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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ABSURDLY
REPORTED.

HERE is another very remarkable cablegram, published by our daily contemporaries on Saturday:—"The Pope is desirous of being restored to temporal power. The Jesuits and bishops, with the exception of the Italian, are favourable to his aspirations."—The Pope is desirous of being restored to the Temporal Power! This is news, indeed—almost as well worth cabling to the colonies as the fact that there is a Pope in existence. But, doubtless, even Mr. F.'s aunt had some meaning, deep and hidden though it might be, in her remarkable declarations.—"There's milestones on the Dover road," for instance.—In the profound mind of some telegraph agent or newspaper correspondent some meaning is also in all probability attached to the information alluded to. But inscrutable, we know, are the minds of telegraph agents and newspaper correspondents. Who, therefore, shall interpret to us their meaning? Is it, perchance, to be found in the second part of the message? The Jesuits and bishops, with the exception of the Italian, we are told, are favourable to the Pope's aspirations. But, verily, this is a piece of news almost as good and useful as the foregoing. In the exception, however, we seem to find the essence of the whole affair. The Italian Jesuits and bishops, we are told, are the exception. They, it appears, are opposed to the aspirations of the Pope for the restoration of the Temporal Power. The Jesuits we may probably leave out of the question. The average bigot, whatever may be his particular way of thinking otherwise, invariably includes the Jesuits in whatever, as a bigot, he has got to say. Therefore, we may take for what it is worth the implied absurdity that the Italian Jesuits are at variance on this matter of the Temporal Power with the members of their Order who belong to other countries. The Jesuits, in short, have got into the cablegram in something of the same way as the head of King Charles I. used to get into the manuscript of Mr. Dick. What this cablegram, then, is probably meant to suggest to the colonies is that the Italian bishops are opposed to the Pope's demand for the restoration of the Temporal Power. In other words, the bishops most affected by the existing state of things—who at every moment of their lives feel the inconvenience and hardships attending on the usurpation, who are hampered in all their actions, whose charitable resources have been plundered, the revenues of whose sees are in some instances withheld, and whose personal liberty has been curtailed and placed in danger by recent penal enactments, these bishops are opposed to a demand whose fulfilment would remove from them all these disabilities and restore them to the position rightly belonging to their high office. The credibility of this piece of news is, therefore, apparent. No sensible man knowing anything at all of the matter could for a moment receive such news as true, or even probable. What the particular effect of spreading it abroad may be we cannot tell. As the Roman situation is at present, however, even the most foolish and contradictory report may not be without some importance. Something has possibly occurred to call out another remonstrance, or a repeated condemnation of the usurpation, from the Holy Father, and an intelligent agency has cabled information respecting it in the manner we see.

"BULLETS and Bibles," such is Count Caprivi's NOTHING NEW. hope for the civilisation of Africa. The new German Chancellor, if reported aright, says that he views the colonial policy of the empire with misgivings, but that retreat is now impossible. His reliance, therefore, he says, is placed upon bullets and Bibles. The association, perhaps, may seem a little startling at first sight, but on reflection it will hardly be found so.—At least the composure arising from familiarity may be felt respecting it. Have we not, in fact, been familiar with such an association form of old? It has about it the genuine Puritan ring with which history has acquainted us. Such worthies, for example, as William the Silent abroad, and Cromwell at home, men of piety and valour all of them, have given by-gone ages practical examples of it. But,

in our own day, Africa itself has had practical experience of it.—What people have ever been reputed of more devotion to their Bibles than those sturdy Africans, the Boers, who, nevertheless, where the civilisation of the native races was concerned, have had a firm reliance on the efficiency of the bullet. In this regard the Germans can introduce into the country little which the Dutch had not previously introduced, though their greater strength and much vaster resources will doubtless enable them to work on a larger scale and with more striking results than the Boers have been able to attain to. The Bible and bullets and the Koran and bullets—the African tribes have had abundant experience of both associations, and it would not be surprising to find that they had come to look upon both as pretty much the same. The fear is, meantime, lest the Bibles having failed in the task allotted to them, and, indeed, if in this case also we may reason from analogy, the probabilities are in favour of their failure, the bullets may be called upon to make up for what is wanting, and the beginning of more evil days has dawned upon the people of Africa. There is, besides, some slight cause for alarm in the boldness of the manner in which Count Caprivi has spoken out and the complete absence of concealment with which he has expressed his confidence in a union of religion and blood-shed. The matter smacks over much of the olden times, and seems to indicate that the ideas of the day are not quite so firmly settled in new channels as we had been led to suppose. Circumstances, perhaps, might arise in which bullets and Bibles would have a wider application than to Africa alone. The expression is certainly one very capable of sinister interpretation.

As the question of Free-trade or Protection is one that seems always current, and which, therefore, possesses a continual interest, the following remarks which we take in substance from our contemporary, *La France Australe*, of Noumea, will be appreciated by our readers—differently, however, as they happen to be respectively Free-traders or Protectionists. Our contemporary, we may add, takes the article from the *Petit Journal*, a Parisian newspaper, by which it was published *à propos* of the appointment by the Chamber of Deputies of a committee to investigate the all-important question. The *Petit Journal*, then, begins by stating the argument of the free-trader that the consumer should be permitted to buy in the cheapest market. But, he replies, the consumers who are not also producers form a minority in the country. The power of the consumer as such, moreover, depends on his selling his own produce at remunerative prices. If, then, says our contemporary, by a too widely opened competition, you injure production as a whole, the consumers as a whole also will be obliged to restrict themselves, and consumption will suffer by it. Our contemporary takes as an illustration the case of a workman whose produce yields him a wage of six francs a day. He will spend five francs and save one. But unloose foreign competition, so that his produce can only be made to yield a wage of four francs and a half. The workman's means as a consumer will be reduced, and he will be unable to save anything. It is, therefore, the producer, says our contemporary, that we must consider. It is to him that we must ensure the just remuneration for his labour, and he in time will become a valuable consumer, furnishing to the other producers of the country an advantageous market. In answer to the argument that each country should import from another what it can produce more cheaply, our contemporary quotes the case of France as a wheat-growing country compared with the United States. The Free-trade doctrine, he says, will have this wheat admitted to benefit the French consumer. Those, however, who have raised wheat in France would be ruined or very nearly so. The operation being repeated yearly, they would have to suffer losses which would discourage them. Land would fall in value and the public wealth would be injured. Several other examples of a similar kind, says our contemporary, could be cited. But as to treaties of commerce, our contemporary treats them with the utmost contempt. They were invented, he says, by England and almost for her own sole profit. The *Petit Journal*, in fact makes short work of the arguments in favour of Free-trade—although we fancy he has by no means said the last word on the subject.

THE Emperor of Germany will have the peace preserved at any cost. From the tenour of his Majesty's declarations, we may gather that he is even prepared to go to war for its preservation.—

His Majesty continues to travel around in the character of chief-constable of Europe, calling on all the nations to behave themselves properly, or it will be worse for them. Such a lesson, he says, will the transgressor receive, he shall not be the better of it for a century. It is, nevertheless, to be feared lest his Majesty's undertaking may result differently from his seeming intention. He would preserve the peace at any cost, it appears, and yet he turns the thoughts of the world towards imminent war. In fact, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that either the German Emperor is aware of a design on the part of some other potentate to begin hostilities forthwith or that he himself is seeking an excuse to do so. His movement, under such circumstances, would be made in the interests of peace and all to keep a troublesome neighbour quiet. But, supposing that his Majesty knows of a sinister design on the part of another potentate, is the action taken by him likely to curb it? If the potentate, in question, is a poltroon, it may be so; but if he has the spirit of an ordinary man in him, the contrary is most likely to be the case. So far as we can judge from his present conduct, the Emperor is a mere braggart and bully, whose bounce the nations of Europe cannot much longer stand. And it cannot be denied that there are appearances out of which a very pretty little war scare might arise. The Portuguese, for example, continue exasperated against England touching their claims on Africa; and possibly their anger may not be made calmer by the different line of conduct adopted towards them by Lord Salisbury, from that he has assumed towards the Germans.—Towards the Portuguese his Lordship is all sternness and resolution; towards the Germans he is all civility and accommodation. Country which the Portuguese claim is declared English; territory hitherto claimed as English is admitted to be German. Little as a people may be, they do not like to be so distinctively snubbed, and the consequence is likely to be a vast increase in Portuguese bitterness. The Portuguese, moreover, appear to have the sympathy in the matter of their neighbours, as we may, for instance, perceive by an enthusiastic reception given to Major Pinto, the hero of the African imbrogho, the other day in Madrid. Should Lord Salisbury's complacency be pushed beyond its rather elastic bounds, and should any dispute arise between him and the German Government, we may, therefore, conclude that the Germans would have the hearty support of Portugal and Spain. Of course the matter could go no further than a diplomatic contest. England, under no circumstances, could defend with arms the territory claimed by her, for she has been warned by the Emperor William that her doing so would incur for her a chastisement to be remembered by her for a century. There are other countries, moreover, to be considered besides England. There is, for example, Russia, who seems to take as especially addressed to her the menaces in favour of peace uttered by the German Emperor. She does not however, seem inclined to give much heed to the threats, for she is evidently attempting to pick a quarrel with the Turks, by which the Eastern question would be very practically re-opened, and all Europe, with perhaps a considerable part of Asia, set ablaze. There is no difficulty, then, in speculating as to what the Emperor William may have in his mind respecting the dangers that threaten the peace of the world. We have, in fact, *l'embarras des richesses*, from which we may choose in the matter. The doubt is, as we have said, as to whether the way taken by the blustering Emperor to preserve the peace is the right one for the purpose, or whether, indeed, he is sincere in his professions of a desire for peace.

THE Right Rev. Dr. Nevill is a man of peace, and a most accommodating prelate—that, at least, is the conclusion to be drawn from the letter read from his Lordship at St. John's Church, Roslyn, on Sunday, and which may, perhaps, be recorded in the ecclesiastical annals of the district as the candlesticks letter. As we gather from the Bishop's letter, there are two parties in the parish divided in opinion as to the use in the Church of certain ornaments, definitely described by the Bishop as the choral screen, the brass candlesticks and the smaller branched ones, together with the processional cross. One party clung with all their souls to the retention of these articles. The other, though not with equal vehemence among themselves, some being able to put up with the articles in question, but others finding them a serious stumbling-block—and a weak creature he must certainly be who would stumble at a candlestick, even although it had branches attached to it, are bent on their removal. We gather further from the Bishop's letter that his Lordship himself shares the devotion of the first named party, also clinging to the candlesticks, the screen and the processional cross, and it would be his heartfelt desire to see them preserved in their places. They were not so preserved, however. The party of opposition, it appears, taking advantage of an opportunity, and daring the grave breach of ecclesiastical discipline incurred with all

its penalties, boldly and bodily carried off the articles from the church. Dr. Nevill, nevertheless, is a man of peace. Even the daring removal of candlesticks cannot separate erring sheep of his flock from his bowels of compassion. He compromises the matter and makes allowance for the unregenerate heart. His decision is that the disputed articles remain excluded from the church, and in the safe keeping of a fit and proper person, except on certain festivals and the Sunday following each of them. There it is then. The church will be strictly Protestant in appearance all the year round, but shall assume the garb of rank "Popery" at stated intervals. For one portion of the congregation the feast is to be sanctified, for the other portion it is to be desecrated, by the re-introduction of the church furniture so differently regarded, "The better day the better deed," pleads the Sabbath-breaker with doubtful coherency. The festival, implies Dr. Nevill, shall sanctify to some the ecclesiastical furniture that at other times must be to them the abomination of desolation. It remains to be seen how the compromise will work. Will the party of opposition continue faithful attendants all the year round, but seek the ministrations of other and more congenial pastors on the days appointed for desecration. The other party may, perhaps, content themselves by looking forward in less hallowed hours to good things to come. To those, meantime who look on from the outside, if the matter be trivial, a great fuss about nothing seems to have been made; but if conscience enter into the matter, as it is difficult to see how, in anything connected with religion, it can avoid doing, it must appear that no compromise can be honestly observed.

Colonial Notes.

OUR contemporary the *Wanganui Chronicle* is to be congratulated on the excellent opinion he entertains of his fellow-colonists. Our contemporary is evidently in the same frame of mind as the late Mr. Carlyle was of when he described the population of his country as "mostly fools." Speaking of the Hon. Mr. Hislop our contemporary says: "His greatest fault is that he is somewhat supercilious in manner and sarcastic in expression, and that he never attempts to disguise his contempt for those who are lacking either in reputation or brains. The result is that he is liked by the few but hated by the many." The conclusion is, therefore, that the majority of our colonists are lacking either in reputation or brains. But if this be also Mr. Hislop's opinion he is very consistently a member of a Government whose devotion is to the interests of the minority.

The Hokitika correspondent of the *Lyttelton Times* gives a glowing description of South Westland. According to this correspondent it only needs population to be a land flowing with milk and honey. The flowers and grass are there, and all that is wanted is the bees and cows. As things are the population may be calculated at something between a thousand and fifteen hundred. The country, nevertheless, is rich in gold and other minerals, and as illustrated by a farm owned by a Mr. Nolan, at the Okura river, the agricultural capabilities of the district are boundless. There are, for example, potatoes weighing each one or two pounds, and throughout, and thick in the soil; grass fit to be cut in two months from sowing; and other things in like proportions. The difficulty is that of bringing the produce to market, but a proposal is made to concentrate efforts on hams and bacon, which are easy of carriage. Until communication is established, in fact, this is the shape which the milk and honey of the place may profitably take. The correspondent further points out that land is to be had on perpetual lease—six hundred and forty acres at one shilling an acre—which should pave the way for settlement. Other recommendations he also mentions. We have, however, quoted sufficient to draw the attention of our readers to what certainly appears to be a very desirable country.

The Napier *Daily Telegraph* is much exercised over the fate of the town of Tipperary, which he describes as ruined by Mr. O'Brien and the National League, with anarchy and socialism stuck to the tails of their coats. He says the whole prosperous community has been driven out of their comfortable dwellings into a few miserable wooden huts. Our contemporary has evidently found it convenient to read with one eye only, keeping the other shut as to the new town built to replace the old one. Our contemporary, however, makes rather an unhappy slip in the case cited by him as a particular example of the mischief that has been done. He tells us of an unfortunate man who had become possessed of one of the best shops in the town, and who had besides purchased a tenant's interest in a farm of Smith Barry's for two thousand pounds. Now, he says, he has lost both shop and farm. But is there not balm in Gilead? Cannot our contemporary and the sand sharks in whose interests he writes console themselves with the comforting assurance that the two thousand pounds in question go into the pocket of the landlord, as many thousands and tens of thousands have done before them? It is to put an end to such a state of things the man alluded to has suffered, if the case has been truly stated, which we admit seems open to doubt. As to our contemporary's description of Mr. O'Brien and the National League walking about with Socialism and Anarchy stalking behind them, "ready to enforce their principles by any deed of violence," it is very fine and dramatic and all that kind of thing. But while the results of the Parnell Commission are still before the public to speak in such a way is simply the daring of imbecility.

The records of larrinkinism are particularly lively just now whether we turn to the North, or whether we turn to the South the phenomena are striking. The Hastings correspondent of the *Napier Evening News*, for example, mentions incidentally the general habits of the lesser fry as they come under his observation, and they are not such as any respectable head of a family would care to encourage. He goes on to describe the doings of an elder trio, who lately made a tour of his district, and into whose amusements there entered the destruction of £34 worth of insulators, the piling up of clay on the railway line, the killing of four sheep, and the firing of two haystacks, besides other minor transactions, the whole forming a rather formidable list. Our contemporary the *Tvapeka Times*, in awhile, mentions with some rational indignation an attempt made to upset a vehicle in which a party of footballers were returning from Milton to Lawrence, by tying a flax rope across the road. "If this is the outcome of footballing," says our contemporary, "it is about time a new departure was made in the physical education of the colonial youth." But perhaps, it would be better to fall back upon an old departure. The good old days of the birch were free from such demonstrations as those alluded to. Both North and South, however, some improved discipline, new or old, is evidently an imperative requirement.

Our festive friend "Civis" of the *Otago Witness*, wishes to know how George of Cappadocia, a fraudulent purveyor of damaged pork, came to be the patron saint of England. For our own part we admit, this is a secret which ecclesiastical history has not revealed to us. But perhaps our deficiency lies in an insufficient acquaintance with the intricacies of the Reformation. The substitution of the George in question, for St. George the true patron saint of the country, for example, would not have been out of character with other changes in the religion of the realm, made by bluff King Hal and his virtuous daughter. From false priests and false bishops to false saints ought not to be a difficult transition. The matter certainly appertains to the Reformation, and it is the modesty of "Civis" alone that accredits him with ignorance of it.

The *Napier Daily Telegraph* says that Mr. John Dillon is sometimes called "Honest John Dillon," to distinguish him from his colleagues. But even that is something, is it not? Who, for example, would call our contemporary, or any of the land sharks whose organ he is, honest by way of a distinction or in any other way? It is to be hoped, moreover, now that the general elections are approaching that the electors generally will recognise that no such distinction exists among them or their party. If they want an honest man to represent them they must look elsewhere. This fact has been recalled to us by the *Telegraph's* remark—whose extreme silliness seems thus in some measure relieved.

We are glad to see the Anglican clergy so ready to recognise the efforts made by Catholics in the cause of religious education. In addressing a meeting at Wellington, the other evening, for example, Canon Howell, who had arrived there to take the place, for a time, of another clergyman, is thus reported:—"Speaking of religious differences, he pointed out that while respecting convictions, all might co-operate in civil and social matters, and they might well imitate the zeal and liberality of their Roman Catholic neighbours in the cause of their Church in education and in works of charity." It is necessarily gratifying to Catholics to find that the good they do exercises an influence even beyond the limits of their own community.

A deputation of representatives of the working-men to the Premier the other day at Wellington brought out some important points affecting the interests of the classes concerned. It seems, for example, that the time allotted to an injured workman to give notice to his employer of his claim upon him is too short for the purpose required. The time appointed by the Act is six weeks, but, as a member of the deputation pointed out, cases had occurred on the West Coast in which men were physically unable to take action for 12 months, and consequently received no recompense. Exception was also taken to the amount, equivalent to three years wages, to be recovered in the case of a man killed or seriously injured. The seamen are affected by particular disabilities. The law, for instance, leaves it open to doubt whether they are to be looked upon as workmen or domestic servants. In case of illness, too, where the coastal trade is concerned, they are liable to be sent ashore and finally left at a port where they are strangers, and to have their wages stopped from date, and before the expiration of their articles. It is complained again that they are practically disfranchised, and a proposal is made that they should elect a representative of their own, the master of a vessel acting as returning officer, and handing in the ballot boxes on getting into port. The Premier, in referring to this demand, made rather a startling declaration:—"I should," he said, "go the extreme length of striking a man off the roll if he did not vote. We will have to come to that some day. If a man will not exercise his rights he should not be on the roll."—But what we are not to come to some day is hard to say. In all possibility it may be something very different from an extension of freedom—and such legislation would not appear altogether out of character with the disposition of Sir Harry Atkinson. Another important matter brought to light with regard to the seafaring life is a practice which prevails of employing men chosen at random to act as firemen—a matter that is not only opposed to the interests of skilled labour, but also endangers the safety of steam vessels, and, therefore, is of public importance. A statement that is hardly creditable to the farmers of the South was made by a member of the deputation in advocating the introduction of an eight hours Bill. The gentleman alluded to said he had often seen men working in the moonlight down South during the grain season, and that they were not paid for such overtime. But possibly the most serious charge of all was that brought against the contract system of the Midland railway. "There were," said one of the deputation, "now on the Midland railway what were known as 'whisky contracts,' where

sub-contractors boarded and lodged their men and supplied them with a liberal amount of 'chain lightning,' so that at the end of each week or fortnight the men had very little money to draw."—A good deal of discussion took place as to the various points mentioned, and the Premier gave a general expression of compliance with the desire for amendment. On some of the points at least amendment seems very necessary.

Mr. Justice Denniston has thrown out what he calls a useful wrinkle for the benefit of the Irish party. In commenting the other day on an argument advanced by counsel in a certain case in the Court of Appeal at Wellington, His honour said "if they (the Irish party) only kept their people moving round the platforms to the music of brass bands there would be no meeting." The case was that of an appeal made in the name of Inspector Goodall from Mr. Justice Connolly's judgment setting aside the order that Te Kooti should find sureties for the peace or go to gaol for six months. The occasion, it will be remembered, occurred last year when all the fuss arose about Te Kooti's journey to Gisborne. The argument of Mr. Napier, the counsel for the respondent, was that there had been no proof of an unlawful assembly or of anything more than a procession through the country of a native chief and his followers. The Judge's comment was not very pertinent, or of any remarkable brilliancy in any way. It however, shows us the all pervading nature of the Irish question and how it haunts the minds of all conditions of men. From Judge Denniston on the Bench, to whomsoever it is that may be his Honour's antithesis up or down, and that is an inquiry upon which we lack the hardihood to enter, there is no one for whom Irish affairs have not an absorbing interest. A reference made in this case also, and which seemed particularly familiar to us was that of Mr. Bell, the counsel for the appellant, to an Act of King Edward III., authorising magistrates to order the finding of sureties for the peace under penalty of imprisonment. Had the learned counsel also been varying his legal studies by an attention to affairs in Ireland. Edward III., as we know, is very much called on there. This case then, has incidentally interested us a good deal. And, though last not least, it has also interested us, because it has made plain to us that our old acquaintance Mr. Justice Denniston, has not allowed the judicial bench to dignify or stiffen him over much, but remains as pert and lively as ever.

A great fight is being waged in Queensland between the squatters and the shearers. The matter is of particular interest as it involves the question of whether or not working men's unions shall influence the labour market, and the general condition of the labourer. The squatters are confident in their wealth, and if English shipping fails them, as there is some suspicion that it may, believe they can easily supply its place by German vessels. But what of the labour unions in London, who give sympathy and promise aid to their brother workmen in Australia? German vessels lying unloaded at London wharfs, for instance, would be a striking and suggestive spectacle. Even the wealth of the squatters may prove ineffectual in opposition to the extended union not only possible, but probable. The defeat of capital brought about in this way may be a marked event in the history of the universal contest.

A tridnum in honour of the Blessed Peter Chanel was celebrated in St. Patrick's church, Sydney, beginning on Sunday, April 27, The celebrant of the opening Mass was the Bishop of Bathurst and the Cardinal Archbishop, who presided, pronounced the panegyric of the Blessed. The preacher on the morning of the third day was the Bishop of Maitland, who, in the course of an eloquent sermon, spoke very highly of the services rendered to religion in Australasia by the Marist Fathers. His Lordship also announced that a festival in honour of the martyr would be held at Futuna, the scene of his martyrdom, in September, and in which the Cardinal Archbishop and a number of prelates and priests would take part. The ceremonies were carried out with great splendour, a large body of the clergy being present, and were attended by overflowing congregations.

An amiable sheet named the *Presbyterian* has a characteristic word or two to say about the martyrdom of the Blessed Chanel. It says that long before his time men were martyred in the South Sea Islands, naming some missionaries of the secta. But every man who has been put to death by savages was not a martyr, and every roving preacher was not a missionary. The seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, for example, also received a practical lesson from a very ugly quarter as to the fertility and risk of entering on a self-appointed mission. The *Presbyterian* kindly adds that the Marist Fathers have themselves caused the deaths of many Christians in the Loyalty Islands. But were not those islands the scene of the zealous labours of the Rev. Jones? It is to be feared this gentle editor has got the wrong sow by the ear. It was the Rev. Jones who was there the encourager of bloodshed, and the very good friend and brother Christian of the assassin. Editors who have in their connection such missionaries as the Rev. Jones, and others who could easily be named, should be careful not to throw stones—otherwise they may seriously damage their own dwellings.

