfil the ends for which they are appointed. Separated from the Church which gave them birth, and in whose bosom they grew up and flourished, it would be unnatural were they to flourish. The Reformation, indeed, was very particularly an outbreak against such institutions. Rebellious monks were its first apostles, and against the monasteries its rage was chiefly directed. Protestantism grew to maturity in unmeasured condemnation of such institutions, and the new departure by which one of its branches attempts to adopt them is abnormal and absurd. "Popery made easy for small minds" is the definition given by a character in a book by the late Canon Kingsley of High Church or Ritualistic principles—not so extreme then, however, as they are now, and, to a certain degree, we may admit its fairness. It is, as it were, the shell of Catholicism or "Popery" that these people imitate, without knowing anything of what lies within, and by which all that meets the view is quickened and sustained. So far, therefore, as Catholicism or "Popery" as they call it, may be imitated by those who see it only from the outside—and, after all, that is not very far, we may admit that it is made easy for them. We do not admit the justice of stigmatising the adherents of Ritualism as people of small minds. Mistaken religious views, on the contrary, as experience proves, are consistent with the highest and broadest gifts of intellect. This punishment, however, devised by the "Sister" to whom we have alluded, of rubbing stinging nettles across the lips of children confined to her care, is a piece of monastic discipline that seems anything rather than made easy. It is, in fact, an exaggerated and unnatural development of the idea of penance, such as seems especially charac-

teristic of an ill-imagined and grotesque imitation. It is the device, in short, of a step-sister, rather than of a sister, and may very fitly be taken as symbolical.

It would seem that there are States in the great LOOSE BONDS. Republic of the West, in which if a man marries he is expected not only to revere his wife, but, also, to hold her relations and all her belongings in due worship. We have no data before us as to the esteem in which a Benedict must hold his mother-in-law, but that perhaps, is understood. The relationship was traditional even before the pen of Thackeray made it classic, and iron itself could not enter more weightily, or with greater sharpness into the soul of mankind. But what must it be to disregard a mother-in-law in a country where a wife's sister is sacred and even a wife's poodle is worthy of respect. To call a wife's sister a thief, in fact, in one or other of the United States is, if not a hangable offence, at least an offence that is divorceable, and to kick a wife's poodle is equally criminal. A disagreeable sister, then, or an objectionable dog is all that a lady tired of the matrimonial bond need there introduce into her household to bring about her freedom. Such cases, we perceive, are among those published recently at Washington in the official returns of divorces during the past 20 years, amounting in all to 328,716. A still more suggestive case is that of the husband who was used to return home at mid-night and who then kept his wife talking, although she wished to go asleep. Unusual, indeed, was the taste of the husband who took pleasure in hearing his wife's tongue beguile the smaller hours of the morning. A gentleman phenomenal as that might almost be exhibited in a show. But might not Mrs Caudle herself have sued for a divorce on such a plea? Was it not her desire as a deserving matron to take her natural rest undisturbed, and was she not unwillingly kept awake by the necessity of lecturing her delinquent? We are sure every married lady will bear us out in affirming that, when at night she has to explain to her husband his transgressions and to point out a way of amendment, it is he by whom she is kept unwillingly from her slumbers. The wife who obtained a divorce on such a plea as this established a precedent of which, if the sex is not libelled, there are many who may avail themselves. The wife nevertheless has not everything on her side. Tender thought has also been given to the condition of the husband. A refusal to sew buttons on in one case gained the day for him, and in another as much was done by his being prevented from approaching the fire in cold weather. In the States alluded to, in short, the trick of putting asunder what God has joined together is easily played—easily enough to make the marriage tie a scandal and a laughing-stock, at least in connection with those who acknowledge the lawfulness of such laws. Instead of securing to husband and wife the esteem or fidelity of each other, such laws would seem in themselves to form grounds for distrust and disunion.

TOO MUCH LEARNING. The London *Standard* refers to a statistical work recently published by a German professor, and in which the author deals with the number of students at the Universities and the results to which their studies must lead. "The Professor shows," says the *Standard*, "that fully one half of these hopeful youths are doomed to a life of poverty and disappointment. The vast majority of these twenty-nine thousand *Burschen* are looking forward to becoming lawyers, or doctors, or pastors or schoolmasters, or in some other way, either in private life or as servants of the State, to earn their bread by means of the education they are at present so laboriously acquiring." The *Standard* adds that Professor Virchow had already spoken to a similar effect and warned young men not to look to medicine for a career. "Both in America and in Great Britain," it goes on to say, "figures have been published showing that there are not patients for half the doctors, or clients for half the lawyers, or churches for a fifth of the curates, who are every year let loose upon the world." As to the cause of all this it has been variously assigned. The *Standard* explains and enlarges upon it as follows:—"The real cause will, we venture to think, be found in the ever-increasing tendency on the part of parents and their sons to look to the 'gentlemanly professions' instead of the more lucrative and more certain callings of a less 'gentle' description. In Germany and America this trait is perhaps exhibited in its most exaggerated form, simply because in these countries professional training is cheap and the preliminary education abundant or easy to attain. But we see it everywhere else. Since the School Boards brought the three R's within the reach of every child, it is notorious that these youthful graduates have displayed a repugnance to the useful lives in which they have been born. They want to better themselves by becoming city clerks or nursery governesses. It is the first result produced by an unwonted state of affairs. By and by education will get too common to be marketable. It will then be regarded simply as a preliminary to any calling, and not as a necessary antecedent of what the Germans call bread studies. A carpenter, or a blacksmith, or a merchant, or a shopkeeper will discover that he is none the worse for being a good scholar, and will even find that in the enhanced esteem, the greater pleasure, and the

enlarged changes in life which it gives him, he is quite as much benefited by his education as if he had sought to earn his living by means of it directly." But will scholarship, indeed, give "enlarged chances in life," when it has become general and all tradesmen are in this respect on an equal footing? Is there not a danger, besides, that the man disappointed by the results of his own learning may be rendered careless as to the education of his children, so that progress will be retarded? A universal scholarship delighting and benefitting a world too much occupied in unscholarly pursuits to make use of it would certainly seem to involve something of a contradiction.

THE benefits of an irresponsible ministry have had another illustration in a case reported from St Louis, U.S., where a light of the "Christian Church," known as the Rev. B. C. Cave, has gone out into outer darkness carrying his congregation with him. Mr. Cave, it seems, took it into his head to preach a series of sermons in the very bosom of the Christian Church, denying the inspiration on the Scriptures and the divinity of Christ. "He generally belaboured the accepted doctrines of the Church unmercifully," we are told.—But on being cut off for his heretical expressions, nearly all his flock, consisting of the *elite* of the citizens, followed him, and will build him a church where he may propound heresy to his heart's content. Supposing, however, a popular minister of any non-Catholic denomination to propound heresy, the natural thing to expect is that his congregation should adopt his opinions. They attend on his ministry or "sit under him," as the rather inelegant and completely dissent-like expression has it, to hear what his individual opinion as to the meaning of Holy Scripture is. This is the true meaning of private interpretation and belongs to it as an inherent right. There is no fixed standard to which they can refer the doctrine preached, and each man must examine it for himself according to the light that is in him, and what his personal judgment teaches him with regard to Holy Writ. What we should rationally expect, then, is that a congregation, under such circumstances, would follow their minister and, of their own inclination, find a sufficient justification for his teaching. His influence over them must be trifling and his popularity a vain show, if either is not sufficient for the purpose. Mr. Cave's defalcation, therefore, and the effect produced by it on his flock may be a matter for regret. Such occurrences, nevertheless, are in the very blood of the system of private interpretation and arise from it as a matter of course.

THE Czar, we are told, stands out against recognizing the Republic of Brazil while Dom Pedro is alive. IMPERIAL HUMILITY. The Czar, nevertheless, must use a powerful microscope to discover in Dom Pedro anything of the Emperor as he himself understands the character. Beranger tells a story of Talleyrand who, expressing a desire to meet him, and being advised, therefore, to ask him to dinner, replied that he was to great a man to subject himself to a refusal. Dom Pedro, on the contrary, knew how to take a refusal with becoming humility. He, in turn, expressed a wish to receive a visit from Victor Hugo—who excused himself on the plea of age. A few weeks later on, narrates M. Catulle Mendès, Hugo was thinking no more of the matter when a stranger presented himself at the rue de Clichy, where he then resided. He was received by Mme. Drouet—an actress, we may explain, who, thirty years before the death of Mme. Hugo, had replaced that lady in her husband's household—and by her he was taken for one of the numerous guests entertained daily by the poet. It was full half-an-hour afterwards, when Victor Hugo came down and recognised his Imperial visitor, whom he invited to stay to dinner—limiting himself to giving him the seat of honour without making any change in the fare. Dom Pedro, it is added, was delighted with the reception given him. Respect for the Imperial principle must indeed be strong in the Czar, when he respects it in the person of an Emperor of whom such an anecdote is truly told. As to the Government which the Czar refuses to recognise, it may be doubted as to whether Brazil has gained much by the change made in its favour—from an Emperor, as we see, of sufficiently liberal views. To speak of nothing else, in France at least the Republic has been found much more costly than the Empire. Leaving out all calculations as to the war and the army, for which the Republic is not accountable—the civil service, without anything to show for the greater expenditure, costs £7,000,000 more this year than it did in 1871, and that was an outcome of the reign of Napoleon III.—an Emperor much more after the pattern of the Czar than the free and easy Dom Pedro.

A priest rewarded may well be termed, under existing circumstances, "the reverse of the medal." M. Toussaint Chapel, curé of Carry-le-Rouet, in the Bouches du-Rhône, carried consolation to the dying and help to the living, almost every hour of the night and day, when last spring the hamlet of Sausset was being decimated by diphtheria. He has just received a silver medal in recognition of his devoted conduct.

Colonial Notes.

The Federation Conference in Melbourne, which has lately furnished the chief topic of interest, ended its session on Friday, the 14th inst. The chief concluding act was the drawing up of a loyal address to the Queen, in which were embodied the resolutions passed by the Conference—to the effect that it seemed conducive to the prosperity of Australia that a union, under the Crown, should be promoted between the Australian colonies, the remoter colonies of Australasia being entitled to admission into said union when the time seemed opportune to each. It was also resolved to request of the various colonial legislatures to take steps for the appointment of delegates to represent their colonies at an Australasian Convention—where self-governed colonies should be represented by not more than seven members, and Crown colonies by not more than four. The Conference may be described as characterised by the practical withdrawal of the New Zealand delegates from the Federation movement, at least for the present; by the support given generally to the scheme of a Federal Parliament by the delegates of the Eastern colonies; by the reluctance expressed by the representative of South Australia to enter into an agreement involving a uniform system of customs duties, and by the cautious desire of the representative of Western Australia for fuller information as to the ways and means by which the central executive would be maintained. The great appeal to sentiment made by Sir Henry Parkes, meantime, must not be forgotten. Sir Henry declared the birth of the nation the one thing needful, in comparison with which all details were unworthy of consideration. The more prosaic element, nevertheless, will certainly make itself heard before the matter is brought to a conclusion, and a good deal still remains for discussion. The subject, meantime, is not likely to grow rusty for want of interest.

The *Australasian*, in an article on the Conference, speaks commendingly of the delegates as responsible politicians, who, as such, refrained from the vapouring as to Australian independence, which is not unpopular. The *Australasian* says that so long as the British navy commands the seas the colonies are safe. It would, however, be a different thing if the reliance were on Australian defences alone. No lover of the colonies, it says, would desire to see Australia placed in the position of a weaker State, obliged to defend a long and easily attacked line of coast; weak States, as in the case of Belgium, Holland, and Turkey, being obliged to endure many things from their greater neighbours, to whose sufferance or mutual jealousies they owe their very existence. "And in Australia," adds the *Australasian*, "there is always a menacing circumstance in the existence of New Caledonia, which undoubtedly contains latent hostilities. The growing ambition in Europe for colonial extension, as means for an extension of commerce, for which a pressing necessity is felt, appears to us, however, more threatening to Australia than the dangers perceived by the *Australasian* latent in New Caledonia. France, for example, is bent on making use of her recent acquisitions in Tonkin to supersede England in commerce with China. Is it a very wild idea that suggests the possibility of her making more favourable terms for herself by joining with the Chinese Government in forcing an independent Australia to grant ruinous concessions to them? The establishment of Australian independence would involve even more risks than the *Australasian* speaks of.

The Anglican Bishop of Bathurst, speaking the other day at the synod of his diocese, pointed out the Catholic Church, although in a qualified sort of a way, as an example to his own community. He claimed the quality of being Catholic for the Church of England, but referred to the Church of Rome as advancing, while the Church in question was losing much of her influence. "Because," he said, "the Roman Church is doing almost everything we ought to be doing, educating the children, realising the spirit of self-sacrifice, presenting an unbroken front." The Bishop, nevertheless, claimed also for his Church capacities for doing all that was needful. Capacities, however, that are proved to exist by their failure must certainly be admitted to occupy rather a questionable place.

Damages in an action for libel that carry with them a moral, have just been given against the Melbourne *Age*. In the recent elections a gentleman, named Brown, who was a candidate for a place called Gunbower was condemned by the *Age* as a Catholic seeking election for the purpose of attempting to overthrow the secular schools. Mr. Brown proved that he was a Protestant, and a strong supporter of the schools in question. The result was that in compensation for the injury done to him, both in his public and private capacity, damages amounting to £500 were awarded him. The verdict, however, that condemned, and justly condemned the *Age*, virtually brought before the people of Victoria the fact that there is a section among them—men adhering firmly to conscientious convictions, and who, therefore, occupy in the State a place of such great disadvantage, that injury equivalent to a sum of £500 is done to anyone falsely identified with them. The inequality that is thus betrayed and the spirit of bigotry that is made evident are certainly a disgrace to the population among whom they exist. The moral that the verdict against the *Age* carries with it should bring a blush to the face of every non-Catholic Victorian. Nay, even Catholic Victorians may blush for their neighbours.

The *Burrova News*, a New South Wales paper, pithily sums up the results of "Parnellism and Crime" as follows:—"The shattered skull now rotting in Madrid, the sudden death of Professor Maguire (the unfortunate Unionist dupe and believer in Pigott), the death of Mr. John Cameron M'Donald, the *Times* manager, so soon after the collapse of his infamous charges against Mr. Parnell, and now the payment by the *Times* proprietor of £5000 and costs to Mr. Parnell in penalty for his libel action against that journal for the publication

of the Pigott forgeries, are fitting successions to the death of the conspiracy by which it was sought to identify Mr. Parnell with sympathy for the Phoenix Park murders of seven years ago."

In connection with the unusual heat extensive bush-fires have been reported from some of the country districts of Victoria. Fencing has suffered heavily and even homesteads have been destroyed. But misfortunes, as it is said, never come alone.

Mr. J. B. Cox, M.P., who was sent out from Home for rest and to recover his health, has, nevertheless, been busily occupied since his arrival in Australia. He has addressed several meetings, which like those of the other delegates, were successful. Mr. F. B. Freehill, president of the Irish National League, speaking the other day at Sydney, calculated the total net receipts to be reached by the time Messrs. Cox and Deasy had completed their mission, at a sum of £35,000.

The Passionist Fathers at Marrickville, near Sydney, expect an addition to their number, in the form of two priests of the Order and a lay Brother, to arrive by the s.s. Ormuz. The Fathers have earned for themselves a very high reputation as missionaries, and all who are interested in the extension and vitality of religion must rejoice to hear of their hands being strengthened.

Sir Charles Lilley, Chief Justice of Queensland, has no belief whatever in Imperial Federation, which he says is even more shadowy than Pepper's ghost. Sir Charles, on the contrary, believes in the separation of the colonies, to be followed by an invasion of British and coloured troops from India. A more wholesome thought which has struck him is that of the example of Pope St. Gregory the Great, who finding that a beggar had died of starvation in the streets at Rome, inflicted severe penance on himself, as guilty of a sin of omission. This Pope, he says, knew nothing of the specious theories of the present day, which soothe men's consciences for allowing their fellow-men to starve to death. He recommends Imperial statesmen to follow the Pope's example. "Leave us," he adds, "to try to keep away the hunger-fiend from the children of our fair land and to rear a strong, brave, and powerful nation having an ample range of duty in this new sphere of action, where we may keep the peace and follow industry and the arts, and perfect freedom and the noblest works of our race."—A Chief Justice, nevertheless, who approves of separation and connives in vision at the defeat of an Imperial force even partly in the shape of black troops hailing from India, is some thing of a phenomenon.

The decision of the authorities in Paris to open the school where natives of the colonies are educated at Home to youths intended for colonial officials and which also points once more to the increased interest taken in colonial affairs, is not received with universal favour in the colonies. Our Noumean contemporary, *La France Australe*, for example, points out that youths so educated are commonly rich in theory but poor in practice, and has, moreover, but little confidence even in the knowledge of native languages to be so acquired. The outcome is expected by our contemporary to be a crowd of incompetent officials doomed to disappointment and destined, for the most part, to fall back with diminished chances into the ranks of the ordinary employee.—The significance of the regulation, however, in connection with the colonial views which are extending in Europe, remains.

The closer bonds that now unite the world in all its parts have been somewhat strangely made evident in India. Consequent on the representation on the stage at Paris of the Prophet Mahomed, in disobedience to Mahomedan ordinances and as a violent outrage on Mahomedan principles, the Mahomedans at Bombay and Poonah have been forbidden, under extreme religious penalties, to enter a theatre. Native managers, therefore, are on the verge of bankruptcy, having lost the great majority of their patrons. The matter, however, is curious, as showing the strong and immediate nature of the connection between places so far apart, and the influence so unexpectedly exercised.

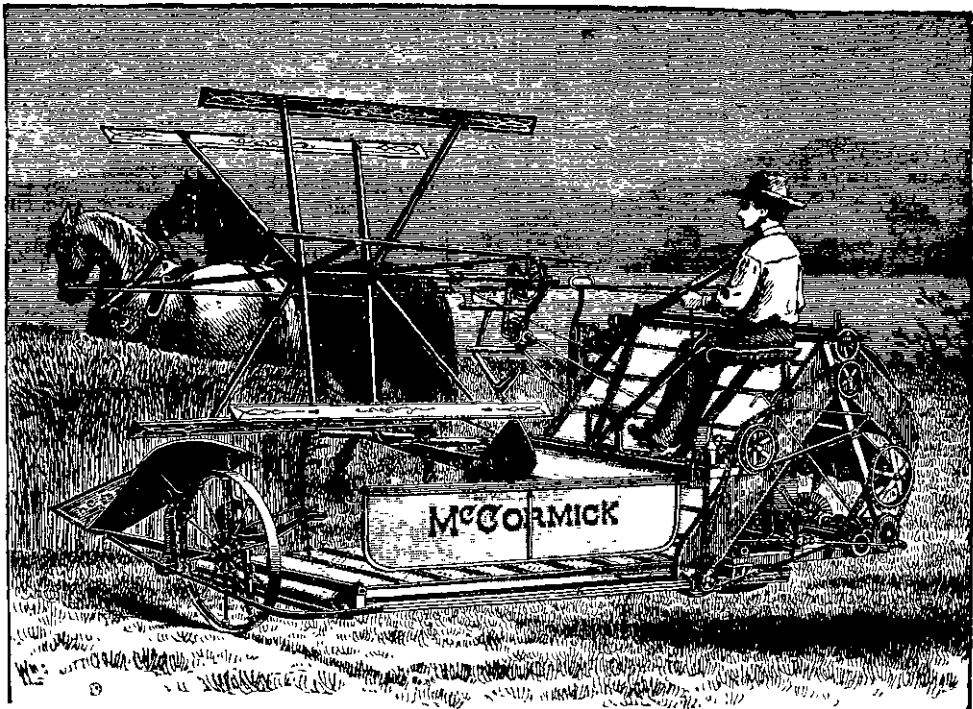
By express on Tuesday last (says the Sydney *Nation* of February 20), Mr. John Deasy, M.P., took his final departure from New South Wales. Need we say what an earnest worker Mr. Deasy has been in the cause since his arrival here—twelve months ago. Mr. Deasy is to join Mr. J. Cox, M.P., in Victoria, where they have some eleven meetings to address. They then proceed to South Australia, where some nine meetings have been arranged. On St. Patrick's Day they will be present at the demonstration in Adelaide, after which they will take their departure for the old land to resume their duties in the House of Commons. We wish them *bon voyage*! Mr. F. B. Freehill and Mr. John Daly, ex-M.P., for Cork, accompanied Mr. Deasy to the train and bade him farewell! on behalf of the people of New South Wales. The final result of the "mission" promises to be about £36,000!

One of the Passionist Fathers who is on his way by the s.s. Ormuz to join the members of his Order in New South Wales is the Reverend Norbert M'Fadden, brother of the well-known Father M'Fadden of Gweedore. We rejoice to say that Father Norbert, on his arrival, will find his Order making good progress in the colony. A nice property suitable for a house of study and retreat for the professed has been secured by the Fathers on very reasonable terms in the neighbourhood of Goulburn, and they have been presented by Alderman Hart of Sydney with fifth acres of land adjoining Ulster Park, Yarrunga, on which to erect a novitiate. On the whole, then, the sons of St. Paul of the Cross may be considered to have made good progress since their arrival some three or four years ago in the colony. And may they still proceed and prosper,

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The Most Rev. Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sale is a passenger on his return voyage from a visit to Europe by the *s.s. Ormuz*. At West Maitland, meantime, preparations are being busily made to give a reception fully expressive of the affection of his people, to the Most Rev. Dr. Murray whose return from Europe is also approaching.

