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## Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

**THE DOMINICAN NUNS.**

THE blessing of the new school-buildings of the Dominican nuns, to be performed on Sunday by the Bishop of Dunedin will mark an epoch in the mission over which his Lordship presides. It was on that day, the 5th of October, twenty years ago, that his Lordship, accompanied by the late lamented Monsignor Coleman and ten nuns of the Dominican Order, left Dublin to set out on his long voyage to this diocese. To review even briefly the various works that have been accomplished by the Bishop and the happy changes which have taken place under his supervision in the interval would be a serious undertaking. It will be sufficient for the present, if we recall the services rendered by the religious teachers who accompanied his Lordship, and the manner in which results have testified to his wisdom in making choice of them as his assistants. The noble pile of buildings raised by them, and which is now brought particularly under notice is an appropriate monument of the work that has been accomplished by them. These ladies have, in deed, given good proof that, although the foundation of their Order lies far back in the dim recesses of earlier ages the spirit of their founder is still vigorous, and living in the midst of them. He devoted himself incessantly and with burning zeal to the service of God and they, in their proper measure, have not been found wanting. Their renunciation of the world, and its pleasures and advantages, has been no vain profession. They have confirmed it by their deeds, and, though their reward is in heaven, the immediate fruits of their merits belong to others. The great work—probably the greatest work that in these less faithful ages can be performed—that of Catholic education, has been perseveringly and thoroughly carried out by them, and they have given practical evidence of how dear to the Catholic Church is the spread of true enlightenment. Their place as promoters of culture and refinement in the colony is readily admitted even by those who are not members of the Catholic community, and it is no little part of their merits and of the benefits they have conferred upon the Catholic community that they have largely helped to make known to our non-Catholic fellow-colonists what it is that Catholic teaching in truth produces, and what the character of the Catholic lady really is. It is not, however, to the higher and more interesting branches of instruction, which themselves, in some degree, reward the teacher and make his task less irksome, that the Dominican nuns have devoted themselves. The necessary and indispensable primary branches have also been fully attended to by them. It must, in justice, be acknowledged that the Dominican nuns have bestowed upon the Catholic community not only their personal exertions, devoting their lives and all their talents to their welfare but they have also, to a considerable extent, endowed them with their substance by expending on the educational needs of Catholic children earnings that they might otherwise have laid by for their own use. The noble buildings, then, to be blessed on Sunday fitly represent the advancement among us of Catholic education, as founded and worked out, where our girls are concerned, by the Dominican nuns, and in itself alone testifying eloquently to the wisdom of the Bishop's foresight in providing for the wants of his diocese. In conclusion, we feel that it would be an unpardonable omission on our part were we not to express our sorrow that, in this celebration of an auspicious anniversary, the late Monsignor Coleman, who also had a full share, from the outset to be commemorated, in all that has been done, will not be with us. Our confidence, however, is that, to his own great happiness, he is in a better place than even the best and brightest this world can show, enjoying there the reward of good and faithful services. Finally, for our own part also, we would respectfully offer the Dominican nuns our sincere congratulations on the impending completion of their great and spirited undertaking.

**A SIGN OF THE TIMES.** If those good folk who are now giving their attention to signs and tokens, which they take as predicting a near approach of the end of the world, wish to find something apparently much more calculated to bear out their views, than the rather feeble and far-

fetched proofs so far brought forward by them, it will not be difficult for them to obtain the aid alluded to. For our own part, we are not among the prophets, and have no intention of trespassing in any way on realms that do not properly belong to us. We leave the interpretation of prophecy, as we do other abstruse points connected with religion, to theologians and duly appointed authorities.—But we still see evidence to convince us that, if the world is not, in fact, approaching closely to its end, it does not, at least, deserve to last much longer. The return of Paganism, for instance, into populations whence it had been expelled by Christianity, and the merging of the science of the period in gross superstitions of Heathendom seem to us an evidence of such a nature. But what shall be said of Christian populations who have sent out missionaries, not only to confirm the heathen world in its errors, but themselves to adopt heathen errors and to propagate them in lands that had once been exclusively Christian? This is what English Protestantism has of late years more or less directly done. How terrible is the accountability of that nation that, having itself renounced the Catholic faith, sent forth Voltaire, the disciple of Bollingbrooke, to corrupt the Catholicism of Continental Europe, and which has now, through its American offshoot, sent out Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott—ininitely less in talent, but probably even greater in mischief—not only to impede the spread of Christianity and revive heathenism throughout the kingdoms of the far East, but to introduce it into America and Europe, and to obtain for it there an acceptance and a hold, that bid fair to have the most disastrous consequences. The fact would be incredible were there not the strongest evidence for it, and were not the names of many who have adopted the revived system, and the numerous publications issued in its interests, testimony that cannot be denied. Buddhism, in short, already occupies an important place in England, America, and France, and there are indications that its tendency is strongly to increase there. The shifting nature of error, so plainly made apparent by the constant breaking-up of religious Protestantism into sects, has also been made apparent by means of it—and numbers of its neophytes are people who have sought in it relief from materialism and blank atheism. Among them, for example, is Mrs Besant—a some-time notorious fellow-labourer with Mr. Bradlaugh. As certain of its publications, which, as we have said, are numerous both in English and French, as well as in tongues spoken in the East, show, meantime, this revived system embraces, together with scientific pretences, superstitions which, if they had any meaning at all in the heathen world, either ancient or modern, and were not the mere trickery of idolatrous adepts and priests, could only have taken their force from the agency of the devil. Magic, for instance, is recommended as the source of much that is beneficial, and as a practice to reward the studies and fidelity of people far advanced in merit and virtue. Mention is also made in a significant manner of certain of the heathen Gods, among whom we find, for example, Isis, a deity whose worship was a distinctive feature of the Rome of the decline. Symptoms, indeed, are not wanting that a very literal restoration of paganism is impending. In adopting anew this degrading creed, human nature has rebelled against the materialism and atheism, even more degrading, that are necessarily more abhorrent to it—and, by-and-bye, perhaps without much further delay, we shall witness rites and ceremonies which are also natural to mankind, and which, in this particular instance likewise, must be adapted to the character of the creed. For our own part, we look for nothing short of the reintroduction of idols, at first by way of symbols, but afterwards to gain a more honourable place. The devil may be trusted to make the best of his opportunity. He did so in the ancient world, for those who attribute the superstition of those times to lively imagination and extreme credulity only have made but a shallow study of history. If we want an illustration, the manner in which Cæsus is said to have tested the oracle at Delphi is alone sufficient. Even if Herodotus, who narrates the case, is not to be relied upon as stating facts, his narrative shows at least that he and his contemporaries acknowledged the probability of deceit, and believed that oracles were legitimately to be put to the proof. Missionaries and others, besides, familiar in our own days with heathen lands, sometimes describe strange experiences. We may add, in passing, that the judgments pronounced now and again by the Catholic Church against secret societies, seem also to

derive justification from this new movement. Freemasonry, for example, has formed a close alliance with its promoters, and the system appears to harmonise admirably. At this close of the Nineteenth Century, therefore, the world is witness of a literal restoration of heathenism, and most probably of idolatry in its grossest forms.—Buddhism and idolatry have gone hand in hand in the East, and in the West it is improbable that they will long remain separate. It was for this so-called Reformation of the Sixteenth Century paved the way, especially through the English branch, the forerunner also through Bollingbrooke and Voltaire, of the French Revolution. But the Revolution, in turn, has paved the way for the adoption of the revived system in France—by fostering there the materialism and atheism from which men now seek relief. Does it not seem, then, as we have said, that a world capable of such enormities has lasted long enough? The times, indeed, we say it with all reverence, seem almost to dare the avenging arm of God?

MR. STEAD is a man of many excellent and amiable qualities. His sympathies are broad, and his patronage, perhaps, is co-extensive with them. A REHABILITATION OF JUDAS ISCARIOT. Personages, for example, as different from one another as the Czar of Muscovy and Cardinal Manning, between whom, indeed, there lies a wide and diverse world, have been embraced by his kindly and appreciative sentiments. It remained for us to learn that he had also a capacity to include, for example, Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, and Judas Iscariot. The Passion Play, in short, at Oberammergau has served to enlarge Mr. Stead's sphere, and has enabled him to sympathise even with the worthies mentioned. The question of the Passion Play of late has assumed a somewhat doubtful phase. Is it desirable that, under the altered circumstances of the times, it should be continued? Confined to a devout population, produced by them as a special act of devotion, and carried out in a fervent and humble spirit, it had its fitness and its place. It was a survival, under justifying circumstances, of a method by which of old the Church had taught divine truth, and excited and sustained religious fervour. The time, however, when such methods could be generally, or even largely employed, has long passed away. Employed in the presence of a less simple world, they would be the occasion of many abuses and of much evil. There are other ways equally efficacious of doing now what was of old accomplished by means of them. But a survival in some particular instance may, perhaps, be allowable, and that it should be rendered inadvisable to maintain it must be deeply regretted. The unique dance by children, for instance, before the Blessed Sacrament in one of the cathedrals in Spain—that of Seville, if we recollect aright—has been zealously preserved, and, strictly guarded as it is, it continues not only allowable but edifying. But when the outer world breaks in, and makes the occasion one for cold, undevotional criticism, for curiosity or amusement, or the original judgments of the day, it may well become doubtful as to whether the time has not come to make an end of the matter. It is not likely, however, that any of the actors in the Passion Play will read Mr. Stead's criticism of them. Did they do so, we may conclude, without extravagance, that they would be mortified, or even perhaps grieved, to find that an impression so different from what they must have meant to convey could have been formed of them. As represented at Oberammergau, according to Mr. Stead, every one engaged in the condemnation of our Blessed Lord was justified. We have the Passion of Christ with the part of the devil left out, and without a particle of malice affecting the heart or possessing the mind of any of those who had an adverse share in it. Pontius Pilate is a just and honourable judge, a noble Roman of the best type. Caiaphas is a venerable elder, worthily fulfilling the duties of his high and holy office. Nay, even Judas Iscariot himself is vindicated. Judas is an honest man, a true friend of the poor, and his virtue is proved undeniably by his suicide. Mr. Stead, in fact, has come away from Oberammergau, bearing in his mind the awful tragedy, reduced to the rank of an every-day trial, in which judges and witnesses are all above suspicion, and the accused has undoubtedly deserved the sentence of the law. Something, perhaps, of this is due to the particular tone of Mr. Stead's mind. We are convinced, at least, that it never entered into the brain of the actors at Oberammergau to attempt the rehabilitation of Judas Iscariot. And must it not be a peculiar disposition that can at once revere the Czar and Cardinal Manning, that can sympathise with the people and long to see their privileges extended even under English rule in England—and yet find all that is admirable in Russian methods? Possibly Mr. Stead alone could have taken such impressions as those he describes from the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Nevertheless, there is room for us to believe that possibly the time for the representation has gone by. It is no longer confined, as we have said, to a faithful, humble, and devout people, carrying it out for their own edification, and in a consistent spirit. As made more general by means of the publicity given to it, and the mixed crowds who flock to see it, it takes the place of a revival among an unempathising and misunderstanding multitude of a method of teaching employed, and fitly and successfully employed by the Church, under different circumstances. Mr.

Stead's criticism, in a word—even though it may be peculiar to himself—is suggestive as to wider issues.

NO HE WAS NOT. McVABISH was not a priest. McVarish is a youth whom the Edinburgh correspondent of our contemporary the *Otago Daily Times* calls a "young Highland priest," describing him, moreover, as received into the Presbyterian Church at Edinburgh, during a rowdy open air meeting held there some weeks ago by the notorious minister Jacob Primmer, and another reverend man, named Thompson, who seems to aspire to similar notoriety. McVarish was not a priest, but a rejected candidate for the priesthood, having thrice failed to obtain admission to holy orders; first at the Benedictine Monastery of Fort Augustus; afterwards at Lisbon, and finally at Rome. On each occasion he had been rejected, and his appearance at Edinburgh to grace the riot of Messrs Primmer and Thompson furnished a conclusive proof that the ecclesiastics who rejected him had acted with discernment and prudence. We do not know whether McVarish had at the outset been a convert, or a pretended convert, to the Catholic Church, but we see reason to believe that such was the case. He had, however, certainly not been admitted to holy orders, and as a necessary consequence, was no priest of any kind, old or young, Highland or Lowland. But is it not, by the way, rather an inopportune time for ministers and members of the Presbyterian church to show an anxiety to stir up a vigorous opposition to Catholicism, and to make proselytes? A wealthy layman of the sect, as we see, also has given a large sum of money to be devoted to such a purpose. Surely it might be thought that the Presbyterian Church had internal troubles enough to occupy it, in all its contending divisions without bestowing attention on matters lying beyond its limits. It should be somewhat difficult to offer rational opposition to fixed doctrines without being able to propose anything of a determined nature in their stead, or to gain proselytes without being able conclusively to explain to them what the tenets were, they were invited to accept. As things now are, no one can very well tell what Presbyterianism will be in a few years, but the probabilities are almost strong enough to amount to certainty, that it will be a system thoroughly imbued, at least, with rationalism. Presbyterianism, in fact, as matters now are, in arraying itself against Catholicism is acting as an agent for the propagation of infidelity. Every victory it gains against the Catholic church, and verily, such victories are likely to be both few and weak, and every proselyte it makes, and, judging by the example of McVarish, the manufactured article is not likely to be much to boast of, will, under the circumstances, be a gain for the infidel cause. Presbyterianism, just now does not know where it is going. It is blind, and those who prove themselves blind also by accepting its guidance must necessarily topple over with it into the ditch. McVarish, meantime, we say again, was no priest. He had not even been admitted to minor orders, and his cantrips at Edinburgh, under the apostleship of Messrs Primmer and Thompson, show that he was judiciously rejected.

THE LABOUR QUESTION. THERE seems to be no quarter of the civilised world, however remote, into which the labour question has not made its way. We learn, for instance, from our esteemed Catholic contemporary, the *Annales* of Mauritius, that in that isolated colony also the workingmen are bestirring themselves. There, however, as our contemporary also informs us, the Bishop had already interested himself in promoting the formation of unions. We find in our contemporary a very interesting report of a meeting held by the workingmen in a Catholic hall at Port Louis, and at which some excellent speeches, distinguished by their moderation and common sense, were made. But, in fact, we do not know that anywhere the demands of the men have been extravagant. Even in Sydney, where report would have it that things were in a very bad state, and whence we were led to expect news of extreme violence at any moment, we have it on the very credibly asserted authority of the Cardinal Archbishop himself, that the men were within their rights in what they asked for. "During the week," says the *Freeman's Journal* of September 20th, "the Cardinal Archbishop has used his personal influence with the hope of bringing about a mutual agreement between the two parties as a stepping-stone to a conference. In the Cardinal's opinion the men on strike have shown praiseworthy moderation, and he deeply regrets that their overtures to the employers were not received with better grace. His Eminence believes that the leaders of the labour movement are really anxious to effect a settlement on lines of honour and justice. His own personal intercourse with the labour representatives has impressed him with a sense of appreciation of their honesty, their intelligence, and their moderation." At a meeting again, held at Broken Hill, to consider the action of the directors in shutting down the mines as a practical reply to the demands of the miners, the Bishop of Wilcannia, the diocese in which the district is situated, was on the platform and proposed one of the resolutions, expressing at the same time a very lively sympathy with the men. "Only one conclusion," said the Most Rev. speaker, "could be arrived at, and that was that the directors had been prevailed upon by the

employers' unions to take a stand against labour and crush out trades-unionism." It would be rash and presumptuous, therefore, to pronounce against a movement which has obtained such support. The great note of the movement is that it is world-wide. Indeed, it takes a special dignity and interest from this character of universal brotherhood so conferred on it. Of one thing, moreover, we are convinced, that, as we have said before, the working-man has a right to a full share in the progress of the day. It is, in fact, a most inconsistent thing to force him to take part in that progress in one important respect, if in all others he is still compelled to remain in his position of extreme inferiority and want. He is forced, for example, to educate his children—an obligation that of itself implies his right to demand consideration on all other points. It may, of course, be urged in answer to this, that education alone elevates, and requires no assistance to produce its full benefits. This is the plausible theory; however; the fact is that education forms tastes and creates wants which it does not always provide the means of satisfying, and which, if they are not satisfied, must necessarily make those possessed of them unhappy and discontented. If progress, in short, be not a dream and a delusion, the position of the working-man must advance, *pari passu*, with it—and to declare his position incapable of amelioration is to predict the cessation of the onward movement of the world. Imprudent methods, no doubt will be employed here and there, and temporary and partial defeats will be suffered. Rash and unwise leaders, or leaders seeking their own ends rather than his advantage, may now and then impede the working-man's advancement and do him mischief, but, so far as society generally is destined to move forward, the working-man is destined to have his part in the movement. He can only be relegated once more to misery in a general stagnation of the world. It is, moreover, of happy augury to see that the working-men, as a rule, are so just and moderate in their demands. It is also of good promise that they have the advocacy and sympathy, as we have seen, of friends and advisers in whom they may place implicit confidence—leaders such, for example, as one of the speakers at the meeting in Mauritius to which we have alluded declared they would alone count in. "Enlightened to-day," he said, "by the hard lessons of experience the working-man will attach himself to those who interest themselves in him, and who will defend his cause when it is just and lawful."

## American Notes.

HYDE of Beretania street—so branded with infamy for the rest of his life, and for so long after his death as ussavouriness may preserve a memory, by the letter of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, has disgraced the columns of the Boston *Congregationalist*, by a reiteration—wholly unsupported by evidence, of his abominable charges against the late Father Damien. Hyde has not a word to say worthy of being considered by anyone not anxious to make a study of a despicable character. There is no question, of course, of his taking the action for libel, which Mr. Stevenson pledged himself as ready to meet. He merely attempts by impudence to sneak out of the matter. A dirty fellow, however, is commonly a mean fellow as well, and that Hyde is mean, as well as dirty is, therefore, not surprising.

It should always be remembered that Father Damien's was no isolated case. Even as it actually is, Redemptorist Fathers are engaged in Central America in a work similar to his. At Tracadie, in Nova Scotia, and elsewhere, nuns are ministering to lepers, and in Japan a French priest has devoted himself, in complete isolation, to a like task. One extreme is, therefore, that adopted by Hyde of Beretania street, that of lying to discredit the martyr of charity. The other is that of unifying his devotion, as if he alone, of all the members of the Catholic Church had shown it. Father Damien, notwithstanding his great merits, has been but one among many.

The town of South Lawrence, Massachusetts, has been devastated by a cyclone. In about fifteen minutes a great portion of the town was destroyed—ruin falling upon everything within the line of the storm, with a suddenness that hardly permitted of escape. Nine people were killed on the spot, and some fifty were severely injured. As usual in such cases, several pathetic instances are narrated, not the least being that of a little child found calling out "I want mamma," while the body of its dead mother lay close at hand. The Little Sisters of the Poor gave shelter in their home to many who had lost their all. The Grey Nuns also deserve recognition for the unsparring efforts made by them.

The publication of the correspondence between the British and American Governments, relative to the Behring sea question, has made the claims of America in the matter undeniable. It has been plainly shown that the rights of Russia over the sea had been incontrovertible, and that by purchase America had acquired the same privileges. In any case, as is stated elsewhere, the seals concerning whose capture all the dispute has arisen can be shown to be the property of the American Government. They are not seals properly so-called but a kind of sea-bear, frequenting American territory for the greater part of the year, and only for a season betaking themselves to the water. The manner of killing them, moreover, is regulated by law, and everything proves that they are not common property. Mr.

Blaine has written very plainly on the question of the American right over the sea, and has not left much room for doubt concerning it.

The death of John Boyle O'Reilly has been a subject of great regret. Testimonies to his worth were borne on every side, and by people of all parties and shades of opinion. It would be impossible to quote even a tithe of them. The following paragraph, therefore, from the New York *Sun* may be taken as a sample:—"The death of John Boyle O'Reilly in the prime of his powers is more than a great loss to literature and journalism; it takes away one of the manliest and most engaging figures of the time, a man of rich physical and intellectual gifts and of a singular personal charm. A true son and patriot of Ireland and America, a hater of all tyrannies, snobberies, and shams, a poet of robust imagination and virile style, an editor with a great constituency, an orator, a lecturer, and an athlete, his achievements covered many fields of activity, and his influence was widespread. He will be long remembered and long mourned in the country of his birth and of his adoption; but only those who have had the happiness to enjoy his friendship can fully understand of what a rare and generous spirit his death has bereaved the world." Testimony of a similar kind has been abundant.

A debate in the United States Senate on the Indian Appropriation Bill has been distinguished by testimony borne as to the successful action of Catholic missions and Catholic schools among the tribes. "I say it as a Protestant," said, for example, Senator Vest, "that the Jesuits have succeeded better than any people living in the education of the Indians." The great impediment, meantime, to the working of the missions is the existence of the Indian agencies, who have their own ends to gain—ends that are not always in agreement with the welfare of the people whose affairs they administer. Until these agencies are done away with, the Indian tribes must continue to occupy a position in many respects unfavourable to their interests.

A charming feature in a civilised country is presented by the state of a certain county in the South-West. Perry county, Kentucky, is the particular locality alluded to. There the other day, for example, a judge, before opening his court, thought it advisable to make his will. The court was held in a tent, moreover, a gang of outlaws who were camped close by having burnt down the courthouse. "This county," said the judge, "is over seventy years old, and only one man in all that time has been convicted for murder, and sentenced to a small term of years in the penitentiary, yet 500 men have been murdered in the county." Such details require no comment. They show us clearly what charming nooks advanced civilisation is still capable of containing.

Another county that seems to deserve some special notice is Jasper county, Mississippi, where what a local paper calls a "committee of the best-known citizens of the neighbourhood" have just been accountable for the murder of a man, because he was engaged in delivering political speeches which were not to their taste. They said he was arousing bad feeling between the whites and blacks, and ordered him to desist. On his continuing they had him shot. The natural conclusion is that the speaker was engaged in advocating the rights of the coloured population—a matter often displeasing to "best known citizens." In another county of this State the feeling in question has been recently manifested in the shooting by a Senator of an editor who repeated in his paper a report that he, the Senator, had black blood in his veins. Facts, in short, are constantly occurring to prove how violent is the race hatred alluded to.

Fierce heat was experienced in New York and Brooklyn during the last days of July and first days of August. Several people died of it, among them the Rev. James Trainor, assistant priest of St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn, who was on his way to attend a sick call when he was struck down in the street. He was only twenty-eight years of age.

A Bill now before Congress, and known as the McKinley Bill, for the further protection of American industries, is much discussed. Its proposals have, moreover, been received with great dissatisfaction in England, with whose trade they threaten seriously to interfere. The Protectionists and their organs are loud in their approbation of the measure.

## DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE ordinary weekly meeting of this Society took place in the Christian Brothers' school, Rattray street, on Wednesday, the 24th September. There was a very fair attendance of members, and the chair was occupied by the rev. president.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

Messrs. W. H. McKeay, junr., Chas. Columb, D. Falkner, and J. Cantwell were to supply the programme for the evening, but the two latter gentlemen found themselves unable to attend. Mr. McKeay read a paper on "Flagellation," which had evidently been prepared with care. "The Razor Seller" was the subject chosen by Mr. Chas. Columb for his reading. Another reading which opened up a very lively discussion, was given by the rev. president, viz., "How to break up a choir."