Our Noumean contemporary, *La France Australe*, contradicts the report sent abroad to the effect that there were 5000 lepers in the island. Our contemporary attributes the report to the malice felt by certain people towards the administration, and especially the Governor. He explains that there is a skin disease prevalent among the natives, measures for whose isolation have been duly taken.

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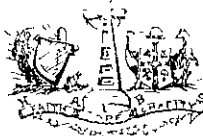
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P. KEARNEY,

District Secretary Auckland

THE BLESSED CHANEL.

A TRIDUUM in honour of the martyr of Futuna was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, beginning on Sunday, April 27. The following is the report given by the Sydney *Freeman's Journal* of the discourses delivered by Cardinal Moran and the Bishop of Matland:—

The discourse of the Cardinal was, in a manner of speaking, the key-note of the most interesting and impressive series of sermons. His Eminence briefly sketched the life, and labours, and characteristics of the meek-mann-red, courageous and devoted priest who, after labouring heroically amidst privations and perils innumerable at Futuna, finally met his death in the most tragic manner at the hands of the natives to whom in the fulfilment of his self-sacrificing mission of peace and charity he had been preaching the gospel of Christ. The Cardinal explained that Father Chanel was one of the little band of Marist missionaries who in 1836 enrolled themselves under the banner of Immaculate Mary before the altar at Fourvieses, in Lyons, and registered a vow to consecrate their lives to God's service in far-distant fields of labour and sacrifice. Father Chanel and his comrades, who elected to go to the South Sea Islands, took with them little save their little crucifixes, a banner of Our Lady, and their rosaries, and in these emblems of their faith they placed their hope of subduing the pagan natives, cursed with all the worst vices of a savage race, and of winning them over to the fold of Christ. Upon the arrival of the little band of missionaries at their appointed field of labour in "the lovely islands set in the soft and sunny waters of the Pacific," they were met with rebuffs by those in authority, and after being at first refused permission to carry on their mission, were eventually allowed to proceed to Wallis, which at that time was known only for the savage hostility of the natives towards strangers. Some time before the arrival of Father Chanel an armed expedition of Protestant missionaries had been massacred by the natives at Wallis. Without the aid of arms or force of any kind Father Chanel won the friendship of the chieftan and the natives of Wallis and Futuna, and though suffering many hardships, enjoyed an immunity from personal violence. Father Chanel elected to labour at Futuna—a lonely man amidst a race of savages—leaving his brother missionary at Wallis, and at Futuna he lived for three years, making very few converts to Christianity, but at the same time winning the friendly sympathies of the natives. Though the poor missionary was unable to make anything like progress in his work of evangelising the natives—his converts in three years numbering only four or five—the king professed to entertain a fear that the missionary would succeed in overthrowing their own pagan religion, and orders were given for the poor priest's death. How the pious missionary was attacked in his rude hut, and the sentence of the king carried out with savage ferocity, was in a few pathetic words told by the preacher. The death of the pioneer missionary of the islands singularly enough was followed by results which afforded striking proof that in modern as in ancient times "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." Father Chanel's heroic labours were rewarded by a golden harvest, for the whole of the native inhabitants of Futuna and the neighbouring islands, some 4000 in number, embraced the faith for which Father Chanel had given his blood. The Cardinal went on to show how a church had been erected on the spot consecrated by the martyrdom of Father Chanel, and mention was made of the circumstance that the four natives who, in the blind fury of their Paganism, were the instruments of the martyr's death, being converted to the faith, were among the most devoted workers in the building of the chapel. In conclusion, the Cardinal said that all the Catholics throughout Australasia would rejoice with the Marist Fathers in celebrating the festival of one who had nobly won the martyr's palm and crown, and who had special titles to the veneration and affection of the members of the Australian Church. Assembled around the altar that day to pay homage for the first time to the saintly missionary who had now been enrolled among the glorious heavenly white-robed army, it was fitting in lifting up their hearts to God and seeking the intercession of Immaculate Mary that they should seek also the intercession and the blessing of the first holy martyr of the Southern Seas.

Bishop Murray, in the course of his discourse on Tuesday morning, said that in coming from his diocese to participate in the festival he experienced a twofold pleasure, for he had come there not only to pay homage to the Blessed Chanel but also to show his regard for the devoted Marist Fathers, and to testify, as he could from some 24 years' experience, to the great and far-reaching good that had resulted from their unsurpassably zealous and self-sacrificing labours in the cause of religion and Catholic education. He had been privileged with a brother Australian Bishop, Dr. Corbett, to be present in Rome at the beautiful and imposing ceremonies in connection with the Beatification of the saint and hero whom the Marist Fathers by the best and dearest of titles could probably claim as their own; and this fact intensified his sense of consolation and gratification in being permitted to take an humble part here in Australia in the celebration of that holy and memorable event. He rejoiced that one of the saintly Marist Missionaries had been raised to the honours of the altar, and he was sure that in expressing this feeling of gratification he could speak not only in his own name, but on behalf of the Cardinal-Archbishop, and the whole hierarchy and priesthood of Australasia, and, indeed, on behalf of all the members of the Church in this part of the world. The Marist Fathers had won the affection and gratitude of the bishops, priests, and people, and he was glad that an appropriate opportunity had been afforded him to bear testimony to the value and fruitfulness of their labours, and to give expression to the admiration he had so long entertained towards this devoted body of missionaries. He well remembered the introduction of the Marist Fathers to that important district, and he had been a witness to the perfect fulfilment of the pious hopes of the Venerable Archdeacon M'Encroe, to whom the people of Sydney owed the blessing of the presence of the Fathers in their midst. He was himself under heavy obligations of gratitude to the Marist Fathers. He could never forget the mission conducted in

his diocese for three months in 1868 by the saintly Father Mounier, the blessed fruits of which remained to the present day. As all present well knew, the Marists had laboured with great heroism in the southern islands, in which so many of their names were held in benediction. He had never had an opportunity of witnessing the wonderful results of the labours of the Fathers in those island missions, but he hoped in a few months to visit one of the special fields of their holy and successful labour. It would doubtless interest all who had taken part in that glorious festival to know that preparations were being made for a festival of a somewhat similar character in the island with which the Blessed Chanel was in an especial manner identified. A number of prelates and priests, with the Cardinal Archbishop at their head, intended in September next visiting the island of Futuna with the object of honouring the martyr's memory on the very spot consecrated by his holy death. He hoped to be privileged to join in that demonstration of veneration, and in paying homage to the Blessed Chanel at the scene of his martyrdom, he (the bishop) need hardly say, they would invoke his blessing on the whole Australian Church and on the labours both of priests and people throughout the colonies. In conclusion, the preacher said that he knew no more effectual way of showing their veneration for the Blessed Chanel and of procuring the blessing of his intercession in Heaven than by imitating the saintly man now elevated to the glorious army of martyrs in his devotion to the Blessed Virgin and in his daily practice of the recital of the Holy Rosary.

THE ORATOR.

TURNING from the Press to the orator, the other great instrument in the overflow of words, it is to be observed that the amount of speech-making on all sorts of occasions and all kinds of subjects has increased beyond the fashion of former times in nearly the same ratio as the outpouring of the Press. For this, indeed, the Press is largely responsible. The custom of reporting, after some fashion, speeches the most ordinary and commonplace, a weariness often to the hearers and of no interest to anybody else, has set thousands of tongues a-wagging for the glory of getting into print. They are reported, not because they are of any importance, but because the daily necessity for material to fill up the newspapers is often urgent, and must be supplied from all available quarters, at whatever expense of dullness or inaccuracy, when more interesting news does not transpire.

But the same influence that has so stimulated oratory and increased its volume has at the same time diminished its quality by destroying its best element. The newspaper Press has turned the orator into an essayist, and usually a dull essayist, at that. The essence of a good speech upon ordinary occasions is its adaptation to the tone and spirit of the surrounding atmosphere—its sympathetic touch with its hearers—the indescribable magnetism born of time, place, circumstance and personality—the charm of utterance—the inspiration of the hour. Fox's remark, that if a speech reads well it was not a good one, had great truth in the day when speeches were speeches, and not essays. The speaker nowadays cannot address himself to his audience; he must harangue Christendom through the next morning's papers; he is weighted all the time with the thought of how what he says will be made to read, and what will be said of it. The unhappy orator who, ignorant or forgetful of the presence of reporters, and relieved of the incubus of their anticipated butchery, takes his tone from the occasion, loses for the time the painful self-consciousness which is the bane of public speaking, and speaks naturally, easily, and perhaps with feeling and earnestness the words that are given him, may make, so far as his immediate audience is concerned, a most successful and felicitous deliverance—quite the next best thing to silence. But the blood will run cold at the travesty that will appear next day in print, when a reporter's misunderstanding of it has been condensed into reporters' English. Its wit, its humour, its point, its effectiveness, its eloquence, if it chanced to rise so high, have all disappeared, and in their place comes a disjointed and incoherent jumble of platitudes, expressed in the worst possible language. So, to avoid being thus made ridiculous, he must write out and recite an article that he can give a copy of to "the Press." Nothing can be more unlike than an essay for publication and a speech, which, to meet the requirements of common occasions, should in a great measure be extemporaneous, at least in its language. The article may read fairly well; as a speech it is prosy and artificial, wearisome to the hearers, and without immediate effect.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

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Female Pooch Bahs are not entirely among what "Jeemes Yellowplush" called the "higher sannies" of England. In a London weekly paper an unknown woman denounces a countess who advertises that she is willing to present Americans at court and to society generally during the coming London season, in consideration of the sum of 5000dols. paid in advance. The paper says this lady should be rechristened the Aristocratic Jeremy Diddler, and trusts that few English ladies will consent to receive Americans thus chaperoned. It is denied that the Countess is lady Str. dr. ke. ore of the writers on the staff of the *World*, of which Edmund Yates is the proprietor, and the mother of the second of the Address to the Throne in the House of Commons at the re-opening of Parliament,

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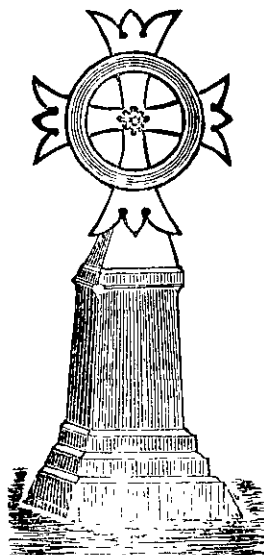
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IS JEWELLERY FOR MEN GOING OUT OF FASHION.

THE head of one of the largest firms of jewellers in New York remarked the other day that the fashion of men wearing jewellery, which prevailed for a time, was brief and feeble.

"Anybody who now wants jewellery especially designed for men," he said, "can get great quantities of it at any of the big establishments at a very low cost. Jewellery for gentlemen has been steadily cheapened month after month in the hope of getting rid of it, but there seems to be no combating the fashion, and the tendency of things now is for men to wear little or no jewellery at all. It was thought when the big cravats came in vogue again that there would be a great demand for big scarf pins, and a great many of them were put on the market, but the swells who wears the biggest scarfs wear the smallest pins, and no man of position in the social or financial world would think of wearing diamond collar buttons, diamond finger rings, or any of the multifarious articles of personal adornment that were formerly so popular. Even the manufacture of jewellery for men, which was at one time a very remunerative branch of the business, has begun to fall off wonderfully. Men of any pretensions to fashion do not now wear watch chains. They either carry a cheap watch loose in their pocket or have it attached to a cheap silver key ring chain which is buttoned into the side of the trousers. The severity of fashion regarding jewellery is undoubtedly due to the abuse of the ring craze five or six years ago. A number of wealthy clubmen took up the fashion of wearing two or three rings, many of them decorated with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, and then the cheap dudes all over town began to imitate them. Every errand boy wore a silver or gold washed ring twisted around his finger four or five times, and the whole fashion reached such gaudy proportions that within less than a year men had given up jewellery wearing entirely. Occasionally a cad will be seen about town who is all blazing with diamonds or gaudy pins, but a gentleman is now distinguished by an entire absence of jewellery of every kind. It is a mighty bad thing for our business, too."

THE ODDEST JOURNAL IN NEW YORK.

THE oddest journal in the metropolis is the so-called newspaper published by the Mongolians of Mott street. It is written with a camel's-hair pencil upon vermilion paper and is pasted upon the wall of No. 16 of that thoroughfare and on the two large telegraph poles which stand between Chatham square and Pell street. All day long it is read and studied by almond-eyed crowds. Even in the evenings, a belated laundryman can be seen running his eyes over the tea-chest characters. Yesterday I was one of the throng, and, thanks to a friend who is a good Chinese scholar, was enabled to get a fair knowledge of the day's issue. There was considerable similarity between it and our own dailies. There was the latest proclamation from the Emperor of China; a communication from the Embassy of Washington; a letter from the Consul; an account of an anti-Chinese outrage in Idaho; a news item of a flood in China; a dozen of "Want ads"; a few laundries for sale; a death notice, and a call for a meeting of some benevolent society. The editors are called scribes, and write at the order of their customers, charging a good figure for their skill with the brush. The favourite editor is said to make as high as 20dols. a day; but, beyond his editorial work, he writes cards, literary composition and prayer tickets for his customers.

One feature of this strange journal is worthy of imitation. If a member of a trades union is thrown out of employment, he puts up a notice to that effect, and thereupon every other member is bound to help him to a job. The result is that within 24 hours the applicant usually has a number of offers from every sort of business in which Mongolians engage. If he is sick, he or a friend announces it in a similar notice, and his society thereupon sends him a doctor and a committee to nurse and take care of him until he is well. If impecunious, they pay all his expenses, even going so far as to settle his rent.—Exchange.

The oldest inhabited town in the world is said to be Damascus. Fashionable girls are discarding the old-time gold and silver trinket for one of delicate porcelain.

"What is a bishop?" was the question put the other day by Mgr. Billard, Bishop of Carcassonne, before an immense congregation assembled to witness the consecration of the new Bishop of Soissons in the Cathedral of Rouen. Mgr. Billard answered his own question by a splendid discourse which has been commented on in various quarters. Before defining the rôle of a bishop, he quoted St. John Chrysostom:—"Speak not to me of thrones or of diadems. Every phase of earthly greatness is infinitely surpassed by the greatness of the priesthood." "If," said the preacher "these words of St. John Chrysostom apply to the simple priest, does not their significance increase when we apply them to the bishop, the priest *par excellence*? Is he not a second Moses, and do we not see in him that sacred thing which the ages of faith called a 'second majesty,' the first being the adorable majesty of God? Woe to the seclaries who do the santanic work of snatching souls from God. With them the true bishop is no longer gentle as a lamb. He exerts rather the strength of the lion in endeavouring to rescue from the hands of their enemies the souls dear to God. He is ready to shed his blood for these souls. The cross which he wears on his breast is a perpetual exhortation to self-sacrifice. Were there a figure in marble symbolising the liberty of the Church it should be veiled at this hour to represent the sorrow of her bishops and of all her true children. To use the words of the great Fénelon at the consecration of the Elector of Cologne, 'O God, grant to Thy Church other Ambroses and other Augustines—pastors who do honour to their mission by their Apostolic courage.'"

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE RESPONDS TO "IRELAND A NATION."

At the National Banquet in London, in celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the chairman (T. P. O'Connor, M.P.) said he was glad to say that for the first time in his experience they had an Englishman to answer to the toast of "Ireland a Nation," and there was only one name which would occur first to every Irish lip in connection with the toast, and that was the name of Gladstone (loud cheers).

Mr. H. Gladstone, M.P., who was warmly cheered, in the course of his speech said he wished to recall to their minds one or two circumstances connected with the political situation ten years ago, which, to his mind, bore strictly upon the question the judges had to consider. Nine years ago he happened to be associated in a very humble degree with the Government of Mr. Forster, and he landed in Ireland on the very day that Mr. Parnell was arrested, and he had some experience, therefore, of what was going on in the Castle and out of it at that time. He said, and he said it deliberately, that many things were done by the Government of that day, by the officials of the day, which directly provoked crime, outrage, and disturbance (loud cheers). Mr. Forster acted with great single-mindedness and unselfishness, and was desirous of doing his best towards the Irish people, but the state of things in Ireland when Mr. Forster was Chief Secretary was the state of things in a civil war. When he (Mr. Gladstone) arrived in Dublin Castle, in the Upper Yard were two field guns commanding the gate. The Commander-in-chief had the troops and the police already organised for a rising in the city, and the town seemed as if it were in a state of siege. What was done at that time? There was a systematic straining of the law (hear, hear). Those responsible did not so much consider what the spirit, the intention, and the justice of an act was, but how far it could be used in carrying out the policy of the day (cheers). The state of things then existing completely justified the policy of the Land League and National League (cheers). But here was another point. In the first week in November a circular was sent round to the police instructing them to offer sums of money for information leading to convictions for outrages (shame). He did not remember that that circular ever saw daylight, but these things ought to be known. And what did it mean? It meant that a temptation was spread broadcast all over Ireland for people to come forward and give false evidence (cheers). Was not that another overwhelming justification of the policy of the League in defending prisoners? Of such kind were the acts of Dublin Castle, and for his part he believed a great deal more had to be revealed in regard to the methods of Dublin Castle, and he did not speak altogether without experience in the matter. He wished, with their chairman, that the Irish question could be settled on a broad national basis, but he had very little expectation of it. He was proud to speak to the toast. He was proud of the alliance with the Irish party. They were all proud of it. He was, for his part, confident that the historian of the future would write that it was an alliance which had great effects, and which tended for the honour, the glory, the greatness, and the power of the British Empire, and the undying happiness and freedom of Ireland.

A POEM BY THE POPE.

THE *Tablet* publishes a translation of a poem by the Pope on his brother's death. It will be seen that the poem takes the form of a dialogue between Leo XIII. and his late brother, Cardinal Pecci:—

JOSEPH.

Justice has claimed her due, estranged my past,
The starry-spangled skies have oped their gates;
Thou who dost bear 't the world such heavy fates,
Owest the more to God the more thou bear'st.
Take heart, and steer thy skiff to the high seas,
And 'neath the smiling Godhead nerve thy heart
To work for virtue and religion's part.
So thou mayest cool thine eyes in Heaven's breeze.
Weep for thy sin and shun the flames of death,
While, Joachim, thou draw thy life's fond breath.

JOACHIM.

Lo! while I live and in my tired frame
The life-blood runs, with tears I will repent
What wrong is done. But thou, to whom is lent
The light that faileth not—I call thy name;
Raise me, outworn with cares and dim with age,
Slipping from life; and from the heights of Heaven
Hold me in thought—me haplessly o'erdriven,
And spent 't the waves by the strong whirlwind's rage.

We contend that at the present time there is, and for the last half century there has been evolving an altered relation between body and mind. The mind—the brain, in short—of the present generation is more generally and intensely active than was the mind of immediately preceding generations. This is not the same as saying that the average man of the present generation has more sense and judgment than his grandfather, or that the poets and philosophers of the present age are greater than Shakespeare or Goethe, than Descartes, or Newton. It is only affirming that the average man's mind is much more active and is subjected to much more wear and tear than was the average man's mind of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. It is, therefore, imperatively incumbent upon the practical physician that he constantly study, understand and practice the "medication of the mind." In the consideration of almost every individual case it is as necessary to take into the "brief" the state of the mind as it is to include the condition of the teeth, or the bowels, or any other primary organ or function of the body.—*Hospital*.

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Irish News.

Antrim.—Thomas Higgins, one of the survivors of the Light Brigade, who resided at Brookhill, near Lisburn, recently met his death by falling off a car. After passing unscathed through a shower of leaden hail he perished by a fall from a car.

The remains of Mr. Biggar, M.P., were conveyed from London to Belfast, via Liverpool, in the steamer *Dynamic*. Accompanying the remains of the deceased gentleman on board were his sister, Miss K. Biggar, Belfast, and his son, Mr Biggar, solicitor, Dublin, and the following members of the Irish Parliamentary party:—M. McCartan, Richard Power, P. J. Power, W. J. Reynolds, John Pinkerton, Thomas O'Haulon, and Jeremiah Jordan. T. M. Healy, Maurice Healy, and P. A. Chance, M.P.'s, also arrived in the city from Dublin for the purpose of attending the funeral. The landing took place at Donegal Quay where thousands were waiting to pay honour to the remains of a devoted son of Ireland. The remains lay in the Church of St. Patrick, which was draped. On either side of the altar were the mottoes, "Pray for the soul of Joseph Biggar," and "Ireland mourns the loss of a faithful son." A solemn *Requiem* Mass was celebrated, after which the remains of the dead patriot were interred in *Carmonay* Cemetery.

Armagh.—James Lemon, of Markethill, was fined 40s for giving tartar emetic instead of tartaric acid to Miss Douglas as a cure for the "grip."

The Great Northern Railway Company have given Mr. McFarland, foreman printer in R. P. McWatter's establishment in Armagh, a sum of £750 compensation for his two daughters, who were killed in the disaster in June last.

Carlow.—P. J. Conlan presided at the recent meeting of the Croppies' Memorial Committee, which was numerously attended. A committee was appointed to confer with Borough Surveyor Byrne for surveying, levelling, and enclosing the grounds. P. McDonald was elected assistant secretary to Mr. Fenelon, who is finding the business getting heavier each day. This is a good sign that the Croppies' Memorial is going to be a National gem.

Browne Clayton, of Browne's Hill, Carlow, sued Joseph, Patrick, Ellen, and Catherine Kinsella for possession of lands in Carlow and Chapestown, with £500 profits of same during the time they were withheld. Justice O'Brien advised a settlement, and it was accepted: Browne to get possession, without cost of lawsuit; the Kinsellas to be paid for all improvements made by them or their predecessors and allowed the value of the crops received by the landlord.

Cavan.—Peter Murtagh presided at the recent meeting of the Kill League, when a protest was made against the tyrannical conduct of M. J. Boyle, Tullyvin, in harassing his tenants with writs and excessive law costs.

Father Phillip King presided at the recent meeting of the Carrickallen League, and a resolution of sympathy with the relatives of the late Mr Biggar and the Irish party on the loss of a dear friend and faithful companion, who laboured unceasingly for Ireland, was passed. The members of the Cootehill League passed a resolution in the same strain.

Clare.—Thomas Cellinan was recently arrested on suspicion of being concerned in an attack on the residence of Thomas Cassidy, a publican and National school teacher, at Carron, near Ballyvaughan, when, it is alleged, a shot was fired through the open door into the shop, fortunately without any injury to the inmates. The prisoner was brought before Henry de L. Willis at Ennis, but discharged.

At noontime recently a party of five men entered the house of Thomas Galvin, situate at Caberbanna, and demanded fire-arms from the occupants. Mr. Galvin was attending a meeting of the Ennis Guardians when the visit was paid his dwelling. No arms were in the house.

Proceedings have been instituted by Thomas Purcell, a farmer living at Ballymaley, near Ennis, against Sergeant Baggs and Constable Reid, for having unlawfully entered his house and assaulted him.

Cork.—An English mining company has furnished £50,000 to work the West Cork mines. Doctor English has been appointed medical officer to the mines, which are rich in some of the choicest minerals, as proved by two experts—mining engineers sent over from London to test them. The specimens they took with them to London yielded in analysis a large percentage of gold, silver, copper, and lead.

The cottages erected in Buttevant under the Labourers' Act were not given to men of that class by the Guardians, and in order to prevent a repetition the labourers of the district went into possession of six cottages without the sanction of the Board in order to have an investigation, but gave up possession when requested. John Sheehan, James Egan, Daniel Sheehan, Daniel Murphy, Cornelius Callaghan, and John Brien are the labourers.

A great many of the tenants on the estate of Herbert R. O'Sullivan sent in proposals for the purchase of their farms at Clobina, Rahona, East and West Gortanamill, Reineraree, etc., which were accepted. The standard of value adopted is the poor law valuation, and the tenants' bid was 23 years' purchase. There are about 40 tenants on the estate, who, since the adoption of the Plan of Campaign about two years ago, have not paid any rent, and a bitter struggle was imminent until the proposals for a purchase came from the owner of the estate.