A tragic disaster is reported from Queensland in the wreck of the British and Indian Company's steamer, *Quetta*, on a rock off Mount Adolphus near Cooktown. The vessel was homeward bound by the Torres strait route, and had on board a large number of passengers, including many well-known colonists. She struck suddenly in calm water when she was going rapidly, and so great was the damage done that she sank in about three minutes, taking down with her the majority of those on board. In all 145 people are said to have perished. Panic and confusion seem to have prevailed, and as yet little has been related to relieve the horror of the event.

PADRE AGOSTINO.

By the kindness of the Bishop of Ross, who has placed at our disposal a copy of the *Corriere di Napoli*, we (*Cork Examiner*) are able to convey to our readers some idea of the tremendous sensation which is now being created in Naples by the preaching of the greatest pulpit orator of Italy, and to lay before them a translation of one of his sermons. It may be well to premise that the reports that have appeared are not considered very perfect reproductions of the language of the distinguished speaker, while the most accurate version would at best but coldly render the effect of his glowing words. The *Corriere* reporter writes:—

Never have I seen in a church a like crowd: it is a deluge of people, from the high altar to the great gate, through all the chapels, in every angle, even on the cold marble steps of the lesser altars, wherever, in fact, a human being can bestow himself; and everywhere there is an undulation from one extremity to the other of the beautiful church of SS. Severino and Sossio. Every now and then rises a murmur against the other crowd without, which is pushing for an entrance, though there is no longer room. There were four thousand persons, and of all grades, from the *grande dame*—all the great ladies were there—to the poor woman who bore her infant through the streets; from a goodly representative of the clergy to a band of professors and students, from the middle class wife to the pious old maid. It may be said there were amongst them people who came there through mere curiosity. And what does that matter to us? That was a church, and there was an orator, and often he who wishes to appear a sceptic is not one, and the secret intentions of hearts God alone knows.

Four thousand persons, of whom were fifteen hundred provided with tickets; their regular entrance, making way through the seats without blunder or confusion, and with perfect courtesy, has been the work of the committee. That was formed of gentlemen, the president, Abate don Luigi Tosti, and amongst the others were Padre Timoteo Ruggieri, Commendatore Admirante, Duke of Galdo; Marchese di Saccineto, Conte Gerace, Marchese Alfonso Imperiale, Principe di Cellamare, Duca Guistiniani Della Torre, Duca di Valminuta, Pasquale Ruggiero, Salvatore Binaldi, Cavalier Gerardo, Capece Minutolo, Luigi d'Auria, Cavalier Tommaso Pittera, Cavalier Pizza, Cavalier Fiacelli, Cavalier Pasquale Aprile. Save a little noise outside the great gate, and suddenly hushed, everything proceeded wonderfully, and four thousand persons, naturally nervous and impatient, maintained a decorum worthy of Neapolitan piety.

The church was not specially adorned, only from the windows streamed white and blue, the colours of the Immaculate Conception. On the high altar, around the image of Mary, there was an immense baldachin of red silk, with garlands of gold, rich and beautiful. Likewise in red and gold the pulpit was hung, and before the sermon commenced an aureole scintillating with candles was lit on the high altar. It was not hot, the windows were open to give air to the four thousand persons in the church. Many of the ladies, though not in mourning, wore black. There is a scrupulous feeling in the heart of a Neapolitan woman about exhibiting too much vanity in a church. Many had their veils lowered. At a quarter past eleven, after the ringing of a bell, preceded and followed by various gentlemen of the committee, entered and traversed the church the Franciscan monk, Padre Agostino da Montefalco. He is of middle height, rather thin; his remaining hair is black and curly, his eyes vivacious, his countenance emaciated, but a slight smile often plays upon his lips. He bears the brown habit bound by the white cord of the poor one of Assisi, and a Rosary is attached to the cord. He knelt in the pulpit, made the sign of the cross, and recited the Hail Mary! in a loud voice, together with all those who knew how and wished to pray—and how many that had ceased to pray yesterday recalled the mystic words! Suddenly he commenced to speak. His voice is soft, but it spread itself wonderfully throughout the vastness of the church, where there prevailed a respectful but emotional silence. His speech was marked with an accent somewhat between that of Rome and Umbria, and its tones were highly sympathetic. The phraseology of Padre Agostino is always eloquent and fluent to a degree, which surprises those accustomed to the old and somewhat too rhetorical style of eloquence. Nothing artificial—no preparation; a verity humble and simple which takes the garb given to it by genius, and places it on the breasts most deep as well as on the souls most ingenuous. Padre Agostino does not gesticulate. He smiles now and then, but does not seek, as it were, to fix the attention of the congregation on himself. He does not seem to expect that the public shall show emotion. He does not make dramatic pauses. He is purely the teller of good tidings, profoundly convinced that thus he best discharges his duty as a Christian and militant Catholic.

The preacher spoke on a theme not new—the necessity of a religion—yet never from a pulpit were heard words so human, and still so full of Divine love, so adapted to all undertakings, and yet so

impregnated with the supreme truth! When Padre Agostino spoke of religion as a means of ending the terrible dual between the classes of society; when he described the unhappiness of the poor who hoped in another life, and suffered resignedly, and to whom every day says Heaven is void, he sent a groan through the whole auditory. We have heard the sighs of men and women, gentry and poor, under the weight of the truth. The sermon lasted an hour. The dispersal of the congregation was slow; the comments were all affectionate. I was most pleased with those who went their way silent but thoughtful. Here is a summary of the sermon of yesterday:—

There are in the Gospel maxims resplendent with truth, which force themselves on us, and insure themselves, so to say, into the most giddy minds; and they are those which concern human society, revealing to man not only the secrets of Heaven, but the laws of the destiny he must fulfil here below. They are found to be besides verified by the history of peoples, and the vicissitudes of empires. Of these maxims, one of these is that proclaimed from the hill of Galilee, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things shall be added unto you." Whoever you be, individual or nation, seek first of all the Kingdom of God—namely, the reign of justice, and by this you will reach with certainty and honour the greatest results. God Himself will think of your welfare, of your liberty. But if you refuse, if the goods of the earth are preferred to those of Heaven, every day you lose earth and Heaven. For it is written, justice lifts up the nations; sin and iniquity make miserable the people. These maxims of the sacred writings, which bring a warning and a promise, are often forgotten by people arrived at a certain degree of prosperity and material progress. According to them old beliefs are at an end, condemned not alone by the progress of the critic but by the triumph of science. After this exordium the preacher addressed himself to the problem, if it was really possible that a people unmindful of the Divine law and despising religion could really call itself happy, and maintained that the amount of all the social perturbations were proportioned to the defect of religion and faith. This, he says, will be the argument of his sermons dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin. Nothing new, nothing grand; the truth spoken simply and with love of God will aid him to hold the sacred promise. After a brief pause, the orator proceeded: All the peoples who have left a name have been, especially in the time of their prosperity and glory, religious. Their decadence commenced with the failure of their faith. Enquire of the sophists at Athens, enquire at Rome—the cause was the decadence of the faith which had prevailed in the heroic times of the Republic. This necessity of religion results from the nature of man. Man, as a philosopher has said, is a religious being. No one will deny the axiom. In human nature are aspirations of a superior order; in our very doubts we have the proof. Then man has the need of prayer, of belief, of adoration, nor can he be content to remove from him those sentiments which spring from his natural aspirations towards the infinite. Not riches, not pleasures; something higher draws the human soul. The atheist does not exist. But if man is essentially religious, the society that is constituted of men cannot be other than religious. The nations of antiquity have recognised the evidence of this truth. And, in epochs more modern, how many have there not been to make of religion an instrument of government? In the nations where reign heresy and schism the master of the State is master of religion. This is the most cruel of all slaveries—the slavery of the soul and of the body. Let it not be forgotten that religion is, above all things, the work of liberty of conscience, and cannot impose itself by force, but by persuasion. The State finds in religion its best, its eternal support. It is the essential condition of a State, because it is union and peace. Observe our Italian unity; is not that a work *par excellence*? If war were declared between the men who compose it, if there were civil strife between the individuals of the same State, both the union and the peace would exist no longer. But the force which maintains order and pacific union is found in religion. To obtain peace there are three means—force, absolute liberty, or reason. The orator proved the inefficacy of the two first; of the third he asked, will reason suffice to consecrate peace and unity? And he proved that it would not. The reconstructions attempted by the human spirit of our times on the ruins of tradition are calculated to precipitate men into the abyss of atheism. It is not necessary to follow this fatal game. The secret of civic order is in religion; that is peace. The last word of human life is not spoken here below; the ultimate solution of social problems transcends the political order. The antagonism of classes can be appeased only by faith; blessed are the poor for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Because of this privilege the poor have not hated the rich, and, thinking of Jesus poor, of Jesus bound, of Jesus agonised, accept His poverty, His torments, and His cross. But if Heaven is void, if the goods of the earth cannot be obtained but by force, the fatal consequence is evident. It is necessary to believe or to resign ourselves to the conflict. The social compact cannot be preserved without the religious principle. Either believe in the religion revealed by Christ or raise one half of humanity against the other. The instability of institutions is another effect of atheism. If the point of departure is wanting how can there be one of arrival? There are bases that human reason cannot uproot—country, family, religion; there are constitutions that the populace cannot assail. Of these is the constitution promulgated by God—it is religion. The writer considers religion is an antidote to pauperism, and concludes this part of his discourse affirming that to remove faith from the poor would be equivalent to depriving them of happiness. The last part of the sermon is a comment, and, so to say a *resumé* of what the orator had previously spoken. The struggle for existence tends to overpower the weak, and religion is the only refuge of the feeble. Eliminate it and society will be ruined from its foundations. It will fall as did the temple of the Philistines by the strength of Samson. Do not forget another thing; do not forget that religion is a social force, an element of public order. The unbelieving are not the majority, ordinarily they are the minority—a minority perhaps very numerous. Like religion, liberty of conscience brings peace into a nation. Hence it is not necessary to quarrel, it

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"They last as long again as mine,
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They seem to fit you like a glove—
So nice they suit your feet."

"I always buy from Mrs. Loft,"
Mrs. Jones did then reply.
"The reason that I buy from her,
I now will tell you why.

"You see, she understands her trade,
And buys for ready cash
Just nothing but the best of goods,
And never worthless trash.

"I used to buy from other shops,
But found it did not pay:
The soles too quickly did wear out,
Or else the tops gave way.

"So if you want good Boots and Shoes,
That give good honest wear,
Just go direct to Mrs. LOFT,
And you will get them there."

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is not necessary to oppress souls as it is not necessary to oppress bodies. Let each one maintain in his fashion the belief in God. Aid the truth, abstain from violence, lead only with persuasion him who does not share your idea, otherwise there will be in the world continuous war. The union of spirits is the first and most precious good; it is a sacred right; to violate it is a grievous transgression. Without it there will be war, and whosoever shall infringe upon it sooner or later will have to pay the penalty.

THE STATION-MASTER OF LONE PRAIRIE.

(From the *Independent*.)
(UNION PACIFIC R.R., 1880.)

AN empty bench, a sky of grayest etching,
A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette,
Twelve yards of platform, and, beyond them stretching,
Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through the wet,

North, South, East, West—the same dull gray persistence,
The tattered vapors of a vanished train,
The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the distance,
Or break the columns of the far-off rain.

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long-hushed level and stark-shining waste—
Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching
Where the last shadow fled in sullen haste.

Nothing beyond. Ay, yes! From out the station
A stiff, gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed by;

Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air.
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one vesture
Of silence, sadness and unspoken care;

Each following his own thought—around us, darkening,
The rain-washed boundaries and stretching track;
Each following those dim parallels and hearkening
For long-lost voices that will not come back;

Until, unasked—I knew not why or wherefore—
He yielded, bit by bit, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that seemed to thicken there for
Some dull down-dropping of their care at last.

"Long had he lived there. As a boy has started
From the stacked corn the Indian's painted face;
Heard the wolves' howl the wearying waste that parted
His father's hut from the last camping-place.

"Nature had mocked; thrice had claimed the reaping
With scythe of fire of lands he once had sown;
Sent the tornado—round his hearthstone heaping
Rafters, dead faces, that were like his own.

"Then came the war time. When its shadow beckoned
He had walked dumbly where the flag had led.
Through swamp and fen—unknown, unpraised, unreckoned
To famine, fever, and a prison bed.

"Till the storm past, and the slow tide returning
Cast him a wreck beneath his native sky;
At this lone watch gave him the chance of earning
Scant means to live—who won the right to die."

All this I heard—or seemed to hear—half blending
With the low murmur of the coming breeze,
The call of some lost bird and the unending
And ceaseless sobbing of those grassy seas.

Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a trembling star and far off cry.
The coming train. I glanced around the station.
All is as empty as the upper sky!

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long-hushed level and stark-shining waste—
Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless haste!

"Now, then—look sharp! Eh, what? The stationmaster?
Thar's none! We stopped here of our own accord.
The man got killed in that down-train disaster
This time last evening. Right there. All aboard!"

—London, England.

BRET HART.

A Catholic priest, Rev. J. G. Perrault, has been unanimously elected chaplain of the first Legislative Assembly of North Dakota.

Patrick Murphy, engine-driver of the train which was dashed into by the runaway excursion train near Armagh last June, died lately from his serious injuries. This makes eighty-eight deaths from the great Armagh railway disaster.

Twenty-three summonses have been served in Clonmel on persons who took part in the late Manchester Martyrs' celebration. A Coercion Court at Bantry, on Saturday, delivered a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment in one case for the same "offence," and in two other cases where the defendants pleaded guilty, a rule of bail was imposed.

PAPANUI CHURCH.

THE holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered here on Sunday, February 23, by the Rev. Father Lemenant, a nice congregation being present from the surrounding district. The little church doesn't look very beautiful to an observer from the outside, but inside it is very pretty. The great drawback is, it is not large enough for its present congregation, but after some time, that is, when St. Mary's Church, in Manchester street, is built, Father Lemenant has promised to improve and enlarge this church. Until then the people of Papanui must have patience and wait till the greater work is accomplished.

Lately the Catholics hearing Mass here have enjoyed the sweet music of an organ during the ceremonies. It has been presented through the charity of the late Miss Delahunty, and of Mrs. G. Hunter and other kind ladies of the parish. Speaking of the last-named lady, she cannot get too much praise for her goodness in keeping this little chapel so neat and clean, and the altar decorations so pretty with floral tributes and rare botanous plants. Her kindness and true piety are appreciated by all whom she may come in contact with.

The Rev. Father in the course of a very beautiful sermon on the present month; how it should be dedicated to St. Joseph and St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland by special prayers and other good works, and speaking to a congregation who were Irish or of Irish descent, in very feeling and noble words, reminded them of the debt of gratitude they owed to Patrick, who brought the light of the true faith to that "lovely isle of Erin," and how out here in the colonies where their faith is liable to be tampered with, far more so than at Home, where they could neither see badness nor hear the atheistical teaching of immoral men, they should always in their trouble appeal to that glorious saint, the patron of their own green isle, who, he was sure, had mighty power to intercede on our behalf before the throne of God. The Rev. Father also mentioned, in a kindly, happy way of his own, how, by our prayers to God, and through the intercession of Ireland's apostle, we could help to get that grand privilege for our native land, a privilege that all the other colonies and dependencies of the British Empire possess, namely, the making of their own laws by the Irish people.

General News.

The footsteps of the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly and Colonel Atkinson, who were on a visit from the United States to Ireland and England, were dogged by spies. Detectives followed them to Clongowes Wood College, where Colonel Atkinson left two of his sons.

Rev. Father O'Dwyer continues to enjoy fairly good health in Tullamore Gaol. He is frequently visited by Dr. Moorehead, J.P., and Rev. P. O'Reilly, C.C., chaplain. He makes no complaint, but refuses to accept of any assistance from the officials, medical or otherwise, until he is allowed all the privileges granted him in Cork Prison.

It seems that the stronger the war now being waged against religion in France the more the Christian Brothers multiply. At a recent meeting, the president of which was the Archbishop of Paris, the Duc de Broglie showed that in 1884 the novitiate of the Christian Brothers contained but 360 *Petits-Novices*, as they are called, whereas the present year the number is 2,705. Last year the collection made in favour of the institution of the *Petits-Novices* amounted to 330,000 francs. This year they have gone up to \$50,000.

One of the most interesting sights in London just now is a model of the Eiffel Tower in diamonds, which is being exhibited at the Hanover Gallery by the firm of Paris jewellers which constructed it. The value is £120,000, and, as may be imagined, every precaution is taken against the risk of theft. The erection is over a yard in height, the exact measurement being the French metre. The whole is made to scale, even the little gold staircase having exactly the same number of steps as those in the real Eiffel Tower. The graceful proportions of M. Eiffel's famous tower are seen to advantage in the radiant gems, which are mounted upon silver. Each platform is surrounded by miniature flags in enamel, and the tiny lifts are in white enamel. On the summit is the tricolour, reproduced in rubies, sapphires, and diamonds. The tower is shown in a large glass case, illuminated by the electric light, which brings out the latent fires in the diamonds as no other illuminant could do. Apart from its intrinsic value, the diamond tower is a very beautiful object, the slender symmetry of the exquisite lattice work, wrought in gems, losing nothing of its admirable effect by the opalescent glitter of the diamonds. Pearls are also introduced, but their number is small as compared with the thousands of pieces of "crystallised carbon."

Hardly a week passes in which the oppressive measures of the French Government do not make fresh victims among the priesthood. Ten priests of the diocese of Ajaccio, and five of the Ariège, have just been deprived of their stipends. The letter of the prefect of the Ariège informing the five *curés* of the recent decision against them affords an instance of how the ministers of the Church in France are being treated by the puppets of the French Republic. It concludes as follows:—"The duration of your punishment will depend upon the gravity of the offences proved against you. According as you may deserve of it in the future, the Government may be induced to pardon your interference in matters that did not concern your priestly functions." The *Journal de l'Aimé* states the case of the Abbé Paruite, *curé* of Paraut, who has just received notice of the withdrawal of his stipend for no other offence than that of having distributed certain pamphlets and journals at the time of the elections. He is the priest of a poor country mission, and his parishioners, it is said, have already opened a subscription in his favour. M. Thévenet, the prime mover of these repeated attacks upon the clergy is, according to a recent statement in the *Univers*, called upon to answer before the Senate for his spoliation of a priest of the diocese of Saint-Brieuc

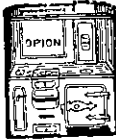
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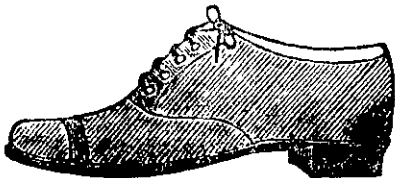
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Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

MR SEXTON'S remarkable mayoralty has come to a close. He leaves the Mansion House, Dublin, after having shown to the public a specimen of what administrative ability a self-governed Ireland can command. During the period of his rule as Chief Magistrate, the process of municipal government in Dublin has been a living vindication of the Irish people against the Unionist assertions about their incapacity for pure and effective administration of their local affairs. The moral of Mr. Sexton's work is that there is stuff in the Irish agitator and Parliamentarian out of which statesmen can be made.

We are informed that the Government scheme of Voluntary Land Purchase depends for its success on the expected opposition of the National League preventing any wholesale application by the tenants to the Treasury, and wholesale application would, it is confessed, destroy the Government by the colossal drain on the public credit, it being impossible to supply the £150,000,000 required for a universal buying out of the landlords. The Government relies on the National League to prevent more than a solid minority of farmers from becoming voluntary, State-assisted purchasers, and this solid minority is already spoken of as "a garrison in the interests of order." The dread is that the National League may organise a universal "voluntary" demand by the farmers to become purchasers, as the Government scheme would be simply swept away by the rush, and who could bind the "voluntary purchasers" from striking against too high a rate?

The New Year opens with bright auguries for the Irish people: it finds them facing their foes with the most powerful defensive combination ever yet witnessed here—a combination whose extent is as wide as the whole land, and whose position is absolutely impregnable. Our anticipations last week with regard to the financial beginning of the movement have been more than realised. Over twenty thousand pounds have been subscribed before the close of the week—a marvellous proof of the enthusiasm with which the cause has been taken up all over the country; for practically the fund had been barely five weeks in existence. Another hopeful augury for Ireland is the virtual defeat of coercion. The admirable patience and discipline of the people have borne them through a fierce ordeal of three years' duration. All the powers of the Crown in bayonets and bastilles have failed to make them budge an inch from their position. The energies of the Coercionists are flagging perceptibly; and they seem convinced at last that they are knocking their heads, so to speak, against a stone wall.

Mr. Arthur M'Murrough Kavanagh has passed away; and with his strange physical form went out the light of the intellectual part of Irish landlordism. There is surely some desperate irony in the vicissitudes of Fate when we find the liberal descendant of men who physically and morally were the embodiment of Irish chivalry, who met the Sassenach spear to spear and worsted him on many a foughten field, culminating in the poor shorn bairn-box of the Land Corporation who was borne to the toms of all the Kavanaghs last week.