Mr. Thomas Drum proposed a vote of thanks to the gentlemen, which was carried unanimously.

The following took part in the above-mentioned discussion, viz., Messrs. M. Miller, P. Carolin, D. Poppelwell, B. A. Dunne, C. E. Haughton, P. Hally, J. J. Dunne, and N. Griffen.

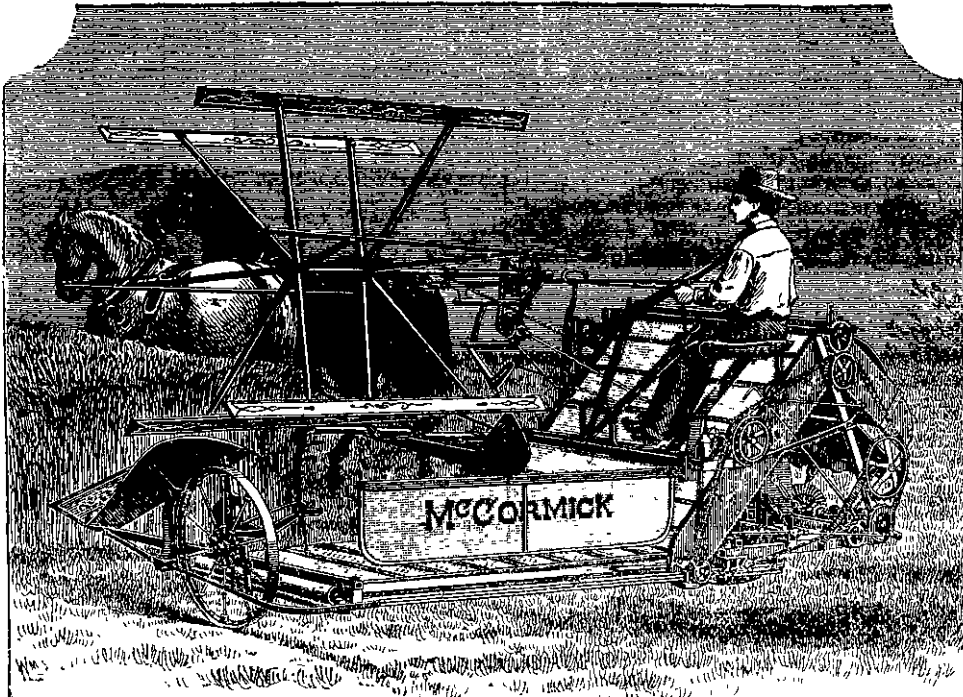
The programme for the following meeting was arranged, and the customary vote of thanks to the chair terminated the proceedings.

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## Roman Notes.

REPORTS of the Pope's illness are chronic and inevitable. They have been constant of late with respect to Leo XIII. But fortunately there was no particular foundation for them. His Holiness continues to enjoy sound health—relative to his advanced age. Since the summer months set in he has spent the principal part of the day in the Vatican gardens, seeking a change there from the monotony of his apartments in the palace, and apparently with benefit to himself.

The bishops and priests of Malta have addressed a strong protest to the Holy Father against the objects of the mission of Sir John Lintorn Simmons to the Vatican, and the representations made respecting them by the envoy. They remind the Pope of the independence promised to the Maltese Church when the island was placed under the protection of Great Britain. They protest indignantly against the charge of ignorance brought against the clergy, adducing proofs of its falsehood, and further pointing out the inconsistency of advancing it while at the same time a proposal was made for the removal of Italian Jesuits engaged in the work of education at Gozo. The petitioners are very outspoken in making their intentions known to the Pope. "Your Holiness' petitioners," they say, for example, "far from pretending to examine the acts of Pontifical authority, to which they declare themselves obedient in everything, most humbly beg Your Holiness to turn Your Holiness' eyes over this island, which, first and foremost, had before her mind the glory of having been for many ages devoted to the Holy See, in order that Your Holiness may prevent the impending conflicts between the people and the Government, as the former intend to oppose, by every means, all measures resorted to by the Government against their rights and liberties.—Your Holiness' petitioners fear, and not without foundation, that the consequence may be a great detriment to the faith preached by their glorious Father, the Apostle of the Gentiles, which has never suffered any alteration." It is, in fact, evident that in any attempt made by the British Government to rule a Catholic people by means of an appeal to the Vatican, there is always a third party determined also to obtain consideration.

The London *Daily Chronicle* still seems to command the confidence of a world that is not better informed. Its Roman news, notwithstanding many notable failures on its part, continues to command attention and to be telegraphed as authentic throughout the world. It is thus, for example, we are to account for a late report to the effect that the Pope was about to summon a council of bishops and cardinals. Details were that the council was preparatory to the next conclave, and that everything was to be arranged, with the important exception of naming the cardinal to be elected as Pope. The whole matter, however, had originated in the fertile imagination of the *Chronicle's* correspondent.

As a celebration of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul this year, Signor Marochi, the famous archæologist, read a paper at a meeting of the literary society of the Arcadia on the monuments remaining of the presence of the Apostles in Rome. His researches, especially respecting the traditions relating to St. Peter, were very clear and convincing, and left no possible opening for doubt.

The Holy Father has not been rendered by his own confinement regardless of the needs of others, and of their natural desire for change and relaxation. He has, therefore, recently provided the students of the Vatican Seminary with a pleasant country-house in the Sabine Hills. His Holiness took the opportunity of a musical entertainment, given him as a mark of gratitude by the students, to recommend particularly to their attention the Gregorian chant, which he is anxious to have introduced into more exclusive use in the ceremonies of the Church.

The results of the infamous law of confiscation of the *Opere Pie* have not been long in making themselves felt. They have already appeared in the closing of several churches, on pretence that they were superfluous, and that the funds derived from their sale might better be converted to purposes of benevolence. Benevolence, in this instance, necessarily means provision for the wants or luxuries of favoured individuals. Sacrilege and profanation, however, may well have their issue in another theft. It may be added that one of the churches thus closed and destined to profanation, is that of the Pieta in the Piazza Colonna, especially interesting from possessing a miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin.

The death of Cardinal Palotti has occurred from paralysis. His Eminence was a native of the Alban Hills, and was nephew of the Venerable Palotti whose process of beatification is now in hand. He was raised to the purple in 1887, and was aged 63.—*R.I.P.*

The feeling against Austria which still lingers in Italy has recently been stirred up by the closing by the Government in question of a society whose avowed object was to aid Italian subjects in foreign countries, but which was accused of exciting in Austrian territory, unfriendly feeling towards the Government and acting secretly in the interests of Unredeemed Italy. A demonstration respecting the matter was arranged to take place throughout Italy, but was hindered by the authorities.

A sample of manna has been sent to the Borgia museum of Propaganda, by a Capuchin missionary stationed at Diarbekir, in Mesopotamia. It is in the shape of globules, which had fallen in quantities during a heavy storm—and which were found capable of being ground and made into bread. The event was the more mysterious since nothing of the kind was known to exist among the products of the country. Fifty years ago, however, a similar occurrence is said to have taken place there.

## ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

(J. MACDONALD OXLEY, a Protestant, in the New York *Freeman's Journal*.)

The vast and wonderful church whose centre is fixed in the Eternal City upon the Seven Hills, but whose circumference embraces the utmost ends of the earth, has no more faithful, fervent and docile daughter than the Canadian Province of Quebec. From the earliest days of French occupation the cross had gone side by side with the sword (or even preceded it) in the conquest of the country, and Church and State had been so inextricably intermingled that it is little wonder, seeing how comparatively slight are the changes the centuries have wrought, if the *habitant* of our day, like the colonist of Champlain's, scarce recognises in them two distinct fountains of authority.

The transference of New France to the British Crown but slightly diminished the power and influence of the Church.

So universal, deep-seated, and ardent are the feelings borne toward her by the vast bulk of the inhabitants of Quebec, that were His Holiness to be driven out from the Vatican, Avignon being no longer available, he could hardly hope to find a more favourable place wherein to re-establish his spiritual throne than in this portion of the Canadian Dominion.

The traveller whose happy lot it is to take a summer voyage upon the lower St. Lawrence cannot fail to be struck by a feature that distinguishes the landscape all the way from Montreal, where this glorious river narrows to quite commonplace proportions, to Grand Metis, where it spreads out until the farther bank is lost in azure haze; and that is the many little groups of white-walled, red-roofed cottages gathered so close around a great stone church as to suggest irresistibly the idea of a hen brooding over her callow fledglings. Big as the church appears, it is not a whit too commodious on the Sundays and Saints' days, when the worshippers gather from far and near.

It is estimated that no less than one hundred thousand pilgrims seek the gracious office of St. Anne every year. From north, south, east, and west, from all parts of the United States, as well as from the Canadian Provinces, the halt, maimed, blind, and dumb, ay, and those whose troubles lie deeper than the mere miseries of the flesh, gather in pathetic crowds, at the sight of which one is strangely stirred, not only with natural sympathy for their sufferings, but because of the suggestion of those days when "they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments."

Throughout the long day the church is crowded with relays of worshippers, the most of whom are there in a spirit of unquestioning faith and trustful expectation, although the ubiquitous tourist who has come to see, if not to scoff, may often be observed gazing about him with a half-puzzled, half-pitying air. For such there are many interesting objects in the church beside the devout congregation. Over the chief altar is a famous painting by Lebrun, representing two pilgrims, one of either sex, kneeling in supplication at St. Anne's feet. Above the side doors hang much less artistic *ex voto* representations of marvellous escapes from "perils by waters"; at the side altars are other paintings by the Franciscan monk Lefrançois, who laid down his brush so far back as 1685.

But towering high above the rest, and commanding attention not only by their imposing appearance but by their deep suggestiveness, stand two pyramids of sticks and crutches, rising tier above tier, and containing hundreds of proofs that St. Anne's intercession had availed for the happy ones who, by visiting her shrine, were enabled to cast aside these artificial and unnatural aids to locomotion.

In 1662, as Abbe Casgrain tells us, a young man named Nicholas Drouin, from the parish of Chateau Richer, who was tormented with a very grievous form of epilepsy, obtained complete and permanent relief as the result of a *neuvaine* or nine days' Mass at St. Anne. Two years later, one Marguerite Bird, whose leg had been badly broken, on being carried to the sacred spot, was there made whole and strong again. Elie Godin, brought almost to the grave with an incurable dropsy, while receiving the Blessed Eucharist felt his sickness depart from him, and sprang up shouting "I am healed." To Jean Adam was the precious privilege of sight restored after many years' darkness. In 1841 Dame Genevieve Boudrault, having long endured the horrors of epilepsy and convulsions, had herself borne to the shrine, and there, whilst praying before the main altar, the ineffable sensation of returning health stole sweetly upon her, and she went forth praising God for her deliverance.

A few years ago, a lad of sixteen, named Fiset, from Springfield, Massachusetts, came to Ste. Anne. For seven years his whole body had been covered with horrible sores which defied all efforts to heal them. Moreover, his right leg was so distorted that he could not move without crutches. Kneeling before the altar, he was permitted not only to kiss the saint's relic, but to press it to his breast. Instantly an extraordinary delicious tremor thrilled through his frame. A kind of ecstasy seized upon him, and in that supreme moment his sores began to heal, his crooked limb straightened out, and he went away with joyful steps, leaving his crutches at the altar. A month later a young girl from Glen's Falls, New York, received her sight whilst standing, in rapt adoration, before the statue of Ste. Anne, whither she had been led by sympathising friends.

The following incident I have upon the testimony of one of the most intelligent and well-informed French Canadians I have ever met, who witnessed it with his own eyes, and related it to me. Six years ago a well-to-do farmer, living about ten miles above Quebec, who had been dumb, but not deaf, from his birth, determined to try if Ste. Anne would vouchsafe him relief. Accordingly, bare-footed, bare-headed, coatless and fasting, he walked the entire distance to her shrine. Fainting but full of faith, he wrote out his confession upon the slate he always carried, attended Mass, received the Communion, and then lay down to rest. Next morning he was one of the

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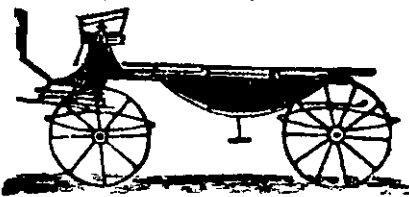
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first at the altar. The church was crowded with reverent worshippers. Suddenly the service was broken in upon by a strange, half-articulate shout that startled every one. All eyes were turned towards the spot whence it came, and there, with countenance whose exultant brightness transcended all expression, stood the mute, a mute no longer, giving vent to his emotions in joyful ejaculations that filled the edifice. Thenceforward he spoke freely, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said to my informant:

"Ah, sir, won't my boys be glad to hear my voice!"

With these and a hundred like marvels to kindle and sustain their faith, one can readily conceive with what sincerity the myriad pilgrims, scorning the logic of unimpressable rationalism, chant their canticles in honour of the patron saint, the good Ste. Anne.

(From the Toronto Weekly Catholic Review.)

Pilgrimages to the shrine of the "good Ste. Anne" at Beauport are the order of the day. Never was the number so great; and it is daily increasing. Two of the Richelieu and Ontario Company's steamers scarcely suffice to meet the demands of pilgrims. Not only from Montreal, St. Hyacinth, and dioceses of Quebec, but from New England and Middle States, organised pilgrimages set forth joined in by many from all parts of the North American Continent. What is the attraction at the humble and obscure village of Ste. Anne? Why this yearly and daily increasing influx of strangers, having amongst them so many crippled and maimed and bandaged—the blind, the pale, and the weak—that it can be compared only to the crowds which of yore flocked to the shore of Genesareth where stood One Who cured every languor and whose fame went abroad into the whole country!

Now it takes a journal to keep record of the wonders of Ste. Anne de Beauport.

To deny facts that take place in the light of day, in presence of churchful and boatful of spectators of every class and condition of life, that are described in detail and published in a hundred newspapers, is an insult not only to the intelligence, but to the senses of a whole continent. The eye witnesses were not only pilgrim crowds but all who had known and attended the cases before and after the alleged cures. Take the three cures reported last week by the Montreal Star and Gazette, as well as the whole French Press:

"Le Courier du Canada narrates several recent miracles which occurred at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauport recently. Among them are Miss Elvina Proteau, cousin of Rev. Abbé Lalberte, of the Grand Seminary, who is said to have been in bed two years at the Hotel Dieu with incurable paralysis of the lower limbs, and who, while praying before the relics of Ste. Anne, suddenly found the pains accompanying her disease vanish and such a strength pass to her limbs that she threw away her crutches, disengaged herself from her attendant, who held her up, clapped her hands in joy, and stood up all by herself, and walked back to her pew alone."

"Another case was that of Auguste Plessis dit Belair, of 108 Wolfe street, a twelve year-old boy, who suffered from a nervous complaint, which caused his arms to shake in such a manner that he could not even serve himself at table. On his return from the shrine says the article, the boy had lost every trace of the disease, and tested the strength of his arms by lifting up chairs, threading needles and similar feats. The third case is that of Stanislaus Lafrance, the thirteen-year-old son of Mr. J. B. Lafrance, of 303 Maisonneuve street, who, it is said, for two years could not use his left leg, which had become shorter and powerless from inflammatory rheumatism. At the Church of Ste. Anne de Beauport he walked up to the Communion table with the aid of his own crutches, and returned to his seat without them."

To question the facts were to insult not only the intelligence, but the eyes of all Montreal. As to the explanation, some may attribute the cures to the power of faith, and its influence over the nerves. It is notorious that the patients ascribe their cures not to their faith but invariably, and with one mouth, to the intercession of good Ste. Anne. It is clear that effects so marvellous in themselves and the manner in which they have been brought about can be referred only to a personal power above nature and nature's laws, who can act independently of them and set them aside at His pleasure because He has established them and is Lord over them. He can and does answer the prayers of his children, and honours those who have on earth led lives of holiness.

Not many summers back a Protestant clergyman of New York incredulous about the miracles of Lourdes, took a journey to the favoured spot to see and investigate for himself. Having witnessed a number of striking facts he admitted in the first place their truth and reality; secondly, their divine and supernatural origin; thirdly, the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin with which they were inseparably connected; and fourthly, the truth and divinity of the Roman Catholic Church in which alone miracles were wrought and the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin taught and proposed.

Pilgrimages to Ste. Anne are approved by the highest ecclesiastical authority. At Ste. Anne's, it is indisputable that the blind see, and the dumb speak and the lame walk. So it was when Marie de l'Incarnation wrote in the seventeenth century, so it is to-day. Catholics believe that miracles can be performed and are performed to day, as in the times of the Apostles. Men of enlightenment are most firmly convinced of this truth, because they can find no reason for thinking otherwise, while to the common mind it comes by a species of intuition. Faith gives to the most lowly a certain spirituality, so that it is surprising sometimes to observe how clear the perception, and how exact the distinctions made, even by the most ignorant, in supernatural things. Therefore, we repeat, that all are united in honouring Ste. Anne, well aware that in so doing, they do not derogate from the honour due to God, but rather increase it.

Lord Salisbury, replying to the Rev. Jacob Primmer, of Dunfermline, says there is no compact with the Pope to alter the laws of Malta to make mixed marriages invalid, and no proposal has been made to hand over the Blantyre Mission Station in Africa to Portugal.

## WEDDING AT KIRWEE.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

TWELVE months ago I had the pleasure of sending you an account of a wedding that took place in our district, and I expressed a hope at the time that if that was an Irish wedding I might soon be asked to do another. Well I have been fortunate in getting another invitation to help to celebrate another wedding in the same family, which I will briefly chronicle. The Darfield church presented last Wednesday the usual gay appearance we see on such occasions, and the happy pair that were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, the parish priest, were Mr. Michael McCarthy of Louth, Hill End, Southland, to Miss Mary Laffey, daughter of Mr. T. Laffey of Kirwee. The bride wore a dress of peacock green, trimmed with brocade and white silk, with wreath of orange blossom and veil. The bridesmaids, Misses Kate Laffey and Maria Madden, were attired in dresses of dark green with plush trimming, and peacock blue with white silk front respectively. The bridegroom's best man, was Mr. Mathew Laffey, brother of the bride. Special Mass was celebrated during the ceremony, which was witnessed by an overflowing congregation of all denominations. The wedding party proceeded after the ceremony to the house of Mr. T. Laffey, where they were joined by a great many that could not attend the church, and about 83 sat down to the breakfast, that none but an Irishman knows how to provide. And after thoroughly enjoying the good things provided the Rev. Father O'Donnell, who occupied the head of the table, in a short, but expressive speech wished long life and prosperity to the happy couple, which was responded to with loud acclamation. About 130 people assembled in the evening in Mr. Laffey's grain shed, tastefully decorated for the occasion, where to the music of Mr. James Waite and other volunteers, dancing was indulged in, for I cannot say how long, for I had to leave about 5 a.m. The happy couple start for South Hill End, Southland, by Monday's express, where we hope they will live for many years to participate the nuptials of McCarthy and Laffey.

## THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP AND THE STRIKE.

(Sydney Freeman's Journal, September 13.)

In the People of Wednesday, the organ of the Labour Defence Committee, the following appeared:—

"A letter from Cardinal Moran has been received by the Labour Defence Committee asking for an interview. As the Cardinal has openly expressed his sympathy with the labour party, his request has been granted, and the interview will take place to-day."

The Cardinal's letter has not been published, but we understand that his Eminence, seeing that no one had come to the aid of the men, either to advise or confirm with them, wrote with the object of inducing the labour defence representatives to agree upon some truce or armistice under which the men would be able to resume work pending a settlement of the original dispute, and the various points and questions involved in the strike.

On Wednesday morning a deputation, representing the men, waited on his Eminence at St. Mary's. The deputation was composed of Messrs. J. Finch, Chairman, Defence Committee; J. Brennan, President, Trades and Labour Council; G. Herbert, President, Maritime Council; J. Thompson, President, A.M.A. of Australia, No. 2 District, Newcastle; S. Smith, Seamen's Union; R. McKillop, President, Wharf Labourers' Union; and H. Furlay, Queensland.

The interview lasted for an hour and a-half, and from inquiries made when the deputation had retired, after expressing their sense of grateful appreciation of the Cardinal's sympathetic consideration, we learn that his Eminence found the men most anxious for a fair and friendly settlement of the strike. What transpired during the interview we are not in a position to state, but this much we gathered, that the labour representatives fell in with his Eminence's proposals, and cordially agreed with his suggestion that something should be done to pave the way for a friendly conference of the representatives of the employers and the employes. We believe that the Cardinal's principal proposition with a view to putting an end to the present deplorable state of things in both social and commercial circles was that work should be resumed upon some mutual understanding, and that advantage could be taken of the truce to hold a conference, at which the various points at issue could be discussed and a basis of agreement established. The opinion was expressed that this plan would probably facilitate the settlement of the strike on terms satisfactory to both parties.

The deputation will, it is understood, lay the Cardinal's proposals before a conference of the labour unions representing the various colonies which is, we believe, to be held in Sydney to-day (Thursday).

It is worthy of note that the interview with the Cardinal, given in last week's Freeman, was republished in all the Brisbane papers as well as in several of the Melbourne and Adelaide dailies. All the Brisbane papers had editorials on the Cardinal's remarks.

Duncan Ross writes to an evening contemporary:—

"As a trades-unionist I am delighted to have so accomplished a champion as Cardinal Moran, the highest dignity of the Roman Catholic Church in Australia, on our side. It must prove to the world that our cause is a just one. Since the London dock strike my antipathy to the Catholic Church has lessened very much, for, I confess, had not Cardinal Manning thrown in his influence with the masses I am sure the unions would not have come off so successful in the last strike. As a Presbyterian I have been taught in the John Knox school to avoid and detest anything leaning to Roman Catholicism, but I now see plainly that when the masses' battles are raging and the smell of powder great the only true friends are the Roman Catholic hierarchy, as in the days when Stephen Langton, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury, wrested the people's liberties from King John by making him sign the Magna Charta."

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# Irish News.

**Antrim.**—Baby farming seems to flourish in the Ballymena district recently, as at last sessions Jane Magowan, Kenbally, and Esthe Hamilton, Creavamy, both near Broughshane, were charged with neglecting children placed in their care. They were remanded.

A meeting was held in Larne Town Hall to consider the advisability of celebrating the centenary of Rev. Theobald Matthew, the great temperance reformer. John Fullerton presided. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—That a united temperance demonstration be held at the Bank Heads, Larne, on Monday, August 4, to commemorate the centenary of Father Matthew.

**Armagh.**—Lord Justice Fitzgibbon opened the commission in the County Court recently, and, in addressing the Grand Jury, said there were eleven bills altogether, none of them serious. There was an increase in the number of intoxication cases. Samuel McClure was acquitted of having caused the death of his father.

There was a large supply of stock offered for sale at last Armagh fair and a good attendance of buyers. Business, however, was not brisk, prices in all departments being considerably lower than at recent fairs. First-class beef was quoted at fifty-five shillings per cwt. Three-year-old heifers and bullocks brought from £12 to £14 10s; two-year-olds, from £9 to £11; while weanlings went at from £5 to £5 10s. The horse fair was large, and prices ranged from £15 to £70.

**Carlow.**—The area of County Carlow is 221,344 acres, of which 193,649 are arable, 2,933 in plantation, 4,658 under bog and marsh, 10,901 under barren mountain land, 8,705 under roads and fences, and 498 under water.