There was much friction recently between police and people in Mitchelstown, which happily passed away without serious results, owing to the admirable forbearance of the people. W. J. Casey, National League Secretary, had some notices posted requesting farmers to send horses to New Tipperary, but the police tore them down. Mr. Casey immediately had the local bill-poster to replace them. The police tore down the posters as often as they were put

up and threatened to arrest Mr. Casey, saying the bills were intimidatory. In the evening Mr. Casey and his friend again posted the notices.

Derry.—A meeting of the Macosquin and Aghadowney Labourers' Association was held in the Parochial Hall, Macosquin. The chair was taken by Rev. Dudley Fletcher. Rev. James Stewart, Rector of Killowen, delivered a very able and interesting address upon the condition of the labouring classes, during which he pointed out many weak points in the Labourers' Acts, which had rendered them almost useless. What the labourers' required were proper houses in which to rear their families in decency and security, so that they could go forth independent and offer their services to the highest bidder.

Donegal.—Edward McGinley, an evicted tenant of the Olphert estate, has been served with two Coercion Act summonses. He is charged in one with preventing certain buyers and dealers from buying a pig from an Olphert tenant named Charles Gallagher at the fair of Falcarragh, because Gallagher paid his rent; and in the second he is charged with intimidating the said Charles Gallagher for the same reason.

Sergeant O'Neill and Constables Smyth, McPhillips, and Gallagher, of Crossroads, Killygordon, recently seized in the townland of Balat an immense quantity of wash, a still, still-head, and cooler. The still, which was unusually large, was of most singular construction. The bottom and sides were copper, while the remainder was composed of block tin. In addition to this there were two handles attached to it. These were to facilitate its removal in case of emergency, as it frequently happened that smugglers were obliged to allow their "tackle" to fall into the hands of the police, because they had neglected to provide a means of removing them in a heated state.

Down.—It is stated that Mr. Parnell has nominated Mr. Knox, of Ards, a Protestant Home Ruler, as the late Mr. Biggar's successor for West Cavan.

Dublin.—Father Kelsh presided at the last meeting of the Killucan League. A vote of regret on the death of J. G. Biggar, M.P., was carried unanimously. A vote of protest was also passed against the cruel treatment of Father Kinsella and the Clongorey prisoners.

The amount received for the Tenants' Defence Fund has now reached the great sum of £46,590.

Fermanagh.—Father Brew presided at the meeting of the Irvinestown League recently held. A resolution expressing the deep regret felt by the members at the death of Mr. Biggar was passed. The result of Mr. Campbell's action against Mr. Porter gave satisfaction to the members.

The natives of Fermanagh residing in Glasgow, Scotland, recently held a reunion, at which Dr. Tanner, M.P., presided and delivered a patriotic speech to the men from the land of the Maguires.

Galway.—Martin McDonald, of Dunmore, has purchased the property adjoining Menlo, which contains marble quarries of a choice description, and intends developing the industry.

At the Woodford sessions recently an emergencyman, named McKeavor, employed on the Clannicarde estate, was summoned for being drunk at Woodford while having a loaded revolver in his possession. When arrested he threatened to shoot the policeman. McKeavor was fined £2 and 2s costs, which he handed to the petty sessions clerk.

Delegates from several branches of the League assembled in Tuam Town Hall recently to select a candidate for Poor Law Guardian for Milltown District, and Mr. Costelloe of Graigue Lodge was selected to contest the seat with Mr. Flannery.

At a recent meeting of the Harbour Commissioners a letter was read from Alexander McCracken, Liverpool, intimating his intention to run weekly a steampacket service between Liverpool and Galway for the transit of goods and passengers.

Kerry.—At the last meeting of the Kenmare Guardians, Mr. Egan, R.O., handed in the following evictio notices:—The Marquis of Lansdowne v. John Bell, Mary Sullivan, Patrick Lehane, and W. Tullaybury, of Kenmare. Same against Michael Flynn, junior and senior, and others of Gerahagoul, Bohane.

Kildare.—Henry O'Connor, of the *Leinster Leader*, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment by the Removables on a charge of publishing intimidating notices. The case was brought to the Superior Courts and the sentence reversed.

T. A. Dickson, M.P., is endeavouring to effect a settlement on the Luggacurran estate between Lord Lansdowne and his tenants, who were evicted under the Plan of Campaign during the last three years. As a result of these efforts it is expected that proposals will shortly be made for effecting a settlement.

An indignation meeting was held at Digby Bridge to condemn the conduct of the Government in arresting Father Kinsella.—Thomas Dunce, Ballysize, presided. The attendance was large and representative. Henry O'Connor proposed the following resolutions:—That we condemn the latest outrage on the Irish priesthood in the arrest of Father Kinsella the beloved and esteemed pastor of this parish, and that we express our admiration of the heroic conduct of our priest, who refused to be separated by the prison walls from his suffering people; that we denounce the cowardly and vindictive behaviour of the police of the county of Kildare in wantonly and brutally attacking numbers of inoffensive and defenceless people to the disturbance of the public peace; that we protest against the gross illegalities carried out in Clongorey in the name of law and order by the police authorities, who burglariously entered the houses of the tenants and arrested tradesmen engaged in a work of charity without even complying with the requirements of the law. Mr. Dawson seconded the resolutions, which passed unanimously. Denis Kilbride and Dr. Counsel addressed the meeting.

Kilkenny.—The reverend "criminal" in Kilkenny gaol was visited by Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Lord Bishop of Ossory, accom-

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panied by Rev. T. R. Walsh, Adm., St. Mary's. His Lordship was delighted to find Father Kinsella in splendid health and quite cheerful, his only anxiety being concerning the welfare of his fellow-prisoners.

Louth.—A police hut has been erected in Monasterboice on the land lately occupied by J. Commons, and in close proximity to his recent dwelling, where a planter temporarily resides. A few local hands, with a Drogheda artificer, were secured for transporting to its site and raising up the aforesaid structure.

The last meeting of Monasterboice League was held at Fieldstown. Amongst those present were:—Rev. Henry McKee, President; Rev. W. J. Booth and Joseph Dolan, joint secs.; John Callan, Ballymakenny; Patrick Mc'onnell, Carterstown; James Cooney, Carnasbannagh; Patrick Winters, Matthew Tiernan, Brownstown; Thomas Byrne, Patrick Commons, Tyllogue; John Mullen, James Mullen, John Commons, jr., Michael Boden, Michael Dillon, Drumshallon, etc. The reverend chairman, in a clear and convincing manner, stated the many and urgent reasons for showing a strong and united front to the landlord foe, now that the war was brought to their very doors. A vote of condolence with the Irish party on the death of Mr. Biggar was passed, also a vote of sympathy with Father Kinsella on his unjust arrest and imprisonment.

Mayo.—The League in the parish of Kinmore and barony of Costelloe has been proclaimed by Balfour.

Father Corcoran presided at the recent meeting of Claremorris League. A sum of £40 was ordered to be sent to the Central Defence Fund in Dublin.

Neal O'Donnell of Mulranny was fined £1 and costs at Newport Sessions because three bullets, which had been knocking about his dwelling for two years, were seen by Sergeant Toole.

At the Castlebar sessions recently, Head-Constable Cryan proved that himself and party found a still, in full working order, in the barn of Patrick Vahy, Cloonagleragh. They seized the still, worm and contents. Defendant, an aged woman, in answer to the Court, said:—I have nothing to say, your honour, but that it was mine. I never made the like before. I made that for the good of my health, and that is all I have to say, Sir (laughter). Mr. Horne—I think by the tail of your eye that it is not the first you made. Fined, in the mitigated penalty, £6.

Meath.—At Oldcastle Fair there was a very full supply of stock, a fair attendance of buyers, and an active business especially for springers and milch cows on account of the good prices obtainable for milk and butter at market. Young store stock of good quality was also in good demand, and sold at good prices. The supply of beef was small, but of excellent quality, and was at once picked up, whilst mutton was scarce and dear.

At the conclusion of the ordinary business of the Kells Town Commissioners recently, the Chairman rose and said:—That on coming into the room he was forcibly struck by the kindly remarks of Mr. Cooney towards Mr. O'Ferrall on that gentleman's great liberality and patriotism in the re-erection of the ancient and historic Cross of Kells, and he (Mr. Tully) could say that every member of that Board participated in the thanks that was due to their respected townsman and brother Commissioner for the very handsome cut stone base placed under the old Cross at his own expense, and which added another link to the generosity of Mr. O'Ferrall's life, in the cause of religion and country in restoring the Cross of Kells (applause). Mr. McDonald seconded the resolution, which was heartily endorsed by the members. A tablet with an inscription ought to be placed on it that it was he alone who had the good work done. Mr. O'Ferrall, who seemed much moved, returned thanks for the kindly expressions of the members towards him. He really did not expect such a vote of thanks for the little addition to the old Cross, and would ask as a favour that his name would not be put on it.

Monaghan.—Father Sheil presided at the recent meeting of the Donaghmoyne League. Father Meegan was also in attendance. The time for nominating Poor-Law Guardians being close at hand, there was an arrangement entered into that none but sterling Nationalists be supported by the branch. A resolution expressing sorrow at Mr. Biggar's death was passed.

Queen's County.—At a recent meeting of the Mountmellick League a letter from T. Harrington was read in relation to Mrs. Delaney's farm, pointing out that the principles of the League had been violated by the other parties to the question. The following resolution was then unanimously passed:—That we hereby endorse the decision of Mr. Harrington, and consider the taking of Mrs. Delaney's farm to be an act of barefaced land-grabbing.

Father Farrelly presided at the recent meeting of Castletown League. Amongst others present were:—P. Hughes, E. Purcell, A. Kinsella, L. Coadren, M. Whyte, J. Whitmore, P. Byrne, P. Hughes, T. McDonald, L. Condon, D. Hanlon, D. P. Condon, hon. sec. Since the League was started there never was a larger or more enthusiastic meeting. The proclaiming of the League inspired the people with a greater determination to carry on the work with redoubled energy and spirit. This branch does not care a fig for Balfour or his proclamations.

Roscommon.—Miss King-Harman has instituted law proceedings against Mr. Woods, solicitor, for the recovery of the title deeds of her father's Rockingham and Boyle estates.

Sligo.—Denis McLynn obtained the contract for the erection of the new Diocesan College. The selection of Mr. McFlynn gave great satisfaction to his fellow-townsmen. The building will, it is estimated, cost £20,000.

Through the energy of Mr. John H. Judge, Riverstown fair has been established, and there is every sign of its being a permanent success. A fine tract of country surrounds Riverstown, and railway transit is within easy distance.

The building of a hut for John Columan, Lullyboy, Keash, recently, was the cause of one of the greatest demonstrations of the kind witnessed in that locality for many years. The Keash File and Drum Band marched to where the hut was to be built, and

immediately after the people of the parish began to pour in from all directions. Large contingents came from Culoadda, Gurteen, Cloonloo, and Ballymote. There were fully 500 persons on the ground. The site was generously given by John Boylan. Father Conlon was present during the eviction, and at the completion delivered a spirited address.

Tipperary.—Michael Cusack, Drangan, has been imprisoned for three weeks for an alleged assault on the Sheriff at the eviction of Mrs. Tobin, Mullinahone.

The branches in the parishes of Patrick's Rock, Hoar Abbey, Brickdown, Ballysheehan, Erry, and St. John the Baptist, in the Barony of Middlethird, County Tipperary, has been proclaimed.

Mr. Smith-Barry is still desolating Tipperary. A notice was recently served on the relieving officer that 55 families would soon be evicted from their holdings in the town.

Another name has been added to the list of those who were done to death in prison under Balfour's Crimes Act process. Michael Cleary, a harness-maker, about 26 years of age, died recently. On September 5 last when the boy Heffernan was killed by the police Cleary was charged with being in the crowd, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment, which he put up in Clonmel Gaol. He was released in such an emaciated condition that his friends did not recognise him, and on reaching home took to his bed, from which he never rose. Much and sincere sympathy is felt for his poor father and mother.

There was an immense gathering of Tipperary men in Ballina and Boher districts recently. Father Maher, president of the League branch, presided. Resolutions were unanimously passed expressing indignation at the cruel and inhuman treatment perpetrated on John Daly and other Irish prisoners confined for political offences in English gaols, and thanking the people of Ballina, Boher, Portroe, and Ballywilliam, County Tipperary, for their generous aid in sending 53 horses to Lacken Mills, near the town of Tipperary (a distance of over 33 miles) to remove Denis Hanley's machinery to Ballyartella Mills, near Nenagh.

Waterford.—The late Mr. Biggar bequeathed the beautiful residence of Butlerstown Castle for the use of the priest officiating at Butlerstown.

Mick Walsh, of Stradbally, who grabbed an evicted farm owned by a widow, has been compelled by the Stradbally League to compensate the poor woman with the sum of £38.

A singular scene was witnessed in Ballyduff Church recently. Police Sergeant Bouchier attended last Mass, and when he took his seat all on that side of the church left and went to the other. The policeman had half the church to himself.

Father Power presided at the recent meeting of the Dungarvan League. A member named Foley, a cattle dealer, was expelled for taking an evicted farm, formerly held by a man named Kelly. James Fitzgerald Ryan was also expelled for supplying grabbers. A resolution condemning E. Terry for grabbing Michael Boyle's farm was passed.

The formal opening of the new pulpit in St. Saviour's Dominican Church, Waterford, recently took place. The ceremonies were very impressive. The inauguration sermon was preached by Father Slattery. The pulpit is a beautiful piece of workmanship in marble, and is in harmony with the general grandeur of the church.

Westmeath.—It is in contemplation to start a workingmen's club. The want of such a club has been long felt in Moate, and will receive support and encouragement from Rev. Canon Kearney. A room where the working classes could assemble in the evenings for readings, recitations, and discussing labour questions would prove of great advantage. The Moate people of late have been successful in any movement they have undertaken, such, for example, as the new fairs, the annual race meeting, the football club, etc., and there can be little doubt a workingmen's club would also be made a success.

Wexford.—At the meeting of the Enniscorthy District Council of the League, held recently, the conduct of Mr. Maher, Balinkee, in his connection with the Clongorey tenants, was fully considered by the assembled delegates. Eventually a resolution was unanimously carried condemning the harsh and cruel treatment to which the Clongorey tenants have been subjected at the hands of Mr. Maher, and pledging themselves to obstruct the races as long as Mr. Maher's name is on the committee list.

E. Mordaunt, Callentra; William P. Doyle, and Gregory Kavanagh, Coolgreany, received an enthusiastic welcome home recently on their release from an imprisonment of seven months under the Coercion Act. After a meeting had been held in Craanford, Mr. Mordaunt was taken possession of by the people of Monamolin, and was received by his old friends of the district with hearty congratulations. Tar barrels were lighted at the head of the village, and the police cut a sorry figure in trying to extinguish them. They were, however, re-lighted by the people.

There was great demand for horses at the last Enniscorthy Fair. Anyone having a saleable animal had a ready market and got a price exceeding previous anticipations. The supply was not so great as at former fairs, and by the evening very few remained unsold. Mr. Staples, Rathgarvey, sold a chestnut mare for £70; Mr. Murphy, Carnew, sold a bay horse for £75; John Whitford, Enniscorthy, sold a bay mare for £60; Mr. McLoughlin, near Gorey, sold a bay horse for £100. These purchases were effected by Mr. O'Brien, the Limerick horse-dealer, and the animals were recommended to him by Thomas McDonald, his Enniscorthy agent.

Wicklow.—Mr. Parnell has received numerous expressions of regret at Mr. Biggar's death from public bodies and private individuals.

Though the entrance by sea to Arklow is considered dangerous from sandy accumulations yet the enterprise and spirit of its inhabitants has considerably increased its business. Some years ago it was little better than a fishing village, but is now an important and flourishing small town. The Earl of Carysfort erected a town hall capable of accommodating 1500 people. The Town Commissioners administer the affairs of the town. The population is about 4777.

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ANECDOTES ABOUT FATHER BURKE.

A LUDICROUS incident occurred at Killarney Cathedral in the presence of Lord Kenmare and all the local magnates. Father Burke was preaching for the Presentation Brothers' schools, and his sermon reached an unusual length. The brothers, anxious only for a good collection, began rattling the tin plates as a hint to the preacher to stop. The Bishop, Dr. Moriarty, frowned from his throne and the noise ceased. The portly prior advanced from his stall and took up his position in front of the pulpit, full in the view of all present except the good Father. The teacher was just then expatiating on the zeal of the Brothers. He pictured forth the pale, ascetic monk, his emaciated frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He was surprised to find the audience were smiling. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and overworked monk. The audience could hardly contain their merriment. There in front of him was the rotund figure, the broad, jolly face of the prior, beaming like a full moon visible to all but the preacher, and fully enjoying the beautiful description of the ascetic monk. Greatly disconcerted, the preacher concluded as quickly as he could, and it is but right to mention that the collection did not disappoint the fraternity.

While Prior of Tallaght, Father Burke enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Cullen. "Come up here, Father Tom, and tell some of your funny stories" was the usual invitation. He would give imitations of some Italian priests who had become popular as preachers in Dublin. His first move was to cast the folds of his robe with demonstrative vigour over the left shoulder, and then in broken English proceed to lecture the faithful. With upraised finger he warned them to avoid "otiosity," to become "tinkers" (thinkers) and to remember that "without face (faith) you cannot be shaved" (saved), concluding each section of his homily, which seemed to be teaching how to avoid the doom of sin, with the words "You be da-amned," uttered in low, earnest tones. Some of their mistakes were ludicrous. One Italian spoke of Lazarus as reposing in Abraham's womb, and another constantly referred to the whale in Jonah's belly. For many years no banquet took place at the archiepiscopal residence which Burke was not asked to enliven, his pictures of Italian low life being greatly relished by the Cardinal. The quack dentist from Tuscany, who, with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet drove down the Piazza di San Agnese at Rome, the man playing the mandoline, the improvisatore, and finally the Roman barber, were standing dishes.—Exchange.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES IN SYDNEY.

(Freeman's Journal, May 10.)

THE celebration of the feast of St. Paul of the Cross at the Passionist Fathers' Church, Marrickville, on Sunday last, lacked no feature of solemnity or impressiveness. Although the rain interfered with the attendance of visitors from the city, the church was filled at the 11 o'clock Mass. A number of members of the city and suburban branches of the Hibernian Society, with their officers, were present in regalia, and the bright green and gold gave a picturesque appearance to the fine body of men. The Rev. J. J. Byrne, Administrator of St. Mary's Cathedral, was the celebrant of the Mass, Father Marcellus, C.P., the deacon; and Father Gartland, sub-deacon. The ceremonies were conducted by the Very Rev. Alphonsus O'Neill, C.P., Rector of St. Bridget's Retreat, and the Very Rev. P. Slattery, Superior of the Franciscans, and the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Rector of St. John's University College, assisted in the sanctuary. The sanctuary was elegantly decorated in honour of the saint, whose picture forms the altar piece, and the statues of the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart on the side altars were gracefully decked with pretty flowers and brilliantly illuminated. The Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien preached the discourse of the day, a singularly felicitous and impressive one, in which the characteristics of the founder of the Passionist Order were, with the lessons of his life, set forth with admirable clearness and force. Special arrangements were made in regard to the music, and the choir for the occasion had the aid of an orchestra led by Herr Pechotseh. The Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Benedictus of Mozart's 12th and the Credo and Agnus Dei of Haydn No. 3, were sung, the solos being taken by Madame Pechotseh, Miss Cawley, Mr. Macauley, Mr. T. O'Sullivan, and Mr. J. M'Namarra. At the Graduale, Mr. J. Lemmon, the eminent flautist, played the beautiful prayer of Garibaldi, and at the Offertory Madame Pechotseh sang Gounod's "Ava Maria" with violin obligato by Herr Pechotseh. Zingarelli's "Laudate" was given at the end of the Mass. Mr. A. Macauley conducted, and Mr. Fred. Croft presided at the organ. In the evening Weis's "O Salutaris" was sung by Mr. M'Namarra, and Croft's "Tantum Ergo" by the choir. The evening sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Boyle, Superior of the Vincentians.

After High Mass the Passionist Fathers entertained a number of the principal parishioners and several visitors. The visitors included the Hon. D. O'Connor, Postmaster-General, the Very Rev. P. Le Rennelet, S.M., C. y Alderman Hart, Mr. P. B. Larkin, and Mr. E. O'Farrell, and the clergy who had assisted in the church.

The Marist Fathers at Villa Maria held their triduum in honour of Blessed Peter Chanel, the proto-martyr of Oceania, on last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of May—the dates fixed for the celebrations at Lyons in France. On each of the three days there was a solemn High Mass celebrated, on Friday by one of the Marist Fathers, on Saturday by the Venerable Archpriest Sheehy, O.S.B., and on Sunday by his Grace Archbishop Navarre, of New Guinea. Most appropriate and eloquent sermons were preached during the triduum, on Friday evening by the Rev. Father Barry, O.S.B., on Saturday evening by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Rector of St. John's College, on Sunday morning by the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, Auxiliary Bishop, and Sunday evening by the Very Rev. Father Ryan, S.J., Rector of St. Ignatius' College,

Riverview. The congregation listened with deep attention to the lessons of sanctity which the orators drew from the life of the blessed martyr. The pretty little church was, for the joyous occasion, beautifully decorated with garlands of evergreens and flowers around the pillars, and with graceful folds of red and yellow suspended in festoons on each side, from the gallery to the pillars at the entrance of the side chapels. A drapery of crimson with ferns and palms formed the background to a throne, upon which was placed in a niche of artificial flowers a very fine statue of the Blessed Chanel, and some precious relics of the Holy Martyr. The sanctuary with its red drapery, the high altar with its many glittering lights and flowers, and the niche of the Blessed Virgin Mary with its decorations for the month of May, presented at night a brilliant spectacle. The priests of Villa Maria showed to their people that their church could yet be made more beautiful. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, during the triduum the church was crowded with a devoted and prayerful congregation, and, what must have been still more gratifying to the Marist Fathers, a very large number of the faithful received Holy Communion during the three days, especially on Sunday.

LORD SALISBURY AND THE TIMES.

THE debate in the House of Lords (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, March 27) was remarkable for the bold way in which Lord Salisbury knocked over the pretences which his supporters have set up, and stood forward—open and unshamed—as the double of the *Times*. But, indeed, he did more than that: he ignored the *Times* altogether, and frankly took upon himself and his party the responsibility for the "charges and allegations." Here are some of the passages from his speech which put the matter in the clearest light:

"We did not charge them with complicity in crime; we charged them with using crime. We said there was a communication between the two parties which enabled the Parliamentary party to allow crime to go forward or restrain it in proportion as their political interests might require. If we take an interest in their innocence or guilt, it is not on account of the individuals themselves; it is not because we wish to make a case against any political opponent, but because we wish to elucidate the conditions of a political society which is having at present the deepest effect upon the fate of this country, and which, if the aspirations of those who are struggling in unison with the Irish Parliamentary party should be crowned with success, will stamp a more notable effect upon English history than any previous incident in the long career of this country."

After this, what need have we of further witnesses? The Prime Minister admits in the fullest manner what we have always asserted, namely, that the Government were parties to the accusation, and that the underlying motive in the appointment of the Commission was simply and solely a desire to advance a party cause.

The report was adopted, and the Dublin *Nation* remarks:—That "we" is most material to the understanding of the conspiracy. It is the first confession of the Tories that it was they who were behind "Parnellism and Crime." It is the first public association of the Government with the *Times*. The "we" of the Forger and the "we" of her Majesty's First Minister are at length proclaimed to be one. That is the only thing worth remembering about the debate.