The Kavanaghs were Catholics to the end of the last century. Their Catholicism survived the penal times, and they even endured exile in the Catholic cause. It was the uncle and father of the deceased who broke the bond of religious sympathy between their house and their dependants. The uncle returned to the old Church on his death-bed. The vert married a sturdy proselytiser in the person of a daughter of the Clancarty family. Her operations in Carlow brought her into conflict with "J.K.L." and they were not fruitful. She communicated her zeal to her son, however, who would hit him from the ends of the kingdom to the Carlow Grand Jury room, or the Carlow or New Ross Workhouse, whenever his vote was valued for the exclusion of a Papist from the poorest office in the gift of those local Boards. He was not only a bigot, but a bad and an anti-Irish landlord. His first exploit on coming to his own was to attempt to steal the common from the geese of his Wexford tenants, and to plant the immemorial common lands with men, aliens in faith and in race to his own people. The sturdy Wexford men beat him even with the law. He was defeated at the election of 1880 by Mr. E. D. Gray and Mr. D. H. Macfarlane. He had the grace to be saddened to the heart at the sight of a Scotch civil servant beating him in his native county by the votes of his own tenantry. But his sorrow did not lead to amendment. It turned to bitterness and vindictiveness. He gave his enforced leisure to planning a gigantic landlord conspiracy, and his one considerable achievement for his country was the establishment of the mischievous Land Corporation. His public life was given to a war upon the most cherished ideals and the most vital rights of the people, to whom, if there were any law of nature ordaining to a society its leaders, guardians and rulers, he should have been the guide, philosopher, and friend.

I (London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*), obtained an interview from Mr. Parnell with reference to the announcement of proceedings by Captain O'Shea against him in the Divorce Court. Mr. Parnell stated that he had not heard up till then that any such proceedings had been taken, but said that Captain O'Shea had been threatening such proceedings for years past, in fact since 1886, when Captain O'Shea had separated himself politically from him. Mr. Parnell added that he had received reliable information that Captain O'Shea had been incited for some time past to take action of this nature by Mr. Edward Caulfield Houston, the hirer of Figott, and he believes O'Shea had been induced to take these proceedings by Houston in the interests of the *Times*, in order to try and diminish the damages likely to be given in the forthcoming libel action. Mr. Parnell also said that he had constantly resided at Mrs. O'Shea's house at Eltham from the end of 1880 to 1886. Captain O'Shea was always aware that he (Mr. Parnell) was constantly there in his (Captain O'Shea's) absence during that period, and since 1886 he has known that Mr. Parnell constantly resided there from 1880 to 1886. Mr. Parnell is therefore convinced that this extraordinary action on O'Shea's part is entirely in the interests of the *Times*. He has also

received reliable information that Houston procured the writing of the libellous article in the *Evening News* with reference to Mr. Parnell's alleged residence at Woodcroft, Nottingham, Kent, and induced an American journalist named Ives to offer it to the *Evening News* for publication. Mr. Parnell believes that that was also done in the interest of the *Times* in view of the pending libel action referred to above; that journal having failed to assassinate his character by means of the forged letters, now attempts the same end by other methods.

One would have thought that there was no need, at this hour of our history, to warn the people against secret societies. But the Bishop of Cork has found it his duty to do so. The warning could not have come from a better voice; for Bishop O'Callaghan is a patriot Bishop who has done his patriotic best to diminish the temptation to the secret oath and unknown leadership of conspirators by making open and avowed political action sincere, courageous, and successful. The men who resort to the weapons of secret conspiracy now are the men of little faith and shallow sense.

Falcarragh is another of those battlefields of ours where the fight still continues to rage. On Tuesday, January 7, ejections numbering 270 were served upon the tenants in that district. One hundred families, or in all some five hundred souls, are to be evicted on the 14th instant. The Island of Innisboff is now the only portion of the estate that has not been served. The sad scenes now going on in and around Falcarragh will, however, come under the notice of the English people, thanks to Mr. Spencer, who is visiting the sites of the recent eviction, and who is taking photographs of several of the demolished houses—in various townlands. Mr. Spencer purposes utilising these photographs in a series of illustrative lectures when he returns in a week or two to England.

The Tory Press seems to be very much exercised in mind on the state of affairs in Tipperary. The gallant stand that is being made by the people of that town is exasperating Unionist writers to such an extent that misrepresentation is had recourse to in order to minimise as much as possible the power and extent of the combination that has been formed against the infamous Smith-Barry Syndicate. We are told, for instance that the spirit of Tipperary is not as uncompromising as it has been; that the new town will never be built, and that some of the more respectable shopkeepers are willing to come to a *modus vivendi* with the ground landlord. It is unnecessary to say that there is not a tittle of truth in any of these assertions. The brave and devoted band of Tipperary men, backed up by the moral and financial assistance of the whole of Ireland, hold the field, and will continue to hold it victoriously, so long as the Smith-Barry Syndicate exists. Tipperary will never look back, after having put its hand to the plough.

If anything were needed to prove the utter absurdity of tinkering with the Irish land question it was furnished last Wednesday by Messrs. Litton, Wrench, and Fitzgerald, Land Commissioners, in the schedule to which their signatures have been affixed. By one stroke of their pens this Balfourian trio swept away all, or nearly all, the reductions made in rents from 1881 to 1886, simply because, forsooth, the condition of the country is more favourable now than it has been for the past decade. The prosperity of the farmers is a matter in which the Land Commissioners take little interest. This unjust and unjustifiable raising of rents more than amply proves that the Act of 1887, particularly in its reduction clauses, has been a mockery, a delusion and a snare. In the preface to the schedule referred to, the three Commissioners announce that the judicial rents fixed in the several years, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, and 1885, in the respective districts set forth, shall in respect of the year's rent payable, or to become payable, in respect of the year commencing from the first gale day in 1888, be raised in manner and to the extent respectively set forth in the schedule itself. That this schedule has any legal binding effect whatsoever may well be doubted, for according to the provisions of the Act itself it should have been issued in the year 1889. The moral of the document in any case is that the landlords in Ireland have their readiest and most devoted henchmen in the persons of Messrs. Litton, Wrench, and Fitzgerald, neither of whom possesses any claim to be considered impartial in their decisions between proprietor and occupier.

The tenant farmers of the north are beginning to judge the Land Commission at its proper value. Downpatrick spoke out loudly and uncompromisingly when, at a meeting of tenant-farmers held in that town on Wednesday, January 8, the schedule signed by Mr. Wrench and his colleagues was denounced as "a scandalous mockery of justice." It was furthermore added that the increases made in the judicial rents in the unions of Downpatrick and Killea are in direct violation of the spirit of the Land Act of 1887, and render the already exorbitant rents impossible of payment. The farmers in the immediate vicinity were called upon to continue in protesting against this new phase of landlord plundering, and to take immediate steps to resent this last act of hostility on the part of the Land Commission towards the tenants.

County Court Judge Waters is evidently no admirer of the effrontery of the Royal Irish Constabulary. His Honour tried a case on January 4, in Waterford, brought by two lads, Patrick Browner and James Walsh, members of the Wolfe Tone Band, against Constable Driscoll, for damages, by reason of his having assaulted them. Walsh deposed that the defendant entered the band-room and struck witness a violent blow on the head with his baton on the evening of the 23rd November, the anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs. Browner swore that on the same occasion the constable knocked him down. Constable Driscoll, when sworn, enunciated some very spicy and charming theories which go very far to show that intellectuality is not the constant characteristic of the policemen of modern days. The constable began by defining a disorderly crowd as a crowd that shouts. Referring to Walsh, "that lad," said Driscoll, "ran against my baton, and so got injured." It was, moreover, averred that as the city was proclaimed on the night in question the police were perfectly justified in entering the band-room. His Honour, however, declined to accept such an interpretation of the law, as he said he had no hesitation in deciding that the action of the police in entering the band-room was entirely unjustifiable and

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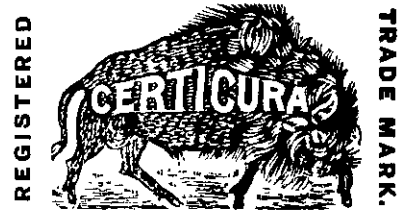
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illegal, and that no justification for their action had been adduced. His Honour thereupon gave decrees in each case with costs. We congratulate Judge Waters on his thoroughly impartial attitude on this as well as on other occasions. If we had a few other judges of his manly type on the Bench police brutality would not have full fling throughout the country as it has at present.

The intervention of another Judge Waters would be required to modify the outrageous sentences passed on Mr. John McEnery, the editor of the *Limerick Leader*, for intimidating a Mr. Michael Ryan. The Removable refused to admit Mr. Ryan's own evidence, and by cumulative sentences for different publications which formed virtually but one act, the piled up a sentence of nine months' imprisonment on the accused. The County Court Judge of Limerick has been tried and found wanting, however. He approved the sentences on Mr. J. H. Moran and Mr. David Sheehy, cases that were grossly vindictive and excessive, and there is little chance that he will give Mr. McEnery the benefit of the justice which his brother journalists of Waterford, thanks to the existence of one just judge, are enjoying.

Wondrous to relate, the sentence of the Removables on Mr. Thomas Coote, the Protestant Nationalist of Kilmurrah, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment by Captain Welch, B.M., for participating in the welcome home of the famous Vandeleur tenant, Pat Magrath, has been reduced by County Court Judge Kelly. He was one of the judges who tried his hand at increasing sentences on appeal. That was while the landlords of Clare wanted his help. But now the field is fought and won by the tenantry, and peace reigns. So he cut down, with profuse apologies to Captain Welch and the police, the sentence from six months to one month. While doing so he gave implied approval to an extraordinary doctrine upon which the Removables have been acting up and down through the country. We called attention to the matter before when the now quiescent Cecil Roche was on the warpath. On one occasion in sentencing a pensioner to four months' imprisonment with hard labour for some trivial offence, he declared that it was not for what he had been found guilty of that he was sentencing the accused, but because of the suspicions which the police entertained of him. Captain Welch is another of the magistrates who, like Mr. Roche and Colonel Caddell, unite in one person the policeman and the judge. So we find Judge Kelly stating in his revision of the sentence that "no doubt Captain Welch was aware of other things in connection with the accused when giving that term." But even if he were he should not have sentenced the accused for them until he had been tried for them; and even if he were, Judge Kelly had not the shadow of a shade of evidence against this man. Yet he does not hesitate to hurl this atrocious slander against Mr. Coote from his privileged position on the Bench. We could not have a more effective counter-picture to the proceedings at Waterford.

Yet even Judge Kelly bears witness to the failure of Balfourism. Mr. Coote is a Protestant who has been a witness of the doings of the landlords in Clare, and he is a Nationalist as ready as any Clare Celt to take his share of the plank bed. So it was an additional motive for the reduction of his sentence that six months' imprisonment would have no influence on his opinion. "I do not see what good six months in gaol would do Coote, or its subsequent influence upon him. It might only make him worse." So, in order not to "make him worse," Judge Kelly only gave him a month. There will be enough in that, when added to the slanders of which he has been made the victim by the Bench, to make him worse in the eyes of the Coercionists, but ten times better in the eyes of his countrymen.

THE LATE CARDINAL GANGLBAUER.

CARDINAL CELESTINE GANGLBAUER, the Prince-Archbishop of Vienna, who died last December, was, says the *Weekly Register*, the son of a farmer at Thanstetten in Upper Austria, and was born there in 1817. In 1842 he made his religious profession in the Benedictine Abbey of Kremsmünster, being ordained priest a year later. After thirty-three years of religious life he was appointed Abbot of Kremsmünster, an office he filled until, in 1881, on the death of Archbishop Kutschker, the Emperor of Austria nominated him to the Archbishopric of Vienna. He was consecrated at his Abbey in the same year, and raised to the Sacred College in November, 1884. Three years ago the venerable Cardinal was seized with paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered, and when attacked with congestion of the right lung he had no strength to resist the malady. On hearing of his illness, the Holy Father telegraphed to the Nuncio at Vienna: "The Holy Father is deeply grieved at the serious illness of the Cardinal Prince-Archbishop, and bestows upon him with all his heart the Apostolic Benediction." Cardinal Ganglbauer is deeply regretted by all classes of his flock, from the Emperor downwards; his sympathetic kindness and peaceable disposition having endeared him to all. He was an ardent supporter of the Catholic press, and indefatigable in promoting the welfare of all good works. The funeral was on Wednesday, the 18th ult., in the Cathedral of St. Stephen. The procession was short and the ceremony simple; but, as always happens in Austria whenever the Emperor attends a pageant, arrangements for the ceremonial were perfect as Prince Hohenlohe, the Grand Master of the Household, and Count Hunyadi Master of the Ceremonies, could make them. His Majesty, shortly before two o'clock, took his place in the Imperial balcony of the Cathedral, and a few minutes later the procession left the Archbishop's Palace. It consisted of abbots, priests, monks, and choristers from all the parishes in the Diocese of Vienna. Following upon this came the Bishops of Linz, Brunn, and St. Polten in their mitres and copes, and then a long array of the metropolitan clergy, friars, and orphan school children. There were two nuns in the procession, both carrying tapers. These were the Sisters who had nursed the Archbishop on his death-bed. Then deputations from all the Catholic charities in the diocese streamed in, until the Cathedral was absolutely full. Outside, the Stefans Platz exhibited a long array of Court carriages, and carriages of Ambassadors and Ministers, and throngs of people. The bells of all the churches in Vienna were tolling, and threw a stirring

harmony of sound across the still, frosty air. Inside the Cathedral there was a blaze of hundreds of wax tapers. The coffin, covered with a mound of wreaths and flowers, was surmounted by the Archbishop's mitre of golden cloth and by a copy of the Holy Scriptures, bound in red velvet. As soon as the body was placed in the chancel the Cathedral choir intoned the *Dies Iræ*. Upon the termination of this chant, the Apostolic Nuncio, Monsignor Galimberti, standing at the High Altar, began the Mass. The wintry light, streaming through the rich stained-glass windows, fell upon the Monarch, and upon Archdukes, Generals, Ministers, and officers all bowed down in presence of the mortal remains of this son of humble peasants. Close to the Emperor, indeed, stood the chief mourners, the members of Cardinal Ganglbauer's own family, a throng of poor men and women who had little in common with the glittering company which surrounded them.

THE LATE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

(From the *Nation*, January 11.)

THE aged widow of William I. of Germany has passed away. In her the Vaterland has lost one of the most edifying of its sovereigns, a highly cultured lady, who was equally remarkable for her assiduity in doing good, and for her utter aversion to newspaper praise and publicity. Crowned heads, reared as they usually are, in a very atmosphere of flattery, expect the journals devoted to their *regime* to trumpet their virtues or talents to the world on every possible occasion. The late ex-Empress had, on the contrary, too much modesty to permit the journalistic parasites of Berlin to shower any laudations upon her. She was, in this respect, almost the solitary exception among the occupants of European thrones.

The ex-Empress's maiden name was Augusta de Saxe Weimar-Eisenach. She was the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and was born in her father's duchy some seventy-eight years ago. She never was what could be precisely considered a handsome woman, but she had a very sympathetic face and manner. From early childhood she received a very sound education, and developed talents of highly literary character, for, as our readers are probably aware, the duchy of Weimar was in those days a veritable sanctuary of learning, where peer and peasant competed for the prize of knowledge—a state of affairs which was due to the fact that the celebrated Goethe was for years one of its Ministers of State, and inspired all classes with a taste for literature. Her marriage with William, which was a purely conventional one, took place under the following circumstances. At the Court of Frederick William III., a young lady, Eliza Radziwill, happened to fascinate the son of that monarch, the late Emperor, then known as Prince William. The beautiful siren had nobility of rank, but as she was not of royal descent, the juriconsults of the Crown gave it as their opinion that she was disqualified from entering the House of the Hohenzollerns. The lover, however, seemed determined on having her as his wife, until his younger brother threatened to contest his priority to the crown if he became the husband of a lady of inferior rank. William, having more ambition than romance in his soul, abandoned Eliza Radziwill, and led to the altar in her stead the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Weimar.

She was not received with very much favour in the Berlin Court, where her literary tastes were tabooed and ridiculed, and where she had but an indifferent friend and adviser in the person of her husband. In 1831 she gave birth to a son, who afterwards became Frederick I. of Germany, and whose sad death from cancer occurred only a short time ago. She devoted herself heart and soul to the education of her child, and selected for him the best and most competent of tutors, looking after not only his elementary, but also his technical education, with such good results that the future Emperor became as experienced a carpenter and bookbinder as he subsequently became a profound scholar and erudite thinker. When later on the young man entered on his university career, she wrote him many letters of an edifying nature, in one of which she says:—"The superficial aspect of life prevents us very often from occupying ourselves with the serious side of things. We should remember that we have something to learn every day, and that we are likely to lose that which we have learned if we fail in completing our education. What we ought earnestly wish to attain is the complete union of mind with heart." In 1861, on the occasion of the elevation of her husband to the throne in succession to his brother, Augusta was crowned Queen of the Kingdom of Prussia. She was subsequently, in 1871, proclaimed Empress of Germany. Throughout the Franco-German war she took good care of the unfortunate French prisoners who were incarcerated in Berlin, and her solicitude for the wounded knew no bounds. Since her husband's death she has been living in almost complete seclusion in the chateau of Coblenz. Rumours were recently afloat that her Majesty had become a member of the Catholic Church, but there is every reason to believe that such has not been the case, although it is only just to add that her declining years were comforted by the presence at her bedside of a *religieuse* of the Convent of Bon Secours, and that her lady-of-honour was the Countess of Nesselrode, who is also a member of the Catholic communion. The ex-Empress was the last link that bound the Germany of to-day to the Germany of two generations ago. The Germans of the present are as far removed from those of the past as Bismarck is from Goethe. In other words, the late Augusta was the last representative of an age which had more admiration for mind than for muscle. On the whole, if there were more Augustas on European thrones it would be no exaggeration to say that there would certainly be less Republicans who detest monarchy and all its works and pomps. Unhappily, however, for monarchy, crowned heads that have the advantage of being cultured are becoming fewer and fewer towards the close of this nineteenth century of ours.

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THE ARCHBISHOP OF WELLINGTON IN DUNEDIN.

ON Sunday evening the Most Rev. Dr. Redwood was present at Vespers in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin. His Grace preached an eloquent and instructive sermon, and afterwards acted as celebrant at Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The Archbishop took for his text the words of our Redeemer—"Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you that your joy may be full." His Grace said the words he had quoted for the congregation seemed appropriate to the religious season which was now engaging the attention of the Church—he meant the religious season of Lent. They knew that this was the time of penance and of prayer. No doubt they had been spoken to already more than once upon the obligation of spending the religious season in a truly penitential manner; and he was going to address them for a short time upon the other great means of bringing down grace upon them this holy season. He asked his listeners if any one in whom they could place confidence were to offer them a splendid mansion, and wealth and abundance, which amongst them would not avail himself of such an opportunity to make his fortune and to live in comfort? Now he gave to them the name of one whom they could thoroughly trust—the name of Jesus Christ, the God of truth. Continuing, his Lordship said He came to tell them how they could lead a good and faithful life, how they could store up to themselves treasures of the greatest value—how they could enjoy the possession of a happy eternity. How could such wonders be wrought? The answer was by prayer. "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you, that your joy may be full." In the whole range of Catholic teaching there was no more important subject than the necessity of prayer, which necessity was founded upon the necessity of grace. It was an article of the Catholic faith that no matter how a man might use the faculty of his intellect he could never obtain salvation without divine grace. The reason was obvious.—The end for which God had made us was a spiritual end—an end above the acquirement and knowledge even of any possible creature without the revelation of God. Our object in this life was to have hereafter participation in the life of God—to see Him face to face, unveiled, with nothing between us and His presence. This end was above the power of any creature to attain. We require a means to reach this end in keeping with its divinity. To attain spiritual ends we must use spiritual means. We must seek grace, and a soul in the state of grace is in possession of the Trinity. It was impossible for anyone to be saved without divine grace. Even a state of habitual grace was not sufficient: Without divine grace from God, a man could not be saved, and through prayer was divine grace to be obtained. The grace of graces, to die a holy death in the friendship of God, was promised to prayer and only to prayer. Hence the necessity of prayer. Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ knew its necessity, and frequently went aside to pray. If we offered up our actions to Him, our actions would be so many prayers. "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" were Christ's words to men. He offered the most wonderful examples to show us the necessity of prayer, not only by His words, but also by His blessed example. We read of Him that He used to retire frequently to the tops of mountains, and down into valleys, and spend whole nights in prayer. Why? Did He need prayer to obtain grace? Certainly not. He was living grace, the fount of all grace. It is of His fulness that all receive grace. He set us an example that we should try to obtain grace. His apostles, too, inculcated the necessity of prayer. St. Paul said that we ought to be continually in prayer. He felt the necessity for grace in himself, and asked the faithful wherever he went to pray for him. He continually begged prayers of the faithful. The same doctrine was inculcated in the writings of the other Apostles. If we view the whole teachings of the Catholic Church, we find they are unanimous in inculcating the necessity of prayer. He would sum up in one short formula the whole force of this doctrine. Again and again it was said that prayer was for the soul what breath was for the body. What happens a man when his breathing power goes wrong, when his respiratory organs become injured? He grows weak and becomes unable to discharge the ordinary duties of life. His limbs are weak, his step is tottering, the hand of Death is upon him, and shortly he is in the grave—the prey of worms. So it is with a man who does not pray. His step becomes tottering, he is weak and is unable to perform the duties of a Christian. He falls into venial sin, and afterwards into mortal sin, and ultimately dies without the friendship of God. He frequently rots in the habits of sin, and becomes an object immeasurably more repulsive to the sight of God than the corpse in the grave. With regard to the temporal benefits of this world, God shows them down indifferently upon friends and foes on the good and the bad. Frequently his greatest enemies are best off in the things of the world, and some rolled in wealth are steeped in sin. They live in pleasure and end in woe. But when we consider spiritual things—these graces necessary to the salvation—we know that Almighty God has promised them, and has promised them only to prayer. And why? For most excellent reasons. First of all He requires us to pray in order to have grace; for this reason, that we may enjoy dependence on His sovereign majesty. We are His creatures—the work of His hands. He holds us up above the abyss of nothingness. He requires, therefore, that we should acknowledge our dependence upon Him. Again, Almighty God requires us to pray that we may appreciate the greatness and preciousness of the graces He bestows upon us. If everything we asked from God was granted us our humility and dependence on Him would decline. We must go before Him as supplicants. We must entreat Him, and entreat Him frequently. There is another reason why He requires us to pray, and this is an important one indeed. Almighty God requires us to pray in order that we should have these graces necessary for our salvation, in order that we might have the eternal satisfaction of being the authors of our own salvation. We have the lever whereby we may move heaven and earth. We have to take the leader to set a mighty machine in