Measures have been taken to erect a monument over the grave of the Croppies who fell in 1798 at Carlow-Graigue. At a weekly meeting of the committee the Secretary was requested to see that the contractor and his sureties signed their bond, which had been prepared by Mr. Mulhill. A branch has been formed in England consisting of Irishmen who at a recent meeting resolved:—That we, the advanced guard of Irish Nationalism in York, hasten to assist the Gaelic Athletic Association, in whom we recognise the bone and sinew of the manhood of Ireland, in erecting a memorial over the Croppies' grave, and that this meeting send good wishes and subscribe £20 as a first subscription. Carried with acclamation.

**Cavin.**—A most successful three weeks' mission given by the Passionist Fathers Daniel, Sylvester, and John Baptist in the parish of Killinagh was brought to a close on a recent Sunday. The first two weeks were spent in the parish church, and not only the parishioners but many from Glesiaru, Greenish, and other adjoining parishes availed themselves of the benefits of the mission by approaching the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. The last week was devoted to the people of Doobally, where the numbers who flocked to hear the Fathers was still greater, large contingents coming from the parishes of Inch, Ballingaleera, and Glan. It is computed that during these three weeks of grace and blessing to the people over 8,000 persons partook of the Blessed Eucharist. A mission cross was erected as a remembrance of the mission.

**Clare.**—The R.I.C. in Tulla District have a disease called "Arms on the brain," and are suffering so acutely from it that the homes of the inhabitants have been invaded, but no arms or ammunition were discovered.

At London recently a Clareman, D. D. Bulger, formerly of Kilrush, but at present residing in Dublin, won the 100-yards race, beating some of the best runners in England.

Daniel Casey of Albert Road, Killee, recently returned from America, true to the traditions of his race, has a warm corner in his heart for "the land of the free and home of the brave," and duly celebrated the pre-eminently American festival of July 4. From his home in far off Erin the American flag was displayed and flaunted gaily from the windows. In the evening a large bonfire was lighted outside his dwelling, and he addressed a crowd of 400 persons. The police put in an appearance, but did not interfere with the celebrations. Claremen, but particularly Killeemen, feel proud.

**Cork.**—The cold, wet weather, experienced for some weeks past, has greatly retarded, and even damaged the crops. In the Bandon district the blight has made its appearance and destroyed a large portion of the potato crop.

There was a public meeting held in Goleen, at which E. Ravcroft presided, to denounce the imprisonment of Father Crowley and publicly declare adhesion to the principles for which the reverend gentleman has been imprisoned.

An enthusiastic meeting was held in Schull to protest against Father Crowley's imprisonment. Another object of the meeting was to consider the position of the Campaigners on the Calves and Castleisland, in Schull harbour. The patriotic priest, Father John O'Connor, presided, and Mr. Gilhooly, M.P., addressed the meeting.

Long Island is situate between Schull and Cape Clear, and has quite a history in common with evictions. Emergency men are now imprisoned there, as the boat which conveyed them to the mainland has disappeared, and the people are not anxious to serve the men by going from the mainland for them. A flag of distress is flying on the island.

Doctor Russell, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, priest in Ireland, died in Ireland, on July 10. He was a member of the Dominican Order, and had reached the extraordinary age of 92 years. Referring to his career, the *Cork Examiner* says:—"Long before the days of Catholic emancipation he had been labouring zealously in the Lord's vineyard in his native city. Catholic piety in those early years of the century ebbed very low. The penal laws were still the laws of the realm, and the down-trodden Catholics of Ireland were but slowly and timorously venturing out of their retirement into public life. The churches built by their fathers had been

wrested from them, and they were constrained to worship God and carry on the Holy Mysteries in wretched little chapels, which, for the most part, were built away from public gaze in the back lanes of the city. Doctor Russell was one of the few selected by Doctor Newman (as he was then called) to fill the office of preacher before the Irish Catholic University, over which Dr. Newman was at that time rector. Turning over one of Doctor Russell's early sermons, we came on a very striking passage, which was spoken on a memorial occasion. The preacher was making an appeal to the citizens of Cork in support of the Christian Brothers' Schools, on the Sunday immediately following the declaration of Catholic Emancipation (in 1829) when in a burst of fervid eloquence, which moved intensely the feelings of his hearers, he said, 'Let us give glory to God to day, for to-day we are free, our bonds have been broken, and we are delivered; but no! we are not all free. There is one slave in your midst, and that is he who addresses you. Yes, my brethren, yes, I alas! am still a slave; for I am still in the eyes of the law a felon.' He was alluding to the clause in the Act which excluded members of religious bodies from the benefits of Emancipation. Sixty nine years Doctor Russell laboured in the sanctuary as a zealous and holy priest! Seventy-four years he wore 'St. Dominic's white wool which no blemish can impair, no stain can dim.'"

**Derry.**—An interesting report on the sanitary condition of Derry prison has been prepared by Major Beamish of the Home Office, and presented to Parliament. The report fully bears out the complaints of the Irish Members during last session as to the unhealthy state of the prison. Major Beamish made a decidedly adverse report as to the size and ventilation of the cells, and states that there are no sinks in the hospital, nor any supply of water, hot or cold, for drinking or washing.

**Donegal.**—The Donegal peasants are having a new form of visitation for the good of their souls. At the recent fair of Mountcharles the people were astonished at the sudden uprising of two young men (said to be commissioned by the Church Missions Society), who started to lecture on religious topics. The people were engaged in selling mountain stock, and gave little attention to the theology. The Protestant inhabitants of the district live in good-will with their Catholic neighbours, and this introduction of the religious element finds no favour with them.

**Dublin.**—Mr. McCarthy, J.P., one of the visiting justices, has been seeing Messrs Grannell and Mulligan in Kilmainham prison. The health of both the prisoners is good, and they are engaged in light employment.

**Galway.**—Ballinasloe July Fair was the largest one seen for a long number of years the greater part of the stock shown being lambs—which averaged 30s each.

The Archbishop of Tuam, Most Rev. Doctor McEvilly, has written a letter to Very Rev. P. Lynskey, P.P., Clifden, highly approving of the project of a railway between Galway and Clifden. The Archbishop says:—"Hardly a greater boon could be conferred on this part of the country, everything considered, than the speedy construction, on the railway in question, in which the public, embracing all classes and denominations, feel such deep interest."

A week or two ago there arrived in Tuam from Australia, Patrick J. and Michael Begley, sons of the late Thomas Begley, the Square, Tuam. The Messrs Begley have been for a considerable time sojourning beneath the Southern Cross, and this is the first visit they have paid since their departure to the city of their birth. Thomas McGrath is also on a holiday trip and visit to his friends in Tuam—but he is visiting the old Celtic land of his fathers now for the first time. Mr. McGrath's father emigrated from Tuam many years ago, and soon raised himself to a high position in his adopted home, Sydney.

**Kerry.**—A most successful open-air demonstration in support of Home Rule and the rights of labour was held in Listowel under the auspices of the Irish Democratic Federation. The meeting was held in front of the League rooms in Charles street. James Otter presided.

Eviction notices were laid before the Killarney Guardians by Relieving Officer Coffey, viz.:—Sir John Godfrey and John Murphy, Ballyoughtra, Miltown, against John Doyle, and William and Avis Neill.

**Kilkenny.**—The people of Castlecomer are enthusiastic temperance people, and recently several hundred, headed by three bands, paraded the town.

Father N. Murphy presided at recent meeting of Kilmanlagh National League, and complimented the members on the spirit of Nationality they had kept alive in the district for several years.

Chief Justice Pallas, addressing the Grand Jury in the County Court, said he was happy to say that the condition of the County was satisfactory. Justice O'Brien, in the City Court, also had to congratulate the Grand Jury on the state of the city.

**Longford.**—The weather up to the present has been so wet and cold that it is the most unsummer-like summer in ten years. It is only a chance what effect the cold and damp may produce on the crops. Up to the present it has rather tended to retard them, and from this forth heat will be wanted to ripen them.

The branches of Longford National League in county Longford have not been effected by Mr. Balfour's Crimes' Act in the slightest degree.

**Mayo.**—The potato blight has set in, and the crops in the West of Louisburgh parish are showing unmistakable signs of its ravages.

At the College of La Salle, Philadelphia, the degree of Master of Arts has been conferred on Patrick J. Coleman, a county Mayo man and a poet of brilliant promise. His many friends in Ballaghaderreen will rejoice to learn of the high distinction he has won.

**Monaghan.**—Father Connolly presided at the last meeting in Aghamullen, when the shameful manner in which the priests and respectable residents of the parish were being insultingly followed by the police was fully discussed and roundly condemned.

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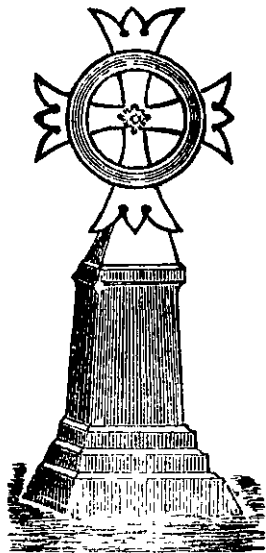
D.D., late licensee of the Cricketers' Arms, having purchased the Lease and Goodwill of the above Hotel, begs to inform his numerous friends, old customers, and the travelling public generally, that he has renovated and re-furnished it throughout, comfort, cleanliness and moderate charges being his motto.—A conveyance leaves every night to convey guests' luggage to and from both railway stations. No charge for conveyance of luggage to station. Passengers by early trains can have breakfast before leaving. Free stabling. Wines and Spirits of the best brands, Night Porter in attendance.

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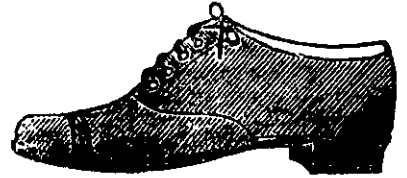
Second Award for Gents' Umbrellas.  
 We have a Large Assortment of Fashionable Handles with Silver and Gilt Bibs, And all the Latest Shades of Plain and Shot Silk on Hand.

A.M. is now prepared to Make all kinds of Umbrellas and Parasols to Order.  
 We give a Twelve Months' Guarantee with all Umbrellas Manufactured by us.  
 Repairs, etc., at the Very Lowest Prices in the City.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

## A. RANDELL

Butcher, MacLaggan Street,  
 Having taken more commodious Premises next door to Messrs. A. and J. McFarlane's, will OPEN there on FRIDAY, the 18th inst., and trusts to receive the same liberal support as he has hitherto done.



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Still to the Front!

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MOLONEY AND BURMAN ... Proprietors

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Consumers who have not yet had it will increase their winter comforts by asking the Coal Merchant to send them KAITANGATA COAL.



SHOPPING DONE BY POST; Postage free. At Boot Shop, George Street, Dunedin. Customers should save expense and trouble by ordering their goods direct from the proprietor, BOB COLLIER.—Send P.O.O. with order. Price List on application

The recent Clontibret meeting was large and thoroughly representative. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—That we congratulate the men of Clontibret on their determination to stand firmly by the cause. The members expressed the hope that their ranks would be largely augmented by new ones, and that subscriptions over due would be quickly paid.

The meeting of Carrickmacross National League was held at Drumgowna, Father O'Doherty presiding. Many new members were enrolled, and the following resolution adopted:—That we condemn the wanton and cowardly insult offered to our reverend president by the Carrickmacross police on a recent Sunday by dogging him to the House of God, and after Mass pursuing him in the most insulting way even to the doors of his sick parishioners.

**Sligo.**—Two evictions have taken place in this locality lately. Patrick King and family; also Mrs. George King and five children, the husband being at present in America, were evicted. Both families live in the townland of Drumderry, the landlord being the celebrated John Kerr, a Smith-Barry on a small scale. The farms have been taken by William Osborne, a retired policeman.

**Tipperary.**—On July 6, before the grand jury of the South Riding, county Tipperary, an application for £500 compensation for thirteen dwelling houses in the old town of Tipperary, alleged to have been maliciously damaged on December 30 last, was made by A. H. Smith-Barry. The presentment was passed at £137 8s 8d.

When the grand jury of the South Riding of the county Tipperary was sworn in at Oloamel a presentment of £2,350 was passed for extra police in the county. This is too much for an over-burdened people to pay for gingerly policemen, who are infinitely better off than the unfortunate tax-payers.

The evictions were resumed recently in Tipperary. A large force of police, under Colonel Oaddell, marched into the Ballinaland district, where Thomas Ryan was evicted. The Gurthnaker district was then visited, and Nicholas Kerr, a large farmer, evicted. Much to the surprise of the forces they found the premises entirely deserted and doors and windows fastened up.

**Tyrone.**—Mary Devin, in the parish of Arboe, about four miles from Stewartstown, died recently at the ripe age of 105 years. She was in full possession of her faculties.

Though no actual disturbance has taken place since July 12 still feelings are running high, and instinctively it is felt that an encounter will take place, to prevent which a great number of police have been drafted into town.

**Waterford.**—Father John Power, C.C., Bathgormac, when hurrying from his church to attend at the bedside of a poor sick woman, endeavoured to evade the attentions of his two inevitable shadows. His manoeuvre excited a cheer amongst the by-standers, and the police were so enraged that they rushed on the people. A man named Weston, who had only come to the street as the people cheered, was set upon, and, having experienced some exceedingly brutal treatment at the hands of the police, was dragged before E. U. Quinn and sentenced to imprisonment.

**Westmeath.**—A thousand members of the Holy Cross Society, Mullingar, recently made the famous well of Tubbernalt, on the banks of Lough Gill, the scene of their annual picnic.

Athlone Guardians threaten to resign *en masse* if the local Government Board persist in their refusal to confirm the election of an evicted tenant as workhouse master.

The Royal Society of Antiquarians visited Athlone and were welcomed by the Town Commissioners, who presented an address.—K. Langrishe read a paper on "The Old Walls of Athlone."

**Wexford.**—At the Gorey Quarter Sessions Judge Darley lectured his lordship for writing a letter to the judge pleading for the defendant in a coercion prosecution. The judge said it was very wrong of Lord Courtown to send such a letter.

The state of affairs on Coolroe estate is assuming a serious aspect once more. The landlord has taken fresh proceedings against the tenants he failed to put out in April, when they hunted the police bailiffs from the place, and fresh notices of eviction have been served upon the Guardians of New Ross Union. The tenants are making efforts to clear out of the houses and have them barricaded in time for the arrival of the Sheriff on the scene.

## THE FATHER DAMIEN OF JAPAN.

(Annals of the Holy Childhood for July.)

SOME three years ago a Japanese woman about thirty years of age, having reached an advanced stage of leprosy, was abandoned by her husband, and placed by those who still felt any care for her wretchedness in a species of hut above the wheel of a rice-mill. For bed she was given some planks covered with a strip of matting; for clothes some dirty rags; for food, a cup of rice daily. In this retreat her malady developed quickly. She soon became a loathsome spectacle, and the misery of her condition received its final aggravation in the loss of her sight. There, passing days and nights in despair and darkness, she was found by one of those men who devote their lives to deeds of charity. A French priest, Father Testevuide, visited her constantly, tended her with his own hands, and spoke to her of his faith in a hereafter, where pain and sickness are unknown. But it was impossible to offer much relief under such circumstances. The woman must be placed in a hospital, and very few Japanese hospitals, whether public or private, are willing to admit lepers. It was then that the zealous Father Testevuide appreciated and undertook his mission in life. He determined at once to devote himself to the founding, maintenance, and supervision of a leper hospital.

In Japan there are several varieties of leprosy, but two are particularly common. One is not necessarily fatal. It produces no suppuration, and sometimes disappears after having destroyed the fingers and toes only. The second assumes the form of terrible ulcers,

which cover the body and render the victim an object of intolerable loathing. The disease is at once hereditary and contagious. There are thousands of lepers in the empire. They may be frequently seen beging on the highways, or wending their way as pilgrims towards the tomb of Nicheren at Minobu. Not a few remain concealed in the bosoms of their families, to the last refusing to admit that their disease is leprosy, and being supported by their friends in the self-deception.

Father Testevuide could command a small sum of money placed at his disposal by French charity. He hired a house in the environs of the little village of Gotemba, which lies at the base of Fujiyama, an l, converting it into a hospital, soon had six lepers under his care. A method of treatment much thought of in Tongking, and described in a pamphlet by M. Lesserteur, was adopted with good results; but the director of a large hospital at Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands, strongly recommended recourse to a system elaborated by a Japanese physician, Dr. Goto. The trouble about this system, however, is its cost. An expenditure of three *yen* per month is required for each patient.

Father Testevuide's capital did not permit such extravagance.—Fortunately he received some little assistance from private individuals, and Dr. Goto's medicines were also furnished to him on easy terms. But at any moment his means might be exceeded by the demand upon them, and the idea of building a hospital and forming a regular leper settlement was always in his mind.

In a few months this project was strengthened by the advent of unforeseen difficulties. The village folks grew fearful of a leper establishment in their neighbourhood, and cast about for a way to rid themselves of the danger. They found it in the impetuosity of the proprietor of the house rented by Father Testevuide. This man was required to choose between paying his debts or turning out the lepers. Father Testevuide might have insisted upon the terms of his lease and continued to occupy the house, but, unwilling to push matters to extremities, he determined to send the lepers to their homes, and to redouble his efforts for the founding of a permanent hospital. The first difficulty was to obtain a site. It seemed that in the plains at the base of Fujiyama the lepers should be able to find some resting place. Even in such wide stretches of waste land, however, space was difficult to procure. Here the benevolent projectors found themselves confronted by some immemorial right of the people to cut grass; there another objection existed or was devised. Effort after effort failed, and they had almost despaired of success, when chance came to their aid. A man, accidentally made acquaintance, with their difficulties, proposed to sell them 7,006 *tsubo* (about six acres) of land for the sum of 350 *yen*, provided that his name was enrolled among those of the founders of the hospital. The land admirably situated amid the mountains of Hakone and Fujiyama, overlooked the beautiful slope that stretches down to the placid waters of the sea at Suruga, and its climate offered neither the cold of Gotemba nor the heat of Numadzu. Here, then, the leper settlement was constructed. A tiny building costing but 613 *yen*, it represents at present only a commencement of what the establishment will ultimately grow to be, we trust.

The devoted charity of Father Testevuide found its counterpart in the courage of a Japanese Christian, who consented to entomb himself with the wretched lepers and minister to their wants. The name of this courageous man is unknown to us. Even of good Father Testevuide's splendid benevolence we should be unable to speak, had we not asked and obtained permission to read his reports to his Bishop. These heroes of philanthropy love to work without the reward of human applause.

Thus, by the noble exertions and self-sacrifice of a French priest there has been established within a day's journey of this settlement an asylum for perhaps the most wretched living creatures. It is not necessary for us to speak of what the prosecution of this work signifies for those engaged in it. Writing recently of Father Damien's death we said that the growth of refined civilisation seemed to have animated rather than benumbed the heroic instincts of humanity. We have now a Father Damien in Japan. Who can doubt that the public will justify his confidence in their charitable support? His account of revenue and expenditure since the hospital was founded appeals eloquently to kind hearts. Nine hundred and sixty-three *yen* (921.60 *dols.*) have been spent in purchasing the land and building the hospital; two hundred and thirty-two *yen* (230.80 *dols.*) upon its furniture and the support of lepers. Among the petty sums that make the latter total is included an outlay of five *yen* eighty-six *sen* for a burial.

To an undertaking carried on with such humble economy any one can contribute helpfully. By and by it is hoped that the six acres of land, having been brought completely under cultivation, will furnish many of the necessaries of life to the little colony. But this will be five or six years hence, and in the interim Father Testevuide must depend on private benevolence. Truly, these men offer splendid examples to their kind. Living on a pittance less than the wages of one of our servants, they sacrifice themselves completely at the shrine of charity. Very small indeed, infinitesimally small, when compared with such sacrifices, must seem the most munificent gifts contributed in aid of their work. Yet for the priestliest assistance they feel and express more gratitude than their own life-long devotion appears in their own eyes to merit.

One of Sir Charles Russell's sons has just taken a first-class at the honours examination in jurisprudence and history at Oxford. Another is a solicitor, and a third a barrister.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth gives general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read—[ADVT.]

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J. BREEN begs to intimate to the residents of Wellington and the Travelling Public that he has taken the above Hotel, and will leave no act undone to ensure Comfort and Convenience to his Patrons.  
Wines, Ales, and Liquors of the best brands always on hand.  
Meals at all hours; Good Table; Charges Liberal.  
Night Porter always in attendance.

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The undermentioned are appointed Agents for this Journal in their respective districts:—

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- „ W. Lyons, Waipawa.
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Who keeps the largest Butchery,  
Also the largest show  
Of bullocks young and wether sheep,  
Fat porkers, veal, and lambs,  
The choicest stock of small goods too,  
And best supply of hams.  
This is indeed no empty boast,  
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The largest shop this side the line,  
The cheapest and best too.

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And Shipments per Following Vessels.



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We are now Stocked with SEEDS of ALL VARIETIES direct from the Best Seed-growing Districts in England, and respectfully solicit your orders.

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Advances free of Commission now being made on next year's clip of Wool. Advance on growing crops, also Grain, Grass Seeds etc., in store.

Auction Sales held as follows:—Every Tuesday, weekly Grain sale at 11 o'clock, Every Tuesday, weekly sale Sheepskins, Hides Tallow, Rabbitskins. Wednesday, Fat and Store Stock at Burnside which is arranged for sale and drafted under the supervision of our Manager. Country and Clearing Sales arranged to suit clients.

FLAX Sales made to suit arrivals.

We have on sale at lowest current rates—Corn Sacks, Seaming Twine, Binding Twine (three qualities), Wool Packs, Fencing Wire Standards made to any gauge.

During the present Grain Season we will be prepared to make special terms for storage of Grain, and Auction Sales will be held every Tuesday, oftener if necessary.

JOHN GRINDLEY,

Manager and Auctioneer.

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Special Note.—On account of the total destruction by fire of our Greymouth branch, and the very heavy loss we have sustained, we must ask the kind indulgence of our many patrons for any books we may be out of, as we had all our new stock destroyed.

All orders immediately attended to. Please note address—

W H I T A K E R B R O S .

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AT FREDERICKSBURG.—DEC., 13, 1862.

God send us peace, and keep red strife away ;  
But should it come, God send us men and steel !  
The land is dead that dare not face the day  
When foreign danger threatens the common weal.

Defenders strong are they that homes defend ;  
From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.  
Well blest the country that has sons to lend  
From trades of peace to learn the trade of war.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,  
When through our land the awful war-bell tolled ;  
When lips were mute, and women's faces white  
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

Call back that morn : an instant all were dumb,  
As if the shock had struck the Nation's life ;  
Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,  
And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,  
The plow left rusting in the prairie farm ;  
They saw but " Union " in the gathering gloom ;  
The tearless women helped the men to arm ;

Brigades from towns—each village sent its band :  
German and Irish—every race and faith ;  
There was no question then of native land,  
But—love the Flag and follow it to death !