Editor Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a non-Catholic, gives the following as the Catholic population in the countries enumerated:—France, 36,400,000; Austria-Hungary, 29,580,000; Italy, 28,000,000; Spain, 17,870,000; Germany, 16,830,000; Belgium, 5,500,000; Poland, 4,000,000; Portugal, 4,300,000; Ireland, 3,960,000; Great Britain, 1,320,000; other countries in Europe, 6,000,000; America, 51,000,000; Asia, 9,000,000; Africa, 2,600,000; Australia, 670,000. Total, 216,430,000.

The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls varies with the height of the river. Prof. W. D. Gunning estimates the average amount at 18,000,000 cubic feet per minute. Allowing sixty-two and a half pounds to the cubic foot, this would give a total of 562,500 tons per minute, or 25,312,500 tons in 45 minutes, of which somewhat more than two-thirds passes over the Horseshoe Falls.

Another symptom of impending and deliberate disruption is the virulence of the tone adopted by Lord Salisbury and his veracious nephew (says *United Ireland* of 5th April) with reference to the Irish leaders and the forged letters of the *Times*. The attitude of these two "statesmen" towards this dark scandal is without any modern parallel. It is intamable and cowardly in the lowest possible degree. In the debates in the House of Commons over the question, the Chief Secretary, under the cloak of Parliamentary discussion, endeavoured substantially to repeat the slanders of the *Times* in "Parnellism and Crime" over again. The uncle surpassed the nephew in the House of Lords on Friday night when moving the adoption of the Judges' report. In order to raise the value of that portion of the report to which the Irish party attach no significance, his lordship had to face the task of proving that even bad Pigott's forgeries were genuine documents, they prove little or nothing against Mr. Parnell or anybody else, and were, in fact, of very little consequence. It was no part of his business to explain why, if this were so, the famous *fac-simile* letter was published by the *Times*, in manifest connivance with Lord Salisbury's Government, on the very morning of the day when the everlasting Coercion Act was introduced. It served its purpose then; it is no consequence whatever now. Lord Salisbury went on to paint the Irish leaders in all the dirtiest colours on his palette; and though he was ably answered by ex-Lord Chancellor Herschell, Lord Kimberley, and Lord Spencer, the Premier's motion was adopted by the Peers without a division. His speech, as well as that of his nephew, was plainly intended for the country. They are simply "Parnellism and Crime" over again, in a revised and more cowardly shape. They are intended to take immediate effect; for slow poison is not very serviceable in politics. Hence the constituencies will probably be soon called upon to decide between the party of justice and the Palmers of British politics.

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Table and Pocket Cutlery, Sonora Silver Forks, Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons, Razors, Scissors, Pens, Sporges. At Prices that cannot be beaten.

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(Marshall's) is now established as the universal remedy for Influenza (La Grippe), and one of the most useful medicines in family use for Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Bruises, etc., and as a disinfectant it has no equal. Ask for Marshall's of all Chemists.—Price, 1s per bottle.

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COD LIVER OIL EMULSION,
with Hypophosphites, is so thoroughly established and recommended by medical men as the best remedial agent in cases of Consumption, Bronchitis, and general Debility, that further comment is unnecessary, excepting to caution those who have to take it, that good results much depend on the quality of the Oil and palatability of the Emulsion. In Marshall's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion you have a guarantee of purity and freshness, as it is made only in such quantities to meet the demand. Sold by all Chemists.—Price, 2s and 3s 6d per bottle.

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Thanking the Public for former favours,
We are, yours respectfully,
GEORGE SON AND CO,
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Vide Jurors' Report N.Z. Exhibition.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE to Hotel-keepers and others.—It having come to our notice that some orders from Customers not having reached us, we beg to state that we have No Connection with the Factory bearing the name of "W. Lane and Co., MacLaggan street." Please address correspondence: **LANE AND CO,** Clarke street, Dunedin; Severn street, Oamaru. Telephone No 101.

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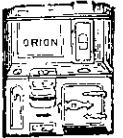


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- FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTELTON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, and AUCKLAND.—ROTOMAHANA, s.s., on Wednesday, May 28.
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- FOR TIMARU, LYTELTON, WELLINGTON, NELSON, and WESTPORT.—MAHINAPUA, s.s., on Friday, May 30.
- FOR GREYMOULT (taking cargo for Hokitika), via Oamaru, Timaru, Lyttelton, and Wellington.—ROSAMOND, early.
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INSPECTION OF STOCK INVITED.
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A strictly first-class table sauce. Pleases the taste Promotes digestion Stimulates the appetite.
This Sauce is made once a year from the whole, fresh Tomato, and has a piquancy obtained only by our new process. Ask your grocers for it. If they won't supply you, we will.
CONNOR AND CO.,
Hanover and Castle Streets.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

THE London correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing on 1st April, says:—

Mr. Goschen's Land Purchase Bill, which was introduced last night by Mr. Balfour, is admitted on all hands to be an ingenious measure, but a very brief investigation of its most plausible proposals was sufficient to show that a more hollow and impracticable piece of legislation was never submitted to Parliament. As one Member said in the lobby, a more striking instance of the absolute futility of applying abstract ingenuity to the solution of a problem without knowledge of its practical difficulties could not be conceived. Undoubtedly Mr. Balfour afforded considerable satisfaction to the landlord party, on whose behalf the Government have done everything that their political exigencies would allow.

Mr. Parnell formed a most decided view of the measure, as I discovered on asking him his opinion of it. "I think it," said he, "absurd and objectionable in the highest degree. The liability which the English taxpayer won't incur this Bill coolly proposes to transfer to the shoulders of the Irish cesspayer. Then the object of the Government is clearly disclosed in Mr. Balfour's speech. That object is to inflate the value of Irish land to an inordinate extent. He has given the word for twenty years' purchase. Besides, a fatal defect in the measure is that it proposes to give no local control over its administration. In that respect it is a long way behind Sir George Trevelyan's bill, which did give a certain amount of local control. I think, on the whole, that we should oppose it tooth and nail."

Mr. Davitt was equally pronounced in his opinions of the measure. He was in the distinguished strangers' gallery during Mr. Balfour's speech, and I met him immediately after the Chief Secretary had finished. "It is a most insidious proposal, in my opinion," said he, "to get the landlord 40 per cent. more for his land than he would by fair dealing in the open market." With the Coercion Act to aid them, Mr. Davitt had no doubt that the landlords would succeed in forcing their tenants into extortionate agreements.

Mr. Sexton quite agreed with Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt that the effect of the bill would be to induce landlords to press for twenty years' purchase of what Mr. Balfour calls the net rental, but what is in reality the gross rental, less a small reduction for poor rate.—"This," Mr. Sexton went on, "would be an intolerable price, and in any case in which a body of tenants could be induced to entertain such a transaction at such a price, or anything like it, I do not see how they could expect to escape opposition from the general body of the tenant farmers of the country who may not be buying their holdings, but who would have to become security as ratepayers for the fulfilment of such an iniquitous bargain. Thus the machinery of this Act interposes a serious obstacle to purchase which was not experienced under the Ashbourne Act. In fact, this bill, if passed, so far from facilitating land purchase will go far towards preventing it altogether. I regard it as merely absurd to propose that in the event of any default in the payment in the instalments the Imperial Government would or could attempt to withdraw from such imperative needs as education and poor relief that small portion of Ireland's contributions to the Imperial revenue at present returned to her for those purposes. Tenant purchasers, too, under the new Act will be less favourably situated than under the Ashbourne Act, as for five years they will have to pay four-fifths of the rental, nor does it appear at what period of the forty-nine years that money would be returned to them. The true price of money now is 2½ per cent. and 1 per cent. for sinking fund, so that the real charge should be 3½ per cent. and not 4 per cent., as the Government propose to charge. This additional quarter per cent. is to be applicable to general default, and it follows that the solvent tenant will have to go on paying the whole 4 per cent. and his additional quarter per cent. will go towards meeting the default of an insolvent tenant. In regard to the congested districts, where the need is greater, the relief will be least, because no matter how low may be the purchase price, the tenant will have to go on for five years paying four-fifths of the gross rental. The security which Mr. Balfour called his 'three degrees of impossibility' is perfectly illusory, as the tenants' insurance fund idea assumes that there can be no possible default in the first five years; then the next security the Government, as I have said, could, under no circumstances, dare to make effectual; and the local rate by the grand jury, coming, as it necessarily would, in times of distress, would be equally valueless. In my opinion, the only sound security in land purchase transactions is a moderate price, and where the price is immoderate no security is any good."

Catholic Reading Circles are becoming a feature all over the United States, and in a short time the names of a host of Catholic writers will be identified with the new organisations. From this mustard seed it seems likely that a tree bearing good fruit will arise.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, writes the *Catholic Times*, preached a mission sermon one Sunday evening lately in the "Victoria Hall," a sort of theatre in which religious laymen have been conducting mission services for working people for some time. The report of the service given by the *Daily News* states that the large audience, consisting chiefly of working men, did not join in the Lord's Prayer. As they did unite, however, in singing some popular revival hymns most lustily, we infer that they failed to follow the prayer, not from want of will, but from want of ability. The working men of England are no longer Protestants; after three centuries of undisturbed possession, Protestantism has left the common people simply and literally in a state of heathen darkness, ignorant even of the Lord's Prayer. One day, a day perhaps not so far distant, the Catholic Church will make an effort to reach the English heathens around us. And the report of the Archbishop's meeting shows that the chief means of accomplishing this must be Catholic hymns—hymns and tunes as effective and popular as the sentimental "solos" of Mr. Sankey.

CATHOLIC CONCERT.

(*Thames Evening Star*, May 1.)

THE concert given last night in the Academy of Music, in aid of the purchase of the allotment in Willoughby street on which the Catholic Hall stands, was a most unqualified success, both in a musical and a financial point of view. The programme was of especial excellence, and to lovers of good music it was undoubtedly such a treat as has very rarely indeed been offered to them at the Thames. The attendance was very good, the front seats and gallery being filled, while there was a fair number in the pit. The fact that several vocalists and instrumentalists of repute who were strangers to the Thames were announced to take part, attracted a very representative and appreciative audience, among whom were members of every denomination, and judging by the applause, as well as by the repeated encores accorded to the several performers, they must have heartily enjoyed the concert.

The first item on the programme was an overture, "Manola," which was performed by the Orchestral Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Beale. This, together with another piece, entitled "Potpourri," with which the second part commenced, was much appreciated. Instead of taking each item *seriatim*, we will briefly mention each performer, beginning, of course, with the ladies. The first who sang was Mrs. N. Payne, whose rendition of "Ora Pro Nobis" was greatly admired. Her voice was clear and unflinching, and the enunciation was perfect. In response to an imperative encore, she gave, "No, Sir" with equal success. In the second part she sang, in the costume of an Irish peasant girl, "The Isle that's crowned with Shamrocks," and in response to an inevitable encore, "Dear Little Shamrock," both of which, appealing as they did to the many Irish hearts present, were warmly appreciated and applauded. Miss Josephine O'Reilly, of whose abilities as a vocalist we have heard through the Sydney papers, was warmly received on her appearance on the platform, and as the opening notes of the song "The Lost Chord," were heard, it was evident that her reputation had not been by any means exaggerated. She fairly astonished the audience by the wonderful volume and range of her pure contralto voice, evidencing the most careful training, and we do not think we ever heard the well-known song rendered in a more finished and effective manner. She was rewarded by a shower of bouquets, and for an encore gave an Irish song, "Kitty of Coleraine," with great spirit. In the second part Miss Josephine O'Reilly gave Hulla's "The Turc Fishers," and in this she was, in our opinion, even more successful than in the first, it being sung with the most exquisite pathos and expression. The audience rapturously expressed their approval, and insisting on an encore, she sang "Barney O'Hea," putting into it such an amount of by-play and fun as to show that she is as good an actress as she is a vocalist. Rev. Dr. Egan played all the accompaniments on the piano for Miss O'Reilly. The next lady vocalist was Miss Swan, of Auckland, who possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of remarkable sweetness and melody. In both her songs, "The Blind Girl to her Harp," and "Kathleen Mavourneen," she very favourably impressed the audience, and for encores to each she kindly responded by singing "I'm the merriest girl about," and "A kiss and nothing more." "Gathering the Myrtle with Mary," was a very pleasing rendition, and was highly applauded; and "The Minstrel Boy" was very sweetly sung by Miss McLaughlin. Among the male vocalists the first was Mr. Vowles, who sang "The White Squall" in his usual effective style. Rev. Dr. Egan gave "Alla Stella Confidante" in a very finished manner, showing he possesses a cultured voice, though not a powerful one, and so pleased the audience that they insisted on an encore, for which he sang "I'll Die for Thee" with equal success. In the second part of the programme Dr. Egan sang "Father O'Flynn," and this was one of the greatest successes of the evening, fairly carrying away the audience by the expression and fidelity with which the item was rendered. An encore being called for, Dr. Egan gave "I'm not myself at all," for which he was heartily applauded. Mr. Christie gave a very pleasing rendition of the song "Silver Cup." An instrumental trio, selections from "Norma," was given in the first part by Dr. Egan (flute), Rev. Father Lenihan (cello), and Miss McIlhorne (piano); and another in the second part, "Ranzana," by the same. Both these were very pleasing and finished performances, evincing undoubted ability, and were deservedly warmly applauded. Rev. Dr. Egan's performance on the flute in a solo, "La Zingarella," showed him to be a finished flautist, fully maintaining the reputation which preceded him by the masterly manner in which he played both on the piano and the flute. A quartette, "Good night, gentle folks" was capably rendered by Messrs. Catran, Small, Steward, and Vowles; and a chorus, "Dawn of Day," very pleasingly sung by the choir of St. Francis' Church, under the leadership of Mrs. Bruce, brought the programme to a close.

A special word of thanks is due to Miss McIlhorne for the exceedingly artistic manner in which she played nearly all the accompaniments during the evening, through a very long programme, and she is fairly entitled to the credit of having materially assisted towards the success of the performance. Rev. Dr. Egan, as we have said before, played the accompaniments to Miss Josephine O'Reilly's items, and Mr. H. H. Small also assisted on one or two occasions.

At the close of the concert Rev. Father O'Reilly came forward and briefly expressed his sincere thanks to those present for their attendance, and also to all the ladies and gentlemen who had so kindly assisted in any way towards the success of the entertainment. He said he would especially thank those who were not members of his own flock, and he assured them that he warmly appreciated the friendly feeling which had prompted their action.

The singing of the National Anthem brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

A good investment is now offered to an energetic man of business in the Auckland Catholic Repository, which is advertised for sale.

ARTHUR McDONALD AND CO.,

BOND AND CRAWFORD STREETS,
DUNEDIN.

Buyers at Highest Prices of

R A B B I T S K I N S

Wool, Sheepskins, Horse-Hair, etc.

AGENTS FOR

Batbgate's Butter Preservative.

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FOR SALE.

AUCKLAND CATHOLIC REPOSITORY.
Established 1875.

This old established and well connected business doing a good trade, and situated in Wellesley street, one door from Queen street, (a good central position), is now offered for sale as a going concern.

Full particulars may be had, on application to the Proprietor,

J. W. DICKSON,

Wellesley St., Auckland.

MOSGIEL CATHOLIC ART-UNION.

I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the following Remittances in connection with the Mosgiel Catholic Art-Union:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Farrington	4	4	0	Mrs. P. Walsh, Milton	2	0	0
Mrs. Burnett, Woodhaugh	2	0	0	Mr. F. Rogaski, Taieri	2	0	0
Mrs. Gilligan, Mosgiel	5	2	0	Miss T. Barra, Waibola	2	0	0
Mr. C. Columb, Owake	4	0	0	Mrs. P. Fagan, Dunedin	2	2	0
Mrs. Monahan, Taieri	2	0	0	Misses Bonney, Dunedin	2	0	0
Mr. R. Condon, Mosgiel	2	0	0	Mrs. T. Halpin, Lovell's Flat	2	0	0
Mr. J. Columb, Mosgiel	2	0	0	Mrs. W. Gavin, Balclutha	2	0	0
Miss Flynn, Mosgiel	2	0	0				

As the time advertised for the Drawing of the Prizes is only a few weeks off, I would respectfully urge all who have kindly undertaken to help in this good work to make an effort to have their Tickets disposed of as soon as possible.

W. KNOTT, Hon. Sec.

MARRIAGE.

COX—KING.—At St. Joseph's Cathedral, May 13, by the Rev. Father Lynch, Thomas J. Cox, fifth son of P. Cox, Roscommon, Ireland, to Mary Ellen King, eldest daughter of Martin King, King street, Roslyn, Dunedin. Home papers please copy.

DEATH.

JOHNSON.—On the 7th May, at her parents' residence Commercial Hotel, Lawrence, Mary, youngest daughter of John and Annie Johnson; aged 16 years and 6 months.—R.I.P.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

"IRISH CATHOLIC."—Our Correspondent's views seem just and reasonable. The subject, however, is not one to which it would now serve any useful purpose to open our columns.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 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

SETTLEMENT.



THE necessity for the settlement of people on the waste lands of the Colony is so obvious, and the demand for it so urgent and universal, that it passes comprehension to find that non-settlement is a periodical grievance. In all the past years the demand has been: Put the people on the land. And, nevertheless, the same cry continues to go up. From this it appears that, although

there is certainly a demand for land to settle on, somehow or another this demand is never satisfied, and, go where you will throughout the country, you will find the people in all districts deploring the neglect of settlement. Altogether this is a strange state of things. The people want settlement, demand it, have the power of enforcing it, as they are the electors who send up legislators to Wellington, and still settlement does not obtain so as to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the people. We must say the people themselves are entirely to blame. If they were in earnest, and sufficiently intelligent, an end could and would be at once put to this never-ending complaint. No class, no party, no ministry could for one Session resist the earnest demand of the people through their representatives. But it will be asked by certain politicians, is there really a demand for settlement over and above what is really taking place? and these politicians will point to the hundreds of acres ready for settlement in the North Island, and in the north of this Island. We are hardly in a position to decide whether this fact will really answer those others who say that the present Government does not encourage settlement as it ought. We only know for certain that the demand in this Province has not been satisfied. For example, there was a sale of 31 holdings the other day in the Waste Lands Court, and for these there were applications from 151 individuals. No matter, then, how many hundreds of acres are available, if they are really available in other parts of the country, it is clear that in Otago hundreds of men willing to become settlers on the land cannot obtain land from the Government, although millions of acres are either lying waste or employed in feeding comparatively few sheep and cattle. What is the reason of this? Is it neglect, or is it because the party in power prefers to play into the hands of large graziers and land companies? We do not know. But people there are who attribute the worst of motives to those in authority, and we think it is for the interest of all concerned that every excuse for such charges and attribution of motives should be removed at once. We are slow, indeed unwilling, to think that leading politicians of any party would set themselves to obstruct settlement. At the same time we think that all parties could, were they a little wiser, do a great deal more than has yet been done to facilitate the settlement of the people on the land. Land in sufficient quantities could, we think, be easily set apart for this purpose, and we further think something ought to be done to break up large holdings in the vicinity of towns so that these should no longer be immediately surrounded by a few enormous blocks in the hands of one or two individuals or some large land company, which serve, as it were, as a cordon of brass to prevent the prosperity and growth of these towns. Of course, we are not to be understood as even insinuating that the least injustice should be done to the owners of these blocks; but the public interests demand that no man should be permitted to hold land to the detriment of the public, and consequently proprietors such as those to whom we allude should be expropriated on adequate compensation being given, in order that people might be placed on the land to make it more productive and more valuable than ever sheep and cattle can. At all events we hope that no time will be lost in making such arrangements as will give intending settlers a fair chance of obtaining land to cultivate and on which happy and prosperous homes may be established. There can, we think, be no doubt that the demand for fairly sized farms is very much in excess of the supply, whilst there is land in abundance in the country for all who wish to settle in it. To us it has always appeared a wonderful thing that the fight for the right to settle on the land should be permitted to continue from year to year. The unwillingness to afford sufficient facilities for settlement is in our eyes a species of unwisdom which could hardly be expected in men having even the least knowledge and experience, but that it should be found in grown-up men of the world is altogether past our comprehension. But, as we said above, the people most to blame are

the electors, who, if they were intelligent and really in earnest, could rectify this matter at the polling booths, and yet neglect to do so.

The Bishop of Dunedin requests us to say that the dispensation for the use of flesh meat on days of abstinence and fast, on account of the prevailing *la grippe*, has been withdrawn, and that consequently the faithful shall be no longer permitted to break the abstinence and fast.

ON Sunday next, the feast of Pentecost, Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, at 11 a.m.

THE movement of the railway servants to obtain from the Commissioners redress of grievances complained of by them, is one of the chief topics of the hour. The men complain of the employment of boy labour, long hours, and piece work, and propose to the Commissioners measures of relief. All the points complained of are undoubtedly objectionable and such as public opinion must support the men in their demand to have remedied. The Commissioners, on their part, seem disposed to consider the case, but require as one of their conditions for dealing with the association formed by the men that none but railway employees should be admitted to it—a demand for which there seems inadequate cause and which must act against the interests of union and arbitration generally. The matter, moreover, is not one merely affecting the railway employees and the Commissioners. It narrowly affects the whole Colony, the travelling portion of which, for instance, is personally interested in the reduction of the long hours of which the men complain, and which, among the rest, involve a serious danger to the lives of passengers.—Boy labour also is a general question of very great importance.—We agree, nevertheless, with the opinion expressed that the Association did wrong in not sending delegates as requested by the Commissioners to discuss the matter with them. The excuse given, moreover, that the men sent would become marked men appears weak and unworthy. If it were only that the force of public opinion must prevent anything of the kind, its weakness would be evident, and besides it was hardly just to the Commissioners to brand them with malevolence before they had done anything to deserve, or, indeed, given any sign of deserving such a stigma. We are glad to find that the men deprecate the intention attributed to them of going out on strike, and it is to be hoped that all temptation to do so at any time may be averted by a rational settlement of the points in dispute.

THE report of the Sweating Commission, which is now published, although, three of the Commissioners dissenting, it states that sweating properly so-called does not exist in the Colony, still shows a grave state of things. The employment of boys and girls, and in some instances even of children much under the age up to which the Education Act requires their attendance at school, is one of the prevailing evils. "The employment of these young persons to the exclusion of skilled and trained workers is the chief grievance among artisans," says the report. A hint to fine ladies is given in the clause dealing with apprenticeship. Young girls, we are told, in the millinery and dressmaking establishments give their services for the first year for nothing, and the second year for 5s a week. At the end of that time if they ask for an increase of wages they are in many cases discharged and other young girls are taken on in their places. But is it not melancholy to find such associations connected with the elegant attire in which our belles are appropriately arrayed. Laces and satins should take quite a different appearance when they are put together, even with the greatest taste and skill, by a system in some degree savouring of white slavery. But, what seems more unfortunate still, we are told that the same system prevails also in mechanical trades for men. "Boys called apprentices, but not indentured, begin at a low wage, and there is nothing to prevent their being discharged by the master, or leaving of their own accord, without sufficient knowledge of the trade. They, however, go into competition with other journeymen, not only, as is alleged, to the discredit of the craft by their inefficiency, but to the cutting down of wages." The report makes several recommendations for the amelioration of matters, of which the principal is an amendment of the Factory Act. It also expresses sympathy with the movement to secure early closing. On the whole, although things were not found quite so bad as may have been feared, they proved to be quite bad enough, and the position of the labouring classes is shown to be anything rather than what might be desired. The important question is: Who shall solve it? What are the chances of amelioration?

A MEETING in advocacy of Trades' Unionism was held the other evening in Dunedin under the auspices of the Trades and Labour Council. Several speeches were made, the speaker in every instance

displaying sound common sense and moderation. Testimony, among the rest, similar in effect to that of the Sweating Commission was borne as to the influence of the Unions in ameliorating the condition of the labourer. An assurance was also given that the working-men understood their own interests too well to do anything to drive the capitalist from the Colony, as some people feared, and thereby to deprive themselves of employment. One of the speakers very pertinently recommended the working people to look into the antecedents of Parliamentary candidates, and withhold their support from men who were not their friends. It is to be hoped that, in acting on this advice, as they will be wise to do, the working classes will not lose sight of the land question, in whose right settlement their interests are deeply involved, and which must form a first object with every legislator who is their sincere friend. On the whole, what was said at the meeting was both instructive and interesting, and such as was well calculated to make a favourable impression as to the objects and results of the system under discussion.