motion, that hereafter we might be able to say, "I am landed in the realm of bliss for all eternity. I am as far as mortal can be the author of my own happiness to-day." How grand this made a man. Again, experience, which is one of the surest guides to follow in all moral matters, teaches us the necessity of prayer. Where is the man or woman who dares to say that by his or her unaided exertions their soul can be saved. If anyone say this he gives the lie to the Holy Ghost. "Without Me," says Christ, "you can do nothing," meaning in the spiritual order. He does not say like St. Augustine, "Without Me you can do but little," but he says, "Without Me you can do nothing." Under the ordinary course of providence these graces we require are promised only to prayer. We were in this world like a poor lot of lambs among wolves. We were like a city on fire, the flames of which were the crimes and lust of men. These flames raged among man, burning and consuming him. We were, again, like men sinking into the sea, and unless we were snatched from the abyss, we were lost. Sinking in the abyss of sin, how shall we escape? We have to gain grace. If these things are true, and true they are, founded as they are on the doctrine of Jesus Christ, the Incarnate God of truth, founded on His word and examples, teachings and examples inculcated through the whole history of His church,—founded on right reason, founded on faith, founded on the voice of experience—they have every conceivable guarantee of truth. And if they are true, is it not a great misfortune to see men discharge so miserably this great duty of prayer. A vast number of men either did not pray at all, or they prayed badly. Let them take an example. Man rise in the morning and dress? they are already full of business, cares or sins of the day. They go to their work with no thought of God, no morning prayer. From year's end to year's end they never raise their hearts to their maker. They go to their work and do not raise their hearts to God. Therefore it is no wonder they indulge in backbiting, cursing, and swearing, no wonder their hearts run riot in abomination, no wonder their language is the language of hell, no wonder they fly into a passion, no wonder they are ready to sin. They do not deem that they require any assistance. They go in their pride and forget their God. They go with the enemy of God and into the power of the demon. Others rise in the morning and utter some prayer, and it is difficult to understand them, probably they do not know what they say themselves. They pay no attention, and expect God to pay attention. In the evening, perhaps they pray in a very perfunctory manner. Perhaps in the evening a friend comes in to tell a very amusing story, and when the time comes for prayer they go to sleep. They expect God to attend to them and they do not attend to themselves. Bad as this was, it was ten times worse to lose the spirit of prayer! As long as a man has recourse to prayer from time to time, there is still hope. He meant an appreciation of prayer. Such a person may fall into a course of sin, but all the time there is the belief in prayer in his soul. A day comes when he may be stricken down through sickness, or perhaps he hears a sermon and is roused and begins to pray to God again and desires to be reconciled with God, confesses his sins and gains absolution, and the sacred blood of Christ washes away his sins; then he dies and goes to Heaven. But when a man loses the spirit of prayer, what hope has he? He has cut himself off from the source of salvation. He is like a man in a fiery desert expecting a prolific crop. Our Blessed Lord said of salvation, that it was the one thing necessary. He (Archbishop Redwood) said the same thing of prayer. Prayer was necessary, being the only means by which we can obtain the grace of perseverance and die in God's friendship. It was the one thing necessary. How consoling it was to think that prayer was so efficacious, as powerful as it was necessary. There is no truth more clearly stated than that of the efficacy of prayer. On what did that efficacy depend? It depended on the nature of prayer. It is of the nature of the petition that it may be refused. God has a perfect right to His graces. He can shower them down or withhold them. There is no claim of justice on our part. Prayer depends upon the promise of God, upon the fidelity of God to His word. Our Blessed Saviour promised to hear our prayers. "If you ask the Father anything in My name it will be granted to you," said Christ. If we ask in the name of Jesus—and Jesus means saviour—God sooner or later will grant it. For instance, it might be thought that death was too powerful for the hand of man. We were told, the life of a man was prolonged for 15 years through prayer. Again Moses prayed and struck the sea, and the sea opened its bosom and the whole people of God moved through its depths unharmed. Armies in battle, too, were defeated by prayer. The very seasons were controlled by prayer. We are told in the Scriptures of the great drought which was removed by prayer. One day Almighty God grew weary of the infidelity, ingratitude, and baseness of the people that He was leading through so many wonders. Moses sat praying to Him, and He said, "Let Me alone—let Me destroy this people." Moses continued praying, and at last our Lord heard his prayers, and the people were brought into the promised land. It frequently happens that we pray and do not obtain what we ask. Sometimes the reason is that we pray for things which the granting of would not conduce to our salvation, sometimes He refuses one prayer and grants another in its stead. Sometimes we pray for worldly wealth, and God sees that a struggling life is better for us, and He does not grant our prayer. Sometimes we are refused because we ask in a negligent manner. We should, first of all, pray with attention. Sir Thomas remarks that it is the very soul of prayer. If some of his listeners were appointed on a deputation to His Holiness the Pope on some vital matter affecting them personally, he was sure they would be all attention in the presence of the Pope. They would watch every movement of their bodies. Then when we prayed to God how much greater should be our solicitude when we consider that He can save us or condemn us to eternal misery. Is it a wonder that our prayers are not heard when we pray in a negligent and perfunctory manner? Again, do we pray with humility? God hearkens to the prayer of the humble, and hears not the prayer of the proud. One day ascended the temple a proud Pharisee and a poor publican. The Pharisee described his good deeds. He was proud, and his prayer was not heard; whereas the publican stood apart praying, and scarcely raising his eyes from the earth. He bowed his

head and struck his breast, saying, "The Lord have mercy upon me a poor sinner," and he went down justified, with his sins forgiven. Let us, therefore, make ourselves as small as possible before Almighty God. We should also pray with confidence, with trust in God, nothing wavering. The man who wavered in his prayer was like a waif of the sea blown with every wind. There was no reason for despondency or distrust. The more miserable they were the fitter objects they were for the grace of God. The eloquent preacher exhorted them not to lose confidence of God in prayer. Peter grievously denied his Master, and did so in a most cowardly manner. But he did not lose confidence, and was forgiven and was made head of the Church. Judas lost confidence, betrayed his Master, and went and hanged himself. No man should ever measure the mercies of God by the extent of his own misery. Were they going to say to God, "My sins are so great that You cannot forgive them." The mercy of God is infinite: therefore it is a narrow-minded thing, a base and mean thing, and a thing which cuts God to the heart, when we lose confidence in him. "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." His Grace then spoke of the necessity of perseverance in prayer. One day a woman of Canaan came to Jesus Christ. Her daughter was possessed by a demon, and she asked our Lord to heal the girl. Our blessed Lord first paid no attention to her. The Apostles then came and put her away in indignation. Still she came before our blessed Lord, and He said, "What have I to do with thee? I have come to the children of Israel." She fell before Him, and said, "Lord, have mercy upon me." Our Saviour said, "It is not good to take the bread of the house and give it to the dogs." She did not give in. She came and said, "Lord, even the whelps do eat of the crumbs which fall from the table of their master." Our Saviour brought her to that pitch. Then He said, "Woman, great is thy faith"; and He granted her prayer. If we pray perseveringly, God will grant us what we ask. St. Alphonsus de Liguori, who was called the Apostle of Prayer, said, "There is no subject on which bishops and priests should insist as upon the duty of prayer." He never ceased inculcating it. One day he said, addressing a young man, "Dear young man, when you come before Jesus Christ to be judged it will be all of no avail to say, 'My passions were too strong, temptation too fascinating; I was so surrounded with an atmosphere of corruption that I could not resist.' Christ would answer, 'If you were weak, why did you not come to Me? If you were blind, and could not see, why did you not come to Me?'" We have means in our hands to resist our evil habits, and the means is prayer. Continuing, he exhorted them to pray to Jesus all their lives, and if they neglected this they would be in misery. Let them pray at home, and their children might see and imitate them. Let them pray in the morning; pray when they were tempted to sin. They should pray then and pray well. They should pray with attention, humility and perseverance, and they would obtain the grace they required, and one day they would be lauded in the place of eternal bliss.

The exhibits of Mr. A. Martinelli, Royal Arcade and George street, Dunedin, are to be found in a case near the temperance restaurant of the Exhibition, and are well worth examination. The art of the umbrella and parasol maker seems to have been completely exhausted on them. All wants possible in the particular lines have been carefully studied and thoroughly provided for. Fancy articles, fit for the use of fashionable ladies, richly ornamented and elegant in form, alternate with strong umbrellas constructed to withstand the most violent storm and to afford complete shelter against the rain and wind. The covers are of all materials imaginable, and of some that have been expressly manufactured for the purpose, and whose lasting qualities are not to be surpassed. The articles also are of great variety, and well suited to the use for which they are intended, whether to be daintily held by a well-gloved hand on a sunny promenade, or grasped by muscular fingers in the teeth of a tempest. What is, moreover, very much to the purpose, the exhibits have not been expressly made for show, but represent the ordinary work of the maker, and even the choicest article exhibited will be found in duplicate at the business premises of the firm. Visitors to the Exhibition will do well to give some portion of their time to examining the exhibits in question, as they may thus become acquainted with the qualities to be sought for in articles that every one finds indispensable.

The new education law already adopted by the Lower House has passed the Dutch Senate. It gives satisfactory guarantees for religious education, and establishes free admission to the public schools in the case of children of really poor parents.

Commenting on the loss which the Church of England has sustained by the death of the late Bishop of Durham, the *Spectator* which is one of the most thoughtful advocates of Anglicanism in the public Press, remarks:—"No one who understands the position can deny that the Anglican Church contains not one, but many inconsistent theologies within its bosom." "Its justification is that it shelters a great many types of earnest faith." Now, surely it is clear from the first of these quotations that in the opinion of the *Spectator* the Church of England either never had a divine mission to teach, or that she has lost it, since she holds mutually inconsistent doctrines. We literally cannot understand how anyone, who believes in the divine mission of Christ, and in the words by which he perpetuated it, can fail to see that such an admission is equivalent to a condemnation of the Anglican establishment. Yet, oddly enough, her "justification" is said to be that she is a convenient resting-place for "many types of earnest faith"—that is, as we understand it—for men who believe finally, some one thing, and some another. What their belief is, whether it is true or false, is, apparently, a thing of no consequence. It is enough if they are sincere—a qualification which must be presumed in men of all religions—and firmly convinced, some of what is right and true, others of what is false and wrong. What a conception of the Church of Christ!—*Catholic Times*.

THE INVITATION TO THE QUEEN.

The "Loyal" and law-and-order party—that is to say, the Coercionists, who, as we are so frequently told, monopolise not merely the money, but the intelligence and education of Dublin, have just five representatives in the Dublin Corporation. We take it (says *United Ireland*, January 11) they are the pick of the pack, and a very pretty exhibition they made of themselves the other day. Councillor Dobson seems to be troubled with some vague doubts as to the authority of the Royal Dublin Society or Chamber of Commerce to represent the citizens of Dublin, and he accordingly proposed that the Corporation and the Lord Mayor should join with those august bodies in inviting her Majesty over to the opening ceremony of the new Science and Art Museum and National Library. Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., in a few clear words exposed the absurdity of the proposal. The Corporation, so far from having any title to invite, had no right to attend themselves without an invitation. If they did attend it was possible they would be expected to meet Mr. Balfour and swell the triumphant procession of the Coercionists. He moved an amendment, in which he expressed in felicitous terms the Corporation's and citizens' devoted loyalty and, at the same time, strenuous condemnation of the savageries of the existing Government. The amendment was ultimately adopted by an overwhelming majority. But, meanwhile, the loyal majority indulged in a very choice interchange of compliments amongst themselves, of which our space, we regret, limits us to a very brief selection. It does equal credit to their heads and hearts.

Mr. R. Sexton (Coercionist) said that at any rate the Government was put in power by the people of England, and the Queen was the organ of the Government.

Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P.—"You have been just guilty of high treason (laughter). The Queen is not the organ of the Government."

Mr. Robert Sexton (Coercionist) said he thought that Mr. Dobson (Coercionist) in bringing this motion forward showed disrespect to the Queen (laughter), and it would have been better to leave the matter alone.

Sir George Owens (Coercionist) said that he did not agree with the motion or the amendment (laughter). No one would accuse him of disloyalty, as he had the honour of being received by her Majesty and he had the honour of being asked by her Majesty to write his name in her private album (laughter).

Sir Henry Cochrane (Coercionist).—"I am sorry for an old man respected on every side of the House, to see the action he takes here to-day. I can only say as I heard him here to-day, that it looked like as if he was an old gentleman in his second dotage (cries of 'Oh, oh,' and loud laughter). But Councillor Dobson brought forward his motion in no political sense; I confess, however, I did not expect the expression of opinion from the Nationalist members of the Council, and they have risen 200 per cent in my estimation in consequence of it. However, I must say I did not expect the action of Councillor Robert Sexton. He has the advantage of youth on his side compared with Sir George Owens, although Mr. Robert Sexton has not written his name in the Queen's private album (laughter).

Sir George Owens (Coercionist), rising amidst general laughter, said—"I think Alderman Cochrane is going too far in his personal attack on me. It is the way he wishes to have an opportunity of writing his name in the Queen's private album" (renewed laughter).

Sir Henry Cochrane—"For the benefit of Sir George Owens, I can tell him that I had the honour of writing my name in the Queen's private album on two occasions (laughter), so that I am his senior in the matter, for he only had the honour of doing it once" (laughter).

Taken as a whole, the performance at the Corporation hardly conveys a notion of overwhelming intelligence or refinement on the part of the Coercion minority, and at least justifies the sententious comment of the next day's *Express*, that "the wisdom of bringing forward such resolutions as that proposed by Mr. Dobson in the Corporation yesterday is certainly not free from doubt."

To save Europe from Islamism, to solve the social question in the Christian sense, and to secure the triumph of the Catholic Church—such is the programme for 1890 which the *Vaterland* of Vienna lays before Western Christendom. It is a comprehensive and a difficult programme, but one which by the grandeur of the objects to be attained invites to energetic and self-sacrifice.

The building of the magnificent basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre is now all but finished. It is hoped that it will be ready for consecration this year. It has cost upwards of twenty million francs, or more than £800,000 sterling.

The death is announced of Sir Paul William Molesworth, Bart., at the age of sixty-eight. The deceased was a minister in the Church of England, but subsequently joined the Catholic Church, in whose faith he remained until his demise.

The Duc de Broglie is engaged in historical studies which he gives to the world through the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Being desirous of consulting the Royal Archives, Turin, for some papers relative to the life of Charles Emmanuel III., King of Sardinia, he requested the necessary permission from the director. This gentleman replied that he would place him in possession of the documents (all referring to the years 1740-45) as soon as he obtained authority to do so from Signor Crispi, the Italian Premier. This, he said, was only a formality, as Signor Crispi would not of course refuse. But the official reckoned without his host. Signor Crispi has refused, having kept the Duc de Broglie waiting eleven months for an answer. Crispi is always boasting of the liberality of the new Italian régime and hurling accusations against the Church. How his conduct in this instance contrasts with the practices of the Holy See. The archives of the Vatican are open to Protestants as well as Catholics. We venture to assert that there is not another country in the world where the Duc de Broglie would have met with such narrow-minded discourtesy.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

CENTRAL HOTEL

PALMERSTON NORTH.

MAURICE CRONIN, late of Wellington, has just taken over the well-known Central Hotel, where he intends conducting business in First-class Style. The Best Accommodation provided for Patrons. The Liquors kept in stock are of the Best Brands.

A Good Billiard Table. Night Porter specially engaged.

MAURICE CRONIN ... PROPRIETOR.

ALL SAINTS' CONVENT, GREYMOUTH.

YOUNG LADIES' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOLS.

THE COURSE OF EDUCATION comprises an ENGLISH EDUCATION in all its branches, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry the Use of the Globes, Latin and French, Music, Singing, Drawing Painting, Plain and Ornamental Needlework, and EVERY OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENT useful to the COMPLETE EDUCATION of a Young Lady.

Pupils desiring it will be prepared for the Civil Service or Matriculation Examination by giving due notice at the beginning of the scholastic year.

For Terms apply to the Convent.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1890.

GARRISON HALL,
March 17th.

DUNEDIN IRISH RIFLES'

GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT

(Under the conductorship of Mr. Vallis)

At which the following ladies and gentlemen will assist—

MISSES WOOLDRIDGE, KNIGHT, MORRISON, and HODGE;
MESSRS. DENSEM, UMBERS, YOUNG,
DEEHAN and BLENKINSOPP.

A special feature of the programme will be the singing of Moore's beautiful Irish Melody, the "LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN," arranged as a quartette, with Harp Accompaniment by young lady Pupils of the Dominican Convent.

The GARRISON BAND have kindly promised their assistance.

Full Programme will appear in a later issue.

ADMISSION—Front Seats, 3s; Gallery, 2s; Back Seats, 1s.

WHY REMAIN DEAF.

Deafness, Head Noises, Discharges, etc., no matter of how long standing, completely and permanently cured by the new and entirely successful Electro-Medication Treatment. *Ear-drums no longer necessary.* Advice and Pamphlet Free from Professor Harvey, 145 Collins Street East, Melbourne. Magnificent Testimonials. N.B.—Professor Harvey's Electric Head Battery is the only one patented throughout the World.

MISSING FRIEND.

IF ARTHUR SPRING, who re-married in Christchurch, 1886, communicates with the undersigned he will hear of something to his advantage.

E. O'CONNOR,
Catholic Book Depot, Christchurch.

DEATHS.

KENNEY.—At his parents' residence, on the 22nd February, John, the beloved son of Patrick Kenney, Hyde, aged 10 years and 9 months.—R.I.P.

O'GRADY.—At Kiltrush, Ireland, Mrs. O'Grady, relict of the late Michael O'Grady, and mother of Mrs. Cornelius Bunbury, Dunedin.—R.I.P.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1890.

PROGRESS AND JUSTICE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children!!! This is tyranny, oppression, and plunder.

THE MAIL.



THE last mail and telegrams from Europe and Australia bring us interesting, if not startling news. One of the leading members of the British House of Commons has lately designated the majority of that House as a disreputable crew, and the First Lord of the Treasury has declined to prosecute the Irish members whom the Judges of the *Times'* Commission declared guilty of various crimes and misdemeanors. All this looks very like legislative demoralisation, and points to the necessity of a dissolution and general election. In Ireland the war between the tenants and landlords continues, and the former seem to conquer. The game is in their hands. It is impossible for landlords, or even the Government, to contend against such a combination of tenants as lately took its rise in the town of Tipperary. The only pity is that such a combination, which is perfectly legal, had not been inaugurated years ago. Had it been, much misery, loss and desolation in all classes would have been prevented. This combination will also secure the return of Nationalists at the next general election in nearly all Irish constituencies by an overwhelming majority everywhere. This is the effect which Mr. BALFOUR's policy has brought about. He has admirably succeeded in completing the ruin of the class for whom he governed Ireland, whilst neglecting and contemning the nation and its representatives. Never was retribution quicker or more richly deserved. Nothing could be clearer than Mr. BALFOUR's contempt and scorn for the Irish people and their representatives, and he has produced the effect that both pay back his scorn and contempt. Soon he will be helpless, and this mainly through their actions. From Australia comes news which indicates a return to common sense on the part of agriculturists. Several agricultural societies, it appears, have declared in favour of intercolonial freetrade. These are beginning to see that dear food for the million can never become either the comfort or prosperity of a nation or people. All sensible experienced people have long ago learned that no industry can flourish amongst a people who are obliged to pay a high price for the necessaries of life; and that cheap food, good and abundant, is absolutely necessary for not only the promotion and progress of manufactures, but for their very existence, whilst such is essential to the health and happiness of nations. It is most gratifying to learn that in this matter of intercolonial free trade the initiative has been taken by agriculturists. It shows the progress correct principles of political and social economy has been making amongst those who are usually the slowest to appreciate such principles. This gives great hope for the future. We cannot say there are any great indications of a change of public opinion in the colonies on the subject of education;

there are some however. But in England a great change has come over everybody, except some Nonconformists, who hope that godless education will help to spread the Nonconformists, and infidels who hate Christianity.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Moran celebrated Pontifical High Mass at Waikouaiti on Sunday, the Rev. Father Burke acting as deacon, and the Rev. Father J. Lynch as sub-deacon. The Bishop also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to sixty recipients. His Lordship expressed himself much pleased at the manner in which the children had been prepared, and spoke in high terms of the debt due to Mr. Corcoran, who had devoted his Sundays to instructing in the Christian Doctrine the children of the district. The Bishop also thanked the members of the choir for their services. The church was thronged in every part. A very large congregation was again present in the evening, when the Bishop preached.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WELLINGTON preached and officiated at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on Sunday evening. His Grace left for Queenstown on Wednesday morning.

The Sisters of Mercy who are to make the foundation of their Order at Gore, and who arrived in Melbourne last week by the s.s. Ormuz, left by the s.s. Ringarooma for the Bluff on Tuesday. The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, who will meet them on their arrival in New Zealand, will celebrate Pontifical High Mass at Invercargill on Sunday.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Grimes, who left Christchurch *en route* for Europe last week, was presented on the eve of his departure by certain ladies of his flock with a purse containing 100 guineas. The presentation was made through the Rev. Father Cummings.