No need to tell their tale : through every age  
The splendid story shall be sung and said ;  
But let me draw one picture from the page—  
For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannons are planted,  
Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow ;  
The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,  
And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.  
The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting ;  
The work must be done by a desperate few ;  
The black-mouthed guns on the height gave them greeting—  
From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.  
Strong earth works are there, and the rifles behind them  
Are Georgia militia—an Irish brigade—  
Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them.  
Of all the brave record their country has made.  
The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them ;  
They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths are dumb ;  
The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,  
And cover the stormers as upward they come.  
Was ever a death-march so grand and so solemn ?  
At last, the dark summit with flame is enlivened ;  
The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column,  
That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind  
The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering ;  
The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.  
Again come the stormers ! and as they are nearing  
The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.  
And so till full-moon come the Federal masses—  
Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave ;  
Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,  
No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.  
Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,  
The green of the hillside no longer is seen ;  
The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted,  
The earthworks still held by the badges of green.  
Have they quailed ? is the word. No : again they are forming—  
Again comes a column to death and defeat !  
What is it in these who shall now do the storming  
That makes every Georgian spring to his feet ?

" O God ! what a pity ! " they cry in their cover.  
As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight ;  
" 'Tis Meagher and his fellows ! their caps have green clover ;  
'Tis Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight ! "  
Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them,  
With Meagher at their head, they have dashed at the hill !  
Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them ;  
But, Irish in love, they are enemies still.  
Out rings the fierce word, " Let them have it ! " the rifles  
Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe :  
It is green against green, but a principle stifles  
The Irishman's love in the Georgian's blow.  
The column has reeled, but it is not defeated ;  
In front of the guns they reform and attack ;  
Six times they have done it, and six times retreated ;  
Twelve hundred they came, and two hundred go back.  
Two hundred go back with the chivalrous story ;  
The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud ;  
A thousand lie dead, but their death was a glory  
That calls not for tears—the Green Badges are proud !  
Bright honour be theirs who for honour were fearless ;  
Who charged for their Flag to the grim cannon's mouth ;  
And honour to them who were true, though not tearless,—  
Who bravely that day kept the cause of the South.  
The quarrel is done—God avert such another !  
The less n it brought we should evermore heed :  
Who loveth the Flag is a man and a brother,  
No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. FATHER  
O'CONNOR.(From the *Bangiora Standard*.)

ON Tuesday last, September 16th, a few representatives of the Very Rev. Father O'Connor's many friends waited on him at the presbytery to present him with a purse of sovereigns. Whilst expressing their deep sorrow and regret at his protracted illness, they now, to their extreme joy, had the happiness of having him again in their midst, able once more to perform his priestly duties with his usual zeal and devotedness. They were well aware, they remarked, of the hard work in the past, of his long journeys fasting between the masses on Sundays, and they knew also that as " continual dropping wears away stones " they might safely say that long fasting over long journeys was able to wear away and break down the strongest constitution. Now that he was partially recovered, and as he naturally incurred heavy expenses during his illness, they begged him to accept a purse of sovereigns. Mr. M. Duncan, in making the presentation, expressed his regret that Mr. Costin, who was unavoidably detained in Christchurch on duty, could not be present. He was pleased, however, to be called upon to make the presentation ; he assured their worthy pastor that during his illness he had the prayers and good wishes of his people, and he was also pleased to inform him that he had now in the testimonial the generous contributions of all the Catholics of his extensive parish, viz., Bangiora, Katapoi, Oxford, Loburn, Brackenbridge, and Hawarden. In asking him to accept this spontaneous offering he hoped that God would long spare him to watch over and direct his flock in the future as in the past. Messrs. M. Lynskey and B. Flynn also spoke. The Rev. Father, who felt deeply moved, said, that though he was not going to make a long speech, he could not help thanking them for their kind expressions and generous manner towards him. He, no doubt, suffered a long and painful illness, and that it was consoling to him during that time that he had, as he knew, the prayers and sympathy of his people. He hoped God would spare and strengthen him to perform his duties with the proper spirit in the future as in the past. He again thanked them for their generous offering, and after some light refreshments the meeting dispersed.

## CATHOLIC NEWS.

LAST year there were seventy thousand pilgrims to the Shrine de la Garde, at Marseilles.

It is expected that the Anti-Slavery Congress in Paris, which Cardinal Lavigerie has convoked for the 15th of October, will be largely attended.

The Discalced Carmelite nuns of Baltimore have lately celebrated the centenary of their establishment in the United States.

Cardinal Simor, Primate of Hungary, has given two hundred and fifty thousand francs for the erection of an orphanage in his episcopal city of Gran.

The foundation-stone of a new training college for Catholic schoolmasters was laid lately at Wubring, a suburb of Vienna. The funds for its erection had been collected by the Austrian Catholic Schoolmasters' Association.

The chapel of the Grotto at Cairo, associated by tradition with the dwelling place of the Holy Family in Egypt, has been restored to Catholic worship after having been closed for twenty years.

The Countess Augusta Clam-Martinitz, one of the best-known and wealthiest *grandes dames* in Austrian society, and the widow of an eminent clerical politician, has decided to become a nun, and will enter immediately the Convent of Prague.

The accounts of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith for 1889 show a satisfactory increase in the contributions over those of the preceding year. 6,541,918 francs were collected in 1889, against 6,362,142 in 1888, an increase of 179,776 francs.

The mission of Sir John Lintorn Simmons has had painful results in Malta. The Bishop, Mgr. Pace, has fulminated the Major excommunication against those who take part in editing and circulating the journals, *Malta, Movimento*, and *Habbar Malti*.

The Grey Nuns worked like heroes in the track of the cyclone at South Lawrence, Mass., caring for the injured without any distinction, and removing as many of the wounded children as they could make room for, to the hospital in connection with their orphanage. Protestants and Catholics alike unite in grateful recognition of their services.

The Berlin *National Zeitung*, a non-Catholic paper, publishes letters from Africa fully confirming Major Wissman's account of the success of the Catholic missions. The writer says that after closely observing the actions and methods of the missionaries he is convinced that it is on them Europe must rely for the real civilisation of Africa.

Hon. M. B. Daly has been sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in the Legislative Council chamber. Mr. Daly is the first Catholic to be appointed to the position, and at the conclusion of the ceremony he saluted Archbishop O'Brien, who was among those present.

The Church of Camurana, near Modena, was struck by lightning one day lately, during the morning Mass. The belfry tower was seriously damaged. There were some fifty people hearing Mass, and though there was a panic among the congregation no one was hurt.

The German Minister of Worship has paid a visit to the Monastery of Beuron, and has had a long interview with Father Radziwill, once known in the world as Prince Radziwill, and the head of a noble Polish family. It is rumoured that the object of the visit was to persuade him to leave the cloister in order to accept the vacant archbishopric of Posen.

A notable conversion is that of Judge George A. Lewis who has been received into the Catholic Church at Buffalo. This fact has just become known and has created considerable stir. The Judge

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**PROFESSOR OSCAR DAVID** Has much pleasure to announce that he has Leased the Building in Moray Place, Dunedin, known as the **PALACE SKATING RINK**, and converted it into a **PUBLIC GYMNASIUM AND ATHLETIC HALL**, thereby supplying a long-felt want to the community. As there is splendid floor space for the purpose, Walking, Running, Cycling, etc., can be practised in all weathers, thus affording a grand opportunity of getting into form for public contests. Every convenience—Baths, Lavatories, etc., are provided. The study of Chess and Draughts is especially encouraged. Boxing, Fencing Wrestling Classes will be formed as soon as sufficient numbers of pupils are forthcoming. The Hall is also specially suited for Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, etc. The Hall is Open to the Public every Afternoon up to 5 p.m., and **THURSDAY** and **SATURDAY** Evenings from 7.30 to 10pm for practising either gymnastics, skating, Chess, Draughts, etc., as per arrangement. A short, varied programme will be presented on Saturday Evenings.—Professor David trusts that in his endeavour to supply to the public this very desirable institution, he will receive the earnest support and liberal patronage of all right-thinking people. Gentlemen's Gymnastic Classes—**TUESDAYS** and **FRIDAYS**, from 8 to 9.30 p.m. Boys' Class—**SATURDAY**, from 9.45 to 10.45 a.m. Girls' Class—From 11 to 12 o'clock a.m.

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- FOR MANUKAU, via LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, PICTON, NELSON, and TARANAKI. — MAWEBERA, s.s., on Monday, October 6. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m. Cargo till 11 a.m.
- FOR AUCKLAND, VIA LYTTLETON WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GISBORNE.—TARAWERA, s.s., on Wednesday, October 15.
- FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, and AUCKLAND. — TARAWERA, s.s., on Wednesday, October 15.
- FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON AND WELLINGTON.—WAKATIPU, early.
- FOR MELBOURNE, VIA BLUFF AND HOBART.—WAIRARAPA, s.s., on Thursday, October 9.
- FOR OAMARU, TIMARU, AKAROA, and LYTTLETON.—BEAUTIFUL STAR, s.s., on MONDAY, 6th October. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 5 p.m. Cargo till 2 p.m.
- FOR OAMARU, TIMARU, WELLINGTON, WESTPORT, and GREYMOOUTH. — HERALD, s.s., early.
- FOR CALCUTTA, from LYTTLETON.—TAIERI, s.s., on MONDAY, 6th October.
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	3lb			20lb	50lb	100lb
Auckland		Each addi-		2s 6d	3s 6d	4s 6d
Napier	1s	tional 1lb up		2s 6d	4s 0d	4s 6d
Wellington		to 9lb, 3l.		2s 6d	3s 6d	4s 0d

And upwards at sight increase.  
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comes from a strict Presbyterian family and was a trustee in the First Presbyterian Church of Buffalo. He has served on the bench of the Buffalo Municipal Court ever since its organisation, and belongs to a wealthy family.

Pierre Veullot, who is the nephew of his uncle, quotes a violent article from the *Estafette* in praise of the laicization of education in France, and claiming the chief glory, such as it is, for the owner of that paper, Jules Ferry. "Upon the school question," say the *Estafette*, "the clericals are not disarmed. What has taken place in Belgium, during these last few years abundantly shows that." Upon which Pierre Veullot says: "This is a phrase which merits, it seems to us, to be memorised, and the example of Belgium, invoked by the *Estafette*, points us to the path of safety. O, clericals of France, the journal of M. Jules Ferry shows you how to right yourselves. Your Belgian brothers, victims like yourselves to odious school laws, are not disarmed. Vanquished in many fights, they vigorously continued the struggle. We know the result. They have ended by conquering, they have achieved power; they have returned to the communes, to the fathers of families, to pastors, the exercise of a portion of their rights. The country has found their work good, and has approved it; the last elections show this. Thanks, thanks, *Estafette*, for placing under our eyes this example, which gives us abundance of encouragement."

Father Craft, who is the successor to Spotted Tail as the Chief of the Sioux, speaks their tongue as fluently as he does his own. Their character, he says, is universally misunderstood; their ambition is to become citizens and gain all the benefits of our best civilisation. The main obstacle to this is the Indian Agency system. That should be abolished, and the supervision of the Indians should be made an arm of the military service. The soldiers would have nothing to gain in a financial way from maintaining the system that prevails to-day, and the problem would cease to exist within ten years. Father Craft is an enthusiast in his work. He is anxious to get more priests to aid in it, and is authorised by Bishop Marty to be on the look-out for suitable material for that purpose.

The negotiations which have for some time past been going on between Portugal and the Holy See have just terminated with the issue of special decrees, which have been discussed by the Congregations of the Propaganda and of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs and approved of by the Holy Father. These decrees, which have been accepted by Portugal, determine in a precise and specific manner the two spheres of action of the double jurisdiction in the East Indies. They limit the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa, their object being to put an end to the discussion created by the Concordat of 1886. The protests made by the English-speaking population have thus had their effect. The diligent and patient diplomacy of the Holy See has attained a result, which, we feel sure, will prove gratifying to all parties. The Portuguese Government have already manifested their satisfaction by conferring decorations on his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, and Mgr. Ferrata, the Secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

A Protestant contributor to the *Lucknow Express*, a surgeon-major in the army, in an account of a journey in the Madras Presidency, gives this striking word-portrait of one of our Catholic missionaries:—"While on a tour in one of the poorest taluqs of the North Arcot District, the collector and I encamped for a few days in the village of Chetput, noted as an important post during the wars of the Carnatic. In this town lives Father Darras, a devoted Roman Catholic missionary. For thirty long years has he worked in these parts, and has around him a church and over 15,000 converts. He is now building a large church. He is the adviser, guide, priest, and doctor of the large numbers of the poorest classes around him, and he gave the collector some startling accounts of the poverty of the villagers in his circle. We paid a visit to his little house, with its humble furniture and surroundings, and we parted from him with feelings of deep admiration, not unmixed with sympathy and regret at his lonely life. As we turned the corner on our way to camp, the fine figure of the good priest stood out in the evening light, and we saw him ringing the bell for Vespers." How different is this picture from that presented by the ordinary Protestant missionary, who so often mingles a money-grabbing spirit with his zeal for the salvation of his flock.

It is quite evident party-men are discovering that it is a serious blunder to attempt to make political capital out of the Simmons mission to the Vatican. The Holy Father is the head of a Church which has members in every part of the British dominions, and Mr. Gladstone, when in office, found it advisable and necessary, as Lord Salisbury did at a later period, to enter into relations with his Holiness. It was for the discharge of the duties of an intermediary between the British Government and the Holy See that Sir George Errington received his baronetcy.

The Abbé Garnier, a French priest believes in arguing out the question of Socialism with the Socialists themselves. A discussion on the subject, conducted pretty much on the same lines as the debate between Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Hindman, has taken place between the learned abbé, and two Socialist orators at the Salle de l'Hermitage, Paris. The Abbé Garnier maintained, with no less eloquence than logic, that Christianity alone could save the people from pitfalls and guide them in the true path of progress. Two Socialists, MM. Martinet and Sebastian, combated his arguments, but without much success, and the laurels decidedly remained with the priest. The discussion created a lively sensation amongst the Socialists of Paris. If the example of the Abbé Garnier were more largely followed by the French clergy, it is quite certain that a far less number of Utopian schemes would be broached amongst the French democracy.

Referring to the miraculous cures at the church of St. Anne de Beaupre, *La Semaine Religieuse*, the official organ of Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, says:—"As in the past, numerous pilgrimages have this year been made to St. Anne de Beaupre, and each time extraordinary cures are effected after fervent prayers and through the intercession and power of the glorious Mother of Mary. It is not our province to qualify as miracles these favours accorded to the faith

and piety of the sick who seek them; the church, which reserves to itself this right, does not exercise it without a perfect knowledge of the case, through the agency of the Bishops, and after searching investigation, which places in evidence the miraculous character of the cure. Nevertheless, we must admit that the good St. Anne has made her church at Beaupre a place of predilection, where she is pleased to exercise her power and show her love towards those who go there in faith to invoke it. And it should be remarked that the temporal favours obtained by some sick people are only marks of spiritual grace which St. Anne causes to descend from the bosom of God upon all the pilgrims who make this pious journey in a spirit of meditation and imbued with the sentiments of true piety."

## THE MALTA SETTLEMENT.

(New York Freeman's Journal.)

In a cablegram published by the *Sun* we find the following passages which are of serious import to Catholics throughout the world:—

"Mr. Gladstone's versatility, which is the admiration alike of friends and foes, has been exhibited this week in a manner which has maddened the Tories, while not altogether pleasing those Liberals who never seem to realise that despite his splendid services to the cause of freedom and progress the whole world over, the Grand Old Man is in some respects a Conservative in politics and an ultra-Protestant in religious faith. The trouble has been caused by the publication of the official account of the mission to Rome entrusted to Sir John Linton Simmons for the purpose of settling with the Pope certain disputed questions of jurisdiction in Malta. Although Sir John was duly described in the *Official Gazette* at the time of his appointment as Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, most people had remained under the impression that his mission to the Vatican was confidential and unofficial in character, similar in fact to that carried out by Sir George Errington, who was sent to Rome by Mr. Gladstone six or seven years ago.

"The Blue Book, now published, has been a rude awakening to many thousands of simple folk, we find that Simmons was duly accredited minister to the Papal court, and exercised the usual diplomatic functions. He arrived at an agreement with the Vatican, which is now being fiercely assailed by the ultra-Tory Protestants, free-thinking Radicals, and moderate Liberals. Lord Salisbury is accused of substituting in Malta the canon law for the law of the Queen, of allowing the Pope to decide the validity of marriages, religious or secular, of British subjects, and of conceding to such decisions, retrospective effect, thus empowering a foreign prelate to illegitimise children heretofore legitimate; but above all—and this in Liberal eyes is the crowning infamy—provision has been indirectly made by which at some future time, the Pope shall appoint to Bishoprics within the British Empire only nominees of the British Government. The last-named scheme is, of course, intended primarily for the purpose of making the Roman Catholic hierarchy obedient servants of the powers that be."

So far as regards the other points we do not care, but on the subject of giving the British Government the right of naming bishops, we question whether such a dangerous experiment has been entered upon. It is a practice which has resulted disastrously in other countries. An infidel Government, continuously making war on the Church, has the right to name Bishops in France!

But we have every reason to believe that no such arrangement has been made despite Mr. Gladstone's assertions and the blackest type in the Blue Books. It has been one of the dearest dreams of all British Governments, Tory, Whig, Conservative, or Liberal, to obtain this veto power in regard to the Irish Bishops. Time and again they have published abroad the allegation that they had it, but it has been steadily refused by Rome. The *Freeman's Journal* was the first paper in America to give the facts in this Maltese matter. We have seen all the documents in the present case, and in none of them is mentioned this pretended point in the arrangements.

The dispute arose chiefly from the fact that the British rulers of Malta endeavored to have the Maltese and Italian languages banned in the schools and only English taught. In other ways the British officials were harrowing and maligning the Maltese clergy, and the particular points of the agreement are that these shall cease, and the Governor of Malta hereafter be a Catholic.

Concerning the other points, the dispatch may be correct enough. There is no reason why the British Government should not send an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Papal Court. All the European Powers, including England, have carefully refrained from acknowledging the Sardinian usurpation, despite the clamorous appeals of the Italian Government. They, in fact, still recognise the Pope as a monarch in full standing. Of course, France, Austria, Spain, Portugal and Belgium have ambassadors to the Vatican. But such countries as Russia, Germany and Holland find it convenient to keep up the same relations. There would be nothing abnormal in the fact that England had sent to the Papal Court a temporary envoy. To most logical minds, it would seemingly be best for her to send an ambassador of regular standing. Guarded against any sordid and unworthy attempt to take undue advantages—an attempt that would be promptly resented—there are many ways in which such a channel of communication would prove useful, both to Church and State. And we believe a similar sensible course of proceeding would prove very valuable to our own Republic.

Bila Kittredge, of Belfast, Me., claims to be the "champion microscopic postal card writer of the world." He has just finished writing President Harrison's last message, containing 10,000 words, on a postal card, having been about twenty days at the job. Although Mr. Kittredge uses nothing but common spectacles to aid his sight, other people need a microscope to decipher his work, but then every letter and word stands out very distinctly. This remarkable penman has also inscribed the Lord's Prayer eight times on a space the size of a five cent silver piece. The most wonderful part of it all is that Mr. Kittredge is nearly 79 years old.

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A GRAND CONCERT in commemoration of the Opening of these Schools will take place in the GARRISON HALL, Dunedin, on TUESDAY EVENING, 7th OCTOBER.

An attractive programme, into which some new features of a high class have been introduced, has been drawn up for the occasion.

**WE** beg to notify to our numerous Friends and Customers that we have this day Disposed of our Business and Goodwill to MR. F. B. MUIR (late of Morris and Burton Bros.), who will continue to carry on the business of a PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHER in the old premises opposite Bank of New Zealand.

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September 1st, 1890.

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### MISSING RELATIVES.

**MARY ANN CALLAN** left Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, about eight years ago. Last heard of in Addington, Christchurch, about three years ago. Her brother John will be glad of any information. Address: Rev. Father McKenna, Masterton.

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### MARRIAGE.

MCYNIHAN—HENNESSEY.—On the 17th inst., at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, by the Rev. Father Golden, Michael Moynihan, of Lyttelton, to Ellen Elizabeth Hennessey, fourth daughter of the late John Hennessey, Windgap, Youghal, County Cork.



# The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 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.

### MR. PYKE'S BILL.

THE Members of the House of Representatives who voted for or against the concession of justice to the Catholics of the Colony on July 10, 1889, were as follows :—

FOR.	AGAINST.
Ballance	Allen
Brown	Barron
Buxton	Blake
Cowan	Bruce
Dodson	Buchanan
Fitzherbert	Cadman
Hall	Feldwick
Hutchison	Fergus
Jackson	Fisher
Kelly	Fitchett
Larnach	Fulton
Marchant	Goldie
O'Connor	Guinness
Parata	Hamlin
Perceval	Harkness
Pyke	Hobbs
R. H. J. Reeves	Hodgkinson
Russell	Humphreys
Samuel	Jones
Seymour	Joyce
Smith	Lawry
Steward	Mackenzie
Tanner	Mitchelson
Turnbull	Moat
Ward	Monk
	Moss
	Newman
	Rbodes
	G. F. Richardson
	Ross
	Saunders
	Stuart-Menteath
	Taylor
	Thompson
	Verrall
	Walker
	Withey
	McKenzie
	Hilop
	White
	Anderson
	Macarthur
	Downie Stewart
	Ormond
	Scobie McKenzie
	W. P. Reeves
	Fraser

PAIRS.

Atkinson  
Valentine  
Fish  
Graham  
Duncan  
Carroll  
McGregor  
Wilson  
Taipu  
Lance

### EVERY MAN FOR HIS OWN HAND.



WHEN we first recommended the block vote on the education question, there was an universal cry of indignation. Our action was denounced as unpatriotic and shocking, and we were accused of subordinating the general welfare of the country to the promotion of our own special interests. This outcry, however, did not disconcert us in the least, and we continued

on our course on the principle that a real education, which must necessarily be founded on religion and moral training, is indispensable to the general welfare of the country, the prosperity and peace of the state. Seeing we were not to be frightened or by any means to be diverted from the pursuance of our policy, the authors of the outcry against us have for

some time ceased to halloo; and now these very people, when our policy serves their peculiar interests, have turned round, and they cease not to recommend their friends and supporters to adopt the block vote for the attainment of their own cherished fads. Such is the irony of fate! What a triumph have they not given this journal! The block vote which was such a terrible evil when Catholics adopted it to help them to wring justice from selfish, bigoted, and unwilling opponents, is quite the wise thing in the hands of these opponents to help them to enforce the labour ticket and the Bible-in-schools policy. We notice with a considerable amount of amusement and gratification that whilst the labour and Bible-in-schools parties ask their friends and supporters to give a block vote to promote their own ascendancy, they both not only ignore the claims of justice so far as we are concerned, but absolutely declare justice shall not be done to us. The Bible-in-schools party, provided only they can succeed in getting school teachers to read the Bible for the pupils of public schools, will be quite satisfied to leave the public school system as it is, and without the least amendment or improvement. In fact, in their estimation, if they could succeed in inducing the public to pay for Bible-reading for them, the Bible-in-school party are prepared to regard the public school system as perfect. They will not be in the least ashamed to take our money to teach their children, and to refuse us our own money for the support of our own schools. And the labour party is not one whit more honest or consistent. From a report of a meeting lately held in Christchurch, and published in the daily papers, we learn that this party advocates that the present one-sided and godless education system be maintained in all its wicked integrity. This party boasts itself the party of liberty and fair play, and, nevertheless, considers it both just and politic to rob their fellow-citizens who profess the Catholic religion. The labour party has no scruple any more than the Bible-in-schools party in putting their hands into our pockets and, by force of law, abstracting therefrom our hard-earned money to give their own children a free and godless education, and pay for the cleansing of their foul ditches. And both are so blinded by their prejudices and their selfishness that they are neither ashamed nor afraid to appeal to the public for aid in their unjust and unholy crusade against Christianity, and even the name of Christ. For even the reading of the Bible in school cannot remove from the present system of education the stigma of infidelity. For under it, even the name of Christ must not be mentioned even historically in the school-books, and nothing dare be said about Christianity—Christianity, which has been the mother of modern civilisation, and has informed the European system for nearly two thousand years! Christianity, without a knowledge of which the history of the world cannot be understood, is absolutely ignored in public schools, and yet this wretched thing is called a system of education. Under it everything that it is most necessary and most desirable to learn and know is carefully ignored; and, again, under it the most barefaced injustice is perpetrated on a large section of the community, whose efforts in the cause of education are a standing reproach to every other section of the people of this country. The people who are really in earnest, who make the greatest sacrifices, and put forth the greatest exertions to forward education are unmercifully fleeced, because they do so, by a set of men who have never been known to make even the least sacrifice of money or labour to establish and maintain schools for the people. There are plenty of men who advocate education when supported by others or the public at large, and are very ready to avail themselves of the opportunity public education offers to feather their nests. But whoever heard of a secularist founding, or even contributing generously to found a school? Yes, who ever heard of such a thing. We have, indeed, heard of one in Philadelphia, but he stands alone in the history of nations, and it is evident that he was more of a crank than anything else, and this single instance only confirms the general statement that the loud-mouthed secularists advocate education when it costs them nothing, and neglect it when called upon to make even a small sacrifice for it. And yet these are the men who are foremost in calumniating Catholics as opponents of education, and inflicting on them the greatest injustice because they are the real friends of education of the people. As, then, in the forthcoming election campaign, it seems that every man is recommended to fight for his own hand, we recommend Catholics to do the same, and irrespective of all other considerations to strike a blow, as far as they can, against all who are prepared to continue the frightful injustice to which Catholic schools are now subjected.