WE regret to learn that the Rev. Father O'Connor's progress towards recovery from his recent illness is not so rapid as could be wished. Somewhat severe general prostration has followed upon the attack of influenza, from which the rev. gentleman suffered some weeks ago. On Sunday morning last, thinking that he could conquer his indisposition, he got up in the morning, intending to celebrate first Mass in Kaiapoi, but was obliged to give up this intention owing to physical inability to carry it out. He was quite unable even to say Mass in his own church at Rangiora, and so substituted Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament instead. It is to be hoped the rev. gentleman's illness will soon pass. In the meantime he has the sincere sympathy of his many friends, and their earnest wishes to see him speedily himself again, and fit to don harness, which, indeed, he is not at present.

WE would remind our Canterbury readers that the great gala in aid of St. Mary's Church, Manchester st., Christchurch, will take place in Lancaster Park on Monday next. Father Le Menant and the Church committee have been moving heaven and earth to make the affair a brilliant success. They have contrived to secure a complete monopoly of all the sports for that day, so that holiday-makers will have little choice in respect to where they shall go to enjoy themselves. If they intend to go to any place where there will be amusement on her Majesty's birthday, they will perforce be obliged to go to Lancaster Park, for Father Le Menant has drawn every source of athletic pleasure into his net. The programme of the *fête* has been planned on a most gigantic scale. All that is required now is fine weather. If the sun happen to shine on the 26th the crowd will come, and if the crowd come Father Le Menant will reap a golden harvest for his new church. The great enterprise which he has shown in carrying this matter through in the face of many adverse circumstances certainly deserves success, of which we wish him the very fullest measure on Monday next.

EVEN Mr. Gladstone, it would appear, is not quite infallible, as the following cablegram, under date London, May 13, if correct, may inform us:—"Mr. Gladstone, in his address to the Cobden Club, expressed his regret that the colonies had not accepted the lessons of English experience. Having, however, excluded goods, it was only to be supposed they would exclude men from their territory who competed with their own artisans, who did not consume alcohol, and who worked hard for less money." The allusion is, of course, to the Chinese. It is, meantime, somewhat remarkable to find Mr. Gladstone fall into the common error that, because the excessive consumption of alcohol is the source of endless evils, abstention from its use involves the possession of all the virtues. There are men who in all sobriety are guilty of deeds that would disgrace any habitual drunkard. Still more surprising is it to find Mr. Gladstone virtually approving of a low scale of wages—a matter which we certainly had not expected from him. But it is impossible to find absolute perfection, and with this consideration we must comfort ourselves, if this cablegram prove a just report.

FROM the report of a concert recently given at the Thames, and which will be found in another portion of our columns, we learn that Miss Josephine O'Reilly, a young lady well known in the musical world of Sydney, and who has taken a distinguished place as an amateur there, has proved in Auckland her full right to the high reputation as a vocalist enjoyed by her. Miss O'Reilly, we may add, is a near relation of the Rev. Father O'Reilly, of the Thames.

DR. BARNARDO, we conclude it is Dr. Barnardo, although his name is not signed to the circular forwarded, sends us a copy of "Night and Day" for March, with the intimation that he will greatly esteem any notice with which we may favour him in our columns. The notice with which we favour him, and we do not know whether he will greatly esteem it or not, is once more to warn

our readers of the nature of his institution. It is a "bird's nest" of the most flagrant description where Catholic children are detained against the will of their parents, and where every effort is made to pervert their faith. No Catholic deserving of the name, so long as Dr. Barnardo's institution rightly owns this reputation, can possibly subscribe one sixpence towards its support, or do anything whatever in aid of it.

THE Irish party have had a victory over the Tories. Not a very important one, it is true, but still one to be taken as an additional straw among several of late moved by the changing wind. The occasion was that of the moving, by Mr. Fox, M.P., for Tullamore, of the second reading of the Labourers' Bill for Ireland, and which was carried, notwithstanding Government opposition, by a majority of 26 in a thin House. We do not set very much store by this victory, but still it is decidedly something gained, and, what is more, we have heard it stated at its least value through a hostile medium—the cable agency.

It is consoling to find that Sir Charles Dilke, who, we understand, is an authority on the subject, considers that these colonies are prepared to encounter the brunt of war. Speaking the other night at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, Sir Charles, we are told, referred to Australia as the safest part of the empire, and relatively the best prepared for war. A weak point, however, was mentioned by the speaker which, perhaps, some of us had not considered,—that is, the attractions of the Westport coal mines, whose fame as providing fuel for steamships is evidently very widely spread abroad. Sir Charles thought the mines ought to be defended. The hint, no doubt, will be taken into consideration by the authorities concerned.

COUNT CAPRIVI recommends bullets and Bibles for the civilisation of Africa, and another notable interested in the condition of the continent seems partially to agree with him. Speaking the other night at the London Guildhall Mr. Stanley, the famous explorer, condemned what he called the "Quakerism and namby-pamby journalism, which were thwarting enterprise in Africa." The utterance appears to confirm certain reports of Mr. Stanley's methods of proceeding in the country alluded to, which it was to be hoped might prove unfounded. He is evidently an advocate of the bullets, whatever may be his opinion as to the probable influence of the Bible. A momentous crisis in the history of the native tribes has certainly set in, and there are too many analogous cases on record, to leave us in doubt as to what must be its issue. With or without Bibles, bullets will speedily be on the wing.

It is announced that the strike of the Queensland shearers has come to an end, the squatters having temporarily agreed on terms. The magnates in question have been wise in their action, and will prove themselves still wiser if they enter into a lasting agreement. The force opposed to them is far above their strength.

Is the Emperor William's effort to keep his promise of amending the condition of the working classes to be judged by the announcement made by Count Caprivi, that military service will be made compulsory on all the men of the Empire without exception? If such be the case, his Majesty evidently takes an original view of what he has pledged himself to. The crushing armament of the country is already one of the chief causes of the workingmen's sufferings, and its increase must aggravate the evil. After all it would seem that the coercion by which Prince Bismarck is accused of having encouraged the growth of Socialism, is to be continued under another form. Like causes, nevertheless, will probably produce like results.

The solemn exposition for public veneration of the relics of St. Francis Xavier, preserved in the Cathedral at Goa, East Indies, has been deferred until next December. The ceremonies on the occasion will be characterised by much pomp. Thousands of pilgrims are expected to flock to Goa.

Judge Murat Matterson was at the Leland the other day, direct from the city of Mexico, says the *Chicago Tribune*. With him is Don Luis Huller, who is the Vanderbilt of Mexico, though a Vanderbilt would have little standing in his family, for he prints a golden crest at the head of his note paper which has distinguished such a long line of Huller Dons that the memory of man does not begin to run back to the first of them. Don Luis is of the bluest-blooded Castilians. He lives in a castle at Tacuba, the little town but a few miles from the City of Mexico where two other of Mexico's wealthiest men live—Antonio Escandon and Sebaston Weir. Don Huller owns and occupies the famous Villa De Barron. The place is really a palace. The house has fifty rooms, and its construction is on a scale of magnificence equal to anything in Mexico. The grounds alone cost 600,000 dollars, and the whole place several times that sum. Most of the interior finishings were imported from Europe, and even the stone carvings for the doorway and the great gateway into the grounds were imported. Even with all this magnificence for a home, the owner spends much of his time in Europe. He is on his way there now to join his family.

DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE seventh annual meeting of this Society was held in the Christian Brothers' school on Wednesday evening last. The Rev. Father Lynch presided, and there was a large attendance of members and visitors. The report and balance-sheet were read and adopted. The former referred in feeling terms to the loss sustained by the Society consequent on the removal of the Rev. Father Burke to Queenstown. The rev. gentleman had been intimately connected with the Society, for the past seven years, and the many valuable services rendered by him to the Society will be fondly remembered by those with whom he came in contact. The election of officers for the ensuing session resulted as follows:—President, Rev. P. Lynch; vice-presidents, Messrs. J. P. Hayes and P. Carolin; secretary and treasurer, Mr. John A. Hally; assistant secretary, Mr. C. Colum; members of committee, Messrs. J. Egar, F. Cantwell and S. Simmonds. A motion for the establishment of a reading room, to be open on Tuesday evenings, was brought forward, and it was decided to discuss it more fully at next meeting. Several gentlemen were proposed for membership. Votes of thanks to the retiring officers and the chairman concluded the evening's business.

MR. RHODES: THE DIAMOND OCTOPUS.

EXCESSIVE competition reduced the price of diamonds to its lowest ebb. The fortune of Kimberley hung in the balance. Only one thing could save them—amalgamation. But that, with so many and such conflicting interests, seemed at first impossible. The man who solved the difficulty was a young fellow who had recently taken a pumping-contract in De Beers. Guided by Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his fellow worker, Mr. Bent—both of them now millionaires—the De Beers Company began secretly and steadily, through agents, to acquire the main interest in all the others, until one fine day it was found that they were masters of the situation. Remoulding itself into the "De Beers Consolidated," with a trust deed empowering them to engage in any and every undertaking conducive to their end, the company in this way amalgamated first De Beers and then all the other mines into one colossal syndicate. A few last outstanding companies were being bought in the very week I spent in Kimberley; and as the company has acquired also a preponderant interest in the only other diamond diggings which need be considered, it controls to-day the diamond industry of the world. Shafts have been sunk to depths of seven and eight hundred feet through the fallen reef and through the hard mass outside the mine; the price per carat of diamonds has been doubled; the joint yearly output amounts to three and a-half million pounds worth a year; and while paying water at a fabulous rate, and coal at £9 a ton; while buying wags to the tune of £20,000 a week, with total working expenses of £180,000 a month, the company anticipates an annual profit of £2,400,000, and after paying 5½ per cent. on its 2½ millions of debentures, divided 10 per cent. in August last for the six months to June 30 on its share capital of £3,950,000.

Now the world spends £4,000,000 in diamonds every year; and, as year by year it grows more wealthy and populous, it will certainly, unless the taste dies out, not spend a penny less. The world, then, will go on buying its £4,000,000 worth of diamonds every year, and of those at least £3,500,000 worth will have to come out of Kimberley and De Beers. That, at £2 the carat, means £1,750,000 carats from the two, or roughly 1,300,000 loads. That, at 15s a load, means a total of yearly working expenses of about £1,000,000. That leaves a net yearly profit of 2½ millions of money; or, taking the capital as £4,000,000, about 60 per cent.—the best mining investment, I suppose, in the world.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

(Truth, March 27.)

A FRIEND sitting by me on Monday when we were listening to Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Bill, asked me whether I thought it would pass. I replied, "If you fell amongst a band of bandits, do you think you would part company with them with your purse in your pocket?" This is the condition of the British taxpayer, and will be so, so long as the classes to whom he foolishly gave power at the last general election retain that power. The Bill, however, ought to be opposed line by line and word by word, in order that the British electors should be brought to understand clearly the monstrous robbery which is being perpetrated. This will be the course taken by British Radicals, and by the representatives of Ireland.

An Irish landlord is to have the option of selling his estate to us, provided that he can cajole or bully his tenants into agreeing to the sale, and we are then to sell it to the tenants. Land is almost unsaleable at present in England or Ireland. Why, then, are the Irish landlords to be provided with a solvent purchaser? The terms on which we are to buy are outrageous terms. They are to include arrears, and they are to be estimated on what Mr. Balfour calls net value, this net value including cost of management and bad debts. We are to give anything up to twenty years' purchase, and Mr. Balfour explained why by an example. He supposed an estate worth seventeen years' purchase. He adds one year's purchase for cost of management to the present owner, and two years' arrears of rent to the actual owner. We should, therefore, pay for that estate twenty years' purchase, and our security would be the estate worth seventeen years' purchase.

If we do not get our annuities from the tenant, we are to lay hold of certain moneys now paid to Ireland by the Imperial Exchequer, and if that does not cover the deficit we are to provide money neither for education, nor lunatics, nor paupers in Ireland, and behind this is to be an Imperial guarantee. This, Mr. Balfour laboriously explained, is no sort of guarantee. The answer is obvious: if it is not a guarantee, then why give it? The value of a security is not based upon the borrower's estimate, but upon that of the lender. Without this guarantee no one would advance money on

security at 6 per cent.; with it anyone would advance it at 2½ per cent. Can anything, therefore, be more absurd than to say that the guarantee is nominal?

But the scheme for the congested districts is even more scandalous. The land, for agricultural purposes, is, generally speaking, worthless. Irishmen live on it because it is their home, and because they have built their houses on it. Mr. Balfour proposes to immigrate or emigrate a portion of the population, and to throw several holdings into one. As the residential value would thus disappear, he asks that the landlord should be paid for the existing residential value from funds belonging to the public. This is much as though the ratepayers of the metropolis were told that they must pay landlords of insanitary rookeries the value of their rookeries, based upon the rents that they have derived from herding human beings in styes like animals. The houses that are to be pulled down belong, be it remembered, to the tenants. They are to receive nothing for them, for evidently a tenant-right in a house to be pulled down is non-existing.

Mr. Balfour explained that several principles must be laid down in a Land Purchase Bill for Ireland. Here are those which alone would make such a Bill acceptable to Liberals:—1. It must involve no use of Imperial credit. 2. It must involve no use of Irish credit without the assent of the Irish people whose credit is pledged. 3. It must be approved by the Irish people through their representatives.

WELL SPENT.

(From *Truth*, March 27.)

"GENERAL" HAIG (presumably an officer of the Salvation Army) was recently sent by the Irish Church Missions Society to inquire into what was doing in Ireland, with a view to convert Catholics into Protestants. The "General" has discovered that there is "comparatively little to show in the shape of direct and openly-confessed conversions," and he therefore feels inclined to doubt "encouraging reports." "But," somewhat illogically continues the "General," "for the sake of the poor people themselves we are obliged to be silent about results." Under those circumstances what does he suggest? "That the older Missions should be closed in the West, where the people have heard the Gospel for thirty or forty years, and that the staff employed there should be sent to evangelise other parts of Ireland." The report winds up with the usual demand for funds.

The Irish Church Missions have spent about £200,000 in the last ten years. They have no converts, for *de non apparentibus et de non existentibus* is one and the same thing. This vast sum of money has been expended in salaries and travelling expenses in the West of Ireland. Failure having resulted there, they have now the impudence to ask for funds to try elsewhere. The society appears to be little more than an association for collecting funds to secure salaries to officials, and it is to be hoped the public will not be so silly as to part with more money for this purpose. It may be desirable that Jews should become Christians, and that Catholics should become Protestants. I see no reason, however, why large amounts should be subscribed to enable persons to make a living by not converting Jews or Catholics, and yet this is really the outcome of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews and the Irish Church Missions Society.

ARCHBISHOP KIRBY AND THE BRITISH ENVOY AT ROME.

(The *Nation*, March 29)

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers full and authentic details of what transpired at the St. Patrick's Day dinner in the Irish College, Rome, between the British Envoy to the Vatican and the Rector of the Irish College. Sir John Simmons has, since he entered Rome, been seeking for the recognition of the Irish representatives there. He went so far on the occasion of the celebration of the festival of St. Thomas at the English College as to publicly ask the Rector of the Irish College, Archbishop Kirby, for an invitation to the St. Patrick's Day celebration. We ventured at the time to express the hope that it would not be given. The motive of the extraordinary departure from the lines of official etiquette was too plain. Manifestly it was simply an attempt to get the Envoy-Extraordinary for the affairs of Malta accepted as an Envoy-Extraordinary for the affairs of Ireland by the Irish representatives at Rome. We wished to see the attempt defeated. Archbishop Kirby has, however, accomplished our desire without going the length of meeting discourtesy with discourtesy. He invited the English Envoy as an ordinary guest, but he made it plain that neither at Rome nor at home is the party which sent Sir John Simmons to Rome likely to be accepted as the friends and exponents of Irish Catholic feeling. The veracious correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* was, of course, equal to the occasion. He telegraphed home his own version of what happened on the occasion. The banquet was described as one given in honour of the English Envoy, and Monsignor Kirby was represented as having made a fulsome speech of admiration for English authority. We did not need our Roman correspondent's contradiction of this stuff to correctly estimate its truth. In order to effectively dispose of the story and to allay all the needless apprehensions to which it gave rise, he forwards us to-day the full report of Archbishop Kirby's speech. It was delivered in presence not only of the English Envoy, but of the Cardinal-vicar also; and it made clear that the courtesy extended to the Envoy was of the most purely formal character. He pointed out that if the sons of the Church established by St. Patrick had been retained in allegiance by the laws of conscience and morality preached by that Church, England has special reason to be grateful. Besides that allegiance for conscience sake, declared Dr. Kirby, there was sometimes another which arose from the love and

gratitude of a people who have the good fortune to be under a Government whose laws and administration are animated by a spirit of justice, equity, and of impartiality, and of paternal solicitude. "Whether the Catholics of Ireland ought to feel themselves bound by these latter motives of submission to their Government is a point which it is not expedient for me to discuss, and much less to affirm on this festive occasion, devoted to the joyous memory of St. Patrick." Unpalatable truths were not made for festive occasions. But Dr. Kirby indicated pretty clearly his own view by expressing the hope that "He, in whose hands are the hearts of kings and the rights of nations," may yet "effect that the political power which England exercises in Ireland shall be based, through the justice and wisdom of her statesmen, not on the terror of material force, but in the hearts and affections of a grateful and generous people." Our correspondent speaks of the excellent effect produced by those words. It is the aim of the enemies of Ireland at Rome to spread the belief that everything that need be done has been done for Ireland, and that it is Irish unreasonableness and turbulence that cause all the present troubles. The venerable Rector of the Irish College has made it clear that such is not his belief, and that such is not the belief of the episcopate whose agent he is in his present position. If the British Envoy knew that his presence at the Irish College would have elicited these declarations he would probably have found himself engaged elsewhere on the occasion. Whatever himself and his attendant, Captain Ross, of Bladensburg, the author of the blood-curdling article on Irish secret societies which appeared in *Macmillan's* a couple of years ago, and represented Ireland as honeycombed with secret organisations—whatever they may be engaged in plotting one thing their plots cannot accomplish and that is the misrepresentation of Irish Catholic opinion. It repudiates them. It looks upon their work with suspicion. They hold no warrant from any authority in Ireland. They are simply, as far as Ireland is concerned, the agents of the political party which attempts to maintain English power here on the basis of material force. What the moral standing of that party is Archbishop Kirby has defined with sufficient clearness, and his definition is the definition that would be given by the Bishops of Ireland. The aged prelate has rendered his country a signal service by his timely words, and their effect will not be lost at Rome.

IS THE SUN BLUE?

ONE of the shining lights of astronomical science has this to say in regard to the colour of the sun:—

It may be asked, "What suggests the idea that the sun is blue?" My own attention was directed this way many years ago, when measuring the heat and light from different parts of the sun's disc. It is known that the sun has an atmosphere of its own which tempers its heat, and, by cutting off certain radiations and not others, produces the spectral lines with which we are so familiar. These lines we usually study in connection with the absorbing vapours of sodium, iron, etc., which produce them; but my own attention was particularly given to the regions of absorption, or to the colour it caused.

In these investigations I found that the sun's body must be of a deep bluish colour, and that it would shed deep blue light, except for the solar atmosphere, which is usually spoken of as being colourless, but which really plays the part of a reddish veil, letting a little of the blue appear on the centre of the sun's disc, where it is the thinnest, and staining the edge red, so as to appear to a delicate test as being a pale aquamarine in the centre and a deep garnet around the edge. The effect I found to be so important that, were this all but invisible solar atmosphere diminished only by a third part, the temperature of all temperate zones would rise higher than any torrid zone, and make the greater part of the world uninhabitable.

These studies directed my attention to the great practical importance of studying the action of our own terrestrial atmosphere on the sun, and the antecedent probability that our own air was also, and independently of having the effect of making a really blue sunshine and sun appear as white when it should appear of a cerulean hue.—*St. Louis Republic*.

Mr. Cobb, the sturdy Home Rule member for the Rugby division of Warwickshire, had Mr. Henry Mathews up again on Thursday (says a London paper, March 25), to answer a question about some money the notorious forger, Richard Pigott, received from the excellent Mr. Soames of the *Times*. Mr. Cobb asked the Home Secretary, amidst Irish cheers, whether he would now give the respective dates in August and September, 1888, upon which the £10 note and the £5 note, which formed part of the remittance received from the late Richard Pigott by his housekeeper on the 23rd February, 1889, were drawn from the bank by Mr. Soames, and the number of such notes; and whether he could ascertain and would state to whom Mr. Soames paid such notes, and on what date or dates. Mr. Mathews replied that he had no better means than the hon. member of ascertaining on what dates Mr. Soames drew money from his bankers or paid it to his witnesses; and, therefore, he had not traced the notes in question. Mr. Cobb—Have the police traced them? Mr. Mathews—Not that I am aware of. Mr. Labouchere—As the right hon. gentleman is responsible to this House for the action of the police, will he be good enough to make inquiries? Mr. Mathews—That is not in the original question. Mr. Labouchere—Will the right hon. gentleman ask the police whether, in their investigations, they discovered when these notes were drawn and to whom they were paid?—Mr. Jesse Collings took it upon him to give a decided negative, whereat there was laughter loud and long. Mr. Cobb again asked his questions on Monday; but the Home Secretary could only lamely say that the police had learned that the £10 remitted by Pigott to his housekeeper had been issued on Mr. Soames's cheque, but they had not ascertained when or to whom Mr. Soames paid the notes.

Commercial.

MESSRS. DONALD STRONACH AND SON report for the week ending May 14, as follows:—

Fat Sheep.—For the week's supply 3323 came forward, which number included 250 merinos. Competition was rather dull at the beginning of the sales, but showed a considerable improvement a little later on till values steadied down at about the level of last week, except for sheep of poorer quality for which prices were easier throughout. Best crossbred wethers made 13s 6l to 16s 6l; ordinary, 11s 6d to 13s; ewes, prime quality, 12s 6l to 14s 6l; ordinary, 8s 3d to 11s 6d; merinos, 4s 6d to 6s 9d. We sold drafts on account of Mr. J. Henderson and Mr. J. Butherford at quotations.

Lambs.—390 were penned and sold at from 3s 9d to 10s 9d. Quality was not quite so good as usual. We sold 76 at 8s 6d, 8s 9d, and 10s 9d.

Fat Cattle.—An average supply of 209 head was yarded to-day. Owing to the late hour the sales finished, prices suffered considerably before the close. Cattle of good quality were very scarce, and any answering to that description and offered earlier in the day brought fair value at about last Wednesday's rates. Best bullocks sold at £6 10s to £7 17s 6d—an odd pen or two a shade more; medium, £5 5s to £6 5s; light weights, £3 2s 6d to £5; cows, £2 15s to £6 10s.

Pigs.—To-day's exceptionally heavy entry—viz., 751—coming after the several overstocked markets of late proved far too many for the trade to deal with, except at prices considerably lower than ever before known at Burnside. Suckers brought 6s to 9s; stores, 15s to 21s; porkers, 20s to 26s; baconers, 28s to 37s.

Wool.—Latest cable advices from London read:—"May 11, 305,000 bales were catalogued for the series of wool sales just finished, and of which 100,000 bales were held over. Besides this 101,000 bales were exported." Telegrams received by the various agents here would go to show that the decline in prices compared with closing values of previous series may be taken at about 7½ per cent., except for crossbreds and lambs, which have fallen 3d per lb., and for superior merino greasy, for which the market is easier. It is, however, satisfactory to note that the tone of the market at the close was rather firmer for New Zealand wools. Locally, the usual small weekly catalogues have been cleared at fair rates.