THE Irish Rifles have succeeded in obtaining valuable aid for their concert in Dunedin on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. We notice among the names of the vocalists those of some of our principal professionals and most popular amateurs. Miss Wooldridge, for example, needs no introduction in flattering terms, her name alone being long suggestive among us of all that is most charming in her art. Miss Knight also, by her singing in the Exhibition concerts, has deservedly made for herself a very considerable reputation. One of the chief items on the programme is Moore's pathetic and beautiful melody, "Though the last glimpse of Erin," which will be sung as a quartette, with harp accompaniment, by young ladies of the Dominican Convent High School. The Garrison Band will also assist; Mr. Vallis will act as musical director; and, on the whole, a most successful concert may be confidently expected.

NOW, here is an interesting case: "The Premier, M. Tirard, has ordered the prosecution of the Papal Legate for having advised the German Socialists to shoot the Emperor William." This is a cablegram under date, Paris, March 2. But we may challenge Exeter Hall itself to produce anything more suggestive of the "dark ages," as they were according to the most approved Evangelical testimony. The imagination of the cable agency, meantime, has probably never been more wildly employed. The fact, moreover, that it has not as yet forwarded a contradiction of the announcement seems to indicate a foreknowledge on its part that the monstrous invention would be taken for what it was worth.

THE truth of the sentence that he who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind has certainly had another illustration in the German elections. The many defeats of the Cartel or Ministerial party—formed in 1888 of the National Liberals and the Conservatives—and the frequent successes of the Socialists, must bring still more forcibly home to Prince Bismarck the folly of his action with regard to the Kulturkampf. The restriction or complete silencing of Catholic teaching was the seed of revolution, and the harvest that has now begun bids fair to prove disastrous to the sower. That Prince Bismarck has lived to reap the first-fruits of his sowing is a judgment on him too evident to escape recognition.

MR. HENRY GEORGE arrived in Auckland last week from San Francisco, *en route* for Sydney. He was received on landing by a deputation of his admirers, who presented him with an address. In replying, he stated his intention of returning at an early date to New Zealand. As we have already said, Mr. George will be heard attentively among us, and afforded every opportunity of explaining his theories. As to the impression made by him, results must testify.

A NATIVE of the Azores, named Emauel Silva, who had been afflicted with leprosy for the last three or four years, died at St. Kilda, near Dunedin, on Saturday. Shelter had been given to the poor invalid by Mr. J. P. Jones, whose kindness towards him evoked his warmest gratitude, and is most deserving of general commendation. Silva proved himself most patient and resigned under his

sufferings. He was solaced by the ministrations of religion, and received the last Sacraments of the Church prior to his death.—*R.I.P.*

THE Very Rev. Father Mackay has left Queenstown to take up the mission of Oamaru, to which he has been appointed in room of the late Right Rev. Monsignor Coleman. The Rev. Father Burke, late of Port Chalmers, replaces Father Mackay at Queenstown, where also he will be assisted by the Rev. Father James Lynch.

A NEW mission has been formed in the diocese of Dunedin, consisting of the Macraes and Nenthorn districts. The Rev. Father Donnelly has been appointed pastor. The popularity acquired by Father Donnelly during the fulfilment of his duties at Oamaru will doubtless be repeated in the sphere which now opens to him and where we wish him all success.

THE arrival of the Rev. Father Golden, formerly of Auckland, is expected at an early date in Dunedin—where the rev. gentleman will become a member of the clergy of the diocese.

MR. LABOUCHERE, consequent on the rejection in the House of Commons of his motion for an enquiry into the Cleveland street scandals, declares the majority of the House to be a disreputable crew. He adheres to his statement that Lord Salisbury conveyed notice of his impending arrest to Lord Arthur Somerset.

WE find an explanation of the cablegram relating to the prosecution of the Pope's Delegate in the misinterpretation of the name of one Legaiti, who was the person really referred to. This reassures us as to the sanity of the cable agency.

CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

(*Liverpool Catholic Times.*)

"MR. DOPPELBAUER, Bishop of Linz, has published a pastoral letter on the importance of the Press. Citing the declarations of Mgr. Ketteler, Pius IX., and Leo XIII., the eminent Prelate appeals to all Catholics to support Catholic journals." So runs a paragraph which we find in one of our foreign exchanges. Now that we have come to the end of the old year and are entering upon the new, at a time when secular journalists are engaged in glancing over the past, and counting up the losses and gains in public affairs, it will not be inappropriate for Catholic journalists to dwell a moment on this theme—the importance of Catholic journalism. No student of ecclesiastical history can fail to observe, in examining the causes of the rise and comparative success of Protestantism, that if it were not for the Protestant Press Protestantism would never have attained the power it succeeded in acquiring. In pulpit oratory Protestantism has always been vastly inferior to the Catholic Church. Great preachers, no doubt, there have been in Protestant pulpits, but when we contrast their discourses with the deliverances of the master minds of the Catholic Church—of men like Bossuet, and Massillon, and Bourdaloue, the comparison is, to use Tennyson's phrase "as of water unto wine." Again, in the weighty theological publications, the Protestant combatants have been over-matched. Not an argument have they advanced that has not been met and convincingly refuted by Catholic divines. Take the works of any of the great theologians of the Catholic Church, and see the wealth of well-digested learning which they contain. And of these ponderous tomes the number is well nigh endless. How, then, is it that Protestantism gained its strength? We believe that in a very large measure it gained it through the ability and skill with which it has exercised its influence through the Press. It cannot be disputed that Protestantism has used the Press to the greatest advantage to diffuse its doctrines, and especially to inspire a hatred and horror of everything Catholic. It has thus perverted the minds of the people, and filled them with that anti-Catholic bigotry which until quite recently has proved so prejudicial to Catholic interests. Let us be candid, Protestantism is to-day in possession of the best Press in the world. In all that constitutes excellence, the newspapers of Great Britain and America are decidedly at the head of all the journals in the world, and these are, for the most part, in the hands of non-Catholics.

There are various causes why Catholic journalism has not in the past been properly developed. One reason, no doubt, is the hesitation felt lest the action and doctrines of the Church should be compromised by journalists wanting in knowledge or discretion. The Protestant pressman has in this matter little responsibility. Whatever his individual views may be, he is qualified, according to the common Protestant custom, to become a teacher in Israel, and his opinions are certain to coincide with some phase or other of Protestantism. Not so in the case of the Catholic journalist. He must not only have a sound knowledge of Catholic doctrine and be well posted on all the leading questions of the day from a Catholic point of view, but he must be cautious and prudent to an extreme degree for fear of intimidating any policy which, however well intended, may be regarded by the authorities of the Church as inopportune or likely to create dissension or division. He is in this way pretty well shut out from the field even of what may be called legitimate sensationalism. It is true that sensationalism, however mild, is not one of the best features of journalism, but it must not be forgotten that it plays an important part in securing readers for newspapers, and often attracts to what is more solid and more worthy of attention those who would not otherwise be drawn to subjects requiring serious reflection. Notwithstanding this and other drawbacks, Catholic journalism has for some years, we are happy to say,

been making steady progress; and, what is of the utmost importance, it has received and is receiving increased encouragement from the highest dignitaries of the Church. His Holiness Leo XIII. has spoken in no uncertain terms of the necessity of supporting the Catholic press, urging the faithful to aid and foster by every means in their power this invaluable medium for extending the empire of Catholic truth. On the European continent various prelates have, like the Bishop of Linz, lent to the same cause the influence of their powerful advocacy; and in that home of freedom, the United States of America, the heads of the Church have on all occasions sought to strengthen and defend the Catholic press and to extend the sphere of its usefulness. Such men as Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, and Archbishop Ireland have in their writings and public addresses assigned the broadest possible limits to the liberty of the Catholic journalist. They have said, in effect:—"Let us recognise that his aim and his work are, on the whole, most advantageous to Catholic interests, and let us encourage him in the discharge of his arduous duties without being hypercritical or captious as to details. Even if in the exercise of his discretion he makes mistakes now and then, it is better that he should commit an occasional error than that he should, through fear, be continually restrained from giving expression to his convictions as to what is beneficial for our Catholic people." Such a liberal and broad-minded interpretation of the functions of the Catholic pressman on the part of Catholic Prelates is the surest guarantee of the growth of the power of the Catholic press.

Commercial.

MESSERS. DONALD STRONACH AND SON report as follows for week ending Wednesday, February 28.

Fat Cattle.—252 head came to hand for the Burnside market to-day, one-third of which were good to prime, the rest only medium quality—a considerable number no more than three-parts fat. Competition was fairly active for prime quality, which realised prices about equal to last week. Inferior had less attention and proved difficult to dispose of except at lower rates. Best bullocks brought £7 2s 6d to £8 12s 6d—extra heavy a shade more; medium to good, £5 10s to £6 15s; light weights, £3 10s to £5 5s; cows, £2 17s 6d to £6 7s 6d. We sold drafts on account of Messrs. William Bishworth, G. H. Carter, William Campbell, and William Lindsay.

Fat Calves.—We sold a few on account of Messrs. G. H. Carter, William Campbell, and William Lindsay at satisfactory prices.

Fat Sheep.—2353 were penned, including about 220 merino wethers, medium to good, the balance crossbreds, a large proportion of which were ewes, representing all qualities. The wethers forward were good to prime. This supply being within reasonable limits, a good demand existed, and last week's prices were fully maintained. Best crossbred wethers brought, 11s 3d to 13s; one small pen (extra heavy), 14s 9d; ordinary to good, 9s 3d to 11s; best do ewes, 10s 9d to 12s 3d; extra heavy, 13s 9d; inferior to medium, 7s 6d to 10s 6d; merino wethers, 5s to 9s 6d.

Fat Lambs.—The number to hand to-day—viz., 775—was rather less, but still sufficient for requirements. The whole were disposed of at about equal to last week's quotations. Best brought 8s 3d to 9s 9d; others, 4s 9d to 8s.

Pigs.—105 were penned, mostly suckers. A moderately good demand was experienced for all offered. Suckers brought 8s 6d to 12s; slips, 13s 6d to 15s; porkers, 23s to 32s; baconers, 38s to 53s.

Store Cattle.—The demand for this class of stock is somewhat inactive, caused no doubt by the scarcity of feed; farmers being busy with their harvesting, very little improvement is likely to be experienced before the end of autumn. There are no transactions meantime of any importance to report.

Store Sheep.—A moderate amount of business is being transacted, but buyers have lately been exercising more caution, and, no doubt owing to the continued drought, fewer purchases are being made. The descriptions chiefly in demand are crossbred wethers and ewes, two, four, and six-tooth. There is some inquiry for young merinos, while full-mouthed crossbreds and merinos of both sexes have less attention. At the same time some of the latter are being placed.

Wool.—The following cablegram from London, dated 24th inst., reports:—"The wool sales closed firmly this day. Since the close of the sales greasy merino has declined 1½d to 1d, and scoured merino 1d to 1½d; fine greasy crossbreds nearly ½d; fine scoured, and coarse greasy crossbred each ½d; and coarse scoured crossbred 1d per lb; greasy crossbred lambs has also declined ½d per lb. The total quantity sold during the past sales is 230,000 bales, of which 130,000 has been taken for the continent and 4000 bales for America. It is estimated that 55,000 bales have been held over for future disposal." The fifth series of local wool sales was held on Friday, the 21st, instead of Thursday, the 20th, owing to the holidays, at the Chamber of Commerce hall, when moderate catalogues were submitted, but the wools offered were hardly up to previous entries in respect to quality. There was a smaller attendance on this occasion, but several Home buyers were present in addition to the usual number of local purchasers, all of whom competed spiritedly, and considering quality and condition prices realised compared very favourably with those obtaining at the previous sale.

Rabbitskins.—The market is still bare of supplies. The only business passing is confined to the disposal of the few summer skins coming forward. A good demand exists. All the local buyers never miss being present at the auction rooms whenever they are presented for sale, bidding with spirit up to prices leaving but a small margin for shipment. Good summer and spring skins fetch 7d to 8d; inferior to medium, 4d to 6d; suckers, 1½d to 3d per lb.

Hides.—This market continues steady. Supplies are equal to requirements, and no material alteration appears in either demand or values. All descriptions are saleable at prices according to weight and condition; but heavy weights, free from scars and clean,

have the preference, and for which we quote 2½d to 8d; medium to heavy, 2½d to 2¾d; light, 2d to 2½d; interior, 1½d to 1¾d per lb.

Tallow.—We have no change to report in regard to the position of the market, which still continues inanimate. Renderers in some instances, rather than accept prices now offering, prefer to ship on their own account. Several parcels have been shipped during the past week. Quotations are—For medium to good, 15s to 16s; inferior and mixed, 12s to 14s; rough fat—best mutton, 11s to 12s; inferior to good 9s to 10s per cwt.

Grain.—Wheat: There is a considerable quantity being now put on the market, very little of which is considered prime quality; but trade requirements not being very pressing, millers are operating with reserve. There are buyers for shipment in the market, but as they are unable to go beyond certain limits, very little business is resulting. Small lots of fowls' wheat are being disposed of at about last week's rates. There are samples of the new crop now offering, and we hear of an odd sale or two being made, but transactions as yet are not extensive. We quote best Tuscan, 2s 8d to 2s 9d; best white velvet, 2s 6d to 2s 7d; medium to good, 2s 4d to 2s 5d; inferior to good fowls' wheat, 1s 9d to 2s 3d (ex store). Medium-sized parcels could not be placed at the above figures.—Oats: A moderately fair demand continues to be experienced, and any good lots offering fit for shipment are saleable at about equal to last week's rates. There does not seem to be any desire on the part of buyers to operate to any extent at over last week's quotations. Small retail lots would probably fetch a little more. The range at auction this week was for medium to prime bright oats, 1s 2d to 1s 5½d (ex store, sacks extra).—Barley: Moderate demand. Prime, 3s to 3s 3d; medium, nominal.

Grass Seeds.—The market for ryegrass seed is very firm, and slightly higher prices being obtained for clean samples. We quote machine dressed, 3s 9d to 4s 6d; undressed, 2s to 3s (ex store). There is no improvement in the demand for cocksfoot, and only saleable at prices holders are unable to accept. We quote (nominal) 2½d to 4½d per lb.

Potatoes.—Deliveries lately have been more on a level with requirements, and in consequence the market shows a firmer tone, although but little difference can be reported in values. Quotations: For best, 60s to 65s; medium to good, 45s to 55s per ton.

Sheepskins.—We brought forward a large catalogue to-day, March 4. Competition was dull, and prices were lower for all station skins, heavier classes especially. Rates ran about as follows—station skins, up to 4s 11d, 5s 2d, 5s 6d, 5s 7d, 5s 10d, 6s 6d; butchers' pelts, 2s 6d; lambs, 2s 8d.

MESSERS. DONALD REID AND CO. report for the week ending March 3:—

There was a large attendance, including millers, exporters, and local dealers, as well as several of our farming friends, and under moderate competition nearly the whole catalogue was disposed of at current prices. Subjoined is a list of brands offered with prices realised:—S, 50 sacks oats, long feed, 1s 3d; 31, 70 do do, milling, 1s 5½d; SS, 50 do do, discoloured feed, 1s 2d; WS, 38 do do, bright feed, 1s 4½d; 31, 71 do do, milling, 1s 5d; JS, 50 do do, medium feed, 1s 3½d; M, 42 do do, discoloured feed, 1s 2d; SL, 13 do do, bright feed, 1s 4½d; FM, 2 trucks do, new season's, 1s 6d; JB, 45 sacks wheat, medium, 2s 2d; X, 8 do do, prime, 2s 6½d; M, 7 do do, inferior, 1s 11d; W1 over KC, 26 do do, prime, 2s 8d; WB, 14 do do, medium, 2s 2½d; S, 105 do do, passed in; O, 10 do do, medium, 2s 1d; MM, 8 do do, do, 2s 2d; WG, 69 do do, prime, 2s 4d; HB conjoined, 15 do do, do, 2s 4½d; &, 60 do barley, no offer; X, 10 tons K. potatoes, prime, £4; F, 11 do do, inferior, £3 5s; JG, 9 do do, prime, £4; S, 15 sides bacon, 2d per lb (sack included). Also, private, during the week, we have sold the following:—JA, 1300 sacks wheat, 2s 9d; AP, 50 do do, 2s 3d; JS, 105 do do, 2s 1d; JP, 143 do do, 2s 3d; AC, 60 do do, 2s 3d; B, 100 do do, 2s 3d (ex store).

Wheat.—Prime milling is scarce, and meets with good request. Inferior and medium samples are in over supply, and in order to quit before the new season's arrives shippers' offers (which are very low) must be accepted. We quote, prime milling, 2s 5d to 2s 10d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 4d; fowl wheat, 1s 10d to 2s 2d.

Oats.—We offered the first consignment of the new season's at our auction sale on Monday, and as the quality was prime, there was considerable competition from millers. Prime old oats are also in good request, but inferior and musty are difficult to quit. We quote, milling, 1s 4d to 1s 6d, sacks extra; feed, 1s 2d to 1s 3d, sacks extra.

Barley.—There is actually no demand.

Potatoes.—The supply during the week has been barely sufficient to meet the local demand, and prices are better. We quote, prime, £3 10s to £4; medium, £3 to £3 7s 6d.

Chaff.—This has also been in short supply, and prices to-day are firmer. We quote, prime, £2 10s to £2 15s; medium, £2 to £2 7s 6d.

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices:—Oats, 1s 3d to 1s 5d, bags extra. Wheat: milling, 2s 6d to 3s 1d, sacks included; fowls', 2s to 2s 4d, sacks included. Chaff: New, £2 10s; prime old, £3—off quantities unsaleable. Hay: Oaten, old, £3 10s; new, £3; rye-grass, new, £2 10s. Bran, £2 10s. Pollard, £3 10s. Potatoes: kidneys £3 19s to £4, sacks included. Flour: roller, £8 10s; sacks, £9 5s, fifties. Oatmeal, £9 in 25lb. Butter, fresh, 9d to 1s; good salt, in kegs, 6d (good demand). Eggs, 1s.

I (*Truth*) have never been so impressed with the uncomfortable ceremonialness of the highest of high life as by the following evidence given in the Divorce Court:—"Do you suggest that ladies calling at the Prince's house and wanting to wash their hands would apply to the aide-de-camp?—Yes; there is no accommodation there. As a rule, everything of that kind is done through the aide-de-camp. Mr. Justice Butt: I presume a lady would not ask the Prince or Princess? Witness:—That is exactly what I mean." The aide-de-camp of all people! Dear me!

JOAN OF ARC.

(Paris correspondent of Liverpool *Catholic Times*.)

THE production of Jules Barbier's "Jeanne d'Arc" at the Port-Saint-Martin Theatre is a dramatic event of sufficient importance to appeal even to those uninterested in a general way in theatrical matters. A heroine whose process of beautification is going forward at Rome it brought upon the stage; her character is personated by the greatest of living actresses; while the music, which forms an important element of the performance, is by the most religious-minded composer of our time, Charles Gounod. For once, noble Catholic matrons were not afraid to take their young daughters to the Port-Saint-Martin; so that on the opening night the curtain rose upon an assembly comprising many members of the old French aristocracy. The world of fashion and of letters was well represented on the occasion. Critics are of opinion that Sara Bernhardt as Jeanne d'Arc surpasses herself, and that never in her dramatic career has she achieved a greater triumph. Her subtle genius and imposing personality are lost sight of in the historic and inspired heroine. Wearing a peasant dress of blue and grey stuff and with large Rosary beads by her side, she renders in an admirable manner Jeanne's mystic communings with the saintly visitants, St. Margaret and St. Catherine, in her father's house at Domremy. A little later she is the iron-clad warrior leading the victory; and again a little later she is the martyr burning at the stake in the market-place of Rouen. All this is grandly historic, while the scenic side of the performance is like a backward glance at the France of four centuries ago. The marvellous cathedral scenes presented, and the grand religious music to which one listens, render true the remark that at the Port-Saint-Martin "the Church has been brought on the stage."

Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, says: "Jeanne's body, reduced to dust, was thrown into the Seine; and, as the waves have carried particles to all parts of the universe, she has a tomb wide as the world." M. Pasteur says: "Jeanne d'Arc is a proof that the greatness of human actions is to be measured by the thought that inspired them." M. Léon Say writes: "When our country is in trouble a consolation remains to Frenchmen. It is that a Jeanne d'Arc was born unto them and that history repeats itself." M. Herve, of the *Soleil*, gives as his opinion in that when Jeanne d'Arc is canonised she should become the patroness of France. Still later opinions have been emitted on Jeanne d'Arc. Jules Clartie, man of letters and director of the Comedie-Francaise, has just written: "I know nothing more beautiful or more exquisite in our past history than the episode of Jeanne d'Arc—the heroic and holy Jeanne. She appears like a lily growing in an ensanguined soil. She has the bravery of a soldier, the tenderness of a woman, and the candour of a child. I think of her and I say with Schiller, 'Has heaven no angels left?' The Comte d'Haussonville writes: "Jeanne d'Arc is the embodiment of the two great moral forces that have made the greatness of France in the past, viz., the religious and the national sentiment."

A Paris telegram reports the murder of two French missionaries near Berbera in Eastern Africa.

Miss Lahiff and Miss Lillie Lahiff were recently received into the Church at Gort, Co. Galway. They are daughters of Mr. James Lahiff, J.P., a gentleman of large landed property residing at Gort House.