THE devotion of the Most Holy Rosary, as directed and specially recommended for the month of October by the Pope, was commenced in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on Wednesday, the 1st. inst.

As already announced by us, the blessing of the newly erected school buildings of the Dominican nuns will be performed on Sunday next, Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, by the Bishop of Dunedin. The ceremonies will commence in St. Joseph's Cathedral, at 3 p.m. Tickets of admission to the buildings may be obtained by application at the convent on Friday and Saturday.

We would again remind our readers of the concert to be given in commemoration of the opening of the new schools of the Dominican Nuns, in the Garrison Hall, Dunedin, on Tuesday evening the 7th inst. An exceptionally well selected programme has been drawn up and thoroughly rehearsed for the occasion, and a performance of an unusually attractive kind may be confidently expected. Among the novelties to be produced on the occasion not the least remarkable will be a demonstration made by musical fairies, and in which toy-instruments will have a principal part. All who are not present will have cause to regret a rare treat.

"It is reported that the American leagues are furious at Mr. Parnell for having ordered the moneys collected in America to be remitted to Ireland direct." Whose tongue is blistered as the originator of the report? American leagues have something else to do than to vent fury on nothing at all—for Mr. Parnell never issued any such order.

Here, however, is a report from America, which, no doubt, is both true and significant:—"A motion has been tabled in the United States Senate calling for better treatment of American political prisoners." The motion, of course, has reference to American subjects in English prisons. Cleveland and Biyard are no longer in power—and Uncle Sam, under the influence of General Harrison and Mr. Blaine, will stand no humbug.

AN attack made by some young men on Chinamen at the Lower Hutt, Wellington, has resulted in the death of one of the former. The Chinamen used knives, and their victim died through loss of blood from the wounds inflicted on him. The affair is a very sad one, the more so as the murdered lad appears to have been generally steady and was the sole support of his mother. Whatever the Chinamen's methods of repelling an attack may be, meantime, the provocation given them cannot be justified—although, perhaps, the matter may have some bearing on the question of Chinese immigration.

"MR. JACKSON, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who has been on a visit of inspection to Ireland, considers the effect of the potato blight have been overrated." Of course he does, there is nothing unusual in that. And when famine has occurred, and people have died of starvation, Mr. Jackson and his kind will still consider the matter comparatively trifling—mere Irish population alone being the sufferers. We have all along known and predicted the ordinary course of things.

UNDER the circumstances, however, and as Irishmen worthy of the name can hardly be expected to agree concerning the matter with English Tory officials, it is not surprising that prominent nationalists have continued outspoken in their denunciations. The consequence has been the additional arrests of Messrs P. O'Brien and Condon M.P.'s. The trial of Messrs John Dillon and William O'Brien at Tipperary, meantime, seems to have been of rather a lively nature, Messrs Healy and Harrington M.P.'s, speaking their minds pretty freely, and the prisoners themselves also not considering it necessary to hold their tongues. In an attack made by the police on people attempting to enter the court, Mr. Harrison M.P., and others were severely struck with batons, and Mr. John Morley had a narrow escape. The Government in fact, appear to be taking advantage of the recess, and their comparative independence of Parliament, to exceed even themselves in brutality. Lord Spencer, nevertheless has spoken the truth, in a speech made by him at Wakefield, and in which he declared that the excesses alluded to proved the failure of Mr. Balfour's methods. There is nothing more dangerous, or violent when the opportunity offers, than baffled fury.

A TRIDUUM in honour of the Blessed Chancel, the martyr of Futuna, has been celebrated at Hastings, Hawke's Bay, the Rev. Dr. Pestre, S.M., and the Rev. Fathers Gogan, Kerrigan, and Smyth, S.M., taking part in the celebration. The church was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and the music performed was exceptionally good. The attendance was very numerous.

THE Rev. Father Cummings, S.M., Diocesan Administrator, has appointed for the diocese of Christchurch a special celebration of the

second centenary of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, which will occur on the 17th inst. A circular containing details of the proposed ceremonies will be found in another place.

REPORTING the great strike procession on Saturday, Sept. 6, in which 8000 men took part, the *Sydney Morning Herald* says:—"Occasionally, upon passing some building, the associations connected with which were satisfactory, there was an outburst of feeling amongst the unionists, the most notable instance, perhaps, being at St. Mary's Cathedral, on passing which cheers were given for Cardinal Moran."—"One special feature of the procession," says the *Freeman's Journal*, "was the demonstration in honour of Cardinal Moran, as the men marched by St. Mary's Cathedral. The Marine officers gave three cheers for the Cardinal, and all the other societies as they passed followed the example. This demonstration was intended as an expression on the part of the men of their grateful appreciation of his Eminence's sympathy as shown in the interview published in last week's *Freeman*, and which was reprinted in the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, and other city papers."—We ourselves also reproduced in our last issue the interview alluded to.

THE Dublin *Freeman's Journal* deserves what it has got. Of all the papers published in Irish Catholic interests the *Freeman's Journal* alone complimented the London *Tablet* on the arrival of the anniversary claimed by that "stilt-stalking" weekly as its jubilee, and when its extreme Tory editor had the "cheek" openly to assume that he filled the chair of Frederick Lucas. All the other papers alluded to were silent, but the *Freeman's Journal* made a few flattering remarks and recognised the absurd claim and the wild assumption. Here is how it is rewarded. Referring to a rebuke given it by the Archbishop of Dublin, and citing in self-assertion the example of the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Tablet* says:—"Certainly, if we had erred, it would be small comfort to be able to point to the *Freeman's Journal* as a newspaper and a brother." The *Freeman's Journal*, however, has got no more than its deserts, and, as to the *Tablet*, it remains true to its ineffable content.

We really are afraid that James Copland, Convener of Presbyterian Synod's committee on Bible-reading in schools, is not honest. You know when a man contrives to become even any kind of a double doctor, he must be capable of understanding something. Since we cannot excuse him then on the plea of absolutely hopeless stupidity, we really are afraid he is not honest. James Copland, etc., etc., in a letter he writes to the *Otago Daily Times*, advocating Bible-reading in schools, speaks, for example, as follows:—"The allegation often made that it will do injustice to the Roman Catholics is utterly groundless. They cannot be more dissatisfied with it than they are with the system in its present secular character. Their grievance is not affected in the least by either the permission or the exclusion of Bible reading." Does not the writer know,—we are sure he must since he had wit enough, as we have said, to become a sort of a double doctor,—that it would be unjust to force Catholics to contribute towards the direct support of another religion than their own, to a misuse also of the Bible forbidden by their church? Does he not know that it would be unjust to force them to place a weapon in the hands of pious teachers to be used in the proselytism of their children? Secularism plus the Bible, in short, would be for Catholics starvation plus a dose of poison, and Dr. Copland as a medical man must understand what that would mean. Dr. Copland as a theologian and philosopher must, moreover, be able to discriminate between negatives and positives, between bad enough, or too bad, and the devil entirely. Therefore, we fear for the morals of our *multum in parvo*. We really are afraid that the Doctor is not honest.

It is pleasing to see that the Natives in the North give evidence of a due respect for the memory of their late devoted and successful missionary the Rev. Dr. MacDonald. £50 as we learn, has been subscribed by them towards the erection of a suitable monument over his grave.

A fellow, calling himself Dr. Hammond, has made his appearance as a horse-tamer and anti-Catholic lecturer at the Cape of Good Hope—where he seems to be conducting himself in even a more ruffianly manner, if possible, than that which distinguishes members of the second of his callings generally. The editor of the *Graaf Reinet Advertiser* referring to a report of a lecture delivered by this fellow—and which he apologises for publishing, speaks as follows.—"No such specimen of an ignorant foul-minded slanderer as this Dr. Hammond—probably a horse-doctor—has ever, we suppose, appeared in this country or in any other. It would be charity to think him affected with insanity, and we should say he is, were it not for that '10,000 copies of my book at 1s—ready in three months.' We are sorry for the honest people who promised to take him to their bosom before they knew what he was." A correspondent of the *Cape Argus* writes again from Richmond.—"The language he used here was in point of strength worthy of a bargee, and the stories he told about the nuns of such a

filthy description that it was a marvel to me that anyone could be so utterly void of shame as to repeat them. I may here state that the church was crowded with young and innocent girls, who sat calmly listening to the vilest obscenities that ever disgraced a public platform." There was, some little time ago, a man who called himself Dr. Hammond engaged in preaching at one or other of the conventicles in Dunedin. Was he also horse-tamer as well as evangelist and doctor of divinity by virtue of being a farrier? and is he now at the Cape of Good Hope?

THE Employers' Association generally have declined to send delegates to the labour conference at Wellington, so long as the boycott remains in force and unions oppose free labour. The U.S.S. Company as represented by the Hon. George McLean is wiser, and the gentlemen referred to will attend. Considering that among the points in dispute both the boycott and free labour are included, the decision of the Employers' Association does not speak very highly in their favour, especially as they admit the advisability otherwise of holding the conference. They in short, encourage the continuance of what they denounce.

"JAMES M'DERMOTT, the American Fenian, is in hiding in London. He declares that two assassins are dogging his footsteps."—Let M'Dermott look out. A police force that, for instance, could make nothing of "Jack the Ripper" can probably do little to help him. Still if he knows the men, as it seems he does, and would kindly point them out they might possibly be arrested in time to save his life—in time at all events to be sent to penal servitude on false evidence.

MICHAEL DAVITT, in a series of articles in the *Labour World*, asserts that he is prepared to prove that James M'Dermott, of Brooklyn, in 1883 (with money supplied by the British Consul-general at New York and Dublin Castle), organised dynamite plots in Canada, Cork, and Liverpool, and afterwards handed over his dupes—Featherstone, Deasy, and others—to the British police.—Mr. Davitt is a man of his word, and we may, therefore, expect some interesting revelations—bearing also, perhaps, on that motion of the United States Senate.

## SECOND CENTENARY OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

THE following circular has been issued in the diocese of Christchurch: Presbytery, Christchurch, N.Z., Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, 1890.

DEAR REV. FATHER.—We deem it our duty to remind you, as you are doubtless aware, that in almost every portion of the vast empire of the Church, active measures are being taken this year to celebrate with becoming solemnity the Second Centenary of the Death of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. This great servant of God was specially chosen by our Lord himself to convey to us the means capable of re-animating our drooping Faith, and of applying to us a saving remedy against the many evils which beset us in these latter days of materialism and practical infidelity. To the movement, which has now become universal throughout the Church, we gladly unite and invite your loving co-operation.

Scarcely had our beloved Bishop taken possession of his See than he hastened to consecrate the diocese of Christchurch to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and it is gratifying for us to know that, in yielding to the impulses of our own heart in ordering this solemn celebration, we fully anticipate the wishes of his Lordship in this matter. Though we shall miss his zeal and devotedness in this great cause, we know that he is united with us in mind and in heart, and aiding us with fervent prayers.

Our object in desiring this celebration is twofold: first, to honour the Second Centenary of the Blessed Margaret Mary; and secondly, avail ourselves of the occasion to consecrate to the Sacred Heart of Jesus our children, in whom our hopes of the future lie. We cannot better promote the interests of Jesus Christ in the world than by a general and imposing act, accompanied by such circumstances of solemnity as make a lasting impression on the minds of the little ones, who will be the men and women of the next generation.

Pius the Ninth, of glorious memory, declared that "Devotion to the Sacred Heart is the salvation of society." Our Lord wishes that the love of His Sacred Heart should be propagated by personal influence and zeal, and we know with what singular power children can co-operate in this apostleship. The prayers of still innocent souls are of immense power for enkindling in men's hearts the love of God and developing the extension of His Kingdom in this world.

Therefore, dear rev. Father, we confidently solicit your kind and zealous co-operation in instituting this solemn consecration of our children to the Divine Heart of our Saviour in your respective districts. We trust, with due notice given, and solemnity befitting the occasion, by the recitation of a well prepared formula (the value and meaning of which they have been taught to understand) to produce a deep and lasting impression on their souls. It is important to impress upon the children that such "Consecration" is their own affair, and that others are admitted as witnesses.

The project of consecrating our children to the Sacred Heart will give intense joy to our Lord, and will plant deep in their hearts the knowledge that their interests and affections are identified with the interests of Jesus Christ. "A sure means," says the *American*

*Messenger*, "of having all Christians consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart is to begin with the children."

A special motive for pressing the proposal to make this Consecration to the Sacred Heart is the relentless and unholy warfare against Christian Education, and the necessity to provide them with a high and great protection against the irreligious tendencies of the age, and to strengthen them to lead Holy Catholic lives in the midst of a world which forgets Heaven, Hell, and Jesus Christ.

To give practical form to this object, we desire:—

1. That a Triduum be made in all Churches and Convents (where possible) commencing on the Feast of Blessed Margaret Mary, October 17th, and that this Feast be celebrated with the utmost solemnity.

Permission for Benediction on each day of the Triduum, and Exposition on one of the days is hereby granted.

2. That a General Communion of the Children take place on Friday, October 17th (where convenient).

3. A General Communion on Sunday, October 20th, in which, it is hoped, every adult of the Parish will participate.

4. On Friday, October 17th—Consecration of the Children to the Sacred Heart. Under the term "Children" are included all who have not completed the 21st year of their age.

5. On Sunday, October 20th the Closing Ceremony of the Triduum and Solemn Consecration of the whole Parish to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

6. That fathers, mothers, and teachers be exhorted to join in this work, and be encouraged to bring their children to the feet of our Saviour, and there help them to consecrate their hearts and all their affections to the Sacred Heart.

We trust, Dear Rev. Father, you will exhort your flock to celebrate this Festival with an earnestness worthy of the occasion and of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which is the Fountain from which the Church flows as a great river from its source. In these days when the hearts of men have grown cold, when they have abandoned the fountain of supernatural life, and human society has grown decrepit under the freezing influence of a deadly indifference, to whom can we appeal with fuller confidence than to Him "who has promised to be our friend, and who, when all leave us, will not leave us nor suffer us to perish for ever."

Earnestly begging your prayers that we may be all united in one heart and one mind in the loving Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

We remain, Yours humbly in the Lord,

STEPHEN CUMMINGS, S.M.,  
Diocesan Administrator.

## Commercial.

MESSRS. DONALD STRONACH AND SON report for the week ending September 24, as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—223 head were yarded at Burnside to-day. About half being good to prime quality, balance light and inferior. Price showed no improvement on last week's rates. Prime bullocks sold from £7 10s to £9 5s; medium, £6 to £7; inferior, £4 to £5; cows, up to £7 17s 6d. We sold on account of Messrs. Lowry and Botting (Hyde), bullocks from £5 10s to £5 15s; and on account of Mr. G. Botting (Hyde), bullocks at £4 15s and £4 17s 6d.

Fat Sheep.—2122 forward, 550 of which were merino wethers. Though the number penned was small, bidding was anything but spirited. Prime quality crossbreds were well competed for, and sold about on a par with last week's prices; while inferior quality and merinos were neglected, and suffered a decline of about 1s per head. We sold account Mr. Walter Blackie, crossbred wethers at 14 1d, and quarter back wethers at 9s.

Pigs.—190 came forward, and sold as follows:—Suckers, 6s 6d, to 11s; slips, 13s 6d to 16 6d; sows, 17s 6d to 21s 6d; porkers 24s to 28s; and baconers, 36s to 50s.

Store Cattle.—There are inquiries for well grown cattle, but so far little or no business has been done.

Store Sheep are still in demand, but prices are easier, no doubt caused by the scarcity of feed between turnip and grass, also by the drop in fat stock; but we look for an improvement again during the next fortnight.

Wool.—Cablegrams to hand during the week a wise sales progressing favourably with a rise of from 1/1 to 1d per lb, and with a prospect of satisfactory prices being obtained during the series. Locally there is little doing; all lots offering are readily disposed of.

There was a very full attendance of the trade at the public auctions in the Chamber of Commerce Hall, Crawford street, on Tuesdays, and, although the weather was somewhat broken during the past two or three days, under the influence of favourable wool advices from Home competition was very keen for all sorts. Butchers' green crossbreds, best, brought 6s 3 1/2d, 1d, 5s 10 1/2d, 5s 9 1/2d, 5s 7d, 5s 5d, 5s 3 1/2d; good to medium and inferior, 5s 1d, 4s 10d, 4s 8 1/2d, 4s 7d, 4s 5d, 4s 3d, 4s 2d; green merinos, 4s 11s, 4s 8d, 4s 7d, 4s 3 1/2d, 4s 1d, 3s 9 1/2d; country dry crossbreds, inferior to medium, 1s 7d to 3s 10 1/2d; do do merino, 1s 8d to 3s 4 1/2d; full-wooled crossbreds, 4s 10 1/2d to 6s 9 1/2d; do do merino, 4s to 6s 4d; dry pelts, 2d to 1s 6d each.

Rabbit-hins.—We have no further advices with regard to the position of the market at home. In the local market, however, a brisk demand continues to exist, and prices for best furred skins, although slightly lower, are still very firm. Medium and mixed also command good attention, and realise prices relatively higher than those obtainable for really prime skins. The supply is now, however, falling off. Fewer prime skins come to market, the larger proportion being spring takings. At the regular auction sales all the buyers for shipment attend with regularity, and compete very spiritedly for all offered. At auction on Tuesday we offered a moderate catalogue, a good number of which were only medium skins. Best greys brought 2s 4d to 1s 5 1/2d; medium, 1s 1d to 1s

3d; inferior to medium, 4d to 11d; suckers, 2d to 3d; black and fawn, 6d to 1s 1d per lb.

Hides.—The market is unchanged. A moderate demand continues to exist, but without any apparent improvement in price, and while the depression so long existing in this line at Home and on the continent continues, values are not likely to materially alter. All the business passing is confined to the operations of the local manufacturers. Shippers are not disposed to speculate, preferring to wait a more favourable opportunity. We quote dry salted heavy weights, free from offal and systematically flayed, 2½d to 3d; medium, 2½d to 2½d; light, 1½d to 1½d; inferior, 1d to 1½d per lb.

Tallow.—Late advices from Home quote the market very firm and hardening, stocks light. Fine mutton tallow is quoted at 29s 6d, good beef do worth 27s 9d per cwt. These show a considerable improvement on late rates; but owing to the small quantity available here, also that manufacturers have sufficient in the meantime for their requirements, prices will not be affected at present to any great extent. There is no difficulty, however, experienced in quitting the odd lots coming to hand at the following quotations—viz., for prime rendered mutton, 20s to 22s; medium to good, 17s to 19s; inferior and mixed, 13s to 15s 6d. Rough fat: Fresh, clean mutton caul, 13s to 14s; inferior to medium and good, 9s 6d to 12s 9d per cwt.

Grain.—Wheat.—The position of the market differs but little with that of last week. While all offered is saleable, buyers do not evince any very keen desire to operate at an advance on last week's quotations. The market, however, is bare of first-class milling, but there is still a moderate supply of ordinary on hand, a good deal of which is hardly fit for milling, and would sell readily at fowls' wheat prices. Stocks up the coast are still pretty heavy, and while millers can draw their supplies from the North, as some do now, at prices equal to our quotations, no improvement of any consequence is likely to be experienced, more especially while the Home market holds out so little encouragement. We quote prime milling, velvet and Tuscan, 3s 8d to 3s 10d; medium to good, 3s 3d to 3s 7d; best red wheat, 3s 5d to 3s 8d; medium, 3s 4d to 3s 5d; inferior, hardly any offering, 3s to 3s 3d (ex store, sacks weighed in).—Oats: The market continues quiet, no demand of any consequence being experienced. There are some small sales effected for the coast, and also for local requirements, but nothing of any importance to record. Shipments are now almost daily being made of parcels lying in store that had been sold earlier, which could not be shipped owing to the strike, and, doubtless, immediately these remnants are cleared out an increased demand will be experienced, although at the moment the tone of the Australian markets does not offer very much encouragement to induce speculators to operate. Millers' requirements are now limited to very small quantities, and they only purchase for present wants. We quote—best milling, 1s 4d; best short feed, 1s 3½d to 1s 4d; medium, 1s 3d to 1s 3½d; musty and inferior, 1s to 1s 2½d (ex store, sacks extra, net).—Barley: There is no alteration in the position of the market, which continues inanimate. Good malting, of which the market is bare could be placed for export; but even if supplies were available prices offered would hardly be satisfactory. For any other description there is no demand. Quotations nominal.

Grass Seeds.—Both ryegrass seed and cocksfoot are moving off in considerable quantities, stocks of the former being low within a very small compass. We quote ryegrass seed, imported, 5s to 5s 3d; local grown farmers' dressed, 4s 3d to 4s 9d; best machine dressed, 5s 3d to 5s 9d (ex store, sacks extra). Cocksfoot seed, 3½d to 5d per lb.

Potatoes.—Owing to the absence of a demand for export the market is exceedingly flat, and, unless very prime, sales are difficult to effect. Quotations are for best Northern, £2 17s 6d to £3; others (nominal), 30s to 50s per ton (sacks weighed in).

Chaff.—Deliveries have not been so heavy during the past week, but consumers are still fully supplied, and no improvement to record in price, which is—for best oaten sheaf, 40s to 42s 6d; medium to good, 27s 6d to 37s 6d per ton.

MESSRS. DONALD REID AND CO., DUNEDIN, report for the week ending October 3, as follows:—

Sheepskins.—At our sale this week we submitted a lengthy catalogue. There was a full gathering of buyers, and bidding was very keen. We quote—Dry crossbreds, 2s 3d to 6s 2d; do halfbreds, 2s 5d to 7s; do merinos, 1s 8d to 4s 10d; do pelts and lambs, 6s to 2s 3d; green crossbreds, 3s 10d to 5s 8d; do halfbreds, 4s 3d to 6s 3d; do merinos, 2s 10d to 5s.