Sheepskins.—A keen demand is still experienced for all qualities. Tuesday's auction sales were well attended, and prices—allowing for the usual slight advance in green skins for extra growth—ruled about level with last week's. Quotations run:—Butchers' green crossbred, 4s 6d, 4s 3d, 4s 2d, 4s, and 3s 10d for best, other qualities in proportion; merinos, 3s 6d, 3s 3d, 3s 1d, 3s, 2s 9d, 2s 6d; lambs, up to 4s. Country skins: Dry crossbred, inferior to medium, 1s 3d to 4s 3d; do. merino, 1s 4d to 3s 6d; full wool crossbred up to 6s 3d, and merino to 10s 6d for an extra line and 6s 3d for ordinary. Station skins in bales; merino, 6½; crossbred, 6d.

Hides.—The market shows no change, ordinary supplies being readily placed at the following range of prices:—Best heavy, 2½d to 3d; medium 2½d to 2½d; light 2d to 2½d; inferior 1½d to 1½d. A large number of the hides that reach this market bring much lower prices than they should, on account of the damage they receive through cuts in flaying; a little care in this respect would make a great difference in the value of many of the hides sold in Dunedin.

Rabbitskins.—Supplies are very meagre. Prices at the usual weekly sales are well maintained:—2d to 3d for suckers to ordinary summers, and to 10d and 1s for autumn skins.

Tallow. Business is only small, but late prices are firm:—Medium to good, 15s to 17s; inferior and mixed, 12s to 14s 6d; rough fat, best, 11s 6d to 12s 6d; inferior to medium, 8s 6d to 10s 6d.

Grain.—Wheat: Really prime samples are in good demand, but scarce, at fully last week's quotations. Second quality is more plentiful and not so easily placed, but still commands fair attention. The market is bare of fowl wheat, which would command high prices if obtainable. Last week's quotations may be repeated:—Milling, prime Tuscan, 3s 2d to 3s 4d; best velvet, 3s to 3s 2d; best red wheat, 2s 11d to 3s 1d; medium to good, 2s 8d to 2s 10d.—Oats: Arrivals are still heavy, and stores are filling rapidly. A fair amount of business has been done at about equal to late figures, say 1s 4½d for prime milling, and 1s 2½d to 1s 3½d for good feed.—Barley: Nothing doing. Quotations, nominally, 2s 9d to 3s. All quotations sacks extra, ex store.

Byegrass.—No business of any importance passing. Dressed seed is worth 4s to 4s 6d; undressed, 2s 6d to 3s 9d, ex store. Cocksfoot, 3½d to 4½d per lb.

Potatoes.—The market is without animation in consequence of large supplies forward. Quotations, £2 to £3 per ton.

Chaff is in good supply, and saleable at 35s to 47s 6d per ton.

MESSRS DONALD REID AND CO. report for the week ending May 21 as follows:—

Wool.—At auction on Tuesday we offered a few bales and bags, which sold under fairly active competition.

Rabbitskins.—For our usual weekly sale on Tuesday we submitted a small catalogue, consisting of summer and autumn skins. The local buyers were in attendance, and all were sold under brisk competition. Summers sold at 3d to 7d; autumn, 9d to 11d per lb.

Sheepskins.—For our usual weekly sale on Tuesday we put forward a moderate catalogue, consisting of green skins from local butchers, and dry lines from country clients. With a few exceptions, all the skins offered were second class, there being very few choice lines forward. The local buyers were in attendance, and bidding all through the sale was fairly active. Green crossbreds sold at 2s 10d to 4s; merinos, 1s 10d to 2s 11d, lambs, 2s 10d to 3s 7d.

Hides.—The demand continues good, and all coming forward are readily placed. Prime heavy hides are still in most request, and to secure this class buyers are prepared to give full rates. Last week's quotations remain unaltered.

Tallow.—There is still a good demand for all descriptions, and as the supply has not been large for a few weeks past, local manufacturers show more disposition to buy, and all qualities are readily placed. During the week we sold several small lines at for medium rendered, 15s to 16s; inferior, 10s to 13s; rough fat, 9s to 12s 6d per cwt.

Weekly Auction Sale.—Our usual weekly auction sale of grain and produce held at our stores on Monday last was well attended. Bidding was, however, far from brisk, and offers, as a rule, not reaching our valuations, a considerable part of the catalogue was withdrawn.

Grain.—Wheat: There is little animation. Millers are well stocked, and can scarcely be said to be in the market for ordinary milling samples, but anything particularly tempting in quality still meets with ready sale at late prices. Fowl wheat is in good demand at quotations:—Extra prime milling, 3s 3d to 3s 4d; ordinary, 3s to 3s 2d; medium, 2s 7d to 2s 11d; fowl wheat and inferior, 2s 3d to 2s 7d.

Oats.—As a very large proportion of this grain coming forward is being held in the meantime, the market is in no way forced, and prices continue steady. A moderate business is being done both with millers and exporters, which is sufficient, as a rule, to clear the market of the small quantity consigned for immediate sale. We quote—Milling, 1s 3½d to 1s 4½d; feed, 1s 2d to 1s 3d (sacks extra).

Barley.—A small business in malting and milling is being done, but feed is quite neglected. We quote—Malting, 2s 7d to 2s 11d; feed, 2s to 2s 6d (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—Only a small supply forward during the week, and stocks are being gradually reduced. We quote—Prime, £2 10s to £2 15s; ordinary, £2 5s to £2 7s 6d.

Chaff.—The market is very sparingly supplied. Prices, however, remain at about last week's quotations. A larger supply could be placed if it were to hand. We quote—Prime heavy, £2 7s 6d to £2 10s; ordinary, £2 to £2 5s.

Store Sheep.—For this class of stock there are still numerous inquiries, chiefly for small lots of breeding ewes and crossbred wethers, and if suitable lots were offering a large business could be done. There are very few good crossbreds now offering, and buyers have to be content with what can be got. We have buyers for 1000 good crossbred breeding ewes and 1000 half-bred lambs, off tussock. Privately we have sold 630 4, 6, and 8-tooth crossbred ewes and wethers, 340 4, 6, and 8-tooth crossbred ewes, 9000 full-mouthed merino wethers and ewes, and 250 full-mouthed ewes.

RABBITSKINS.

MESSRS. ROBERT CLELAND AND Co. report as follows:—For the benefit of our numerous country clients we have opened premises in Crawford street (next the Pier Hotel), where we shall be happy to meet all who have rabbitskins, sheepskins, horsehair, etc., to dispose of. For all classes of rabbitskins we have larger orders this season than we have hitherto held, and we are prepared to pay full prices in order to fulfil our contracts. Supplies are coming to hand very freely, and we quote autumns and early winters at 11d per lb., other sorts in proportion. We would ask our friends to consign all goods to Dunedin, as there is often delay through consigning to Caversham. Offices and buying room—Crawford street; stores—Glen Road, Caversham.

Mr. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices:—Oats, 1s 2d to 1s 5d, bags extra. Wheat: Milling, 2s 10d to 3s 5d; fowls, 2s to 2s 9d, sacks included. Chaff, New, £2 10s for best; inferior, 30s to 40s, unsaleable. Hay: Oaten, £3; rye-grass, £3. Bran, £3 0s. Pollard, £4. scarce. Potatoes: Kidneys, £1 10s to £2; derwents, £2 10s to £3—sample of Oamaru to hand, small. Flour: Stone, £8, for sacks; £8 10s for fifties; roller, £8 15s; fifties, £9 10s. Butter, fresh, 9d to 1s—rather scarce; salt, 6d to 8d—demand moderate. Eggs, 1s 4d.

THE LOST SEAT.

THERE was a Unionist rally at Ayr Burghs as we (*Nation*) anticipated. The four hundred and odd Unionists who either slept on their 1200 majority in 1888, or did not see their way to voting for an Irish rackrenter against a Scottish Liberal, re-appeared once more and decided this contest. The Unionists won, therefore, by a majority of 130, which is 1,145 under their 1886 majority. The Home Rule vote, on the other hand, was higher than it has ever been, and has increased even on the vote that won in 1888. The Liberal vote in 1885 was 2,460; in 1886 the Liberal Home Rule vote sank to 1,498; in 1888 it rose to 2,331; now it stands at the high-water mark of 2,480. On the other hand the Unionist vote was higher in 1886 than it is at present; so that while the tide flows on the side of Home Rule, it ebbs on the side of the Union. Nevertheless, the capture, by a majority of 130 votes, of a seat held in 1886 by a majority of 1,175 votes is claimed as a great Unionist victory! May the Coercionists find their majority reduced by 1,045 votes in every contest. If they do, the balance in the final tot will be on the wrong side.

This is the *Spectator's* comment on the Ayr election: "It is not a victory that should induce Unionists to exalt their horn, or even to indulge in sanguine expectations; but it should convince them that there is no springtide flowing strongly towards Home Rule, no wave of emotion that is in the least likely to sweep away Unionists' efforts. If by industry and sobriety of judgment we can regain a few inches of political ground, by more industry and still more discrimination we may regain a few furlongs, or even a few miles. We cannot throw up our caps over the Ayr Burghs, but we should take heart to struggle on patiently, tenaciously, doggedly, and even cheerfully." This is doleful-dumppish rejoicement surely. But why comment on the eloquent humility and melancholy of that "even cheerfully."

HILARY'S WEDDING DOWER.

(By GEORGE E. WALSH in *N. Y. Independent.*)

A SOFT, balmy breeze was sighing through the tall pine trees, and rustling a marshy bed of coarse wire grass that flourished on the banks of a small lagoon in Southern Florida. A few Northern song birds, happy in their Southern home, were echoing their familiar thrills from the dense intricacies of a neighbouring cypress swamp. The unusual bellowing of a bull alligator arose from the marshy lake occasionally, and hushed the croaking frogs into silence; while the fierce cries of voracious hawks, circling around in the air, startled the smaller singers in their innocent enjoyment. The distant crack of some teamster's whip, clear and sharp as the report of a rifle, sounded through the pine woods in unison with the long drawn "Git up" of the "cracker" settler.

These were the only sounds that broke the oppressive silence and lonesomeness of the place. A small, Cracker log-home stood on the summit of a knoll just back of the lagoon, surrounded on two sides by an orange grove and on the other two by pine woods. A half visible sandy road began at the door of the log house, and wound its sinuous way into the pines, disappearing gradually into semi-darkness. The golden fruit of the orange trees, the pendant blossoms of the climbing jasmine, the huge roses of every hue and shade, decorated the lonesome house and its surroundings with the richest gems that Nature can produce. The beauty of the flowers was no more attractive than their odour, which scented the air with the delicate fragrance of a dozen perfumes.

Hilary Benson, clad in a loose-fitting, poorly-made stained dress of some unknown hue, was working quietly among her rose bushes. A broad-brimmed sun bonnet shielded her face from the glare of the sun. Her hands, once small, shapely and pretty, were sunburnt, stained with the juice of fruits, and dirty with the fresh soil. The clear complexion of her face was gradually taking on the same dull brown colour of her hands, while her long locks of hair were falling carelessly over brow and shoulders.

She was not a pretty picture thus attired, nor was her appearance neat, tidy and attractive. She was conscious of this, too, and occasionally, with a twinge of conscience, she would straighten herself up, and try to smooth out the locks of stray hair, brush out the wrinkles in her dress, and glance ruefully at her spoiled hands.

"It's no use, though," she burst out, petulantly, as she stopped once in the midst of this process. "I can't be tidy, and clean, and— and pretty, as I once was. I don't see anyone down here, and Jim isn't a bit like he used to be. He's getting low, and rough, and dirty—just like all the Crackers. And I—"

She looked down at her poor, soiled garments, and then continued:

"Yes, I'm getting so, too."

Unable to contain her feelings longer, she burst into a flood of tears. Her soil-stained hands were clasped over her face, while the tears trickled slowly between her fingers. Violent sobs shook her slight frame, and made the old, ill-fitting dress shake and bob about in the most ludicrous manner. When she had finished crying she dried her eyes, and as if half-reluctant her show of weakness, she plucked a rose and said softly to herself:

"And yet I love these flowers, and fruits, and the birds. If I could only have companions—some one to talk to. It would be—"

She gave a quick start and uttered a little feminine scream. Standing within ten yards of her, smiling, apparently, at the ludicrous evolutions through which the queer, old-fashioned dress had been passing, stood a stranger, holding the bridle of a Cracker pony in his right hand. The smile instantly faded from view and the face assumed a grave expression.

"I beg pardon, Miss, at this intrusion," he began, in a clear bass voice; "but I need a little information. I've been in the saddle all day, riding round in a circle, I fear, and not yet at my destination. These Florida roads are very confusing. Can you direct me to Mr. Benson's?—Jim Benson, I believe they call him."

Hilary had time to collect her thoughts during the time it took the stranger to make these remarks; and when the question was put to her she replied quickly, showing no traces of her recent feelings in her voice:

"You will not have to go far to find that place. I know Mr. Benson well, and he lives right here."

She gave a sweet smile which seemed to change her whole being. Then adjusting her hat on her head, she continued:

"Jim will be here soon; I expect him every moment. Meanwhile, you can put your horse up in the stable, and make yourself comfortable. You must be tired after such a long ride. I know from experience that it is very fatiguing to ride through these pine woods. I used to go with Jim on fox chases when we first came down here; but I don't any more."

"Then you're from the North, too, I judge," responded the stranger, evidently glad to find a Northerner in this far-off wilderness.

"Yes, indeed, I am," said Hilary, emphatically. "And I wish I was back in New York again."

She checked her enthusiasm, blushed violently, and continued, with more restraint:

"I like these pine woods, and the flowers, and the fruits, and the beautiful birds; but life gets monotonous down here. I don't have many companions, and Jim is away a great deal. It gets very, very lonesome."

Unconsciously she uttered the last sentence in such a sad tone that the stranger's attention was attracted by it rather than the words.

"I suppose so," he remarked sentimentally.

The small pony was properly cared for in the primitive sort of barn, and then the two turned towards the house. The loud crack of a whip reached their ears, and a lumbering ox cart was seen to

emerge from the pine woods, rolling slowly down the heavy, sandy road.

"Is that your husband, now?" inquired the stranger.

"That is Jim," replied Hilary, evasively, looking towards the heavy cart.

She left her brother and the stranger talking about orange groves and Florida land, and entered the small log house shortly afterwards, to prepare the evening meal. She knew well enough the meaning of the stranger's visit to her home. Her brother was one of the "land poor" Crackers who was anxious to dispose of some of his Florida fruit and vegetable land to Northern settlers and speculators. He had been advertising in the county paper and had made arrangements with several real estate men to send possible purchasers out to him.

Jim Benson was a Northerner by birth, and he had enough of the Yankee spirit in him to devise schemes to get rid of his land for fair prices. Purchasers would come to him when they would not go to any one else. His strict eye to business was called "luck" by many; but he knew better than to believe in such a fickle goddess. He had come South to make money, and, though he always complained of being poor, he was really getting rich fast. So far as ready cash was concerned he was poor; but his lands were increasing in value every year. Nevertheless, he had degenerated. Money-making had absorbed all of his time and attention, and he had gradually sunk into the low state of things which are characteristic of those isolated sections of country. He had adopted the peculiar vernacular of the Cracker tongue, and had lost all of his former habits of cleanliness in dress, speech, and manners. He was careless, slovenly, and dirty to a degree that would have astonished his Northern friends. The tendency to fall into such ways is strong in all isolated places, and Jim had simply yielded to it with a degree of passivity that was more than common.

Hilary, on the contrary, vainly strove to keep up the old standard of respectability. She vigorously refused to adopt any of the Southern expressions, and watched her language carefully. Her garments were neatly made, and for years she tried to make them look pretty and tasteful. But Jim constantly complained of lack of money, and she could not get the material to make new ones. Then she patched and repatched, made and remade the old ones until there seemed to be no possible way of making them look better. Things began to grow worse. She had to beg, coax, scold, and demand new household utensils. Every cent that her brother made he wanted to put in land, and she had fairly to wring a few dollars from him to get the ordinary necessities of life.

This was not the sort of life that the girl had expected when her brother had made the proposition to her to go to Florida and keep house for him, while they cultivated their orange grove. She had gladly given her consent, for she loved her brother, and thought that she would enjoy the warm, balmy Southern climate. Five years later she was dissatisfied with her bargain, and with good cause.

Often she would look in her small mirror—a relic of her early home—and note the marks of change on her pretty face. There was a healthy glow on her cheeks, but that was gradually changing into a brown, sallow hue. Continual drudgery, irritation, and longing for companionship were also leaving their marks on her knitted brow.

This afternoon she threw off her hat and hurried into her room to inspect her flushed face in the mirror. She started back with an expression of horror as she caught a glimpse of herself. Then she broke down in laughter, which finally gave place to an expression of mortification.

Her face was streaked with lines of dirt in the most ludicrous manner. If she had painted herself for the clown in the circus she could not have made a better effect. The whole cause of it flashed across her mind in an instant. Before the appearance of the stranger on the scene she had clasped her soil-stained hands to her face, and the tears, mingled with the dirt, had completed a picture that was truly mortifying.

She looked into the glass again, and then laughed at the sight until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"What a sight I must have made," she broke forth. "He must have been laughing at me all the time I was talking to him. But, then, I don't care; he thinks I'm Jim's wife, and I won't tell him otherwise."

Consoling herself with this thought she soon made her toilet, and stirred around briskly to prepare the meal for the evening.

It was nearly sundown when Jim Benson entered the house accompanied by the stranger, whom he introduced to her as Mr. Dawson.

"He's come down here ter buy some land," he continued, after the introduction; "an' I jes' guess I've got some that'll suit him. He ain't goin' way from here till he sees some of the purtiest land in Florida. We ain't goin' ter charge ye nothin' fur yer board while ye stay here, so don't get alarmed 'bout how long ye stay here."

"But if I stay here for any length of time I should prefer to pay board," Mr. Dawson replied.

"Waal, we won't talk about that now." Jim answered, effecting a sort of compromise which he intended to take advantage of if the stranger concluded not to buy of him.

"Hilary there ain't much use ter strangers down here," he continued, jerking his finger in the direction of his sister. "I 'specks she's mighty glad to see ye, Mr. Dawson."

"Why, Jim, of course I'm glad to see anyone," quickly replied the girl, flushing up in spite of her effort at control. "That is only natural. It is a little lonesome here."

The visitor was not a little interested in the change that had been made in the appearance of Hilary. Her face was flushed by her exertions over the fire; her eyes sparkled with joy and excitement, while a neat and very becoming dress had replaced the old-fashioned garden gown. Her hair was neatly combed back and tied in a simple knot on the top of her head.

Everything about the home was neat and tidy, showing that an experienced housekeeper had been at work. The meal was simple

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and cheap, consisting of cracker beef, grits, sweet potatoes, sweet bread and fruits. A little bouquet decorated the centre of the table. Mr. Dawson was hungry and tired, and he ate heartily of every dish set before him.

After supper the two men smoked their pipes and talked about land. Hilary busied herself in the kitchen, rattling the dishes around livelier than common. She did not catch much of the conversation of the evening; but when all her work in the kitchen was finished, she heard her brother say:

"Yaas! I'll sell you that whole section dirt cheap. It's fine rollin' pine land, with some high hummock land here and thar, an' a fine clear water lake right in the midst of it. Thar ain't a better section in the whole State of Florida fur settin' out a big orange grove and buildin' up a nice winter resort. Of course thar ain't no railroad out that way yet, but they'll have one thar mighty soon, you can bet; the land is too rich an' the country too fine to let it go long without runnin' a railroad through it. If you like I guess we can take a trip out thar ter-morrow mornin', an' get back agin in a couple of days; it's 'bout twenty miles to the west of us."

"I should enjoy the ride out there," replied Mr. Dawson. "Let me see; you say it is in township 33 and range 22; that brings us about here."

With his finger he traced out the section of land on an official railroad map, which was divided up into townships, ranges, sections, and quarter sections for the guidance of surveyors and land speculators.

Now, Hilary knew that her brother had bought a section of land in the township and range that the two were speaking about, and that most of it was under water. He had bought it from the Government on a sort of speculation, intending to irrigate it if possible. She knew, also, that the investment was a failure, that the land was poor and worthless. Her brother had always been sharp at a bargain; but she had never known him to cheat a customer deliberately. This was a common trick among the real estate dealers in the State; and many of them would sell low, wet hummock land, immense marshes and lagoons for the best high rolling pine or hummock land. Only a few were justly accused of selling the water by the gallon, and even the air above the land for exorbitant prices. But if such "heathenish tricks" she never thought her brother would be guilty.

She did not listen to the conversation further; but repairing to her own room she took down a large map of Florida and quickly located township 33, range 22. It was as she expected. It was one of the unsurveyed and unsettled sections of the State, with ominous black marks traced here and there over it, which to her untutored eye indicated lakes, marshes, swamps, lagoons and low river bottoms. She hastily closed the map; then, resting her chin upon her hands, she gave herself up to quiet meditation. A new side of her brother's character was about to reveal itself to her. Of all things she despised dishonest tricks, cheating and swindling. Yet Jim, her brother, the only relative she had in the world, was deliberately negotiating a gigantic swindle. And would she not be a party to it if she kept quiet? Would not Mr. Dawson look at it in that way and learn to despise her?

"Well, I will let them go out and look at the land; and then if he concludes to buy, why—"

She stopped in the middle of her sentence. Another thought dawned upon her mind. Would not her brother take him to a good section of land, and then, after getting his approval, sell him the poor section? This was a common trick with the land speculators:

"Impossible!"—she muttered aloud—"impossible!"

Yet the troubled expression on her face was proof that she did not think it absolutely impossible.

The two men were off on their long journey before sunrise the next morning. Twenty miles is a comparatively short distance; but in the Florida flat lands it is a tedious and tiresome trip. Right after heavy rains the land is flooded with water and mud. The giant-like palm-trees, forming an intricate surface bed, seem to be the only substantial foothold for wheels, while the spaces between sink down into everlasting beds of mud. Horseback riding through the flat lands is thus made dangerous and unpleasant.

Hilary did not expect to see her brother and his visitor for at least two or three days, and so she prepared herself for another long, lonely vigil. But this time she had thoughts to occupy her mind, and she went about her work with feverish excitement. Unconsciously she found herself bestowing special care upon the room which had been assigned to Mr. Dawson. Everything was cleaned, scrubbed, dusted and polished. A few little ornaments were transferred from her room to the guest's chamber. The day of their expected return found a beautiful bouquet of roses, wild jasmine and lilies in his room.

Hilary then went about her household duties, stopping now and then to think, or to look down the sandy road to see if any one was coming. Toward night she heard her brother's familiar shout in the distance, and shortly afterward the two horsemen emerged from the pine woods. Their horses were covered with sweat and foam, while the riders looked tired and jaded.

"Back again, Mrs. Benson," shouted Mr. Dawson, cheerily, as he dismounted from his horse and handed the bridle to Jim, "and hungry as bears."

Hilary stammered some reply, and then choking down something in her throat, she asked timidly:

"Did you like the land—was it as good as you expected to find it?"

"Yes, yes; first-class," was the quick response. "It was just as represented. I have about decided to buy either that section or the one next to it. I haven't seen the other section, and so I think I'll buy the first."

"Do not. Take my advice, and don't buy any land in township 33, range 22. Jim is—*is* deceiving you. He bought it from the Government, and it was reported to be mostly under water. You will be cheated—deceived—if you buy it. Take my advice."

Hilary stammered through this outburst, half frightened at the unexpected step she had taken. When she was through she turned pale and wished that she had kept quiet.

"But I've just seen the land, and it's all right," replied Mr. Dawson, with a puzzled expression on his face.

Hilary felt that she had gone too far to retire, and so she replied eagerly:

"He didn't take you to the right place. He took you to see another township and section. They all do that sort of thing down here. I am only a woman, but I know."