The Conservative Party (says *Truth*) is fortunate in the possession of a lecturer named Bill. Mr. Bill is also a bit of a poet. He enchanted a Tory gathering at a place called Chilvers Cotton the other day by reciting a new Irish National Anthem, of which he has been safely delivered. The references to the Pigott conspiracy in this work are so effective, if not altogether coherent, that they ought to be at once incorporated with the original anthem, though I do not know why they should have been rapturously applauded by the Chilvers Cottonians:—

From editorial knives,
Black, factious, facile staves, [O'ys, braves, or
Born to fill vilest graves, [glaves or waves]
God save Ireland!

From prostituted pens
By fiend hands, not by men's,
Wielded in murderous dens—
God save Ireland!

Mr. Edward Allingham, M.B., T.C.D., Belfast, brother of the deceased, writes as follows:—"I wish to correct the impression sought to be conveyed that the late William Allingham is to be regarded as an English poet. I am his brother, and I am better content to simply adhere to fact; and I am proud in being an Irishman, and it ought to be stated that he also was such; and fame will only speak of him regardfully or lovingly as an Irish poet, pure and simple. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were Irishmen. He was likewise Irish on his mother's side. The family were in Ballyshannon in Queen Elizabeth's time."

Cocaine, as is now well known, is a very valuable, but an exceedingly dangerous drug; and M. Dufoumier has lately published in the *Archives de Médecine* the remarkable results of his investigations into its use. Cases where accidents have occurred are very numerous, and there is hardly a surgeon using cocaine who has not had occasion to witness them. As early as 1857, Dr. Mattison published an account of forty such instances, and the roll of victims who have lost their life from a dose of cocaine has now reached as high as nine. In a large number of cases it has given rise to a species of poisoning, from which the patient usually recovers. Among the phenomena characterising this form of poisoning one observed in a patient of Dr. E. Bradley is worthy of special mention. This patient was taken with facial paralysis, from which he did not recover for six months. Other symptoms are hallucinations, great excitement, and cerebral agitation; and, finally, Dr. Leslie Callaghan in one case saw the entire body covered by a scarlatina-formed rash.

MR. PARNELL AND HIS MOTHER.

MR. JOHN FERGUSON, of the well-known Glasgow publishing house of Cameron and Ferguson, writes as follows to several English and Irish journals:

"Though Mr. Parnell will not probably condescend to notice the public discussion of his mother's private affairs, yet his friends are not bound by the same feelings that direct his actions to permit unchallenged reflections upon him for neglect of filial duty.

"Upon one occasion I had organised a most important meeting for him. He wired the committee in the morning from a station 200 miles off that he could not attend. A good deal of ill feeling was created, and I wired the necessity of his keeping faith with the public. He replied, 'Keep the meeting going till eleven o'clock.' It was to begin at eight o'clock. At eleven p.m., Mr. Parnell arrived and delivered the address as announced. Now, what happened was this:—A telegram from America the night before obliged him to rush off at 5 a.m. to Dublin, where he arrived at 11 15 a.m. In an hour he had arranged £3,000 by wire to America to save his mother's credit. He then caught a train and arrived at the meeting near midnight. He told me of his mother's affairs privately—how she was a very able speculator in stocks, often won, and consequently was often lured on too far. I do not know how often Mr. Parnell may have aided her, but before people get up a cry about his 'want of feeling,' let them ponder the little incident I relate. It is likely Mr. Parnell won't thank me for telling this, but I don't much mind that. I consider it a duty to him to let this act be made known, and, what is much more important, it is a duty to the noble and all-conquering cause of which Charles Stewart Parnell is the honoured leader."

A national convention of Catholic schools is to be held in Washington.

The Capuchin missionaries at Assab Bay are founding a Christian colony for liberated slaves on land granted for the purpose by the Italian Government.

Bishop Grandin, of St. Albert, in the Northwest Territories, has sent a letter to Cardinal Taschereau, in which he declares that an effort is being made to drive the Catholics from the Northwest.

In Madagascar, the Vicar Apostolic reports that there were 1,649 baptisms of adults, 4,229 baptisms of children, and 46,111 communions during 1888. The number of children attending the Catholic schools is 15,819. In all Madagascar there are 28,571 Catholics and 80,563 catechumens.

The London Dockers have resolved to express their gratitude for Cardinal Manning's interference on their behalf by subscribing to his Silver Jubilee Fund.

Joseph Brentano, the architect who obtained the first prize in the international competition for the reconstruction of the facade of the Cathedral of Milan, died there a few days. He was only 27 years of age.

"Workingmen and employers together proclaim Leo XIII. the father of the workingmen, the defender of the weak, and the pacificator of the people." Such was the expressive telegram sent the other day to the Holy Father by Messrs. Harmel, who were at the head of the recent French pilgrimage to the Eternal City.

In reply to an address from the Catholic citizens of Ottawa in favour of the restoration of the temporal power, the Holy Father has forwarded to Archbishop Duhamel a letter of thanks, in which he says: "Most gladly do we perceive the resolutions from Ottawa concurring with others throughout the Catholic world in gravely condemning the unhappy and undoubtedly intolerable condition of the Holy See and the Church itself."

The Rev. H. B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, writes: "I have been asked to refute certain libels on the character of the late Father Damen, published in some obscure party journal, but my only answer is a reference to his life and a respectful suggestion that his detractors might do well to imitate the same."

Mr. Stead's editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* came to a close on Tuesday. The staff of the paper are going to present Mrs. Stead with a portrait of her husband, painted by Mr. Thaddeus, the well-known painter of the popular portrait of Leo XIII. Mr. Thaddeus, despite his foreign sounding name is a Corkman, and a pupil of the local school of art. Although an Irishman and portrait painter to the Pope, he is not a Catholic.

At a recent meeting of a "souper" association, known as the "Bible and Colportage Society of Ireland," held in Banbridge, the Rev. C. T. P. Grierson, rector of Seapatrick, indulged his listeners with a fable about certain proceedings which, he said, had occurred in New Ross. According to this credible chronicler, the people of the thriving Wexford town had been presented by a benevolent lady with a public fountain in the form of a cross, on which was engraved the text, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." The people were so taken with the inscription, that the local booksellers were obliged to import large numbers of the Douay Bible from Dublin—they, as Catholics, of course, having never before had an opportunity of reading a verse from Scripture! However, this didn't suit the local Catholic clergy, and a man was, therefore, engaged to obliterate the text, "for fear the word of God should contaminate the minds of the people"! It is scarcely necessary to say the story was an absolute and brazen-faced falsehood, and the Town Commissioners have properly and promptly branded it as such. Their resolution declares: "The truth or falsehood of the statement made by Mr. Grierson can be tested by anyone. The fountain is standing as it stood on the day of its erection. It is not in the shape of a cross, and the inscriptions remain as they were from the first." If Mr. Grierson confined his attentions to the doings of the Vandals who were fined in Ballyshannon last week for defacing the cross erected to the memory of District-Inspector Martin he would surely find sufficient exercise for his zeal, without going about the country vilifying those with whom he can have no concern.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

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The following letter re ST. JOSEPH'S PRAYER BOOK FOR THE YOUNG has been received by Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin :

Rome, 17th August, 1889.

My Dear Lord,—I have just returned from the Vatican, where I had the happiness to present His Holiness the beautiful manual sent to me [ST. JOSEPH'S PRAYER BOOK], which he graciously accepted.

I explained to him its import and contents—prayers, hymns, and devout canticles; adding that there was one also for the Pope. He gave most graciously his Apostolic blessing to the religious community that compiled it, to the editors and publishers, and to all who will devoutly use it.—My dear Lord, yours always affectionately,
† T. KIRBY, Archbishop, etc.

And approved by all the Bishops of the Colonies.

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STAMPS MAY BE SENT.

Irish News.

Antrim.—A pilgrimage was made by the Toomsbridge Nationalists to the spot where Roddy McCorley was hanged in '98. Two thousand good men and true marched in procession with lighted torches and bands playing to the sacred spot. A fitting way to celebrate the anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs.

A collector for the Ballymena Guardians, James Hood, tendered his resignation sooner than proceed with the police and seize upon the people in Toome for rates, which, he said, they were totally unable to pay. The result was that the rates were all forgiven the poor people. Ireland requires many more Hoods—such generous hearts are rare in the ranks of the rate-collectors.

J. Herdman presided at the recent meeting of the Moneyglass League, and Hugh Quinn addressed the members. Frank McCourt said the glorious old cause that all have so much at heart is progressing, and that it was a healthy sign of the times to see the hat put around in aid of the ruthless evictors who are now in their last ditch. The following members were appointed to represent the branch at the forthcoming convention to be held in Belfast:—Thomas Herdman, Bernard Kennedy, and H. Fagan.

"The jury system of Great Britain and Ireland" was the subject of an able lecture recently delivered by Father O'Boyle, before the members of the Ballymoney branch of the League. In concluding the lecture Father O'Boyle said:—Not only should Irish Catholics resent the insult offered them at Maryborough, but every Protestant who had any respect for himself should by his action repel the aspersion thrown on them by "Pether the Packer," that they were prepared to find verdicts at his convenience.

Armagh.—It is calculated that it will take £130,000 to settle all the claims arising out of the unfortunate Armagh disaster. Two ballad singers were sent to prison for three months each by the Crossmaglen magistrates for singing "We'll have good times in Ireland when the landlords go."

Carlow.—There is a portion of Carlow, Cornwall quay, at which many lives have been lost and the Barrow Navigation Company, who use it for their business, refuse to erect any protection there. It is time for the people of Carlow to get up and settle this matter.

The Tenants' Defence Association Convention was recently held in the Town Hall, Carlow, and was of a most representative character. W. J. Lane presided. The following letter was read from the bishop of the diocese:—"Tullow, County Carlow, December 3, 1889. Dear Mr. Conlan,—Kindly receive the enclosed £5 as my subscription to the Irish Tenants' Defence Association Fund. The Irish farmers, as a class, have deserved well of their Church and country, and, when found to have been unjustly oppressed, are deserving of sympathy and generous aid. Ever faithfully yours, JAMES LYNCH, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin." The delegates declared their intention to sustain the people at present sacrificing their homes and businesses to the National cause in Cork and Tipperary.

Cavan.—Father Brady presided at the last meeting of the Knockbride East Leaguers, at which the following resolution was passed:—"That we condemn the harsh and cruel eviction of James Brady, his wife, and six children; also the eviction of Thomas Brady and Maxwell Bell by Major Leslie; that we exert ourselves to further the Tenants' Defence Association."

Clare.—The Kilballyowen Leaguers at a recent meeting condemned in strong language the conduct of Tom Cusack, the local grabber, his aids, and abettors. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Hennessy, Mall Road, for his kind reception of the branches' delegates on their way to Ennis. Thomas McCarthy presided.

When the Kilanena League recently assembled under the presidency of J. M. Corry, a grave question of impending evictions was discussed. The people "sentenced to death" are on the Sampson property at Cappamore and Ballycorben. It appears that they made fair offers for their holdings. The members condemned the landlord's action.

A strong muster of the Tradere League members took place recently, J Coffey presiding. J. Halpin proposed a vote of thanks to the Rathine tenants for their sturdy and independent action recently when they went to the agent and manfully defined their position and the course they would adopt with regard to the harsh treatment of their fellow-tenants, John Higgins and James Casey. The resolution was unanimously adopted. P. O'Neill proposed and J. M. Mahon seconded a resolution condemning the Town Commissioners of Ennis for refusing the use of the Town Hall for the convention.

John Corry, Donaghboy, presided at the recent Kilkee League meeting, when the following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That we condemn in the strongest manner possible the intimidation used by Sergeant O'Sullivan to compel the traders of the town to give the cartage of their goods to the grabber of Moloney's farm. A complaint was made that some parties in Moyasta were aiding the grabber of Widow Molloy's bog. It is expected that those parties will cease to do so. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed at the action of Simon Behan and Mrs. Bridget Corry, Lislanahan, who are again aiding the Tarmon grabber, and the neighbours were recommended to leave Simon and Mr. Corry severely alone."

Cork.—Canon Keller, the good pastor of Youghal, will speak at a number of meetings in England soon on the Pousonby struggle.

Alderman Horgan was elected chief magistrate of Cork for the coming year, on the understanding that he would resign in favour of Dr. Tanner when he returns from the Continent, where he is at present for the benefit of his health. Alderman Horgan's action gave general satisfaction to the council and the people.

Father Keller stated at the last meeting of Youghal League that he would never lend himself to any effort for negotiations with the landlord of the Pousonby estate, as the propositions of the tenants had been discourteously received heretofore.

Derry.—At the Maghera Sessions decrees for possession were granted against the following Brackaghreilly tenants:—Charles Cassidy, Mary Cassidy, Thomas Convery, John Convery, Mary Convery, Charles Convery, Margaret Convery, Paul Convery, Peter McWilliam, and Bridget Quigley. The kind-hearted police of Maghera called upon the poor people and informed them that the sentence of death would be carried out in a week. The people are in despair.

The foreigners who unhappily are possessed of the land of Derry are about inaugurating an eviction crusade, and thereby thirty-six unfortunate families will be thrown on the roadside to perish, of which nine are on the Skinnners' estate, in the townlands of Lobby, Dysart, Drumderg, and Tonagh; eleven on the Drapers' estate, at Dunlagon, Cloan, Coolnasilla, and Drumcoursedy; fifteen at Brackaghreillygallon, near Moynemore, and one at Derryhold, on the estate of Hon. R. T. O'Neill, M.P.

Down.—The Local Government Board recently drew the attention of the Newry Guardians to the fact of the Marquis of Downshire's eviction of Ross Treanor, of Corcullion, without the usual notice, and that a fine of £20 was payable to the Guardians.

Francis Keenan, of Ballyplamt, was evicted about five years ago, and an Emergencyman since holds the farm. No one in the locality would touch it. Some cattle raised on the farm were recently exposed for sale in Downpatrick, but would not be purchased.

There is not an office under the Downpatrick Guardians held by a Catholic. Recently the office of Believing Officer was vacant, and to test the generous spirit of the Guardians a Catholic named Wm. Murphy was nominated, but was beaten. The old spirit of intolerance seems to be active in Downpatrick still.

Dublin.—Mr. Davitt is at present taking a well-earned rest at his Irish home, Land League cottage, Ballybrack, Dublin, after his arduous labours in the London Commission Court.

Galway.—The Waterford and Limerick Railway Company recently purchased the Athenry and Ennis line.

The Galway Grand Jury passed a resolution drawn up by Colonel O'Hara, and proposed by Sir Henry Bellew, seconded by Colonel Nolan, M.P., requesting the Lord-Lieutenant to schedule the proposed extension of railway between Tuam and Mayo.

Amongst the applicants for out-door relief at the Gort Union was Mrs. Alice Treacy, wife of Michael Treacy, who was evicted from his holding in Cahercou. Treacy is at present in prison for taking forcible possession of his old homestead. This is his second term. He spent twelve months in gaol for the same alleged offence before. Now his wife and four children are destitute.

Kerry.—For the week previous to the anniversary of the Manchester Martyrdom of the Irish patriots, the police kept watch day and night on Bathass graveyard to prevent the celebrating of the judicial murder of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. These are the patriots that some people want to bring to America and guarantee them good livings.

D. O'Sullivan presided at the last meeting of the Listowel League, and the following resolution was passed:—"That we express our emphatic condemnation of the action of two farmers in buying the cattle reared by the notorious George Sands on the evicted farm of Thomas Naughton."

At the recent meeting of the Killarney Guardians there were several applications from evicted tenants for out-door relief, but the vindictive spirit of Mr. Leonard, who evicted them, followed even to the relief question, and he opposed their getting any assistance.

Land Commissioners Greene, Gregory, and Browning recently sat in the Killarney Court-house and gave decisions in the cases heard at their Cahirciveen sitting. Substantial reductions were obtained by the tenants on the Blennerhasset, Fitzgerald, and McGillycuddy estates.

Kildare.—A tenant on the Clongorey estate was recently brought before a Removable and secretly examined as to what became of the rent, and where the stock was at present. The answers were not satisfactory and the operation failed.

Ten more unfortunate tenants on the O'Kelly estate are to be evicted, and the dismal history of this locality is fast drawing to a close, as there are now very few people on the estate. There are 550 acres on which no living thing save bullocks and horses is to be found.

Kilkenny.—Mr. O'Shea, of Callan, has recently executed a beautiful Celtic cross in the Catholic cemetery of Kensal Green, London. It is the first erected in England for centuries, and is much admired.

Martin Loughlin, Ballyraggett, was recently evicted by A. M. Kavanagh, and the people of Castlecomer, Muckalee, and Conahy presented the evicted tenant with fourteen cartloads of potatoes and a side of bacon. There was a meeting held in Mr. Coogan's yard, and J. P. Phelan addressed the people.

Leitrim.—The meeting of the people of Leitrim County to further the Tenants' Defence Association was held in the Court-house, Carnick-on-Shannon. The attendance was very large and the delegates enthusiastic. The arrangements were carried out in an excellent manner. The Members of Parliament present were E. Harrington, L. Hayden, M. Conway, and D. Crilly. On the motion of Rev. D. McBreen, seconded by Canon Conery, the chair was taken by Ed. Harrington, M.P., who addressed the meeting on the objects and aims for which the association was formed, and to which the assembled representatives of the public bodies in the County gave their unqualified support.

Limerick.—The men of Limerick County assembled in the city of the Violated Treaty in great numbers to tender their adhesion to the Tenants' Defence Association. The proceedings were conducted in the Athenæum, Cecil street, and there was scarcely a dis-

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tract unrepresented. John E. Redmond, M.P., presided, and Father Ambrose and John Condon, solicitor, acted as secretaries. The meeting was an unqualified success.

The editor and proprietor of the Limerick *Leader* was served with two summonses under the Crimes Act for intimidation towards Michael Ryan for having taken an evicted farm. Messrs. Sheehy, M.P., Finucane, M.P., and Moran, solicitor, have undergone long terms of imprisonment for speeches relative to the farm in question, while Father Marrinane and Messrs. London and Stewart were incarcerated for shorter periods.

John Nash, of Oola, was recently released from Limerick Prison after putting in the long term of twelve months for cutting hay on his evicted farm. The "ex-criminal" was received on his liberation by a large contingent of the people of Oola, including Father Thos. Ryan, Messrs. Daniel Ryan, Morgan Hayes, Thomas Landers, T. Duggan, Owen O'Neill. When Mr. Nash arrived home he was accorded a most enthusiastic reception.

Longford.—From out the prison walls of Sligo Gaol the Longford prisoners—Peter Flood, chairman of Longford Town Commissioners; Joseph Wilson, chairman of the Longford Board of Guardians, and Thomas Fenlon, of Edgeworthstown—issued, to receive at the hands of the Sligo Nationalists a reception worthy of the cause for which they suffered. The town of Longford was never in such a state of excitement. The houses were all illuminated, tar barrels blazed in the streets, and bands played national airs. A public meeting was held in the Market Square, at which Dr. Atkinson presided and Messrs. Flood and Wilson spoke. They were also presented with addresses by the League and Board of Guardians.

Louth.—Mr. Bellew, who is an active agent for the Massereene evicted tenants, has been arrested in Salford market whilst keeping an eye on boycotted cattle. He was allowed out on bail.

The house formerly occupied by Mrs. Fleming, an evicted tenant situate at Mount Oriel, and now possessed by a planter named Kells, was recently burned down. The burning was an accident, but a claim for compensation will be lodged, and very likely passed by the landlords.

Mayo.—The Westport Guardians have increased the salary of Owen O'Donnell, Clare Island Believing Officer, to compensate him for the risk to his life on his journeys to the island.

The people of Swinford will soon have raised a splendid Catholic temple. The work is being pushed on with great vigour. When completed it will have cost about £4,000.

The death of Brother Sylvester, at Errow Monastery, took place lately. For nigh half a century he was a familiar and welcome aider in every good work in the parish and was beloved by all. He died surrounded by the priests of God and by his good Franciscan brethren. Brother Sylvester lived to be 76 years. High Mass was offered for his soul—Celebrant, Very Rev. Canon Gibbons; deacon, Father McHugh; sub-deacon, Father O'Flaherty; Father Lyons, master of ceremonies. In the choir Very Rev. Doctor Kilkenny, Father Thomas O'Malley, Father M. Lavelle, Father Waters, Father Higgins, Father Conroy, and Father Gilmartin (nephew of deceased). When the solemn ceremonies were concluded the remains were laid in the little cemetery of the monastery, where many a prayer was whispered to heaven for the soul of the good and gentle Brother Sylvester.—*R.I.P.*

Meath.—Father McNamee presided at the Drumconrath League meeting. After the transaction of the usual business J. McCartney took the chair, and the following resolution was proposed and seconded and unanimously carried: That we desire to express our deep regret at the departure from amongst us of our beloved president, Rev. P. McNamee. And knowing as we do the deep interest he always took in the welfare of our branch, and that its great success was mainly due to his prudent counsel and ardent patriotism, we wish to assure him that while our fervent prayers will be offered for his future happiness, his name, connected as it is in our memories, with his many trying and unselfish efforts for our common weal, will for many years to come hold a treasured place among the people of Drumconrath and Meath Hill.

Mouganhan—Father Callan presided at last Carrickmacross League meeting. There was a large attendance of the committee present, including the following:—Rev. P. A. McCleery, Messrs. McMahon, Lambe, Daly, Martin, Sherry, Rielly, McCartney, Fennell, and Ward, Donaghmoyné branch. After enrolling new members arrangements were made for receiving the subscriptions of the people of the parish towards the new Tenants' Defence League, to which every one was invited to contribute at the rate of 3d in the pound on the valuation.

The Carrickmacross Railway boycott continues with unabated vigour and will so continue until the station-master strikes his colours to the popular will and gives up the evicted house in which he resides. All the produce of the recent market went to Dundalk on 160 carts and all the live stock bought in Kingscourt fair are being conveyed by road to Dundalk for shipment. A number of resident magistrates and detectives are at present in the town, but they have nothing to detect except what is apparent to everyone, that the line is without the custom of the people of the district, and will be until the evicted house is vacated.