Wheat.—The quantity coming forward is now exceedingly meagre and stocks are now pretty well cleared out. There is good demand for prime quality of all kinds, and a strong demand for prime velvet and tussock kinds, which would find a ready sale at full rates. We quote—prime milling, 3s 7d to 3s 10d; medium, 3s 4d to 3s 6d; inferior and fowl wheat, 2s 10d to 3s 3d.

Oats.—A fair amount of local business has been done during the week, but the export trade has fallen off to a great extent. As the boats are now running with greater regularity, we trust soon to see freights taken at old rates, when a better demand may be expected. We quote—milling, 1s 3½d to 1s 4d, sacks extra, feed, 1s 1d to 1s 3d.

Barley.—A few lines of milling have been cleared at prices which must be exceedingly unsatisfactory to the growers.

Rabbitkins.—The demand for these continues good, and all coming forward meet with brisk competition at the auction sales.—The supply arriving has fallen off considerably, and judging by the prices paid to-day, it would appear as if there was not sufficient to meet the demand. At auction we submitted a small catalogue, composed chiefly of medium to good winters. Competition was extremely brisk, and prices realised were higher than they have been at any time during the season.

Hides.—There is nothing fresh to report in this market, and prices are steady at last quotations. We quote:—Prime heavy ox, 2½d to 3d; medium to good, 2½d to 2½d; light and inferior, 1½d to 2d; bulls, slippy and cut, 1½d to 1½d per lb.

Tallow.—There is an inquiry for prime mutton, and other descriptions are in request at late quotations. During the week we have

done a fair amount of business in mixed rendered at 10s to 17s 6d and rough fat at 9s to 13s.

Potatoes.—There is absolutely no demand, and our quotations are only nominal. We quote:—Derwents, £1 10s to £2 10s.

Chaff.—There is only a very small supply forward, and prices are slightly firmer. We quote—Prime, £2 to £2 2s 6d; medium, £1 10s to £1 17s 6d.

Grass Seed.—The season being exceedingly suitable for sowing, there is still a fair trade being done. Grass seed of all sorts is meeting a good demand, and prices remain steady at about last quotations. Cocksfoot is moving off freely, and stocks are now pretty well cleared out. We quote—Facey's Evergreen imported, 5s 3d; machine-dressed rye-grass, 5s to 6s; farmers' dressed, 3s 6d to 4s 6d; Poverty Bay rye-grass, machine-dressed, 6s 6d to 7s; Cocks-foot, 4½d to 5d.

#### RABBITSKIN MARKET.

MESSRS. ROBERT CLELAND AND CO., Crawford street, next Pier Hotel) report as follows:

The season is now practically over, and as very little business will be doing for some considerable time, we will discontinue our reports in the meantime.

Mr. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices:—Oats, 1s 1d to 1s 4d (bags extra), dull. Wheat: milling, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; fowls', 3s—both firm, sacks included. Chaff: Very dull—£1 10s to £2; hay, oaten, £2 10s; best rye-grass, £3. Bran, £2 10s, Pollard, £3 10s. Potatoes—a total collapse owing to export entirely ceased and large supplies on hand—best, 30s to 40s per ton; seed, nominal. Flour: roller, £10 to £10 15s; stone, £9 5s to £9 15s. Fresh butter, very plentiful, value from 4d to 10d; salt, nominal, for prime, 7d. Eggs, good demand, 6d.

#### GOOD WORK.

(Geraldine Guardian, September 18.)

ON last Sunday in Geraldine the Rev. Father Treacy announced to his congregation that the debt on the church had now been completely paid off, and that they were absolutely free from debt. The debt on the church, including interest, was £440 when Father Treacy took charge of the parish just 18 months ago, and in that short space of time he has collected, according to his own statement, £445. This has been collected principally by the rev. gentleman himself from amongst his own congregation by means of a house-to-house canvass. Very little has been contributed by anyone living out of the Geraldine parish. Father Treacy has received a few pounds in voluntary donations from Catholics outside his own congregation, and also from Protestants, but he never asked a subscription from anyone other than his own parishioners. To raise such a large sum in a poor parish like Geraldine without extraneous aid, and in such a short space of time, must be characterised as work worthy of note. It indicates that the priest is very energetic and the people very generous. The result is extremely creditable to both. One cannot help wishing, after having done so well, that both the priest and the people should be able to enjoy immunity from further effort, for a time, at least, but Father Treacy is not a man to sit down idle. He has a splendid dwelling-house, it is among the best in Canterbury, but his church is altogether too small for the congregation, and it is, we believe, his intention to add to it at no distant date. There cannot be any question about the necessity of this work, as the church is so small that there is absolutely not sufficient room in it for the congregation, and this, of course, must be remedied. The rev. gentleman therefore intends enlarging the church, and this will cost about £300. We dare say he will find no great difficulty in doing it, judging by what he has done in the past, and we trust that persons outside his own congregation will show their appreciation of his efforts by lending him a helping hand in the work of enlarging his church.

Messrs. Brown, Ewing and Co. call particular attention to their light weight tweeds and chevots, as particularly suited to ladies' summer wear. Before providing themselves for the season, ladies should see the goods shown by the firm in question.

The first show of spring and summer novelties is now taking place at the establishment of Messrs. A. and T. Inglis, George street, Dunedin. In order to obtain room for improvements being made in their premises, the firm are now selling off at great reductions.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co., Dunedin, offer extremely liberal terms to all who are interested in the disposal of farm or station produce. Arrangements most convenient to producers are generally made by the firm.

Messrs. Reid and Gray's agricultural machines and implements continue to give the utmost satisfaction to all who make use of them. Particulars, deserving the close attention of all who are engaged in agricultural pursuits will be found in another column.

Is hypnotism a desirable and justifiable remedy for disease? Such is the question which has been discussed at the Birmingham meeting of the British Medical Association, and the opinion of some of the ablest and most experienced medical men present was that the practice of hypnotising patients is one attended with such risks that it should be jealously restricted. Dr. Norman Kerr, a gentleman of no mean authority, stated that there were many wrecked lives through hypnotism, that in the lethargic and cataleptic states criminal assaults had been committed by medical men, who had been convicted and punished, and that in the somnambulist state subjects had been compelled by the operator's behests to commit crime. Dr. J. Luys, of the Charity Hospital, Paris, gives testimony to the same effect in an article in the current issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. So serious are the evils of hypnotism considered in France that French surgeons have been prohibited from practising it in the army and navy. We think the time has come when the British Parliament should put a stop to public hypnotic exhibitions.

# Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

THE *Daily Express* has sent a most amusing young man down as a whole "Special Commission of Inquiry" in himself to ascertain the truth of Judge Harrison's strictures at Galway. We assume of course (though it is a somewhat violent assumption), that the lucubrations dated respectively Portumna and Ballinasloe are not written in the back offices in Parliament-street. It is, indeed, hard to suppose that anyone had been on the spot. The account of the adventures and discoveries of this gentleman in the mystic regions beyond the Shannon is, to anyone who knows the place and people, as comical as Mr. Verdant Green's life and adventures at the University. It is plain that the *Daily Express* is deeply mortified at the candid confession of the abject failure of Coercion into which it was betrayed at the first blush by the charge of Judge Harrison. The duty of the Special Commission was to discover traces of the triumph of Law and Order in East Galway. He did his work with a will. He was fortunate in being able to begin with an accurate announcement that "there has been no serious outrage in the district lately."

But when he passes to his proof that Coercion has crushed the League, and broken up the Plan of Campaign in that district, his zeal outruns his discretion, and he proves entirely too much. He proves that Lord Clanricarde's rents are regularly paid, and that his agent, whom the well-informed "Commission" amusingly describes as a "Mr. Tennant," is quite a popular character amongst the tenants. One amusing illustration of the triumph of "law and order" in the district must serve as a sample for the rest. He gravely writes that thirteen tenants on one townland (names of tenants and townland judiciously omitted) have been compelled by the agent to pay up, not merely their rents and arrears in full, but £300 law costs. Of course the story is a very palpable flim. All the same, it has its value, as showing the kind of thing which the *Daily Express* conceives to be the triumph of good government in Ireland. It is regarded as the most glorious achievement for the "resolute administration of the law," that it enables the agent of the Marquis of Clanricarde to extort from his miserable tenants, not merely their rack-rents and arrears in full, but exorbitant law costs to the amount of £300. What a confession is here that "government" exists in Ireland only for the benefit of the rack-renters and evictors, and that it is in their sole interest Coercion is mercilessly enforced!

The drunken sub-constables, Murphy and White, whom even Recorder Henn and Pether the Packer himself felt constrained to mulct in damages for misconduct, are to have their costs and damages paid for them by the public. So Mr. Balfour decrees. It is necessary to keep up the spirit of the force. It would be fatal to discipline if a constable felt that, under any circumstances, he would be made to suffer for illegality or misconduct. It would take all the dash out of a baton charge on an unarmed people, for example, if the penalties of an action for assault were looming in the background. A gallant young constable would not perhaps strike with the same vigour at the heads of unarmed men, women, and children if there were any fear that he might afterwards be made pay for his sport. Mr. Balfour relieves him of all such apprehension. He promises him reward instead of punishment; he is to have the pleasant excitement and importance of an action at law, the holiday, the little trip to Galway or Dublin, as the case may be, with the pleasurable assurance that it will cost him not one farthing—that his costs, expenses, and damages, will be paid by a grateful country, and promotion will be, doubtless more rapid on account of his active service to law and order. Here is direct incitement and encouragement to misconduct. It is good news for the other drunken policeman recently arrested in Cork.

The police are now declared absolutely irresponsible. When any piece of brutality is perpetrated by the Force, all Government explanation or investigation is invariably refused. Mr. Balfour reads out an impudent denial from the criminated policeman, whose name is carefully withheld. If any party has been aggrieved he declares with airy insolence his legal remedy is open to them. To facilitate that legal remedy every precaution is taken to conceal the identity of the police. But suppose a man does catch his policeman, does bring his action, does succeed in spite of partisan tribunals in bringing him to justice, what is the result? The wrong-doer walks off scot free, the State paying his costs and damages. The Nationalists who have the audacity to bring actions, and, above all, successful actions, are reviled and calumniated in the House of Commons by the brave Mr. Balfour under the secure protection of his Parliamentary privilege, which he tested and found strong in the libel action by Peggy Dillon, of which, by the way, the costs were also paid by the public. The rule is now fully established; police may do as they like. Whether they murder, as at Mitchelstown and Youghal, or attempt murder, as at Charleville, or merely arrest and imprison from sheer wantonness, as at Portumna, they are entitled to impunity and reward. Not a hair of their heads, not a coin in their pockets, shall be disturbed. If the authorities cannot always protect them from civil proceedings, they will at least take care that their costs and damages shall fall on the public, not themselves. The rule is absolute. The police, like the king, can do no wrong; which means they can do as much wrong as they choose without punishment.

Clanricarde is on the war-path again; and is, of course, being assisted and encouraged by the Government. Thirteen additional families have been recently evicted—about sixty-five human beings made homeless—near Woodford, the district where Judge Harrison recommends Lynch Law should be resorted to. There was a special correspondent of the *Daily Express* on the spot to chronicle the evictions in the interest of law and order. He manifestly thought it a great point in favour of the Government that there is no longer any resistance, and that the evictions are carried out with regularity and despatch. "The result of the new state of things," he writes, triumphantly, "is that in a couple of hours half-a-dozen families living miles apart had been dispossessed." Surely it is a proud boast for

a Government that it has improved by practice in the art of clearing a countryside of its peaceful and industrious inhabitants at the bidding of a monster, greedy and cruel, like the most noble the Marquis of Clanricarde.

The *Daily Express* man is plainly there on an express mission to vindicate the Government and the evictor; but he should have left all humane feeling behind him when he started on such a mission. "It was impossible," he writes, "not to feel pity for some of the families of the men who were dispossessed. They endeavoured to maintain an indifferent front while the agent and sheriff were about, but once they departed the poor victims gave way to tears. I asked one of the tenants, who stood against the padlocked door of his late dwelling in a dazed state, heedless of the pelting rain, while his wife and children, of whom there were ten, chiefly girls, and ranging from one to seventeen years of age, sought shelter under the eaves of some out-houses, what he meant to do. 'What can I do?' was the answer. 'Where do you mean to go?' 'To the workhouse, I suppose.'" It seems amazing that any Government can encourage outrages like these, still more amazing that any people can endure them with patience. If Judge Harrison had such outrages in his mind his allusions to Lynch law would have some meaning. Only the strong curb of self-restraint put upon them by their leaders restrains the people from rising up in revolt against this merciless tyranny.

At Coolroe the work of extermination has been resumed and completed. It was on this estate, it may be remembered, that the district magistrate, struck by the fairness of the terms offered by the tenants, pressed their acceptance strongly, but in vain, on the acceptance of the vindictive and besotted old evictor, Mr. Byrne. One hundred and twenty policemen engaged in the work of destruction. The public will have the pleasure of paying the cost later on. It is not possible to gauge the mad folly of the evictors who still persist in this wanton, purposeless persecution of their tenants or of the Government that encourages them. The wild hope of planting evicted farms has long since disappeared. The profitless scarecrows on the Coolgreany and Massereene estates, and the ruinous expenses in which the owners have been involved, are warning sufficient to all whom it may concern. The tenants will not be allowed to suffer, no matter how long the struggle may continue. To this the Irish leader has solemnly pledged himself, and Mr. Parnell is not a man whose word is lightly given or lightly broken. The one hope of the exterminator, his one back door to escape from ruin, is the submission to arbitration. The basis of any form of arbitration must be the reinstatement of the evicted. The folly of the Government, whose grand hope is the settling of the Irish land question in encouraging evictions, each one of which further embarrasses the question, passeth all understanding. The tenants and their friends have this consolation—the mad blunders of their enemies must in the long run redound to their benefit. The longer the struggle and the more desperate, the better the terms they will ultimately obtain.

The Duke of Westminster has decided that the Dublin Corporation shall not be permitted to collect its own rates. What do the Irish people want of Home Rule when the Duke of Westminster is kind enough to manage their affairs? We should like any honest and intelligent British Unionist (always supposing there is such a thing) to listen attentively to the following facts, and let us know what he thinks of them. The Corporation of Dublin, including its Coercion minority, unanimously adopted a certain Bill for the better management of city affairs and finances. The citizens of Dublin, in public meeting assembled, by an overwhelming majority, approved of the proposals. Under the beneficent Union it was necessary to have the consent of a Committee of the British Parliament, who, for the most part, knew nothing about Dublin except the name. To make matters still more promising, the majority of the Committee and its chairman were politically bitterly opposed to the Corporation and the great majority of the citizens of Dublin. But the proposals were themselves so transcendently fair and reasonable, that the hostile committee adopted them. Next, under the glorious system, the Dublin Corporation Bill went before a Committee of the House of Lords, presided over by the Duke of Westminster. The Lords, on whose crass prejudices no reason has effect, and whose prejudice was only equalled by its ignorance of the question, rejected the measure. Even to the Coercion Government this seemed a strong step—an unanswerable argument in all reasonable minds in favour of Home Rule. So the Government which had hitherto resisted the Bill proposed a compromise which the Corporation, with unexampled moderation, accepted. The compromise is brought before the Duke of Westminster's Committee in the Lords. It was advocated by the Dublin Corporation and by the Coercion Government, and, incredible as it may seem, it was summarily rejected.

The Duke of Westminster, who knows nothing about Dublin, and, if possible, cares less, has determined that the Dublin citizens shall not have the improvements and alterations they desire, and he is not to be shaken in his resolve. Under the present delightful system his voice is omnipotent. His veto is a block which there is no getting over. The Dublin Corporation have spent over £7000 of the ratepayers' money to purchase his Grace's veto, and in the end they are no better than when they began. Now, we ask the honest and intelligent British Unionists, to whom the foregoing observations are presumed to be addressed, is it so wonderful that Irishmen are anxious to have the control of their own affairs in their own country? Is it so very strange that they prefer Home Rule to the rule of which his Grace of Westminster—ignorant, prejudiced, and overbearing—is a very fitting exponent?

Whenever some glaring outrage of personal liberty in Ireland under the Coercion Administration is brought under the notice of Mr. Balfour in Parliament, his answer is always the same. "If wrong has been committed, the person aggrieved has his legal remedy." We have had some singular instances lately of what this means, and how the Government holds the balance between the wronged and the wrong-doer in Ireland when the wronged is a Nationalist and the wrong-doer a Coercion Official. Two respectable Nationalists, Faby and Morrissey, were arrested in Portumna by a brace of drunken policemen, whose conduct was so outrageous that even Pether the

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Packer himself felt constrained to confirm the decrees for damages against them with costs. Thereupon the indulgent Balfour steps in and declares that the public must pay costs and damages for his interesting proteges. A Dublin special jury, mainly Coercionists, find—in spite of the warning of Mr. Carson, that they would be thereby "scoring a point against the Government"—a verdict for £100 damages against truculent police-sergeant Hyde and his confederates. But the Government still continues to harass the unfortunate priest, whom they began by declaring a pauper, with vexatious litigation on behalf of the police. District-inspector Concannon and his sergeants were clearly convicted in the minds of the two judges who tried the case of attempted murder. They fired their revolvers, without provocation, at an unoffending crowd. "They fired," to borrow the emphatic language of the Chief Baron, "out into the darkness, careless of whom they might kill." They are not to be punished, of course. On the contrary, Mr. Balfour decrees their costs and expenses shall be paid by the public. Constable Palmer is caught in the act of moonlighting by his intended victim and brought straight to the police barrack. But the authorities allow him to slip away through their fingers to America, and, doubtless, supplied him with funds for his voyage. Constable Palmer might make unpleasant disclosures on the question of outrage manufacture if he were compelled to stand his trial.

The naval and military forces of the Empire are engaged in what Mr. Balfour calls "the protection of the weak" in Ireland. Now a detachment of soldiers, armed to the teeth, are dispatched to aid and abet the emergency-men of O'phert or Clanricarde, pulling down the houses of the wretched tenants about their ears. Again, her Majesty's gun boat the Britomart steams out to Blasket Island with sheriff and agent and a cargo of bailiffs on board, to seize and carry away seven fishing-boats, the sole support of the poor fishermen, and leaves them and their families to starve. These are fair samples of how the law is strained and the forces of the Empire exhausted to protect the weak under the benign administration of Mr. Balfour. Lord Clanricarde and Lord Cork are the weaklings whom Balfour's Government protects. Glorious triumphs these for the army and navy of Great Britain. The soldiers and sailors, to do them justice, are as much ashamed of the degrading eviction "duty" as if they were caught picking pockets.

Even the shameless Mr. Balfour himself seems half ashamed or afraid of thus mixing up the military and naval forces with the squalid details of his eviction-cum-coercion policy in Ireland. The forces of the Crown are not used, he is accustomed to explain, in carrying out evictions and seizures; they are used in carrying out the law. But then the two things happen to mean precisely the same thing in Ireland. The law in Ireland is administered with one sole object; the aggrandisement of the rack-renters. The extortion of rack-rents, the encouraging of evictions, and the vain effort to make eviction profitable by the promotion of land-grabbing, these are the sole objects for which an Irish Government exists at present.

It is enough to drive men mad with impotent rage and pity to read the curt announcement that the Clanricarde extermination is to be resumed. The eviction gang which he has collected at Portumna—worthy tools of such a master—think as little of going out for a day's evicting as for a day's shooting and enjoy a good bag. What is it to them the broken hearts, the miserable men and women, the wailing children, whom they leave behind them when their day's work is over? The callous bankrupt, Tener, J.P., as he confessed to at Tullamore, has completely lost count of the number of human beings—men, women, and children—he has made miserable by the command of his master. A thousand would be probably under the mark. The next detachment of fifty-one evictions will bring the number well over a thousand. This is the district which the amiable Judge Harrison would subject to Lynch-law because the tenants refuse to abandon their comrades and their combination, and refuse to associate with emergency-men. Truly the law of the crowbar and petroleum-can and the battering-ram is little, if anything, better than the law of the revolver and the bowie-knife, which Judge Harrison is anxious to establish in the district. The marvel is that the people have borne this inhuman persecution with such more than human patience so long.

We want the infamy of Mr. Smith-Barry's latest attempt on New Tipperary to be clearly understood. The public are aware that by a Chancery suit he has asked the wooden-headed, stony-hearted Vice-Chancellor to pull down the grand new Mart in New Tipperary and put back the great hill that stood there before. The Three Kingdoms have heard and laughed at this outrageous application. But in the absurdity of the proceeding we are apt to overlook the malignity that inspires it. The estate committee bought the interest in a long lease of the lands on which the O'Brien Mart is erected. Mr. Smith-Barry, for no other purpose that flattery can suggest, except wanton malevolence, purchased a reversion of this lease for a few months. That is to say, at the expiration of the lease Mr. Smith-Barry will for a few months, and a few months only, be entitled to the possession of the land. On the strength of this contingent remainder, Mr. Smith-Barry asks the Vice-Chancellor for an order that the new market may be pulled down, on the monstrous pretence that the rough, bleak hill is more valuable without it. Mr. Smith-Barry would prefer the place, without the great building that adorns it, during the few months that the premises will be in his hands on the expiration of the lease. The Vice-Chancellor is expected to gratify his whim by directing the premises to be removed. How do the admirers of Mr. Smith-Barry explain or justify this interference, as cruel and wanton as it is absurd? The tenants surrendered with admirable self-devotion their splendid business premises rather than take part against the evicted Pensonby tenants. Smith-Barry gets more than he is entitled to. He has been given up his land, its value more than hundredfold by the tenants' buildings and improvements. But this does not content him. The malignant evictor expends his money and ingenuity in securing some means of harassing the evicted tenants in the place of refuge they have secured. When the merits of this heroic struggle are discussed this last piece of wanton malignity on the part of the champion exterminator will not, be sure, be

forgotten. It will help an indignant public to form a correct estimate of his character and conduct.

## THE BANSHEE'S WARNING: A STORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

(By JAMES MURPHY, Author of "The Forge of Clobogue," "The Cross of O'Garrig, etc., etc.")

### CHAPTER XIX.

The sun was throwing shadows on the streets of Dublin, but it threw no shadow where the hunchback sat weaving; instead, it poured into the open-arched entrance its grateful rays, making the varying colours of the silk glow again in the woof. The worker was humming one of those martial airs so common among the French regiments in the low countries, and working away with as much cheerful assiduity as if he were in a peaceful Flemish town and not in a town torn with the bloody communcements of civil war.

The tread of a horse cantering in the distance fell on his ear, causing him to stay the burthen of his melody. But it was only partial. Cantering horsemen were too common in these disturbed times to admit of much attention; the wonder was, not that he failed to awaken his attention, but that it had caught on his notice at all. It soon lapsed therefrom, and again the light marching *chanson* of the *cavalerie* came from his lips. His song was effectually ended presently, for as the trotting horseman came up he stopped opposite the curious apartment where the weaver was at work.