"Well," ejaculated Mr. Dawson; "I've heard about Florida real estate agents before, but—"

"Oh, don't think that Jim is bad. He isn't. He's good; but—don't think hard of him, or of me."

Hilary nearly burst out into sobs as she finished.

"Certainly not," was the gallant response. "I understand. Thank you for your kindness. I'll do as you say, trusting that the other section is good."

There was an exchanging of glances as Jim appeared on the scene, interrupting any further intercourse.

That evening, while smoking their pipes, Jim Benson was surprised to hear his visitor say he had changed his mind. He would not buy the section they had seen; but he would take the section in township 34.

"But ye haven't seen that yet," replied Jim, after recovering from his surprise. "That ain't good land. 'Taint half as good as the one I showed ye to-day. Ye ain't goin' ter buy land without seein' it."

"It will answer my purpose," was the quiet response. "I am willing to take the risk. We will draw up the papers to-morrow."

"All right, ye can do as ye like," Jim answered, knocking the ashes out of his pipe; "but, understand, I ain't crackin' that up as bein' any great shakes. If ye get stuck don't blame me. I ain't to fault."

On the following day the two men completed the sale. Mr. Dawson had a word or two with Hilary before he departed, during which time he took occasion to thank her again for her kindness.—He was going to spend several weeks in the woods, camping out on the land which he had purchased. On his return he promised to stop at the Benson home for several days before returning North. Hilary said good-bye to him with a peculiar quaver in her voice, and a great excitement in her breast.

"What a pretty woman she is," Mr. Dawson muttered to himself as he rode away.

"He thinks I'm Jim's wife," thought Hilary, as she watched his gradually receding form.

"What a queer crank," growled Jim. "He's gone an' bought some land that ain't worth the water that covers it."

"He has?" inquired Hilary, eyeing her brother with a penetrating gaze.

"Of course he has. He took that land I got from the Government. I told him so; but he wouldn't b'lieve me. So 'taint my fault."

A strange misgiving made Hilary feel faint and weak. She made no reply, but turning round she hurried into the house, while her brother strolled out to the barn.

"Can it be possible?" she muttered, faintly. "I cannot be mistaken."

She took down a pile of books, maps and papers from her brother's desk, and sorted them over. She finally found the paper she was looking for. It was a deed of land from the State of Florida to James Benson. She glanced hurriedly through the sentences until she came to the clause which specified the land and its location. To her horror she found that the land was located in the northern half of township 34 instead of 33. For a moment she could not believe her eyes, and she studied the figures intently for several minutes.

But there was no change in them. The good section of land was the one which her brother had advised Mr. Dawson to purchase; the worthless section was the one which she had recommended. Her brother was honest, after all, but she had managed to get herself into an unpleasant predicament.

"What can I do? Jim would never forgive me, and Mr. Dawson, what will he think of me? Oh, dear, I'm always getting into trouble."

To relieve her pent-up feelings, she burst into tears, and had a good, long cry before her brother returned to the house.

Life once more resumed its old time monotony. The soft, balmy air of the pine woods, laden with the fragrance of a thousand blossoms, pervaded everything like some pleasant soporific from the gods. The stately magnolias, queens of the Southern forests, slowly opened their great snowy blossoms, making an impressive spectacle as they towered far above all other flowers of the woods. In the bonnet-covered pools and lagoons, hundreds of white pond lilies opened their glorious beauty to the Southern sun, emitting a heavy fragrance that vied with the pleasant odour of the snowy orange blossoms.

To Hilary the endless succession of flower blossoms was a source of continual enjoyment. The delicate shade of green which characterised the young foliage of the cypress trees, was no less charming to her than the dense hummocks alive with the blossoms of star-flowered jessamines, trumpet climbers, solanum, lantanas, lily-like amaryllis, Easter lilies, king lilies, and the scores of other luxuriant bloomers.

A certain unrest possessed her, which she vainly tried to overcome. She wandered around in the pine woods; cultivated her favourite vines in the garden; spent hours down by the water's edge, listening to the croaking of the frogs, and even resorted to the old pastime of horseback riding.

Under the nervous strain she grew pale, irritable and absent-minded. Nothing seemed to possess quite so much interest for her as formerly.

Several weeks after Mr. Dawson's departure Hilary was engaged in her favourite occupation again—training her flowers—when her

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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 com-
munity 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.

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attention was attracted by the sight of a horseman approaching the house. Jim had been away for two days and a night, and she was expecting him home before sundown. As the horseman came nearer a nervous agitation affected Hilary so that her hand trembled and her face turned ashy pale. There could be but one horseman like that, but one form and face stamped so indelibly upon her mind.

She was powerless to move, and when Mr. Dawson reached her side she was unable to utter a word. She looked and felt like a condemned criminal before her judge.

"It is a fine day, Mrs. Benson, for this kind of work," remarked the horseman with a peculiar ring in his voice that irritated Hilary.

"I'm not Mrs. Benson," Hilary blurted out without raising her eyes. "I'm simply Hilary—Hilary Benson, Jim's sister."

"So I have been told since I left you," replied Mr. Dawson, with an increased ring of sarcasm in his voice. "You didn't do me the kindness to apprise me of that fact when I was here before. But then your other act of kindness—"

He paused, but Hilary did not move or speak.

"I have been out to see my purchase," he began, abruptly.

Another pause, but still no movement from Hilary.

"I was quite surprised at it. If I had known the nature of the land beforehand I would have been wise to have taken a boat with me. A beautiful lake of muddy water covers the most of it, surrounded by picturesque banks of coarse saw grass, while delightful, lagoons and marshy flats cover the rest of the section. When I get my house built on the shores of the lake I shall be pleased to have you come out and inspect the place. It would be a refreshing sight to you and your brother, I'm sure."

Human nature could stand no more, and Hilary, stung to the very heart by these remarks, gave a half-smothered sob or two, and then lost complete control of her feelings.

A sight of a pretty woman in tears will melt even the hardest heart, and Mr. Dawson, after biting his lips once or twice, dismounted from his horse, and apologized for his words.

"No—no—I don't want any apology," sobbed Hilary. "I deserve it—it was all my fault—Jim was innocent, but I—I—"

She paused and looked up at her companion with her innocent eyes, now clouded with tears, and said, appealingly:

"But it was all a mistake. I thought you were being deceived, and I tried to warn you. But—but—I was wrong."

It took some time for her to tell the story intelligently; but when she had finally made her companion believe it his old-time admiration for her returned in double force. Hilary was certainly beautiful, with her tear-stained cheeks and bright eyes, and there was something so bewitching and fascinating about her innocent, unguarded manner, that Mr. Dawson was hardly accountable for the act which followed.

When Jim returned he found the two laughing and chatting in the most confidential way—a familiarity that struck him as being rather peculiar.

Hilary didn't have the courage to tell her brother about her part of the land transfer; but Mr. Dawson kindly took the burden upon his own shoulders, and related the whole incident as a good joke. Jim listened, started, stared at his sister, and then remarked, with a withering glance at her:

"That's jes' like a woman. They don't know nothin' 'bout business."

Hilary begged his pardon and forgiveness for doubting his honesty when Jim gave with his rugged promptness. The three then laughed over the matter, and squared up the transaction in this way. Jim paid half the cost of the land, Mr. Dawson the other half, and the two then deeded the poor section over to Hilary as her wedding dower.

So Hilary became the possessor of a large tract of worthless Florida land, with innumerable lakes, swamps, lagoons and marshes scattered plentifully over it.

Mr. Michael William Balfe, son of the composer, is in a state of distress. A fund is being raised to enable him to utilise certain inventions of his own which will, it is said, secure him a livelihood.

The Western Australia Bill is hardly among the most creditable of the Government's actions. Instead of leaving it to a Select Committee to consider whether or not a territory about the size of British India shall be handed over to a population considerably inferior to that of North Pancras, the Government should have decided the question for themselves, and decided it in the negative. If the few inhabitants of Perth and the other coast villages on the western seaboard of Australia want responsible government, we suppose—being Englishmen of adult age—they are entitled to have it. But no valid reason, except one, has been given why they and their posterity should be endowed with the area of half a continent which they could not govern, if government were needed, and have not so much as explored. The one argument in favour of this superfluous generosity to a handful of settlers, at the expense of the Empire, is that Australian feeling expects it. This in plain words means that the Colonial Office has allowed itself to be bounced by the tall talk of the politicians of Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland. We yield to no one in admiration for the high qualities of those colonists; but it is ridiculous to say that they would have a substantial grievance if for the present the Western territory were reserved for the Empire. As it is, the Imperial Government will reserve to itself the right of vetoing any statute directed against free immigration which the Colonial Legislature may pass, and will keep in its own hands a slice of the northern territory. If we can interfere to this extent with the independence and sovereign powers of this infant State, we might as well go further, and keep it out of its vast unoccupied estate till it is a little nearer maturity. At any rate it may be hoped that the Select Committee will see to it that a site near King George's Sound is reserved for an Imperial garrison and an Imperial naval station.—*St. James's Gazette.*

THE CATHOLIC PERIODICAL PRESS.

A PAPER BY GEORGE DERING WOLFF, LL.D., AT THE BALTIMORE CONGRESS.

(Continued.)

THERE is another reason why Catholics, and especially Catholic writers in this country, should studiously acquaint themselves with the teachings of the Church on the subjects to which we are referring. These subjects are practically "burning" questions of the day. They cannot be neglected or ignored. They are coming constantly to the front, and imperatively demanding right answers and just, practical solutions. If the solution given be the right one our country will continue to prosper, and its people will continue to be at peace with themselves; our free institutions will continue; our government, with its safeguards for personal rights and freedom, will continue. But if the practical solution be wrong, there is peril impending and close at hand, plainly visible to every thoughtful, discerning eye, of social disorders, confusion and convulsion, the thought of which must fill with horror every true lover of our country, its institutions and its welfare.

Catholics are an integral part of the population of our country. They are daily becoming a more numerous and more influential part. They have a common interest, along with other citizens, in the peace, the prosperity, the welfare of our country. They are lovers of our country, deeply attached to its institutions and its government, warm and earnest supporters of them. None are more so. Motives of patriotism, therefore, as well as regard for the interests of true religion, demand that Catholics, and especially Catholic editors and writers, thoroughly acquaint themselves with the teachings of the Church on those subjects and strictly follow that teaching.

If another reason were wanting, it would be found in this: The Church is especially concerned for the poor. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." The Church has been the guardian and defender of the poor in all ages. She is this to-day, and ever will be. Therefore, if Catholic editors and writers are, and are resolved to continue faithful children and members of the Church, they must have like special consideration for the poor. It is the poor who sell their labour to those who are more wealthy. It is the poor who are employes of the employers. Unhappily, contentions and strife too often arise between the two classes. Their respective interests, which ought to be harmonious, are almost constantly now made antagonistic. Through these antagonisms, disorders and tumults arise, injuriously affecting the good order and peace of society, and destroying the good will and mutual cooperation which ought to exist between all, irrespective of their occupations, pursuits, social position, and pecuniary circumstances.

It is the imperative duty of Catholic editors and writers to penetrate into and thoroughly understand the causes of this unhappy state of things. It is their office to instruct both employers and employes as to their mutual relations and their respective rights and duties, and the limitations of their rights. If either employers or employes overstep their rights, or are derelict as to their duties, it is the duty of Catholic editors and writers to speak out plainly and courageously, yet prudently, and to rebuke whosoever is in the wrong. This duty is all the more imperative, because whenever the antagonisms to which we are referring arise, and whatever be their immediate outcome, and whoever be in the wrong, it is the poor who invariably suffer.

Nor are Catholic editors and writers without sufficient guides to enable them safely, prudently, and efficiently to perform this most useful and most important work. Eminent and approved Catholic theologians have lucidly written on these subjects; pre-eminent among them all, St. Thomas Aquinas. If Catholic editors and writers have not access to his works, or his principal works, in the original texts, they can study them through the medium of approved English translators and commentators. The encyclicals, too, of our Holy Father Leo XIII. are inexhaustible storehouse of instruction on these subjects.

The next characteristic of a true Catholic newspaper which naturally now comes under consideration, though not in the order in which we stated it, is the regard which Catholic newspapers, in their defence of the doctrines of the Church, show for that moderation and charity which our Holy Father and the Plenary Council of Baltimore declare should characterise a true Catholic newspaper. Too often all of us, with very few exceptions, forget the maxim, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. Too often we return railing by railing, and deal in bitter invectives, when a more courteous manner and a gentler spirit would be much more effective, as well as more consonant with Christian charity.

Then, too, before we leave this point, we cannot but advert to the flagrant violations of the injunctions of our Holy Father Leo XIII., and of the Council of Baltimore, by Catholic newspapers in their controversies with one another. On such occasions, and about matters concerning which there is ample room for difference of opinion, Catholic newspapers too often exhibit a spirit of bitterness that would be utterly indefensible if indulged in towards even the most malevolent defamer of our holy religion. What an occasion for scorn all this furnishes to the enemies of our holy religion, and how disedifying it is to readers of these newspapers, it is needless for us to say.

There is, certainly, great need for Catholic newspapers guarding themselves against the spirit of envy, jealousy, and selfish rivalry, and cultivating that spirit of mutual consideration and mutual cooperation and union which our Holy Father and the third Council of Baltimore have solemnly enjoined them to cherish.

The second test by which the true Catholic newspaper is recognised is its publishing news respecting the Church and all that pertains to her condition and progress at home and abroad. Our Catholic newspapers differ, as might be expected, with regard to the degree in which they fulfil this requirement, some of them paying far more attention to it than do others. Yet this difference, we are

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inclined to think, results chiefly from difference in their financial strength and their opportunities to become acquainted with what I may call "Catholic News."

When we consider the vast field of information that is comprised under the term "Catholic News," the movements and occurrences having a bearing upon the Catholic religion in each diocese in our own vast country; in Canada, in Mexico, in Central and South America, in all the countries of Europe, in Australia, in the numerous missionary fields of Asia and Africa; the movements in and round Rome referring to the present position of the Holy Father; his allocutions, addresses, and encyclicals—when we consider all this, we can realise how extensive is the field to be gone over and how difficult it is to even approximately gather and publish what it is important should be published, and than which nothing could well be more interesting and edifying to faithful members of the Church. To properly do all this would exceed in the expenses that would necessarily have to be incurred the resources of the strongest and most prosperous Catholic newspaper in our country. Nor can it ever be expected that even approximately due attention will ever be paid to this very important part of a Catholic newspaper's work until a support is furnished them fivefold greater than that which they now receive.

With regard to the spirit of subordination and implicit obedience to ecclesiastical authority which must characterise every true Catholic newspaper, there is, we believe, a steady and constant improvement. Yet that there is great room for further improvement in this respect on the part of some Catholic newspapers in this country cannot be denied. There are Catholics, controlling and editing Catholic newspapers, who, we believe, are entirely honest in their expressed desires to make their newspapers truly Catholic, yet who seem never so happy as when criticising, in the exercise of their own individual judgments, the actions of priests and bishops and the manner in which their ecclesiastical superiors manage matters pertaining to the Church, its affairs and interests; who seem never so happy as when they can expose to the public, and carp and quibble and sneer at some mistake or inconsistency (real or supposititious), of those who are placed over them in the Church. They seem to be entirely unconscious of and unconcerned about the immense harm that in this way they are doing to religion. Their conduct has been repeatedly rebuked and condemned by sovereign Pontiffs of the Church; and the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore have pronounced the following condemnation upon them:

"We declare that they themselves and those who assist and encourage them in this most pernicious abuse are disturbers of good order, contemners and enemies of the authority of the Church, and guilty of the gravest scandal; and, therefore, when their guilt has been sufficiently proved, should be punished with canonical censures."

In this connection it is proper to allude to an opinion that seems to exist in the minds of even some intelligent Catholic editors and writers. Strange to say, they seem to imagine that there is a difference as regards the nature and extent of the obligations of Catholic newspapers to submit to ecclesiastical authority, to closely follow the teachings of the Church and to abstain from criticising their ecclesiastical superiors and the manner in which they administer the matters committed to their charge; a difference between Catholic newspapers which are published with, and those which are published without, the express official approval of the ordinary of the diocese in which their publication offices are respectively situated. Those which have that approval are commonly styled "Bishops' organs," and are sneered at as having no freedom of action or liberty of opinion. They are scornfully referred to (shamefully misrepresented) as under obligations to abstain from the discussion of subjects which Catholic newspapers that have no such express official approval are entirely at liberty to discuss in any way or manner they please.

It is surprising that such an opinion should be entertained and expressed by any intelligent Catholic. There is no possible excuse for it. It must be attributed either to inexcusable ignorance or wilful malevolent misrepresentation.

The Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore have sufficiently guarded this subject. According to their decree on the subject of Catholic periodicals there cannot be any such thing as an "official organ" of a Bishop or an Archbishop. They have defined the limits and meaning of the approval which a Bishop or an Archbishop may give to a Catholic newspaper published in his diocese, and in the general conduct of which he has confidence. They expressly declare that the approval of the ordinary of a diocese simply means that he believes that nothing is or will be published in the newspaper to which he has given his official approval contrary to faith or morals, or that is disedifying. They have also expressly declared that Bishops and Archbishops cannot and may not make themselves responsible for anything published in newspapers except what is published by the Bishops or Archbishops themselves in the exercise of their official functions and over their own names.

The obligation referred to rests equally upon Catholic editors and writers, irrespective of their having or not having episcopal approval, just as the same obligation rests upon all other members of the Church.

We conclude with some thoughts upon the manner in which Catholic newspapers may more fully realise the ideal of a true, perfect Catholic journal, and, in their own proper sphere and scope, become more efficient instrumentalities for disseminating and defending truth and promoting the interests of the Church and of society. This branch of our subject might well form a separate paper, the topics it embraces are so numerous and various. But your patience, doubtless, is well nigh exhausted and we must necessarily be brief.

The first requisite to this is that we brethren of the Catholic newspaper press cherish the spirit of fraternal unity. We should cast away, as unworthy of our high and important office, all envy and jealousy, should abstain from needless disedifying bickering and contention with one another, and cooperate together cordially in striving to promote the cause in whose defence we are all enlisted. There is a world of wisdom in the well-known saying, "In union there is

strength." But on this we need not dwell. Our Holy Father has solemnly enjoined this on us, and the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore earnestly exhorts us to constantly keep in mind his injunctions.

It is necessary, too, that we cultivate the spirit of gentleness and charity in dealing with the adversaries of our holy religion. Sovereign pontiffs of the Church have exhorted us to this, and have set before us as the great exemplar for us to strive to imitate, and as our patron saint, the holy Francis de Sales, who, by his meekness, sweetness of temper, and unvarying courtesy, changed inveterate enemies into warm friends, turned aside or blunted the sharpest shafts that were hurled against the Church, and thus won more victories than other powerful champions of the truth were able to achieve by more violent and seemingly bolder efforts.

Again, it is necessary that more care be taken to exclude all disedifying matter from our columns. It seems needless to say even a word about this. The obligation is imperative. Yet, unfortunately, in a number of professedly Catholic newspapers, and more especially among those which are feebly supported and struggling for an existence, the obligation seems to be almost wholly neglected. Prurient advertisements and pictures which are indelicate and indecent and suggestive of evil, are to be found in their columns. Disedifying reading matter, and sometimes stories of a highly objectionable character, replete with mawkish sentimentality, with modern ideas about free love, legal divorces and marriages permitted by the civil law but condemned by the Church, along with religious notions which are covertly or openly antagonistic to the doctrines of the Church, make these newspapers positively pernicious.

(Concluded in our next.)

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

WE had been held in reserve on the second day at Gettysburg so long that men and horses became nervous and afraid. My horse was an old veteran who would drop his head and pick at the green grass with a battery flying on either side of us, but as the moments dragged away on this occasion he evinced a woman's nervousness. I looked down the lines and saw that the alignment was constantly being broken by the horses backing up or forging ahead. They could see the fighting to the right and in front, and the smoke from the union battery to the left and in front of us drove back and over us, and the horses breathed it in and blew it out of their nostrils in gasps.

A tremor of excitement—a sort of shiver—ran down the line.

The wind had shifted a bit to blow the smoke to our left, and down across the meadows we saw the Confederate cavalry forming, with the green woods for a background. Jeb Stuart's men were there—Ashby's men—men from Hampton's Legion—Imboden's Virginians—Rosser's Rangers—guerillas from Mosby's command. There were fragments from every cavalry command we had met on the turnpikes of old Virginia, and there wasn't a squadron which wouldn't stand for a charge. The battery began firing more rapidly, and there wasn't a man of us who didn't realise what was coming long enough before we got the word. Some of the horses knew it, too. You could feel them filling their lungs and stringing up their nerves for hard work.

The troopers in grey wheeled into line under a fire which must have tried the nerves of the bravest, and then the compact mass got the word of advance. They were coming for our battery, which was without infantry supports. There we stood, two thin, short lines, representing a thousand dragoons, but not numbering one half of that figure, and a body of five to one was moving down upon us. I saw several of the gunners look back. They saw the odds, and wondered, perhaps, why we did not run away.

"Attention!"

We had obeyed the order before it was given.

"Right dress!"

We were a minute ahead of the command.

"Forward—draw sabres—guide right—trot!"

Ah! We are off! The grey moves north and the blue moves south. We are going to meet in the meadow below. We must hold them back until infantry supports can be brought up. Every man knows that he is moving down into a maelstrom of death, but no one lags. A strange exultation creeps into the heart. It is as if you had heard some grand, good news, and wanted to shout over it and tell everybody of your good luck.

"Gallop—charge!"

Death! Why, if one could die a score of times instead of only once, there would be no fear. I sit so lightly in the saddle that my horse seems to have no weight to carry. He skims over the ground as if he had wings, and I begin cheering and yelling in chorus with my comrades. It is a living missile of five hundred men thrown at the front of three thousand. What a crash there will be! How horses will go down and men pitch from their saddles! Afraid? No! Why, man, I would not miss this scene for a year's life! My hand clutches the saber with a strength I did not know I possessed. I feel a hunger for blood such as I never felt before.

"Yi! Yi! Whoop—rah!" and we strike them fair in the centre. The five hundred have the greatest momentum, and we drive through the three thousand as a wedge is pounded into soft wood. Men strike at me. There is a flash, flash, and a pop! pop! of pistols. I strike back. I feel the desire of the tiger to slay.

"Rally!"

We have driven through the mass, and the bugles sound the call to gather for the return. The horses obey it without a touch of the rein. It seems that the whole living mass is riding in a circle, and that there is blood on every man and horse. All of a sudden we shoot out from under the smoke-cloud into the sunshine—not the five hundred, but the three hundred—and the battery opens again. We are to the right of it, and it sends grape-shot into a wild mob to drive it back into the cover of the woods. It is a sight to look down over the field. Five hundred dead and wounded men and horses are lying there. It is only as I sit on my horse and look over the field that I

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begin to feel weak and grow frightened. My head begins to swim—things grow dark, and some one helps me to the ground. I have a pistol ball in my shoulder, and the blood is running down my back from—a saber cut in the head.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

WE have to thank Mr. Gladstone for rendering considerable service to the cause of Home Rule by his revelations with regard to the difficulty of getting Irish reforms through the British Parliament. He asserted once, and challenged the denial of the Liberal Unionist leaders, that under the present system, with its pressure of various businesses and interests on the central Government, the interests of Ireland were of necessity, and apart from all ill will, neglected. In the debate on the Farnell Commission he asserted that the Land Act of 1881 would never have been passed if it were not for the Land League agitation. This evidence of the inherent badness of the present legislative system is invaluable.

Progress undoubted is recorded on the face of the twelfth annual report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish language. Since last year there have been added to the Irish-teaching teachers of the National Board fourteen, and to the Irish teaching schools fourteen, scattered through the counties of Mayo, Waterford, Donegal, Kerry and Cork, the counties where the best work can be done in that direction. The pupils who passed in Irish in the National schools have increased from 443 to 512; only twelve passed in 1881, and only 161 in 1885. A proposal to have a Professor of Irish added to the staff of the Catholic Training School has been warmly recommended, to the governors by the principal of St. Patrick's, Drumcondra.