Tipperary.—The premises of Mr. O'Brien Dalton in Tipperary were recently seized by the Sheriff, after which the residence of Mr. Laurence Hayes of Rosboro, where a great number of sympathisers assembled. The police and bailiffs on their arrival attacked the defenceless and unflinching people.

The battering ram was used in a wanton manner by the Sheriff and bailiffs on Mr. O'Brien Dalton's mill at Rosborough. There was no resistance offered to the Sheriff, yet the "ram" was brought into work and battered down the premises, with the intention, it is thought, of injuring the machinery. Mathew Maher and Edmond Hogan were also evicted.

The fight between Smith-Barry and the inhabitants of Tipperary is growing in strength and determination on each side. The steady resistance of the people is stinging the exterminator, and the latest

move has been that Mr. Edmond O'Neill, Believing Officer of the Tipperary Union, received a registered letter containing the usual 48 hours' notice of eviction of town tenants of Smith-Barry. The premises occupied by James Godfrey, an extensive tobacconist; P. B. Hayes a handsome grocery establishment with marble front, supported on Corinthian columns, and Mr. English's extensive drapery establishment were visited and taken possession of by the Sheriff, the bailiffs doing a deal of damage during the seizures. All the property of the establishments had been removed. The necessary arrangements are completed for the erection of a magnificent business mart, in which goods of every kind will be sold by a company formed for the purpose. This building will be over 400 feet long by nearly 80 feet wide, and will contain, besides stalls for the sale of various wares, a splendid butter exchange, 50 feet wide. The building will be in a most central position in the town, and will have three main entrances from the leading thoroughfares. In the neighbourhood shops and dwelling houses are in course of erection. An army of labourers, masons, and carpenters are employed, a competent contractor engaged, and the erection of what will practically be a new town is begun with great energy.

Tyrone.—The recent meeting of Dungannon League was held in Anne street, Father Fox presiding. There was a good muster of members, and 12 new names were added to the roll. W. J. Reynolds, M.P., and Rev. J. W. McShane addressed the meeting.

There was a comical case tried at Carrickmore Sessions recently. Arthur McCroxy summoned his father, who is 100 years old, for using threatening language towards him. As may be fully realised the case created some amusement at the idea of a man 100 years old intimidating another.

Waterford.—Thomas Scanlon, Mountodell, has been served with a notice to quit by his landlord. The Dungarvan League has the matter in hand.

William G. and Harry Fisher of the *Munster Express* have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for reporting League meetings at which, as alleged, intimidation was used. This is not the first time the Messrs. Fisher have been punished for adhesion to the National cause by the Castle authorities. William G. Fisher was imprisoned for several months under "Backshot" Forster's Suspect Act. C. P. Redmond of the *News* is suffering for the first time a taste of British rule in Irish prisons for a like "crime."

A special meeting of the Knockanore League was recently held at Kilwatermoy. P. J. Walsh presided. Rev. J. Quealy was present. William Parker, of Roseville, near Tallow, being a kind and generous landlord, great surprise was expressed at his action in serving his tenant, John Connors, with a writ, and rejecting the terms of settlement offered, which the meeting held to be reasonable. The following resolution was passed unanimously:—That we hereby express the hope that William Parker, of Roseville, may see his way to accept the terms of settlement proposed by his tenant, John Connors, ere it is too late, but should he think proper to adopt a different course, we pledge the tenant our best moral and material support.

Westmeath.—There was interred recently in the ruins of Clonmacnoise, at the Seven Churches, the remains of James Coghlan, of Newtown, County Westmeath, at the remarkable age of 105 years. The deceased was a prominent member of the clan of the "Maws," who rose in rebellion against the imposition of the tithe rent charge. He died in the house in which he was born, and is the last of the Maws.

Wexford.—Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., accompanied by Mr. Alfred Webb, visited the Brooke estate at Coolgreany recently. No public announcement of the intended visit had been made, as it was the desire of the right hon. gentleman to make for himself a quiet inspection of the condition of things on this derelict estate. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Webb were received at Arklow by Father Dunphy, and were shown over the estate by Father O'Donnell and Father O'Neill. Several of the evicted tenants were seen, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre had also the experience or interviewing one of the "bogus" settlers. Before leaving the estate the right hon. gentleman visited the scene of the murder of Patrick Kinsella by the Emergency-men.

A meeting of the tenants on the Tottenham estate was to be held at Cloward, and the police, getting wind of it, scoured the country in all directions in order to prevent them assembling. The constabulary came up in a company of the Campaigners who, with Mr. Tobin, from the *Wexford People*, were making their way towards the meeting. The Campaigners endeavoured to escape the vigilance of the police, and after some time were successful by running across bogs, marshes, and moors for a distance of three miles. However, the police were by this time reinforced, and came in sight of the Campaigners for the second time, when the chase was continued with redoubled vigour. When crossing a rabbit warren the sharp sound of a rifle-shot rang out on the still night air. The Campaigners, who were running at the time, looked around, and the police were quite close to them. Soon after this they lay in ambush among some heath and furze, and the police, with revolvers on their hips and rifles in their hands, went by without seeing them. By this time John Cummins, of Ballyhack, and Lawrence Foley, of Ballykerogue, were being chased around the country on cars by policemen. They, by some manoeuvring, succeeded in getting to the trysting place, where a very successful meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Cummins. Just as the meeting was about to terminate the police in large numbers arrived at the door of the house, but were not admitted until it suited the convenience of the Leaguers.

Wicklow.—At a meeting of the tenant farmers of Boystown, County Wicklow, held in the chapel grounds, Very Rev. E. Rowan presiding, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—Proposed by John Brady and seconded by John Miley—That this meeting, recognising the great value of united action of the tenant-farmers of Ireland in the present crisis of the land question, do adopt the resolution of the Wicklow Convention and arrange to collect funds to help the Tenants' Defence Association to the extent of threepence in the £ on the poor law valuation of each

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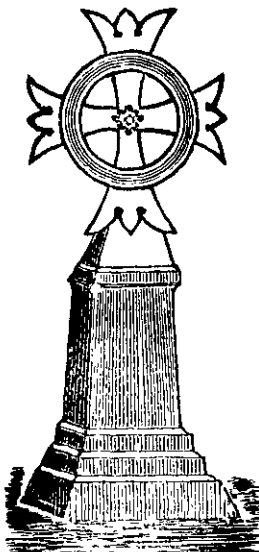
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THE DEACON OF LYNN.

(J. T. SMITH in the *Catholic Review*.)

III.—AN OLD MAN'S GRAVE.

It was with real bitterness of heart the deacon saw the Irish numbers increasing in Lynn, and felt at the same time how helpless he was against the mean trickery of the mill-manager, who bowed, and smiled, and handed out his small favours with a lavish hand, while he filled the poorer tenements with the Irish.

"If ever the day comes," said the deacon in his wrath, "that will give me an advantage over him, I will smite him from the face of Lynn forever."

In spite of his rebuff in the manager's office, and the total failure of his attempt to keep the Irish out, he was determined to do all in his power to keep the Irish down, hoping that in the near future the work of maintaining a barrier against foreigners might be taken up by the nation. So that he could afford, in the meantime, to show Christian kindness to individuals of a race he heartily despised. Hearing one day that old Mickey Whalen was very ill he went in a spirit of charity to visit him.

Old Mickey Whalen welcomed him feebly, and the deacon sat by the bed somewhat uneasy at the closeness of Roman superstition. A table at his elbow held a crucifix and a lighted candle, the beads were in the old man's hands, and at times Mrs. Whalen sprinkled the patient and his visitor with holy water, a ceremony which brought from all present a chorus of "Amins" and many crossings and genuflections. The deacon suggested prayer.

"Pray for me sowl when I'm dead," said Mickey, "I'll need it more. I'm to be berrid in Lynn, an' when ye pass the grave, deacon, say a prayer for melike a decent Christian. D'ye know, I never saw a place from the day I set foot in America till this that made me think of Ireland more. An' I want to be berrid here, and may the curse—"

"Oh, father," cried the entire family in horror.

"Well, I won't say it now. But he'll have small luck that sends me bones out o' Lynn."

"I am glad you like Lynn so well," said the deacon, "but it strikes me your proper place is with your people in Norwich."

"As we've all been tellin' him," said Mrs. Whalen, "but he won't listen to reason."

"Ay, raison," said the old man with scorn. "Much need the dead have of raison."

"Have you any particular place selected for your burial place, Mr. Whalen?"

"That I have, deacon, an' its the purtiest place in Lynn—the little hill beyant your own house wid' the Quinabaug right under it. It's all sand an' good for notbin' but ould bones, but its mighty good for them. An' there I'll be berrid or nowhere, tho' it's a mighty big price Medbury asks for the lot—fifty dollars, deacon."

"Rather steep, indeed. Would you like me to read a chapter from the Bible," as he drew a small copy of the New Testament from his pocket.

"Not from that," said Mickey, ordering his wife to place before the deacon an immense copy of the Scriptures hotly illustrated in colours.

"Raed, now, the last chapter of the apistol of St. James," he continued with great pride.

The deacon read it in a way that touched the heart. The little group of friends and relations in the kitchen were at first inclined to laugh over the tableau of a Protestant deacon and a Catholic Bible, but after the first vere they listened in profound and respectful silence. There was a slight commotion at the end. A whisper went round that the priest was coming, and at once there was great excitement. Mickey Whalen arrested the deacon's hands as he was closing the book.

"Do ye see the verse," he said, pointing to the fourteenth and quoting it: "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him." Now, that's just what I called in the priest for, an' I wish ye to stay, deacon, and see the Scriptures fulfilled."

The deacon rose, to see a tall, vigorous, commanding man enter the kitchen, and was conscious of a deep emotion as the priest returned his distant bow and withdrew to the sick-room. A Roman priest on the sacred soil of Lynn! He had never before come face to face with these curious persons, and it gave him a shock to meet the first one on the Lounsbury acres. He remained in the hall courteously while the last Sacraments were administered, and unseen himself saw the solemn rites around a Catholic deathbed. The tears and prayers of the kneeling people, the courage of Mrs. Whalen assisting her husband, the devotion of the old man receiving the Blessed Eucharist, the practical application of the Scripture in the anointing, quite carried him away. He was more than ever determined this people should be kept down. He slipped away to avoid the priest, but returned at night to the waking—for old Mickey died in the afternoon—and great was the astonishment of the neighbours to find him sociably seated in the kitchen like one of themselves. It was an odd scene for Lynn. The candles burning about the body, the formal prayer which each newcomer said in silence at the bier, the quiet laughter and conversation, the occasional wailing from the old women who clung to customs of the motherland! The deacon

was much impressed, and gave delight and edification by his courtesy and interest, but these feelings had changed with another day, and great wrath against him seized the Irish of Lynn. When the widow Whalen went to place the purchase money of the burial lot in Mr. Medbury's hands she was told that the lot had already been bought by Deacon Lounsbury. It rejoiced her to know that her husband's bones would be taken out of Lynn in consequence, and placed with the faithful dead in blessed ground. But her joyful news was angrily received by the friends of the family.

"He's the greatest ould thief of a deacon in the State," said Philip McQuade to a number of his countrymen, when the news was sent out that Mickey Whalen must be buried in Norwich. "If there was any curse in Mickey's dyin' words, may he get the full of his crop of it."

"Musha, thin Phil," said Mrs. Whalen, "but the man had a right to buy as well as ourselves."

"Thru for you, Mrs. Whalen, but he bought the land just to keep Mickey out of a grave, so he did. He thinks the ground too good for a Papist. An' if I wor you, me good woman, I'd buy a bit o' land elsewhere, an' I'd bury Mickey here to spite him."

"Phil McQuade," said Mrs. Whalen with dignity, "I'll bury him in peace an' not in spite; an' if he's not wanted in Lynn, we'll go where he won't be cheated out of a grave."

"Ay, but the meanness of it, to steal his grave from a dead man," said Philip bitterly, and the phrase was caught up and repeated until it had astonished every ear in Lynn, and tickled Lijah Palmer into uproarious laughter. He told it to the deacon promptly.

"An' now they're movin' heaven an' earth to git a grave for him in spite o' ye, deacon," he said, "an' I rather think they'll head ye off, even though you be a Lounsbury."

The deacon smiled with triumph.

"Unless they get it from the two men who are responsible for their presence in Lynn," said he, "they must go elsewhere. You and Slade may be willing to see the Popish graveyard, and the Popish Church, and the Popish priest here, but most of us are not. You may be willing to see your sons and daughters turned Papists, your farms bought out by Papists, your business snatched from you by Papists, the whole State overrun by Papists, but most of us think the other way. You can turn your farm into a Papist cemetery, and Slade can turn his mill into a Papist Church, but while I live not a foot of Lynn soil shall be owned by them living or dead. As for you, Palmer, and your Irish connection, I wish you joy of them. When you have sold them your land, buried their dead, and married their daughters you will have earned the right to turn Papist yourself." With which shot the deacon ended his speech and walked away.

Lijah was stunned less by its vigour than by its truth. He was the patron of the Irish. If they failed to get a grave for Mickey Whalen elsewhere they would surely come to him, and rather than accept a responsibility from which Lynn people shrank, Lijah fled from home, and was seen no more until the day of the funeral, when, amid sincere mourning, old Whalen was buried in Norwich.

IV.—THE CROSS ON THE STEEPLE.

The Irish were deeply hurt by the refusal of the natives to sell their land enough for a grave. As it was Mrs. Whalen's business to feel indignant, and yet the good woman continued to rejoice that her husband lay among his own, they could not arouse any strong popular feeling among themselves, and were forced to let the matter drop. In vain Philip McQuade scolded her for her want of courage.

"I sleep now, Mistor McQuade," she answered to all his reproaches. "But to think o' poor Michael lyin' beyant alone on the hill, I couldn't sleep a wink till I was lyin' beside him. I don't think he'd like it himself now that he's dead, and knows more abo ut it, poor sowl!"

All the women said "Amen" to this sentiment, the more grieved and irritated among the men found no sympathy outside of their own circle, and finally the peace of absolute submission, at least the deacon so interpreted it, settled upon the Irish. It might have continued for many years but for two circumstances which occurred within a month after the burial of Mr. Whalen. Mrs. Whalen had a dream, such a dream, and Philip McQuade had another, such another; whose conjunction and interpretation shortly afterwards brought upon Lynn and its deacon a great disaster. Mrs. Whalen had been nursing her grief in an easy fashion for a month, saying many rosaries for Michael, and, when she was not weeping for him, rejoicing that the little hill "beyant the deacon's" did not hold his bones. So sound was her sleep of nights that she never once dreamed of her husband or of one belonging to him, a fact she attributed to his happy rest in heaven or to the lightness of his purgatorial pangs. It was an astonishing thing for a Whalen to pass a whole month without dreaming of white horses, dead relatives, and immense conflagrations. Mrs. Whalen dreamed of nothing, whatever until the night, which was to shatter the deacon's hopes, had arrived. Then out of the blank darkness of sleep that night came a vision, clear as noonday, of the "hill beyant the deacon's," and Mickey wandering among the weeds in a vexed way, looking for something.

"Michael," said Mrs. Whalen, softly, "what are ye lookin' for, asthore?"

"For me grave, ma'am," said Michael, sourly, and in the same instant the dream faded. Mrs. Whalen awoke, and would have filled the house with her lamentations but for fear of disturbing the children. She lit a candle, shook the holy water about the rooms, and prayed until morning for the repose of Mickey's soul. The dream, however, she kept to herself for a time. It would not do to frighten the children. But from that night Mrs. Whalen's rest became no more than a sporting ground for dreams of endless variety. All the white horses that ever a Whalen had seen in dreams pranced before her, often with Mickey riding them; all the fires for generations back, blazed and died out to her staring eyes. These dreams signified letters and hasty news, but no post-office system could ever

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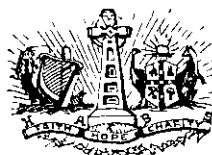
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supply letters enough to match the numberless horses; no telegraph could send news as fast as such configurations demanded. In her distress she took counsel with Philip McQuade.

"'Twas a strange dream, ma'am, said Philip, soothingly, "an' are I had wan myself about the same times that was terrible—terrible. I told it to no livin' soul for fear o' the harm it might do."

"Was it about Mike? Lord rest his soul this night," exclaimed the widow faintly but fervently.

"No it wasn't said Philip gravely, "but I'm thinkin' he wasn't far off. If I slept two minutes longer I'd have seen him, but Anne gi' me a poke in the ribs just as the marryin' was on."

"Oh," said Mrs. Whalen, with a little shriek of horror, "was it marryin'?"

"Faith it was," he answered, hastily, "an' wan that'll come throu' if Tim O'Rourke and my Mary can bring it about. An' they're tryin' as hard as ever they can."

"But the sign of it, Phil! The sure, sorrowful sign—"

"Not a word," said McQuade. "I don't laugh at the sign, mind, but it won't happen here, I know. I was standin', d'ye see, on the top o' the hill where poor Mickey, God be with him—"

("Amin," said Mrs. Whalen.)

"Wanted to be berrid, an' there was the deacon's house above, an' here was the old stone church that the devil himself owns now down be the road. An' there I was standin' an' lookin' about me kind o' dazed, d'ye see, for I thought I ought to be in bed, an' I knew the place well, but I was tryin' to think what brought me there, an' I couldn't, nor I couldn't remember the date, nor how I got there, nor anythin'; I was more bothered than a good dale, ma'am. An' while I was stumblin' an' stut'erin' around, who comes along but Father John himself in a great hurry, an' jumps through the back winda' o' the stone church. May I niver die in sin if he didn't"

"Worse an' worse," said Mrs. Whalen.

"'Yer to no hurry, Phil," said he in passin'."

"'Wan's enough," says I. The minit he jumped in through the window the Church was lit up, an' the music began playin' an' down the road comes a crowd o' the neighbours leadin' Tim an' our Mary to be marrid. Well, I was that frikened whin I saw thim I couldn't move. Whin they kem to the door o' the church and wor goin' in—"

"Here," says I, 'I'm the father o' this gerrul, an' no man marris her till I'm dressed up to give her away.'

"Divil a more heed they payed to me than if I was dead. I ran down to the road as fast as ever I could, but me legs were like lead, and there I met Anne comin' along with an armful o' wood for the stove, an' carin' no more for the marryin' than a stranger might."

"Ma'am," says I, grabbin' hold of her, but with that she gi' me a poke in the ribs with the armful o' wood—'tis she that has the arm—that I thought I was murdered. Sure thim I were up in airnest, an' if it wasn't for its bein' her turn to light the fire that mornin' I'd have murdered her."

"An' what d'ye think of it all, Phil?" said Mrs. Whalen with a deep sigh. "Ye saw nothin', o' poor Michael on the hill?"

"I'll tell ye what I thnk," said Mr. McQuade, as he put down his pipe solemnly and drew his chair nearer, "that there'll be no rest for you or Mickey till his bones are lyin' beyant. The thing can be done. Promise to put two hundred dollars in my hands the day we lay him there an' I'll guarantee it'll be done."

"Oh, indeed an' I will," say Mrs. Whalen, weeping, "an' if I had more to give you I'd give it to save the poor sowl his rest."

"An' ye'll not say a word o' your dream or mine. For there's a power o' thinkin' an' chatin' to be done afore old Lounsbury can be mulvathered. I have it all in my lead. He has the field now. With the help o' God we'll own it in time for a Christmas weddin'."

What ideas were engaging Mr. McQuade's deepest interest his language did not make as clear as did after events. When the sheriff announced the sale of the old church at auction, said sale to take place on November 10th, with all the conditions of fair sale, etc., a rumour spread through Lynn, which turned the stomach of Mrs. Fletcher in her aristocratic Lincoln Square residence. The Irish were going to bid for the old church, and, if they secured it, were ready to fit it up for their own idolatrous purposes.

"For Gawd's sake," cried Mrs. Fletcher, when her breath returned. "Why, what's Deacon Lounsbury a-doin'? Don't he know if those consarned Papists once git in their Jizwits an' their idles they'll stop here forever."

She went in person to inform the deacon of this fact, and of the rumour.

"There will be no difficulty in preventing them from having a church in Lynn," said the deacon, "but are you sure they are so bold as to think of such a thing?"

"Bold! Bold as brass, deacon. I know that McQuade is collectin' money from all the Irish, an' they say he's got five hundred dollars now, but when any one asks him about it, he shuts his consarned Irish mouth like a trap, an' smiles. Bold! Well, deacon, for you to ask that!"

The deacon assured her of his watchfulness in the matter, and sent her abroad to assure the citizens of Lynn in turn, but he was very thoughtful nevertheless. Was he fighting a losing battle? He could not live forever, nor could he always be on hand to buy the property, which might easily fall into Irish hands. He had much sympathy from the citizens in the work of repression, but no practical help, and were he to end his interest in the work there would be an end to repression. Once the Irish bought land, introduced their worship, and began to trade there was no further hope of removing them from the soil. And now they were dreaming of these things and planning for them. He went to the auction at the village hotel, where a curious crowd had assembled. Philip McQuade and his friends were there to bid, and Elijah Palmer, who had expressed an intention to buy the property, was there also. The deacon knew at once his bidding was a mere trick to secure the church and hand it over to the Irish, and to hinder the success of the

plan be determined to bid in the property at any price and then dispose of it under such conditions as would keep it out of Irish hands forever. Slade and the mill-owner, Winthrop, were walking the platform of the depot opposite, waiting for the train. A sudden thought made the deacon turn to greet them.