This was rather an unusual proceeding; military horsemen passed, as we have said, not infrequently by, but any of them to stop outside his factory was unusual. Whenever they did, it meant a message conveying an order for some of his wares from the English folk at the Castle. Such messages were always welcome, for they meant the finest work his loom could produce, and which the trained hand of the dwarf loved to weave; and they meant also gold handsomely and generously bestowed. So, finding from the cessation of the horse's hoofs, and the consequent shadow thrown on his abode, that something was required of him, the weaver, stooping down, looked out from his aperture, and up at the horseman.

"Ernest, the page!" said he, silently. "What, I wonder, brings him here now?" and prepared to mount the short step-ladder that gave access to the street to receive the commands.

But the horseman made this proceeding unnecessary by lightly dismounting, throwing the reins over the railings, and tripping down into the room.

"Manus," he said, hurriedly, "I am wearied and hurried, and have not time to stay long.

And Manus, looking at him, saw that on the face there was an unusual pallor, to which even his haste could not lend a touch of colour, and in the whole frame a fragile appearance which recalled to him strongly some quaint remarks his mother occasionally muttered.

"Manus, I have been to meet the expedition to the County Wicklow, and I am weary and heart-sore. There is one coming, Manus—a prisoner whom you will be sorry to hear of."

"Who?" asked Manus, abruptly, with ears intent.

"That priest, that friar—I don't know or remember the name."

"Not Friar Tully?" suggested Manus.

"Yes. He. That is the name. Manus, they will torture him. He was kind to me once when he needn't have been, and—I thought I should stay and tell you about him."

"No; not he. Impossible," said the dwarf, doubtfully. "He is in—"

"I have not time to wait, Manus, to discuss the matter. I am the bearer of hurried news. But he is in—in the hands of angry and dangerous men now. I have no more to say. It is a woeful time, and a woeful land, this land of Ireland. You know what to do; good-bye." And with a speed which was clearly more of the will than the muscles, so tired he seemed, the visitor ran up the steps again, climbed into the saddle, and was gone.

Manus stood still looking up at the entrance by which he had come. The news was so hurried, so vague, so unsatisfactory. Friar Tully a prisoner!

Manus had often wondered at his indomitable courage and perseverance, and marvelled at the risks he ran, but time after time, he had so often borne himself scatheless that he began to think there was something supernatural aiding him, and that his powers had come from the world unseen. These beliefs now received a severe shock, but that only occupied him for a moment—the next thought was how was Friar Tully a prisoner, and with whom, and how could he, Manus, help him? If he had only thought of asking Ernest this! What a fool he was to have been so absent-minded, and at such a conjuncture, too!

The shuttle lay silent in his unthinking hand, and he pondered thus in painful reflection. But his meditations were broken in upon by the opening of an inner door, and the bent form of the old woman, his mother, entered. Perhaps she had been awakened from her dozing work by the silence of the clanging shuttle, perhaps her ears had caught the unwonted sounds of conversation.

"What's amiss now, Manus? Why aren't you working?"

"Mother," said the excited weaver, "go away; leave me alone. Let me think."

"Who was here? Why aren't you working?"

"Mother," he said, angrily, "I told you let me alone. I am busy thinkin'."

"Ay, Manus," said she, sticking the knitting needles into the ball of worsted she carried, "and thinkin' is nigh to madness. What folly are you up to now?"

"Mother! I said afore, don't trouble me."

"I see; Ernest has been here?"

"Yes; well, mother, that's nothing to you or to me. Go back to your knitting."

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Rome, 17th August, 1889.

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† T. KIRBY, Archbishop, etc.

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"The Friar," said he, in an outburst of anger at her pertinacity, which he knew from old habit he could not get rid of. "Now, what are you the wiser? Why won't you let things that don't concern you alone? Mother, you're doing mischief, an' always doin' mischief."

"An' where's he in trouble?" she asked again, as if no word of his upbraiding had come on her ears.

"I don't know mother—somewhere wid the sojers."

"Ah, he's gone to Wicklow—an' Coote's caught him. It's well it would have been if he had caught and hanged him two year ago—one year, six months ago."

"Mother, will you never stop this? If you know so much, maybe you'd tell me now where he is 'an what I can do."

"What you can do!" the old woman almost shrieked. "What you can do! Let him be—mind your work. Let them bring him to the doom that awaits him; wan death is the same as another. Don't you attempt to stir when they're trampin' by here."

"Ah! an' they will be trampin' by here," thought Manus. "Well that'll do, mother. I can't work always. Give me time to rest. Go mother, go. It's nearly supper-time. See! the sun has gone and the dusk is fallin'. Go. Give me time to rest an' think a bit!"

And so, with no gentle suasion, he took the old woman around the waist, and pushed her outside the door, which he closed to-behind, and softly shot the wooden bolt into its place.

The shadows of evening were indeed falling; the tall houses opposite, for one thing, shut out the light, and the autumn evening fast declines. Once free and alone, Manus, abandoning half-finished wools and wooden machine, stepped softly up and looked around him. Then he climbed up the steps of the house near and gazed over the country which, being then unbuild on, gave free scope to his gaze. In the distance, emerging from the distant heights of Cullenswood, he could see a black, serpent-like mass winding slowly along. It did not need the occasional bagle-call coming on the air to tell him what it was.

It came closer, drew nearer still, and then, with a loud fanfare, the city gates opened and received the tired and weary raiders. Manus, not quite knowing what to do, abandoned his watch-tower and sought the gloom of his workshop.

Presently the *cortege* came by. It was a very jolly and pleasant group. Whatever wail and cries of mourning there might have been among the glens of Wicklow, it was clear that there were none here, and apparently cause for none. Indeed, it was so palpable that Manus could not resist saying to himself:

"I wonder what were the Wicklow people about? Where was Colonel Paelim McHugh? or is the heart gone out of the people?"

But whatever the feelings that gave rise to these questions, Manus crushed them down as he, stooping by the steps, put his head over the wall and gazed up. The horses were blown and tired and jaded as of those who were spurred and ridden hard, but it was manifest that there was considerable jubilation and rejoicing on the part of the riders.

"Hillo! Manus the weaver!" said an officer marching at the head as he noticed in the gloom the face of the dwarf.

"Hillo, Sir Charles!" said Manus promptly. "Anything in the way of banners this time? I have silk from Mulhouse fit to weave a flag for the conquering general."

"Not this time, Manus," said Coote, leaning back on his saddle and placing his hand on the crupper to enable him to do so; "it is not your craft we want now, Manus. It is not the weaver but the twister we need—not the silken flag but the hempen rope, to hang Irish rebels."

"You war always fond of your joke, Sir Charles—but I'll call for your order to-morrow," shouted the dwarf, as Sir Charles and his brother officers rode laughing away.

But they had scarcely disappeared in the gloom when the weaver unfastened the bolt, dived into the next room, and speedily returned with a bottle in his hand. Climbing up the steps he gained the street and stood with his back to the wall, his hands behind his back, whilst the dusty and thirsty cavalade marched by, until finally there came behind two troopers the prisoner, with his hands and feet bound to his horse, between them. As they came near Manus held up the bottle and the born tumbler for them to see.

Never was offering so grateful to weary traveller before. The wanderer in the desert, the pilgrim journeying through the sandy Arabian plains to Mecca, never came upon spring or oasis so welcome and delightful. They dropped their muskets, until none carried at the level on their knees, into their leather holsters, and slowed their horses. Filling a measure into the tumbler, which he gave to one, and handing the bottle to the other, Manus had the satisfaction of seeing them drink long and copiously. The refreshment was too welcome, too exquisite, not to be partaken of slowly and luxuriantly. All the troopers' senses were steeped in the one feeling of gratification of their thirst.

Noticing this distraction of their attention, Manus furtively slipped a small knife, razor-keen, from his breast-pocket and with dexterous motion severed the cord that bound the prisoner. He was standing between one of the troopers and the latter, and the action was hidden partly by his own body and partly by the gloom. It did not occupy a tube of a moment's space, and the next instant the thankful soldiers banded him bottle and tumbler and rode on, their prisoner between them. Manus the weaver withdrew into his quiet factory, closed down the wooden shutter, lit the lamp, and contentedly went on with his work.

Now and then he ceased the motion of the shuttle, and, with ear to the shutter, listened as if he expected something. If he did, he was not disappointed, for presently there was a wild commotion in the streets higher up, and all at once the cries and calls grew louder, and there was rapid noise of horses hoofs on the stony pavement.—There was something on foot whatever it was, that occasioned this commotion. The weaver listened intently; but it did not seem as if the matter, after due investigation, concerned him, for he withdrew

to his machine again, set it in busy motion, and hummed the song of the French Vivandière, as some horseman came trotting hastily and irregularly by. Presently others came cantering along—they seemed to be going in all directions so loud was the commotion, at least so the dwarf judged by the multitudinous sounds as for a brief instant he stayed his hand and listened—and having pulled up a little beyond, returned, dismounted, and someone tapped at the door with the handle of a riding whip.

Evidently the worker, with the lumbering noise of his machine, did not hear, or did not want to hear, the knocking, for the wooden frame went quicker, and the rollicking hussar's song was hummed to a louder accompaniment. It was only when it was repeated more loudly and sharply that it attracted his attention, for shuttle and song ceased together, and he went over, lifted up the shutter, and peered out. It was the two troopers who had partaken of his refreshment—one on horseback, the other dismounted—who stooped down and looked in at him when the wooden screen was run up.

"Weaver," said the latter, whose voice was thick and husky, "did you see or hear anyone passing?"

"I think I did," said the weaver quickly, and anxious to give information.

"Where? When?"

"Just now. When I stopped the shuttle to fix the thread."

"Running—in what direction?" queried the trooper, hastily.

"They were cantering past, just before—"

"Cantering!" cried the soldier angrily. "You dwarfed son of a hempen heap, it is not one on horseback, it is one on foot we want to hear of. Did you hear no one running on foot—hastening by?"

"Ob, sorra one," said the worker, rather disappointedly, his eagerly communicated information not having been received with the thanks he expected. How could I, wid the noise of the shuttle in my ears? Who d'ye want?—who are you looking for?"

The trooper paused a moment, steadied himself with one hand against the wall, but made no answer.

"I say," whispered the weaver, in friendliest confidence, "if its more you want, I can give it to you. There's some here still."

"No, confound you!" said the trooper, in husky anger, as he with difficulty climbed into the saddle and with his companion trotted off in another direction.

The weaver closed down the shutter, went to his work, and once more the shuttle clashed and whirred and the melodious songs of Flanders filled the room.

The weaver worked late. If he expected anyone to call he was disappointed, for no one did. And at last, tired of working, and perhaps, too, of hearing the everlasting trotting of horses' hoofs on the echoing streets, he abandoned shuttle and *chanson* and retired to rest in the little inner room, leaving the wooden weaving machine to rest, too, amid the shadows of the night.

As shadows of night there must have been: for deep and heavy they were closing over the city and the land—were coming down fold after fold, menacing and dark, alike over lordly castle and lowly cabin; in the oaken wainscoted banqueting hall and under the heavy overshadowing eaves of the thatched farm-house—the shadows of trouble and ruin and civil war whereof no man knew the outcome—whereof no one was bold enough to prophesy the result, unless, indeed, old hunchbacked Kauth O'Began, sleeping the uneasy sleep of the late night watches, might.

## CHAPTER XX.

In the same apartment to which the cavalier was introduced on the evening of the thunder-storm, Carrie Mordaunt sat some days after the occurrence. Her hands were indolently moving over some embroidery, but her fingers moved abstractedly over it, and her mind was occupied with other considerations.

It was only the entrance of the page that aroused her from her brown study, and even his entrance suggested thoughts not at all in consonance with the work in hand.

"Have you quite recovered from your fatigue, Ernest?" she asked, a bright smile supplanting her previous seriousness as she put the question.

"Quite, my lady," said the youth, with responsive brightness.

"Your face is pale, Ernest, as if you did not get rid of the weariness completely. It was a long ride, Ernest."

"It was, my lady."

"Ernest, I fear you did your business badly that evening," said the girl with a deep sigh—"otherwise—otherwise Colonel Maurice O'Connor were in England again, and I—and I were there too. Anywhere out of this hapless land."

"It is an unhappy land, my lady," said the youth, with a heavy sigh almost an echo of hers—so almost an echo that Carrie looked quickly up.

"What's amiss with you Ernest? What makes you sad? You blush like a girl when Maurice O'Connor's name is mentioned! Why is this?"

"I think it sad, my lady, to see his life wasted here."

"It seems to me sometimes as if you were jealous of him, Ernest," said she, laughing merrily at the fanciful conceit. "You are blushing all over now, Ernest, like a May moss-rose. You are not falling in love with me, Ernest—are you?"

A faint blush tinted the pallor of her own face as she laughingly asked the question. But the youth merely held down his head a little, and said slowly:

"My lady, I think he should not have come here at all.—Murder and rain stalk through this land, and he is unfitted to take part in it."

"I wish he had not come," said the girl, half musingly; "but then I should not have known him," she added to herself, in subdued soliloquy. "I wish he were away, Ernest, I wish indeed he were.—Till now—Did you not come over in the vessel with him?"

"My lady, yes."

"And landed in Dublin the same night?"

"Yes, my lady."

# A. & T. INGLIS'

FIRST SHOW

OF

## SPRING AND SUMMER NOVELTIES

Will take place on

1st OCTOBER.

Every Steamer and Sailing Vessel now arriving brings us large quantities of New and Fashionable Goods for the coming Season.

We are somewhat at a loss to know how to prevent their being damaged by the workmen during the alterations now in progress, and as it will take a much longer time to complete the contract than was at first anticipated (which means considerable inconvenience)

We have decided to Sell all Goods now landing at CHEAP RATES until further notice.

There are still remaining unsold large quantities of DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, GINGHAMS, and other WASHING FABRICS, SHEETINGS and CALICOES, both white and unbleached, TOWELS, TOWELLING, FLANNELS, and TABLE LINEN, also HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS in Great Variety. The Prices for these Goods will be the same as they were during the Sale.

As opportunities to obtain RELIABLE GOODS at mere Nominal Prices seldom occur at this season, we have every confidence in making the above announcement, feeling sure that the GENUINENESS of our COLOSSAL SALE is a sufficient guarantee that WHATEVER WE DO, WE DO THOROUGHLY, and to the complete satisfaction of our Numerous and increasing Customers.

### OUR LATEST AND MOST UNEXPECTED PURCHASE.

We have purchased this day for Cash, at a large discount off Landed Cost,

### 23 CASES OF NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS

(Just landed ex "Langstone"), valued at Nine Hundred pounds sterling. £900.

These Goods have been STOPPED IN TRANSIT by the Manufacturers' Agent here, and will be marked off and READY FOR SALE

**T O - M O R R O W**

Wednesday, 1st October.

The Shipment consists of CALICOES, SHEETINGS, HOLLANDS, SILCIAS, LOOM DOWLS, PRINTS, GALATEAS, NEW SEASON'S DRESS MATERIALS, MILLINERY, SILKS, SATINS, LADIES' UMBRELLAS, LACE CURTAINS, LINOLEUMS, FLOORCLOTHS, and all kinds of GENERAL DRAPERY.

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SPRING AND SUMMER NOVELTIES!

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Are now prepared with Choice Stocks of SEASONABLE DRAPERY ATTRACTIVE NOVELTIES in all Departments, comprising the latest HOME and CONTINENTAL FASHIONS for the PRESENT SEASON, and trust they will be found of a character that will maintain the reputation B. E. & Co. have so long maintained for keeping HIGH CLASS GOODS at MODERATE PRICES that will bear comparison with any other house in New Zealand.

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Novelties in Ladies' Fashionable Lace Dolmans, Ladies' Fashionable Cloth Jackets, Ladies' Fashionable Figaro Jackets, Ladies' Fashionable Capes, Ladies' Fashionable Dust Cloaks, Garibaldi's, Sunshades in New Shot Effects, very taking handles.

**MILLINERY.**—The fancy for transparent effects is still maintained. The new Floral Hats and Bonnets are very pretty. Children's and Misses' Millinery in endless variety.

The above Goods are all bought from the Makers.

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CUSTOMERS unable to make personal selections will have prompt and careful attention assured to all their orders by post. Goods forwarded to any part of the Colony on receipt of remittance or satisfactory references.

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CLOVERS, ENGLISH GRASSES, RYE-GRASSES, COCKSFOOT, etc., Machine-Dressed TIMOTHY and Sundry Forage Plants.

TURNIPS, SWEDES, MANGOLDS, CARROTS,  
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All New and of the Most Reliable Strains.

Vegetable and Flower Seeds select and true to name. Large supply of Horticultural Requisites.

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PALMERSTON NORTH.

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

A Good Billiard Table. Night Porter specially engaged.

MAURICE CRONIN ... .. PROPRIETOR.

"Could you not have warned him of what a land he was coming to. You knew from Lord Ströfford's people what it was like?"

"My lady, I warned him as much as I—"

"You what—how warned him?" queried the young lady quickly.

"I meant to say I would have warned him if I only knew how, my lady," said the page, blushing again from his cheeks to his temples. "Because, my lady," he continued in great confusion, "I knew what he did not, that a trap had been laid for him to bring him over because he was so brave and skilful and versed in war."

"Oh my!" said the young lady in deep distress, "what a pity! And he has now compromised himself beyond hope. He led the attack on the troops in Wicklow."

"He did, my lady—gallantly, too, they say. And if it had not been that he in some way escaped, got off, my lady, just at the last moment he would have been dangling in the air, like many others, for wild birds to peck at."

"Ernest, Ernest!" cried the girl, with a cold shudder through her, "don't mention these dreadful things."

"It is true, my lady. Your brother, Mr. Raymond, and Sir Charles Coote would have hung him."

"Oh Ernest!" cried the young lady, bursting into tears, "that is the saddest thing of all, that they should have quarrelled, they whom I would wish to see such friends—oh my! oh my!"

"Hush—sh—sh!" whispered the page, as the door of the apartment opened, and Raymond Mordaunt entered.

There was a vast deal of difference between his appearance now and that of the evening when, not so very long ago, Maurice O'Connor became his unexpected guest. Then he had the pale, thoughtful look of one who was more studious than otherwise, whose business lay chiefly in the shade of council chambers and libraries. There was an air of refinement about him which marked the Government official highly connected, and who serving in the administrative work of Ireland as a school wherein he might learn the rudiments of government, was destined one day to hold high office in the greater and Imperial Councils in London.

But now all this was changed. The brow then so pale and high and marked with thought was disfigured with a scarcely yet healed wound which Maurice's blow had left thereon. His face was tanned and browned with the recent excursion to Wicklow; and the dress of the scholar and the recluse had given way to one which, though not entirely military, had sufficient indications thereof to show the bend his thoughts and actions were taking. A tunic, devoid of ornament save the gold epauletts on his shoulders, and a sliken sash that crossed therefrom to his hips and traversed obliquely his breast, and from which a short sword depended, served to show off his tall and erect form. But it was in the light of his eyes and the expression of his face that the change was more visibly wrought. Formerly they wore that calm, unruffled exterior which want of stirring life or much action, and the strain of constant thinking, give; now there was a look of bold resolve and strong determination, of firm and set purpose, with perhaps to keen eyes a touch of unrelenting and implacable cruelty, that showed how far he was likely to second the efforts of his superior in command.

His sister, as she rose to receive him, did not fail to perceive this with something of a sigh—did not fail to notice either the dark frown that gathered on his face, an expression of the deepest malignity, as happening to glance at the mirror over the chimney-piece, his eye rested on the disfiguring mark on his forehead—and a choking feeling came into her breast as she did so.

"I am leaving to-night, Carrie," he said abruptly.

"Leaving, Raymond! Where for?"

"Tredagh, otherwise Drogheda. Sir Henry T. Chiborn is hard pressed there. These scoundrels—O'Neil and others—have him hemmed in, and there is urgent need for reinforcements. I am taking fifteen hundred infantry and a troop of horse. The Lord's Justices have given me the command, and I have accepted it. We march this evening."

"I am sorry you are leaving, Raymond," she said sincerely.

"Why, Carrie? Why sorry?"

"I shall feel so lonely. And oh! Raymond, I wish you would not go. There is such danger for you."

"Danger! Why, you foolish pet, there is no more danger than elsewhere. There are dangers around me even here. Besides, I should be but a weak holder of the name I bear, if I were to shrink from danger, Carrie."

"But you need not court it, Raymond. It is quite enough to confront it when it comes, without seeking it needlessly," she said, with a heavy sigh.

"You say that, of all others, Carrie! It is the duty of every Englishman to strike down this foul rebellion; to meet it everywhere it shows its head and crush the vile monster down. It does not run in our veins—at least it ought not—to draw back when the power of England is menaced."

(To be Continued.)

Jacques, the fasting man, has lived on two ounces of powder during forty-two days.

Mr. Moody, recently speaking at the students' conference of Northfield, Mass., denounced in scathing language those Protestants who have no charity for Catholics or Jews. This might be well if the account did not go on to say that "he gave the speakers and students to understand that thereafter in praying for and speaking of China, Japan, and Oriental lands the word 'heathen' must not be used. According to Mr. Moody, America has far more sins to answer for than have China and India." He would thus seem to place all beliefs upon the same footing and utterly submerge all Christian principles. We would have more hope for a sincerely Protestant anti-Catholic bigot. Mr. Moody's charity does not spring from Christian feeling, but from sentimental pathos.—*New York Freeman's Journal.*

## O'REILLY'S ESCAPE.

AS HE TOLD IT HIMSELF IN 1879.

FOR several months previous to the date of my escape, I had been resolved on and in preparation for an attempt. No one knew my mind. I had foreseen so many fail that I concluded it was best to make the effort alone. Fortunately I was dissuaded from this purpose. One day I was visited at the camp of the convict road party by the Rev. Patrick McCabe, a Catholic priest, whose "parish" extended over hundreds of miles of bush, and whose only parishioners were convicts and ticket-of-leave men. I have no words to describe this exemplary man. His grand physical nature was joined to a spirit of the noblest heroism in his holy calling. He was always a priest, and a waywardly kind man. His influence on the convicts was most beneficent and beautiful. A scholar and a gentleman of the rarest accomplishments, he had at that time given fifteen years of his life to the convicts. He was almost always in the saddle, riding alone from camp to camp, sleeping in his blanket under the trees at night. To men of all creeds he was welcome. They saw in him the ideal disciple of Christ, who laboured only for his Master. He was the best influence, indeed, in my time, he was the only good influence on the convicts in the whole district of Bunbury. I was fortunate enough during my stay in the Penal Colony to have this remarkable man as my kind friend. He has now left the Penal Colony, and cannot suffer from this narrative.

One day he rode to my hut, and we walked together into the bush. I had then made all my plans for escape, and I freely told him my intention. "It is an excellent way to commit suicide," he said; and he would not speak of it any more. As he was leaving me, however, he leant from the saddle and said: "Don't think of that again. Let me think out a plan for you. You'll hear from me before long."

He went away, and I waited weeks and months and never heard a word. Had it been another man I should have doubted his memory. But he, I was assured, knew too much of human nature not to know that neglect of such a promise would be torture to a man in my position. Still, it was hard to think, hard to sleep for those months; and my trust in him kept me from working on my own plan, that had formerly made me happy.