According to the *Star*, the piling of Mr. Flanagan the other day must have been a greater blow to that gentleman than appeared as first sight. Most people, we dare say, were under the impression that Mr. Flanagan had just been put up for election, and had been then incontinentally black-balled. But that is not the true state of the case. In the Athenæum the average time a man has to wait for election is 16 years; if you are put up at an early period of the year it is possible you may come to the door of paradise in 15 years and a half. It was just 16 years since Mr. Flanagan's name had first appeared as a candidate for admission; and it was the malign turn of fortune that brought him up for election just at the moment when the world was fresh under the impression of the Pigott forgeries. Sixteen years' apprenticeship lost in half a day—the Nemesis was pretty heavy.

Mr. Knox recalls an incident in the history of Cavan which proves that the tolerance exhibited in the selection of him as member by a convention where Catholics were in a great majority, is no new growth in that county. Even in the dark days when Ulster was harried into fierce rebellion against confiscation and proscription, the Protestant Bishop of Cavan was beloved and respected by the Catholics of that day. When he died he was followed to his grave by the Catholics of his diocese and by Irish soldiers who paid him military honours. John Mitchel's commendation of him is borrowed from a Catholic priest who stood by the open grave and was heard exclaiming: "*O sit anima mea cum Bedello.*" This reminiscence was happy on the occasion, and shows that this latest addition to the ranks of active Protestant Nationalists has his convictions rooted in the safe and stable ground of the history of Irish Protestant patriotism.

Stoke is another victory, and once more shows up the weakness of the Liberal Unionists. The Home Rule majority is 1,231—69 higher than at the last election. It was confidently asserted that the Home Rule majority would be pulled down, as the Unionist candidate was a gentleman of considerable local influence among the Methodist body. But despite these expectations the majority has been increased. The prophets of the decrease have since been shouting in pretended jubilation over the fact that the "as in 1885" formula does not apply to the result. That is true. The Liberal majority of that year was 1,990. There are thus 659 Liberals missing. Where have they gone? Some say they were absent on account of the miners' strike, preparations for which were being completed on the day of the poll. One thing is certain at all events—they have not all gone over to the enemy. Tories and Liberal Unionists together polled only 126 more than the Tory vote in 1885. That is the strength of Liberal Unionism in Stoke—a midland constituency where Hartington and Chamberlain should be names to conjure with. If that be the extent of the defection all round it will be easy to console us. But it is not even that. Witness Sarnford.

On Tuesday, March 24, the contest in Ayr Burghs will take place. The prospects are against us: In the first place, the constituency was won under such circumstances as are quite consistent with the theory of accidental ill-luck to the Unionists. A majority of something like 1,200 against Home Rule was changed into a majority of 63 in its favour. It is quite possible that the Coercionists rebelled too much on the strength of their majority, and that a hundred or so were caught napping. In that case their muster would recover the seat to them. In the second place, the Home Rule candidate on the last occasion was a local man, the Coercionist a stranger.

The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* exudes gall even on the day fatal to venom in Ireland. Writing on St. Patrick's Day, he said—"The anniversary of St. Patrick's Day was celebrated to-day in a manner suitable to the genius of the country, religion and revelry being as hopfully blended as limpid water with the 'mountain dew.' In the early morning pious devotees attended early services in honour of the patron saint, and in the evening 'drowned the Shamrock' with

equal fervour. Some ardent patriots anticipated this latter ceremony, or had some full rehearsals of it before the crowning function of the day." The meaning of this is plain, and it needs no comment beyond the statement of the fact that the Police Court charge-sheet showed no increase whatever of cases of drunkenness as a consequence of the celebration of the day. Dublin was singularly free from drunkenness on the festival, and the lie was most unlucky in the moment of its incubation.

The fact that it was worth invention should prove to Irishmen that it is worth their while making some sacrifice to have such slanders made patent to all the world. Archbishop Croke's summons to the Gaels puts the new crusade against intemperance in the proper light before the country—as a movement not only religious but patriotic, and commendably not only on the high ground of religious purpose, but on the lower ground of worldly prudence as well. What its political value would be if carried to success the slanderer of the *Times* sufficiently proves. A sober Ireland would mean not only an Ireland free, but an Ireland invulnerable to the slanderer. There is every sign that the ideal will be realised.

Baron Dowse, if he had the choosing of the moment of his own death, would, we are sure, have elected not to pass out of the world with an eulogy of Cecil Roche and a denunciation of Mr. Gladstone upon his lips. He was better than the Tralee harangue represents him to have been. For the past year or more, for some reason or another—let us charitably suppose that it was because of failing health—he swerved from his old impartiality, and yielded to the bad example of the Irish Bench in turning the justice seat into a political platform. But even when his mistakes were grossest it was remembered of him that he was once a stout foe of Protestant ascendancy, that he shook the hold of the Orange lodges on the constituency for which the Vice-Chairman of the Home Rule party now sits, that he helped the Liberals of the seventies to lop a few branches from the upas tree, that he more than once gave us a specimen of pure justice, and that in his bright intellect and his racy humour he was Irish of the Irish.

Many stories are in circulation about that humour of his. Perhaps the best are those which a writer in the *Daily News* tells. "The last of the Irish Barons," as the writer calls him, had a Parliamentary reputation that is not yet dead. He once encountered the present Lord Chief Justice of England in a battle over a principle that has neither been killed nor applied in legislation since—the principle of Women's Suffrage. Sir John Coleridge, as he then was, asserted, in his defence of the principle, that the greatest judges he knew possessed qualities of mind which he regarded as peculiarly feminine. "My honoured and learned friend," retorted the member for Derry, "appears to think that because some judges are old women, all old women ought to be judges."

The public will watch with great anxiety the further development of the inquest on Michael Cleary—a Tipperary man who died after his release from Clonmel Gaol. The evidence already given, if not rebutted, will cause the case to be classed with that of John Mandeville and the Falcarragh men who came forth from Derry Gaol to die! According to the medical evidence given poor Cleary was suffering from phthisis in September last. He was sent to gaol in November, and put upon the plank-bed and to hard labour. He was a month in prison before he saw the prison doctor, and during the whole of that time his stomach was unable to retain the prison food. At the end of the month he saw the doctor and was removed to the infirmary, whence he was discharged after three weeks' treatment as perfectly cured. A week after this perfect cure he came out of prison and was examined medically and found to be in a dying condition. He lived only six weeks, and the doctor who saw him now swears that, in his opinion, death was accelerated by want of proper treatment between the 14th September and the 11th of January. The inquest stands adjourned till the 31st of March; and these statements are so grave as to fix public interest upon it. Unless the first day's testimony is disproved Balfourism will be credited with another victim.

The ruffianism of the Executive having been foiled at Clongorey, the authorities are persecuting those who exhibited sympathy with their victims. On Thursday, March 13, a number of men were summoned to Newbridge Petty Sessions to answer a charge of "indecent and riotous behaviour." The indecency and the riot consisted in cheering the men whom the police had illegally arrested. As to indecency, it was all on the side of the police and the magistracy, and the only riot was their unwarranted interference with the people at Clongorey and Newbridge. Colonel Forbes, the magistrate who presided, has, however, no squeamishness about doing the work which he was set up to do, and he faced the people who had the hardihood to cheer.

What a striking commentary on the theory that the system of boycotting requires the sanction of murder is afforded by the proceedings at the Waterford assizes. Peter the Packer was the presiding judge, and the calendar was an absolute blank. He was presented with a pair of white gloves: but notwithstanding the clean record, notwithstanding the total absence of what he terms "the erueller and coarser type of crime," he refused to congratulate the grand jury on the condition of the county. Why? On account of the widespread prevalence of boycotting. Waterford is one of the outlets for the export of agricultural produce. But the machinery of export is absolutely and universally denied to land-grabbers and exterminators. There is "an organised attempt to boycott the sale of cattle," and the attempt is only too successful. Hence the tears of Peter fall fast on the unstained kids with which the Sheriff presented him. Here we have an answer to the assertions of the Commission report. Boycotting is a complete success in Waterford; and instead of depending on crime for its virtue, it has absolutely obliterated crime. May the success of the system continue, and may Peter have to bemoan it wherever he goes.

Mr. Morley's speech at Stepney is refreshing after the Attorney's chatter by which the Pigottists defended themselves in the House of Commons. His outspoken tribute to Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, and the Irish nation will advance the movement of conciliation. His summation of the ten years of Pigotry by which Mr. Parnell has been pursued ought to make Englishmen pause. "It is ten

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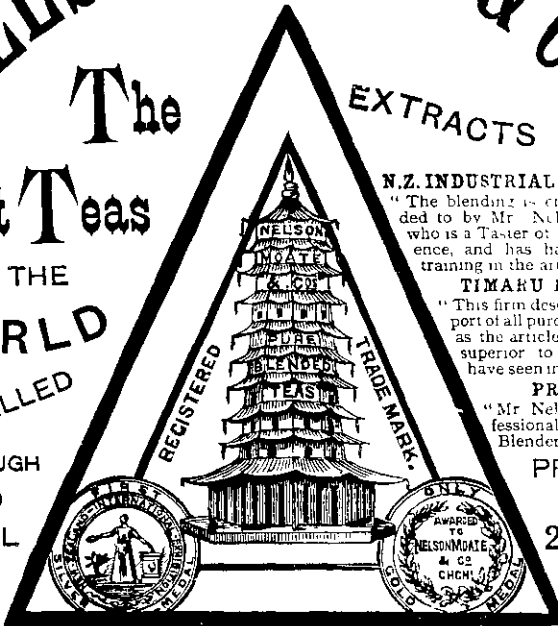
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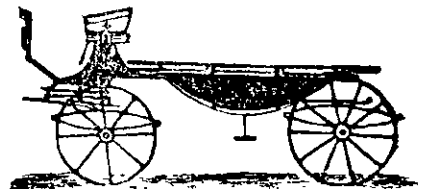
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or eleven years," he said, "since this movement was set on foot. What has Mr. Parnell gone through during these years? In the winter of 1880 Mr. Parnell was dragged through a trial in a criminal court in Dublin. In 1881 he was thrown into prison, and kept there many months without trial. In the beginning of 1883 he was held up to public execration amidst the frantic excitement of the House of Commons by the attack made upon him, made in good faith, no doubt, by Mr. Forster, which, in its only precise and important particular, has been found by the three judges to have been an unfounded and unjust attack. In 1887 he was openly charged with being an accessory before the fact in the Phoenix Park murders, and by forged letters the same journal which made the charge fastened on him direct complicity with that crime after its perpetration. In 1888 the Tory Government, eagerly aided and abetted by the Liberal Coercionists, devised and manufactured a brand-new tribunal without precedent in our history, under the spurious pretence of giving a chance of freeing himself, but really and truly with the confident expectation in their hearts that he and his friends would have these charges proved against them up to the hilt. Heavily loaded with pecuniary charges, he is harassed by the severest anxieties, the whole force of the Government is brought against him and his friends. He is acquitted of every direct and personal charge, and then at the end of all a majority of the House of Commons refuses to put on record that false charges were brought against him, refuses to state that these charges were based on calumny and forgery, refuses to express its regret that these false and hateful charges had been brought, and refuses to express its satisfaction that these false and calumnious charges have been exposed." This, as Mr. Morley shows, is nothing new in the history of English dealings with Irish leaders. But the time has come for a change.

ARE BLONDES FADING

ONLY a few years ago we were deluged with statistics about personal beauty, gathered and interpreted by anthropologists and men who make the physiological changes of the race a study. Dr. Beddoe, of the British Royal Infirmary, furnished the most elaborate collection of figures, and after examining the hair of nearly 1,000 young women who came before his notice, announced that the brunette was preferred over the blonde, in conjugal selection, by a ratio of four to three. From such premises the conclusion was obvious that the blonde was doomed to pass eventually out of existence in England. It has also been demonstrated by various anthropological magicians that blondes are growing noticeably rarer in America. One writer, in fact, has recently declared that they have almost disappeared from New England, and the prediction is freely ventured that as a result of the cosmopolitan mixing of races in this country the American girl of the future will be a brown-haired, dark-eyed creature, smaller as a type than the girl of to-day, but plumper and less angular.

In further support of Dr. Beddoe's theory, the names of other women, famous for their brunette style of beauty, will readily occur to the reader.

It is possible, says the *Epoch*, to make an extended catalogue of noted English and American women whose personal charms have been of the blonde type. Harriet Lane, whose reign at the White House in James Buchanan's days is still a social milestone, was a blonde with "golden hair, deep violet eyes, and a peculiarly beautiful mouth." Kate Chase, the belle of Lincoln's administration, had auburn hair. Harriet Williams, the Georgetown beauty who married Count de Bodoico, the Russian Minister at Washington, and became the belle of St. Petersburg, was a "magnificent fair woman with golden hair and brown eyes." Saidee Polk Fall, the belle of Nashville, has reddish golden hair. Beautiful Consuelo Yznaga, now Lady Mandeville, has brown eyes and black eyebrows, but her hair is a mass of gold. Miss Mabel Wright, perhaps the prettiest girl in New York society, has been called "the most exquisite blonde ever seen on this side of the Atlantic, and Mrs. Adolph Ladenberg, the married belle, has a pink complexion, blue eyes and curling hair that "is like spun gold." Amelia River has straw coloured hair which she ties in a Psyche knot, and violet eyes. Mlle. Reichemberg, Gen. Boulanger's favourite, is a pretty woman of the blonde peasant type. Marie Bashkirtseff, the fair Russian artist about whom the world is talking, was a slender and pink-cheeked blonde.

Many of the ladies of the Administration circles at Washington, including Mrs. Morton, Mrs. McKee and Miss Mildred Fuller, are blondes, and the list might be extended indefinitely. If the blonde is going out of existence, she is, from all indications, going out in a blaze of glory.—Exchange.

Farmer Woodruff, of Warwick, N.Y., painted his live stock with petroleum to kill bugs. An experimenting farm hand lighted a bull and he ran blazing and bellowing into the barn. The barn was burned.

Irish Protestantism has, says the *Weekly Register*, been associated from first to last with miserable attempts to pervert the faith of Catholics whose poverty exposed them but rarely abandoned them, to such temptation. It is, therefore, refreshing to record a fact mentioned at a late meeting of the Council of the Gaelic Union for the Cultivation and Preservation of the Irish Language. This meeting was held at the Mansion House in Dublin, where a letter was read from Arran Islands. In that distant home of the Celtic race, the Irish language is the ordinary vernacular, and Irish is taught in the schools. It was stated that the Rev. Father Nolan's Irish Prayer-book was recently reprinted at the expense of the Rev. Mr. Cleaver. It is now ready for distribution as prizes to school children. This Protestant clergyman, Mr. Cleaver, is here setting a noble example; and we shall rejoice to hear of other such instances of a perception of the simple truth that the faith of ages is deeply imbedded in the hearts and consciences of St. Patrick's children. We sincerely hope that Mr. Cleaver will have a reward for his good work in the intercessions of those whose devotions he has thus facilitated.

JOHN DALY'S PRISON TORTURES.

THE people of Limerick on Sunday (says the *Cork Herald*, March 22) held a large public demonstration to protest against the prison treatment of John Daly. The case of John Daly and other political prisoners demands immediate inquiry. The agitation should not rest until the prison horrors are dragged into the light of day and the great wrongs of the unfortunate prisoner redressed. The question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence has nothing whatever to do with the propriety of this agitation. If guilty, Daly, no doubt, would have a terrible crime on his head. Whatever might have been the feelings of the Irish people on the subject of pure physical force, certainly no appreciable section of them ever sanctioned the use of dynamite or looked upon it with any other feelings save those of horror. Grave charges are made against the fairness of Daly's trial, and it is declared by many that he was "trapped," and what that means those who know how many *agents provocateurs* have been in the employ of the British Government can well understand. But, if he were guilty a hundred times over, it is the right and the duty of the public to demand that he shall not be treated worse than a dog would be treated. There is, indeed, no comparison—in a British gaol. It is admitted that he has had poison administered to him. "In mistake," adds Home Secretary Matthews, the man who climbed into Parliament on the shoulders of the Fenians. But is human life held so cheap in a British gaol that a prisoner can be poisoned even in mistake without someone being made to suffer for it? If a prison doctor has given poison to John Daly in mistake we think the public, in the interest of all poor prisoners, are entitled to demand the retirement of that officer from his position as the best guarantee that such a thing will not happen again. If "friend" Delaney, the would-be murderer, was nearly poisoned in mistake, he would probably be annested immediately as some compensation to a man who underwent such an ordeal. The only compensation to Daly seems to be fresh rigour and renewed brutality. We know how carefully shut out from the life of the world a poor convict prisoner is. The gate of the prison closes over his life with a security less only than that of the tomb. Yet from out the prison walls have come from time to time echoes of what has been happening. And fortunately for John Daly it has been so. The charge which is now made on the best of evidence is, that Daly, because he was convicted of a crime with a political motive, is treated on that account worse than the vilest criminal in penal servitude. The Government admit that this prisoner has got poison "in mistake." Any Government which had justice on its side would not in such a case for a moment resist the demand for a thoroughly independent inquiry.

STARTLING EVENT IN A VILLAGE.

(To the editor of *Saturday Night*, Birmingham.)

I RECENTLY came into possession of certain facts of so remarkable a nature, that I am sure you will be glad to assist in making them public. The following letters were shown to me, and I at once begged permission to copy them for the Press. They come from a highly responsible source, and may be received without question.

MESSAGE FROM GEORGE JAMES GOSTLING, L.D.S., R.C.S.J.
Ph.C.I., Licentiate in Pharmacy and Dental Surgeon,
Stowmarket, July 18, 1889.

To MR. WHITE,

The enclosed remarkable cure should, I think, be printed and circulated in Suffolk. The statement was entirely voluntary, and is genuine in fact and detail.

G. J. G.

"To the Proprietors of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

"GENTLEMEN,—The following remarkable cure was related to me by the husband. Mary Ann Spink, of Finborough, Suffolk, was for over twenty years afflicted with rheumatism and neuralgia, and although comparatively a young woman at the time she was attacked (she is now fifty), she was compelled, in consequence, to walk with two sticks, and even then with difficulty and pain. About a year and a half ago she was advised to try Mother Seigel's Syrup

"(B. Spink.)

"G. J. GOSTLING,

"Ipawich Street,

"Stowmarket."

This is certainly a very pitiable case, and the happy cure wrought by this simple but powerful remedy, must move the sympathy of all hearts in a common pleasure. This poor woman had been a cripple for twenty of her best years; years in which she should have had such comfort and enjoyment as life has to give. But, on the contrary, she was a miserable burden to herself and a source of care to her friends. Now, at an age when the rest of us are growing feeble, she, in a manner, renews her youth and almost begins a new existence. What a blessing and what a wonder it is! No one who knows her, or who reads her story, but will be thankful that the good Lord has enabled men to discover a remedy capable of bringing about a cure that reminds us—we speak it reverently—of the age of miracles.

It should be explained that this most remarkable cure is due to the fact that rheumatism is a disease of the blood. Indigestion, constipation, and dyspepsia cause the poison from the partially digested food to enter the circulation, and the blood deposits it in the joints and muscles. This is rheumatism. Seigel's Syrup corrects the digestion, and so stops the further formation and deposit of the poison. It then removes from the system the poison already there. It is not a cure all. It does its wonderful work entirely by its mysterious action upon the digestive organs. But when we remember that nine-tenths of our ailments arise in those organs, we can understand why Seigel's Syrup cures so many diseases that appear to be so different in their nature. In other words rheumatism and neuralgia are but symptoms of indigestion, constipation, and dyspepsia.

DONAGHY'S BINDER TWINES.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

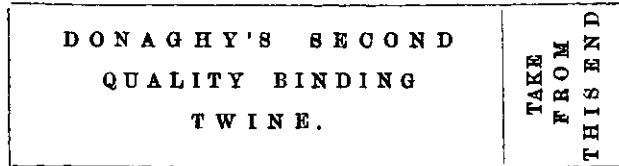
It having been represented to us that an intermediate quality of Twine between our PRIZE MEDAL DOUBLE-REELED MANILLA and N.Z. Flax Brands was required to meet the Competition (IN PRICES) of inferior Makes, we have decided to manufacture

SECOND QUALITY TWINE

(Half Manilla Fibre and half New Zealand Flax).

Whilst having every confidence that this Twine will give more satisfaction than have the inferior ones above referred to, we do not however, give the same absolute assurance—as we do with our Prize Medal Manilla—THAT NO HITCH WILL OCCUR IN THE CASE OF HEAVY CROPS IN BAD WEATHER:

In order to prevent mistakes, we shall put a Dark-Blue Ticket on this Class, thus:—



M. DONAGHY AND CO.,
OTAGO STEAM ROPE AND TWINE WORKS,
DUNEDIN.

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Were Awarded

GOLD MEDAL AND FIRST ORDER OF MERIT AND SPECIAL MENTION By the Jurors at the recent Melbourne Exhibition; and also at the previous Exhibition they not only received GOLD MEDAL for their Double Furrow Plough, but Special Commendatory reference from the Jurors as follows:—"In ploughs there is one exhibit to which we wish to draw special attention as being the best, and that is the Double Furrow of Reid and Gray, Dunedin, New Zealand.

In finish and construction it is far superior to any other."

DOUBLE-FURROW PLOUGHS (the Best Material and Workmanship throughout).

DISC HARROWS

In sizes from 6ft to 12ft wide, fitted with Patent Adjustment for distributing the weight uniformly on the Harrow at any angle, and making it the most perfect Harrow in New Zealand. Seed-Sowing Attachments fitted on if required.

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IMPROVED NEW ZEALAND GRAIN DRILL is the best Drill in the market, and is extensively used throughout New Zealand, and winner of First Prizes in competition with the best American and English Drills, and is in many respects

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Made any size from 4 to 8 Coulters, and from 14in to 16in between the drills

DOUBLE DRILL TURNIP AND MANURE SOWER

Manure is sown in front of roller and put deeply in or shallow as preferred. The Turnip Seed is sown through a separate spout behind the rollers, and can be put in as shallow as required, and covered with the small rollers behind.

STEEL ZIGZAG HARROWS, same price as iron; will last double the time of Iron Harrows

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"A" 'AE OO."

THE MOSGIEL WOOLLEN FACTORY CO., LIMITED.

There has been no exhibit in the Melbourne Exhibition which has attracted more attention than that of the MOSGIEL WOOLLEN GOODS. Visitors from all the old countries, as well as from the various colonies, are unanimous in their praises of the excellent class of Woollens made at Mosgiel and shown in the Melbourne Exhibition.

The New Zealand Public are asked to recognise the benefit to them of being able to purchase

GENUINE WOOL GOODS

of Mosgiel manufacture without high tariff duties, whereas in Victoria a tariff of 25 per cent. does not bar the recognition of the superior merits of Mosgiel Woollens, while in Sydney they meet European Goods on equal Freetrade terms and prices.

Buyers should see that they obtain the Genuine "MOSGIEL" articles and not be content with those termed "Colonial," which may not give the same satisfaction.

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Funds kept in New Zealand.
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TOTAL FUNDS (the whole invested in New Zealand) ...	£1,928,493
In addition to the above funds, the office has an ANNUAL INCOME of over ...	£268,000

The Surplus Cash Profits in 1885 were £242,556

OPENING OF TONTINE SAVINGS FUND SECTION
Tontine Savings Fund System Policies are now being issued.

New Assurers and existing Assurance Policyholders will be allowed to join this section. All profits accruing after entering the section are set apart to be divided among the policyholders remaining in the section at the end of 1900, when liberal returns in cash are anticipated.

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* Information can be obtained at the Head Office and all Branches and Agencies, and also from the Travelling Agents of the Department.

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JAMES EDGAR,
Branch Manager.

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