"You might buy this old church, Winthrop," he said, "and turn it into a tenement. I will secure it first and then dispose of it to you."

"It is worth the trouble," said the gentleman to Slade.

"Not for the price we must pay," said Slade, smiling. "The deacon here is bidding against the Irish, who want a church of their own—"

"The old story," interrupted Winthrop, laughing. "In that case we can have nothing to do with it."

"If I should not bid," suggested the deacon.

"Ah, then," said Slade, "but," he added, "we would still have the Irish to bid against."

"You can frighten them," said Winthrop, sourly; "what the devil do they want a church for anyway?"

Slade hesitated. "If they withdrew of their own wish," he said, "I would not like to anger them."

"Under no circumstances can they buy it," said the deacon.

"They know that by this time," with a wave of his hand to a discontented and uncertain group of Irishmen not far off. "You might speak to them."

With more hesitation Slade called them over, and put the case to them with a mildness that exasperated the deacon. Winthrop was more blunt. The men consented, sourly, to withdraw from the auction after a protest, which Winthrop laughed at. He took the train a moment later, and left Slade to bid in the church for a fair sum. After all, the deacon was a simple-minded man. His ally, Mrs. Fletcher, had scarce'y done shouting the song of this last victory when like magic the old church was in one day supplied with new shutters, its interior cleaned, its doorways and spire painted, and a gilt cross placed on the topmost pinnacle. Lynn folk were slow and easy-going and understood nothing until the cross stood out plain and naked as a gibbet in the December air.

"What's up?" inquired a passer-by.

"Phil McQuade's daughter Mary is going to be married Christmas night," was the answer, "an' we must have the church ready for the weddin'."

"Ah! of course;" but the course was not very smooth. When the news went round there was some agitation among the natives, and a few adventurous spirits swore the cross should not remain on the spire. In the early morning they assembled at the church door with axes, and were debating the next move, when a strong, pugnacious cough from the belfry smote their astonished ears. Philip McQuade was looking down at them with a knobbed stick in his hand and a pipe between his teeth.

"Say, Paddy," said the leader, in a low tone, "we're goin' up to pull down that cross."

"The first head that shows up here," said Philip, in a comic whisper, "I'll put a cross on it that won't come off," waving the knobbed stick, "an' the first blow on that door I'll heave a ton o' rock on yez."

There was a gentle snicker among the more humorous of the band, and they quickly disappeared.

The deacon never said a word, bad or good, on the matter. He recognised at once the treachery of Winthrop and Slade, and submitted patiently when his own brethren went against him. It was useless to talk now that the evil was accomplished. The church was near enough to his own residence to make attendance at the Mass an easy task, and he attended it with that easy manner and cool courtesy which puzzled his opponents always. An invitation to the wedding was also accepted, and he could not but feel some of the human pleasure of the moment when Philip gave his daughter away, and the assembled people broke into low murmurs of delight and excitement.

But when it was all over and he stood alone on the road just above the church, with its naked cross visible in the night a sadness came over him. Never till that day had a cross been seen in Lynn. He had fought against the symbol for what it represented to his mind—idolatry; he had failed in the fight, and to crown his failure with shame a curious thought occurred to him just then: that he deserved to fail who fought the cross. But he put it from him as a temptation, and went home to struggle no more.

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IRISH MUSIC.

On Thursday evening, 2nd January, Sir Robert Stewart, at the invitation of the Literary and Scientific Society of Cork, delivered a lecture, taking for his subject "Irish Music."

Sir Robert said, at the beginning of his lecture, that among all the wonderful things connected with Ireland not the least singular was the almost total obliteration of the traces of that early refinement and civilisation that Ireland had once enjoyed. Our English neighbours, until recent times, had been under the impression that not only were we now sunk in barbarism, but that we had never been otherwise. The lecturer, however, in our defence, referred to the remains of the beauties of early Irish art, as shown in our MSS. of the sixth century, so richly illuminated, and enclosed in cases of elaborate and ornate jewelled metal work. He also instanced that from our soil had often been exhumed testimonies to the former high and refined state of Irish civilisation. Irish literary remains had been found in many of the libraries of Continental Europe, and served to bear out our deservedly high character as a nation. He also referred to the great services rendered to the Irish history of very remote times by the accuracy and loving care bestowed on E. O'Curry's lectures by their editor, the learned and amiable President, Dr. W. Sullivan, of Queen's College, Cork. Our civilisation was indeed ignored in respect of MSS. and metal work, to say nothing of our claims to having been the nursery of Christianised learning as the "In-ula Sanctorum"; but our music had certainly been a pride and an honour to us from all time—in support of which Sir Robert enumerated the high praises lavished on early Irish music by Giraldus (who disliked the country, and as an unwilling witness bore the more valuable testimony), by John of Salisbury (12th century), Fuller, Fordun (13th), Poldore Virgil and Major (15th), V. Galileo (father of the astronomer), by Bacon, by Spenser, by Stanhirst, and by Camden. Music, as the younglings of the arts, had no written language worthy of the name until the 16th century. It was, therefore, impossible to substantiate these encomiums by the testimony of notation, for perhaps the earliest written-down music of Ireland was three tunes in that MS., "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book." The virginal had been a precursor for our pianofortes. Its tones were produced not by hammer-strokes but by the twanging of quill-points. As both the daughters of Henry VIII. were well-versed on keyed instruments, captious people were found who attributed this desire to play the virginal to their wish to display their fair, white hands, covered with diamond rings. Henry and his daughters had all red hair. It was known that Elizabeth was called in Ireland "Collough Ruadh" (red flag) (much laughter), and red-haired women had, for the most part, pretty white hands. Sir R. Stewart then played the three Irish tunes preserved in the Queen's Virginal Book. 1. "Ho-hone" (this seemed an attempt at the Irish guttural sounds, round which so few foreigners could get their tongues. It was, of course, "Oon hone"). 2. "An Irish Dumpe." 3. "Callino Custure Me," a phrase which, occurring in Act 4 of Shakespeare's Henry V., where Pistol uses it while abusing a poor French soldier, had much puzzled the critics—those fanciful clever fellows! It was, however, only an attempt to spell in English the words "Collen oge as'ore" (Young girl, my treasure!) "Callinocusture"; and afforded one more example of Shakespeare's wonderful knowledge of everything and everybody. At the time when Shakespeare lived, the English soldiery were daily in grips with the fine, jolly, love-making Irish gallowglasses,

In piæho rientes,
In bello gaudentes,

and this little phrase of endearment would readily be met with among them.

Irrespective of the harp and bagpipe, Sir Robert Stewart said that there were mentioned in early Irish history several instruments of music of which no vestiges were now to be found. Such were:—1. The beun buabhaell, a horn of music, which should be distinguished from horns used for drinking or for transferring inheritances, like the famed Kavanagh horn; it was the horn used by Finn MacCumhal to summon his followers to war or to the chase. 2. The buinne (which Walker calls beun). It was a sort of trumpet, and its players (Buirne) sat next the horn (Lorair) at Tara. 3. The corn was a curved trumpet. 4. The sto: a smaller and more shrill-toned instrument. 5. The sturgan was something of the same sort. It was singular that no straight musical pipe like the flute, oboe, or clarinet of our day has been found in Ireland. They are all curved. Three of these large curved horns had been found in 1787 in county Limerick by Ralph Ouseley, uncle of the lecturer's friend, the late Sir Fred Ouseley. He placed them in the Royal Irish Academy, Dawson street, where they still remain. 6. There was a curious Irish instrument called the "musical branch," formed of bells, not at all unlike that instrument imported into the British army from the East during the Regency, called "The jingling Johnny," with its little bells, crescent, and horse-tails. The "musical branch" was used in Ireland to enforce silence during disputes, arising either out of walk-like or argumentative meetings. It is alluded to in Moore's notes in the Irish melodies. "The bard shook the chain of silence." And in Dr. Drennan's famous ballad, "When Erin First Rose," we meet the line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

7. Bells. "The crotal" is not an Irish but a Latin term, nor were there bells known as musical instruments, for the "crotals" of pseudo Irish antiquaries were only sheep-bells of the 18th century. The only word of a cognate sort was the "clothra," a bell fixed to the neck of a barking dog. How little we, with our boasted intelligence, have improved upon our ancestors. They fixed a belt to a quarrelsome dog's neck; we set him more mad with thirst and worry, by choking the creature with a wire or strap muzzle! The clothra (bell) was also by Brehn Laws fixed to the neck of a valuable cow in ancient Ireland, this saved the animal from distraint: similarly, bells were fixed to horses' necks fifty at a time, for processions. 8. The "tympans" it is now certain, from passages in O'Curry and other writers, that this was an instrument of the violin sort, played with a bow. Misled by the similar Latin and Italian word, our pseudo

antiquaries have (as in Bunting's 2nd volume) given engravings of "tympans" in the form of side drum, kettle drum, big drum, and so forth. The "tympans" noticed in Cormac's Glossary (circa 900 A.D.) seems to have lasted until the 17th century—say ten years before the battle of the Boyne—when it was merged in the violin.—It seems to have been furnished with two long strings; sympathetic, like those rigged on to Regondi's guitar, and to some specimens of the violin tribe; these were, however, twanged, *pinces*. While we are upon the subject of the Brehn Laws, I may (said the lecturer) remark that the harp, which was the instrument of the upper classes, of ladies and of the clergy, was the subject of special legislation; then the chief performer on the harp (*ollamh cruithne*) was recognised by the law as belonging to the same grade as the best of the three orders of the gentry of Ireland, his compensation for insult (his honour price, as it were) being four cows over and above the sum granted as compensation for any pecuniary loss. The cruit (harp) seems, in short, to have been estimated as worth ten tympans.—Various classes of musical performers are named in progressive order, corresponding to their eminence; the pipers, and also the players on a rude sort of whistle, were the humblest, and were classed along with mechanics. Irish MSS. also record various styles of music.—(1) Aiddsi, a sort of chorus, called in Alba (Scotland) *Keppock*; (2) Certan, some chirping sound peculiar to the females; (3) Crann-Dord, the martial clashing together of spears, as practised by Greek warriors; (4) The Dord-Fiansa, or dord of the Fenians, is alluded to by Oisín, son of Finn MacCumhal, who says:—

"We chanted with the trees of our spears a Dord-Fiansa at the gate of Green Emania for the assembly of the Red Branch.

4. There were also three "Modes" spoken of—the laughing, the crying, and the sleeping modes. We cannot ascertain what these modes consisted, but their existence proves the susceptibility of the Irish of old to musical impressions, and testifies correspondingly to the skill of the Irish performers. The fifth and last of these sorts of Irish music is the Cronawn, a kind of subdued chorus or burden, softly sung to accompany a solo voice. We all have heard it employed by an old nurse to soothe the children to sleep. We shall let you hear it thus sung accompanying "How Oft has the Banshee Cried" ("The Dear Black Maid"), a very beautiful Irish song derived from the fifth Gregorian Tone; this air, by the way, is not often sung. You will not fail to remark that I have chosen for our illustrations such Irish airs as are but little known; out of our very large collection, some two or three are hackneyed—worked to death—while hundreds of beautiful airs are never heard at all. I have, therefore, designedly excluded "The Harp That Once," "The Groves of Blarney," "Silent, O Moyle," and so forth. You shall not hear one of them. The 5th ecclesiastical tone is familiar to many of you in its adaptation to the hymn, "O Where Shall Rest be Found?" and it is sung in every cathedral to the words, "O God Make Speed to Save Us.

Sir Robert now described the three earliest published collections of Irish music—1, of Burke Thumoth, 1720; 2, Neill's, of Christ Churchyard, Dublin, 1730; 3, that of Carolan's son, patronised by Dean Delany, 1747. Being only adapted for a flute or a violin they were of little service; and, as no words were adapted to them, the lecturer had arranged the words of an Irish lament to "Drimin Dhu Dheelish," one air quoted by Dr. Croton from Burke Thumoth's collection, remarking that the price of cattle nowadays was not high enough to warrant such sweet notes being applied to the decease of a cow! The Lament, pathetically and sweetly sung by a local amateur, Mr. Wm. Harvey, ran thus:—

Ullagone! Ullagone!

Why didst thou die? Could wedded wife adore thee

With purer love than that my bosom bore thee?

Thy children's cheeks were peaches ripe and mellow,

And threads of gold their tresses long and yellow.

Ullagone! Ullagone!

from "A Munster Ken" translated by Edward Walsh, who died in Cork in 1850. The lecturer gave examples of Carolan's harp effects with deep strings, of which, he remarked, that collections only arranged for flute or violin could give no idea. Sir Robert further noted the following famous Irish harpers:—Rory Dall O'Caran (whom Sir Walter Scott makes teacher of Annot Lyle), Miles Reilly (1655), Thomas and William O'Connellan, (1640), Lyons (1702), Gerald O'Da'y (composer of "Aileen Aron"), Carolan (1670), Denis Hempson (1695), whose great skill and ancient manner of playing the harp were dwelt upon, the strings being caught between the old man's flesh and his long nails projecting from it. Hempson (who was 100 years of age at the Belfast harpers' meeting in 1792) had played before the Pretender in 1745. Charles Byrne (1712), Mangan and Black (1715), Kane (1720), who had travelled on the Continent and had been greatly caressed by the expatriated Irish gentry in France and Spain. We find next Messrs. Elliot and Keenan (1725), O'Neill (1734), and Fanning (1736), and lastly Duncan, who adopted the profession of a harper in order to raise funds for a lawsuit in defence of his patrimony, in which he was successful, and died A.D. 1800 in the possession of a handsome competence. The external appearance and circumstances of the harpers at the meeting of 1792 next were dwelt upon; also the one unchanged tuning of the harps coupled with the existence of the four differing series of notes or scales that were employed by the harpers for variety. Moore had attributed some peculiar scale effects of one of these scales to political depression, but the lecturer showed it was merely due to the scale in which the tune lay, and, moreover, that the scale in question was quite susceptible of gaiety. The singing of one melody, which went by four different names in the four provinces, was prefaced by an interesting account of the meeting between Lady Morgan and Richard Kirwan, President of the Royal Irish Academy (1812).

Kirwan, who at first had sought to deprecate all Irish airs was totally subdued by the song. Four names had been given to it. In Ulster "Green Woods of Truigha;" in Connaught, "Colonel O'Gara;" in Leinster, "Eun ac knuck;" and in Munster, "More no beg." As a specimen of the "narrative form" of Irish melody, the fine marching air, "Byrne of Ballymanus," was played by the lecturer. As an example of the second scale series, "Lady Iveagh," by Thomas

Connallon (1660), was introduced, and as a more familiar tune in the same scale, "Colleen Dhas" ("Pretty Girl Milking her Cow"), of which a ludicrously garbled version had been supplied to Beethoven by a Dr. Latham, of Cork, and some others, and was perpetuated in Beethoven's works. The playing of this by Sir Robert, with its silly cadenzas, excited much laughter. After quoting Bunting's opinion that Irish music was not one perpetual wail, and proving this by examples, the lecturer called attention to the 3rd scale, in which "Weep On!" a sad air, and John O'Reilly the Active," a lively tune was played. In the 4th scale was the tune "Molly Macalpine," of which the lecturer severely condemned the mutilation by Balfe, who had been so severe upon Stevenson and others for similar maltreatment of the airs. Moore's lines (A.D. 1808) had floated the melodies into the English drawingrooms, and in order to rival the work of Moore, Bunting, enraged to find the tunes gathered by him during a lifetime rifled and used without acknowledgment, published his second volume (A.D. 1809), with words written by Tom Campbell and others, Dr. Drennan amongst them. Sir Robert dwelt upon the mutilations of the airs sanctioned by Moore and Stevenson, proving (by examples upon the pianoforte) that a great many airs had suffered seriously, amongst which he particularised "Rich and Bare," "Fly Not Yet," "St. Senanus and the Lady," "O Breathe Not His Name," "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," and others. He ridiculed Moore's comparison of Stevenson's preludes to the ornate initials of the rare Irish MSS., and showed by the logic of fact that the prelude to "O Breathe Not His Name" was vulgar, rambling, and totally foreign in style from the beautiful tone it precedes. If, indeed, it recalled anything to him (the lecturer) it was "Highiddleiddle, the cat and the fiddle" (much laughter). The lecture was concluded by reading a short biography of Carolan (1670-1738) and playing three of his famed airs—"The Receipt," "Bumper Squire Jones," and Carolan's so-called "Concerto," the latter written in imitation of Geminiani, a pupil of Carulli, who resided in Dublin, and died there in College-green, 1782. The lecture, which occupied one hour and fifty minutes, was heard with breathless attention, and vociferously applauded.

THE LATE ARTHUR M'MORROUGH KAVANAGH.

(Dublin Freeman's Journal, January 4.)

TOM KAVANAGH, father of the deceased, was a renegade from the Catholic faith. After some years of a dissolute life he married a lady of the House of Ormonde, by whom he had a numerous family, who, with their mother, died, with one or two exceptions, at an early age. After some time he again married Lady Harriet Le Poer Trench, of the Clancarty family. This woman will be long remembered in Borris on account of her proselytising efforts and her rabid hatred of the Catholic religion. Lady Harriet was endowed with a high order of intelligence, and which was still further developed by a superior education. She devoted all her energies to the seduction of the poor of the surrounding district from the faith for which their fathers had sacrificed all the world holds dear. She got the souping system into full swing. The hungry were bribed with beef, bread, and broth. The naked were bought with blankets, broathen, and brogues. Some miserable creatures, impelled by hunger and the promptings of deep distress, went over for a while, but they shortly returned. The illustrious "J. K. L." was then Bishop of Kildare and Le gulin. He was resolved to pay a visit to Borris and caution the poor people against the seductions of the Big House and to denounce the doings of the Kavanaghs. All the surrounding parishes got notice of the day of his visitation, and tens of thousands assembled to hear the voice of the great bishop. The church of Borris, though capacious, could contain but a fraction of the immense congregation. So his lordship was forced to address the assembled people in the open air. Our readers may easily imagine the powerful and scathing eloquence with which "J. K. L." annihilated the vile apostate and his souping consort. There are some still alive who were present on that memorable day. He uttered a prophecy which was verified so soon by the startling event that all who heard it were amazed and many terrified. "My good people," said the bishop, "something will happen at Borris House at no distant day that will make the ears of all who hear it tingle." In some months afterwards the lately deceased head of Borris House was born. He came into the world a strong, vigorous infant, but a mere trunk without legs or arms. The news spread like wildfire. Everyone asked everyone else, "Did you hear about Kavanagh's child?" "Don't you remember what the bishop said?" They all did remember it. They raised their hands and eyes towards heaven and said, "Glory be to God," and the truncated body was for years known as "Dr. Doyle's Child." There used to be various stories current about other progeny of Tom Kavanagh's marriage with Lady Harriet, which received little credit outside the nursery circle. However, Tom Kavanagh for years before his death was an object of commiseration to all who saw him. He had, strange to say, lost the use of his legs and arms, and eventually was reduced to a state of complete imbecility. "Dr. Doyle's Child" had two brothers and a sister older than himself. One of the brothers died suddenly in France. The eldest son, the morning of his intended wedding-day, was found burnt almost to a cinder in his own bedroom.

There are explanations of this phenomenon of the late Mr. Kavanagh's birth. In Borris House, before the apostacy of the brothers, there was a beautiful little chapel fitted up in the richest style. It was simply locked up and left untouched during Tom's first marriage. Lady Harriet, however, could not tolerate the "abomination of Popery" under her roof, and she resolved to have it dismantled. Amongst other ornaments in the *capella* was a fine crucifix in ivory—a *chef d'œuvre* of Roman sculpture. In making such crucifixes the arms and legs are carved separately and then attached to the body. Lady Harriet, in her burning hatred for everything Catholic, would superintend the desecration of the sanctuary. The workmen, likely not adverting to the great weight of

the ivory, let the crucifix slip from their hands. It fell with such force on the floor, at Lady Harriet's feet, that the legs and arms fell off. She was greatly startled at seeing the truncated figure. Some months after "Dr. Doyle's Child" was born.

CANTERBURY CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

ON the 26th February, the usual weekly meeting comprised a double programme, a draught tournament and, for the second part, impromptu speeches.

After several very friendly games were well-played, the president stated that the council had visited Dr. Grimes, previous to his departure for Europe. He said they had to be prompt, else they would not have had the happiness to see his Lordship. Hence, then, they could not present an address or do anything that needed preparation. So, the chaplain the council and he (the speaker) waited on the Bishop informally. In the name of the Society he thanked his Lordship for the benefits derived by the Society through his instrumentality.

His Lordship was pleased to make a most gracious reply. He had first to thank them for the very kind words spoken on behalf of the Literary Society by their president. Certainly they must not fancy that all the good things said by Mr. Perceval, were strictly correct. When he was at Home, it was said—"Where there's a will there's a way."—Well he found that he willed many things but there did not seem a "way." Perhaps the best thing he had done was to instal Mr. Perceval. However, he wished to visit the Society frequently and unofficially, but more pressing duties had prevented it. He would certainly have much pleasure in remembering in his prayers, a Society in which he always took a deep interest. Besides imparting a blessing individually, he again blessed all collectively.

Mr. Perceval said that he had to announce that Mr. Joyce had tendered his resignation owing to his departure for Sydney. It was a great pity that our young men had to leave here to seek employment elsewhere; there was "a screw loose somewhere." However, Mr. Joyce had gone, but he did not forget to acknowledge the benefits he had derived from the Society. It was decided as a token of esteem for past services to ask him to remain a member. Impromptu speeches came next, and it was late before prayers were said.

On the 10th March, a mock election takes place; on the vigil of St. Patrick's Day, the quarterly communion will be held.

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