I was not compelled to work with the criminal gang on the roads, but had charge of their stores, and carried the warden's weekly report to the Bunbury depot. On my way with this report one day, I came to a plain known as "the Race Course." As I crossed it, I heard a "coo-ee," or bush cry, and saw a man coming towards me. He was a big, handsome fellow, with an axe on his shoulder. He came to me with a smile. "My name is Maguire," he said, "I'm a friend of Father Mac's, and he's been speaking about you." I said as little as possible, not knowing the man. Seeing my hesitation, he drew out a card from his wallet, on which Father McCabe had written a few words to me. Then I trusted him. He told me he was clearing the race course, and would be at work there for a month. The American whalers, he said, would touch at Bunbury for water in February (it was then December); and he was going to make all arrangements with one of the captains for my escape.

I could hardly rest or sleep for the next week, till I saw Maguire again. I feared he would not run the terrible risk of helping me; that he would hesitate when the time came. I saw him the following week, and received great encouragement from his direct and confident manner. "You'll be a free man in February," he said, "as sure as my name is Maguire."

December and January passed, and the news was brought to our camp by a passing woodcutter that the American whalers, three barks, had come into Bunbury. For two or three days I suffered an agony of suspense. I resolved at last to try my own plan in case my friends disappointed me. I had learned to live in the bush by climbing for and trapping wild animals, eating the top-piths of young palms and getting water from the paper-bark trees. If I could only reach the coast, I could get to sea, even on a raft, and intercept the whalers as they sailed from Bunbury.

I carried the weekly report of the depot as usual, and on my return found Maguire at the race-course waiting for me. "Are you ready?" he said. One of the whalers, the bark Vigilant of New Bedford, was to sail in four days, and Captain Baker had agreed to take me on board, if he saw me at sea outside Australian waters, and he had even promised to cruise two or three days and watch for my coming out.

Maguire had everything arranged. On the night of the 18th I was to get out of my hut at 8 o'clock, and strike into the bush on a line of his selection, where the native trackers would be at fault. I had previously secured a pair of freeman's shoes, as the trackers could easily discern the mark of a convict's boot. Having left the camp, I was to hold a straight course through the bush till I came to an old convict station on the Vasse road, where I was to lie till I heard someone on the road whistle the first bars of "Patrick's Day." This was repeated again and again, till we were sure we had every point agreed. Then we separated.

On the evening of the 18th of February I wrote a letter to my father, saying that I would attempt to escape that night, and that I should aim for the United States in case I got clear of the Penal Colony. (This letter was published, I have since found, in the Dublin papers, two months after my escape, and while I was at sea.) At seven o'clock that evening the warden of the convict party visited the criminals' hut and found that all were present. He saw me sitting in my hut as he passed on his return. One of the convicts soon after came to my hut to borrow tobacco, and stayed a long time, making me very nervous. He went away before eight, however, and as soon as he was gone I changed my boots, put out the light, and struck into the bush. The forest was dark, but the stars were clear. I had not gone two hundred yards when I saw a man close to me, evidently following me. I waited till he came up. It was a mahogany sawyer, named Kelly, whose pit was close to my hut. He was a good fellow—though he had been transported for life. "Are you

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A rare good bill of fare,  
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Goods of every description in stock.

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This new and commodious Hotel occupies  
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The Rooms being lofty, well-ventilated, and  
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Those visiting Christchurch will find it to  
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off?" he said in a whisper. "I knew you meant it. I saw you talking to Maguire a month ago, and I knew it all." I was dumb with astonishment and alarm. If this man had wished he could have put the police on the alert, or he could do it next day. He held out his hand, and there was a quiver in his husky voice. "God speed you," he said, giving me a grip like a vice; "I'll put them on the wrong scent to-morrow if I can." I shook the manly hand in silence, and kept on my way.

About eleven o'clock I came to the old convict station, and lay down behind a great gum tree at the roadside. In half an hour or so two men rode up, but they passed on; they were farmers probably, or may be a patrol of mounted police. Shortly after, I heard horses coming at a sharp trot. They halted near me, and I heard "Patrick's Day" whistled clear and low. In an instant I was with them—Maguire and another friend, M—. They led a spare horse. I mounted at once, and, without a word, we struck into the bush at a gallop. For hours we rode on in silence. At last Maguire, who led, pulled up, dismounted and whistled. Another whistle was heard, and in a few minutes we were joined by three men, two of them cousins of Maguire's. The third took the horses and went off after shaking hands with me. We then formed in Indian file to prevent the discovery of the number, each one covering the others tracks, and walked on for about another hour, till we came to a dry swamp, near the sea.

Here M—remained with me while the others went forward. M— told me that we were close to Bunbury, and that the others were gone for the boat. After half an hour's anxious waiting we saw a light, as if a match were struck, at half a mile distance. This was repeated three times, and then we went forward. We found Maguire waiting for us on a little bridge across the road. They had the boat ready, and he led the way. We had to walk through mud up to the knees to reach the water. In half a minute Maguire and I were in the boat. M— remained on the shore. "Come on," whispered Maguire. "No," answered poor M—, with a trembling voice; "I promised my wife I would not go in the boat." "All right," sneered out one of the Maguires; "go home to your wife."

As we pulled silently out to sea we could discern M— standing on the beach. It was not cowardice. He was a brave man as he proved afterwards, and I hope the time may come when I shall be free to mention his name.

We were four men in the boat, and we pulled cautiously till we had got out of hearing. Then we bent to the oars with full strength. There were few words said. When the sun rose we were well out, and could just see the tops of the high sand-hills. We were crossing Geographie Bay, on a straight line of about forty miles in length. We were to lie in wait for the Vigilant on the farther shore, and cut her off as she passed the northern head of the bay. We pulled strongly till the forenoon was closing. We had neither food nor water; I don't know whether the arrangements for a supply had failed, or had been wholly forgotten. But I had eaten nothing from noon of the previous day, and I began to suffer terribly from thirst. It was almost noon when we ran the boat through the surf and beached her. In doing so our clothes were drenched with sea-water, and I felt instant relief from thirst. I tried this afterwards with good effect, except that it made the skin sore.

When the boat was secured, we began a search for water—no one thought of food. We wandered for hours through the dried swamps, and tested hundreds of paper-bark trees; but there was none to be had. The physical pain in my chest became alarming. It burned as if a blister were applied internally over the whole inner surface of the breast. At last, toward night, we found a cattle-track, which led to a shallow and muddy pool, into which we plunged our faces, but could not drink, the water being too foul.

One of the men then said we were only a few miles from the log-house of a man named Johnson, who was the hired keeper of an immense stock of buffalo-cows. He was an Englishman. They all knew him, and spoke well of him. He lived on this lonely stretch of coast, with no neighbour nearer than forty miles. As we had to wait till morning, perhaps till the next evening, before the whaler would put to sea, they decided to go to Johnson's and get some food, leaving me behind in the bush, but promising to bring me food and water as soon as one of them could get away unobserved.

I watched them wind in and out among the sand-hills till at last they disappeared. Then I lay down on the sand, in shade, and tried to sleep. But the dreadful blistering pain in my chest became unendurable while I lay, so I rose and walked about. Hours passed, and still they did not return. That time of suffering I look upon as the worst of my life. At last, I remembered that the natives lived on freshly-killed meat when they could get no water. I soon found a tree with possum marks, which I climbed, and pulled out a large possum I found then, and afterwards, that this was indeed the very best substitute for water.

When night had fallen, Maguire returned with food and a bottle of water. He stayed with me a short time, and then went back to the house to avoid suspicion. I broke the young branches of the peppermint tree to keep away ants, snakes, and centipedes, and made a bed on the sand. Before long I fell asleep, and did not wake till the boys called me in the morning, and soon after we started for the boat.

We got to the beach at about nine o'clock, and one of the men with a strong glass, which Maguire had brought, was sent to a high hill to look out for the sailing of the Vigilant. At about one o'clock he came down at a run, and reported the vessel under full sail, steering north.

We ran the boat through the surf, and pulled out with light hearts. We were quite sure we could cut off the bark before she reached the headland. In a couple of hours we saw her; she was steering straight toward us, so we stopped pulling, and waited for her. But we were bound to be woefully disappointed. When she was within two miles of our boat, she fell off several points, as if to avoid us. Every one stared in amazement. Maguire kept saying that Captain Baker had given his word as a man, and he could not believe that he would break it.

One of the men stood up in the boat, and gave a loud hail, that must have been heard on board. No answer. Again he hailed, and we all joined in the shout. No answer. It only seemed that the Vigilant turned a point farther from us. At last she came abreast of our boat. She was then about three miles distant. Maguire hoisted a white shirt on the end of an oar, and we shouted again. But the Vigilant passed on, and left our boat to its fate.

When the bitter reality came home to us, as the bark sank lower in the distance, our boat's head was turned to the shore, and we pulled slowly. The question was in every mind—what is to be done now?

Maguire proposed that they beach the boat, and go on to Johnson's, leaving me in the bush as before. They would have to trust him with the secret, and tell him where I was, while they rode home to await the sailing of the other whaleships. This was agreed to by all, as the best thing to be done under the circumstances.

It was evening when we reached the shore. My three friends, after seeing me "at home," in a secluded sand valley, shook hands with me, speaking words of encouragement. In a week, at most, they promised that some one would come from Bunbury and tell me when the whalers would sail. They also said they would tell old Johnson, and ask him to give me some food and water.

It was lonesome when they were gone; but there was nothing to be done. I had a little water in a jar, but I preferred the juicy food that had served me so well the previous day.

I was startled that night, almost at midnight, by a man's voice, hallooing. I feared to answer, though I thought it might be Johnson searching for me. Presently I heard my name called, and I answered. It was Johnson, a kind old fellow, and he brought me some food. He told me that Maguire and his boys had started home on horses borrowed from him; that I must lie very quiet all day, for the police troops often visited the place, especially when convicts had absconded. He stayed with me several hours, evidently glad of an opportunity of talking. He had lived since his youth in New Zealand and Australia and said he had been in the service of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, when he was, I think, Governor of New Zealand. When he left me he again spoke of the police, and renewed his warning. He said he would come to see me as soon as he thought it was safe. I told him not to be uneasy as I could get food, and could do without water. I do not know how the next day passed, and the next. But I was in no suffering except suspense. I killed my own food, and relished it, preferring it to that brought me by Johnson, but I did not tell him so. On the second day, Johnson's boy, a rough lad of twelve or thirteen, came instead of his father.

I had been thinking of the promise Captain Baker had made, not only to pick me up but to cruise for me. Perhaps, after all he had not seen the boat; and if I could go to sea again I should find him cruising along the coast, and looking out for me. But the boat in which we had come was too heavy for one man to set afloat or pull when afloat. I asked Johnson's boy had his father a boat, and he said there was an old dory at the horse range further up the coast, buried in the sand. When the boy left me I went along the beach for six or seven miles, and at length found the boat. She was badly warped with heat and drought, but I rolled her into the sea with care, and left her there, tied by a rope of paper bark to a stake driven into the sand.

Next morning, having made her water tight with paper bark, I went to sea in this craft, towing over the stern sufficient food to last me some days. She was light and easily pulled. Before night I had passed the headland and was on the Indian Ocean. I knew there was a current running northward. Next morning I gave up pulling, and sat down to watch and wait. It was very hot; the sun flamed above, and the reflection from the water was scorching. The meat towing in the sea was becoming putrid, and during the night some of the possums and kangaroo rats had been taken by sharks. That day, toward noon, I saw a sail—it was the Vigilant—there was no other vessel there. She drew near to me—so near that I heard voices on deck. I saw the men aloft on the lookout. But they did not see me—or at least Captain Barker says so. She sailed away again, and was out of sight before night. (Heretofore, I have simply said that I went out to sea, saw the Gazelle in this way, and was picked up.)

The dew at night and the cool air refreshed me, and I resolved to pull back to shore, and wait for Maguire's return. I pulled all night, off and on, and in the morning saw the sand hills at the headland of Geographie Bay. By noon I was ashore, and then began a most weary walk back to Johnson's, where I arrived that night.

After that I left the sand valley no more. I wanted to sleep all the time, and there was no one to disturb me. In five days more I was thoroughly awakened, however, by the cheery voice of my friend Maguire, and with him came M—, who said he was resolved to see me through this time. Maguire brought me a brief letter from Father McCabe, asking me to remember him. The whalers were to sail next day, and Captain Gifford, of the Gazelle, of New Bedford, had agreed to take me off. To make it sure, Father McCabe had paid him ten pounds (fifty dollars) to take me as far as Java.

But there was one drawback. A criminal convict, one of the worst characters in the Colony, a ticket-of-leave man, named Martin Bowman, or Beaumont, had discovered the means of my escape, and had gone to Maguire and threatened to put the police on the track unless he was taken off too. Maguire could not dissent; so here was the scoundrel, coolly looking at us, and saying nothing.

That night we slept little, some one always keeping an eye on Bowman. We were up at daybreak, and soon after we were afloat. Old Johnson and his boy stood on the beach and saw us push off.

We pulled straight out towards the headland, as Captain Gifford had instructed. By noon we saw the two whaleships coming along with a fine breeze. Towards evening we heard a hail, and some one on board shouted my name, and cried out, "Come on board!" We were all overjoyed. We pulled alongside and I was helped out of the boat by the strong arms of Henry Hathaway, the third mate. Captain Gifford made me welcome, and gave me a place in his cabin

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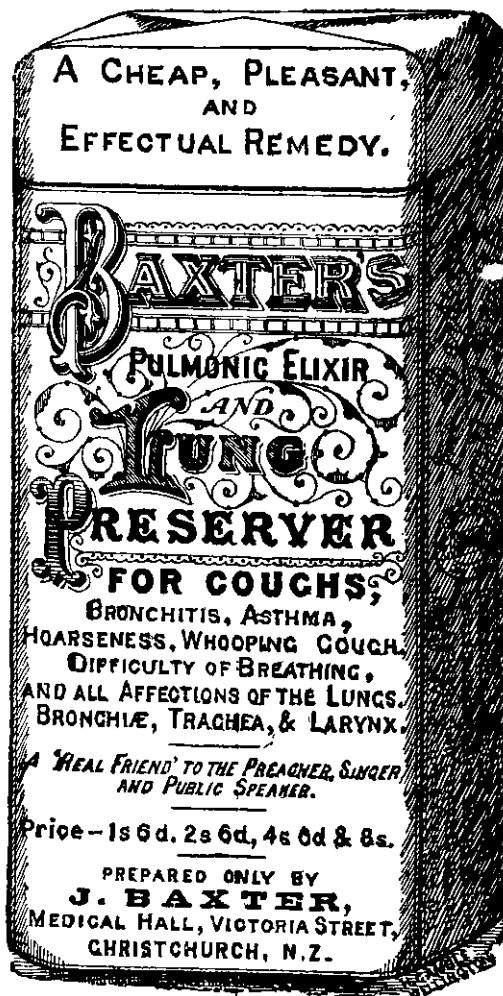
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Further, that the Wrapper of each packet of LUNG PRESERVER

bears the proprietor's Trade Mark and Autograph along with the late proprietor's signature, thus—

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The Best Brands of Spirits, Wines, and Ales kept.

Good Stabling provided Free of Charge

Martin Bowman, the escaped criminal, was sent forward among the crew.

As the boat pushed off from the ship Maguire stood up and cried out, "God bless you; don't forget us—and don't mention our names till you know it all over." And brave M—also shouted his parting wish, which I answered with tears of gratitude. I shall probably never see those gallant friends again, but I hear from them regularly, and I know that they are well and happy.

Six months afterwards, when the Gazelle touched at Roderique, an English island in the Indian Ocean, the Governor came ashore, searching for "an escaped convict from Australia—a black-haired man." I was standing with Mr. Hussey, the mate, when the Governor of the Island made the demand. Mr. Hussey said that no such person was on board. The Governor answered that he had information that a man had escaped on the Gazelle. Mr. Hussey feared that they might seize the ship, so he said that a man of that description, who had come on board off the coast of Australia might be the person. He called Bowman, whom every one on board detested, and he was put in irons and taken ashore. We knew that he would tell the whole story (the wonder was that he did not do it then; but he wished to make terms for his own release.) That night the officers of the Gazelle threw the grindstone, with my hat, overboard, while I lay hid in the Captain's cabin. A cry of "Man Overboard!" was raised, a boat lowered and the hat picked up. There were on board some English ex-convicts, who had shipped in Australia, and these only waited for a chance to get me re-taken. But one of them, utterly deceived by the officers' strategy, declared that he saw me sink where the hat was picked up. When the Governor of the Island came on board next day to demand his prisoner the flag was at half-mast, and the officers sorrowfully told him that the man he probably wanted had jumped overboard in the night and was drowned. His policemen went among the crew and learned the same news, being particularly impressed with the Englishmen's story. Two days later the Gazelle sailed from Roderique, and I came on deck, much to the amazement of the crew.

A month later we saw an American ship, the Sapphire of Boston (Captain Seiders of Bath, Me.), off the Cape of Good Hope. We signalled her, and learned that she was going to Liverpool. Captain Gifford offered to put me on board, and gave me the papers of a deserter from his ship named John Soule. I thought it was the best chance, so Mr. Hathaway, the third mate, picked a reliable boat's crew, and we boarded the Sapphire. When we saw the kind of man the Captain was, Captain Gifford told him the whole story; and Captain Seiders at once gave me a state room in the cabin, and treated me as a passenger with all kindness. He had on board an English gentleman named Bailey, coming from India, and to him, too the facts were given. He was a true man; when we reached Liverpool he stayed with me till he saw me safely embarked for America. My name on the Sapphire was "Mr. Soule," and the crew understood that I had been wrecked near the Mauritius. I forgot to say that when we parted from Captain Gifford he handed me thirteen sovereigns, all the money he had, saying "If you get to the States you'll pay me back."

When we reached Liverpool, through the constant kindness of Mr. John Bursley, the mate of the Sapphire, I was provided with a secure hiding-place till he obtained a passage for me on the Bombay, a ship of Bath, Me., bound for Philadelphia. The Captain who is now my dear friend, Frank Jordan, of Brunswick, made me feel at once that the deck of an American ship was free soil for a political refugee. We landed in Philadelphia on the 23rd of November, 1869.

Whoever reads this narrative will say that I have profound reason for gratitude. These experiences prove how much solid kindness and unselfishness there are in the world. I am happy to say that the men who helped me on my way to freedom are my dear friends still; and no act of mine, I trust, will ever cause them to lose the friendship which began under such remarkable circumstances.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## ENTERTAINMENT AT INVERCARGILL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

HANAN'S HALL was fairly filled on Friday evening, when the Mohawk Minstrels gave another of their enjoyable entertainments, as usual, scoring a brilliant success.

The programme was of the usual minstrel order, opening with the overture "A Singing Ring," which was received with enthusiasm. The ballad, "I'll take you home again, Kathleen," was rendered in a masterly manner by Mr. H. E. Anthony, as was also "Barney, take me home again," by the same gentleman. Mr. F. Butler's comic song, "A Little Peach in the Orchard grew," was a great success. Mr. McKeown, who possesses a good voice, received quite an ovation for his rendering of the popular song, "The Ship that carries me Home." "Sally Snow," a lively comic song, was entrusted to Mr. R. Wills, and, needless to say, was as successful a number as any on the programme.

In the second part of the entertainment this gentleman gave "Susan's Soldier," meriting a hearty round of applause from a well-pleased audience. Mr. McGra, the popular tenor of the troupe, has been heard to greater advantage. He was evidently suffering from the effects of a severe cold. Still, he sang "Bring back my love to me" in a style which evoked loud applause. Mr. W. Cavanaugh an old stager and always able to please gave "We're all humbugs" in his usual comical style. Mr. Pasco was in rare voice, and sang "Merrily blow the breezes" and the "Blind Mother" with great taste. This gentleman promises to be one of the most successful singers in Invercargill. Mr. Watty Smith, the ever lively comic, brought down the house with "Polly Pie Crus," and also scored a marked success in "Mother told me so." Master Eddie Reid sang "A sweet dear one," in a creditable manner, and Mr. Butler was loudly applauded for his dance on skates. The sketch "Reading under

difficulties, with Mr. D. Bradley as Beachback and Mr. W. Smith as Dick Smallfoot," and the farce, "Blinks and Jinks," in which Messrs Bradley, Smith, McKeown and Wills took the principal parts, created roars of laughter, sending the audience home in the best of humours and bringing to a close a most successful entertainment.

A word of praise is due to the members of the orchestra, viz., Mr. Nichol and Master Ferguson, violins; Mr. Walker, flute; Mr. A. F. Lithgow, cornet; Mr. A. Ferguson, bass; and Miss Kirwin, piano, for the really enjoyable music rendered during the evening, also to Mr. T. J. Anthony, conductor, whose pupils most of the Mohawks are, and to Mr. D. Bradley, who made an excellent interlocutor.

## PEOPLE BOUND TO THE STAKE.

THE great majority of people have to work for a living with hands or head or both. Very well. To make our living we *must* be able to labour so many hours in a day, days in a week, weeks in a year.—Very good again. But suppose we each had an enemy who possessed the power to tie us up with a rope when he pleased. To-day he ties only the left arm, to-morrow the right, the next day a leg, and so on. Once in a while he ties us to our beds and keeps us there a week. How much would he cost us in hard cash in a year? and how much would it be worth to us if we could chain him to a rock or hang him with his own rope? Let us have a rough illustration or two.

A man was working on the Midland Railway as a signal-man.—We all know what the position is, and have some idea of the labour and responsibility. Well, he kept at it for several years, never missing a day. He knew his business, nobody better, and nothing went wrong on his section of the line; but by-and-bye his enemy began to tie him up. Somehow he couldn't eat with a relish any more; when he tried he was taken with such a distress it took all the life out of him. Then he would have times when he was so giddy that everything went round and round like a whirligig. If this had happened when he had a signal to set, a collision might have come of it: happily it did not. Other ropes were tied around him: he had pains in the chest and sides, his bowels became costive, tongue coated, bad taste in his mouth, heartburn, weakness, etc. The doctors said he would have to give up his situation; but he couldn't. There were the wife and children to be looked out for, and only his earnings to do it with. But finally he broke down altogether, and was laid up for weeks, unconscious part of the time. Then, we may say, he was tied hand and foot. His enemy had him fast, and came nigh killing him. One day, after the doctors had given him up, his mind was clear, and he remembered a medicine—half the bottle full—he had hidden away in a locker in the signal box and forgotten all about it. He sent for it and took a dose. In less than a month he was a well man; the ropes were all cut away. If you write to him (Andrew Agge, Culgaith, Cumberland) he will tell you this medicine was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and his ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia. But, whilst he was ill with it, he might as well—yes, better—have been tied to a stake.

There are lots of cases of this sort all over England—all over the world. A few of them we hear of; millions of them we never hear of. Sometimes it is heart disease; sometimes rheumatism; sometimes consumption; sometimes general debility; sometimes kidney and bladder complaint; sometimes nervous prostration; sometimes liver disorder. That is, the doctors call it by all these hard names, but at bottom it is indigestion and dyspepsia, and all these other so-called diseases are just tokens and symptoms of that—neither more nor less. If a man never had any trouble with his stomach, he might live for ever, for aught we can tell. Yet how, in mercy's name can a man or woman work with death and corruption inside of the body—with the stomach full of decaying food, sending poison through the blood to every joint, muscle, and nerve? This is what dyspepsia does. Indigestion is a slow but sure poison, just as taking so many grains of arsenic every day would be.

Here is another case, that of a railway fireman, who writes from Hurlford. He says: "I have been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia for three years; I tried several doctors, but got worse all the time. At last I went to a chemist and he promised to cure me in a week or two. He sold me three very expensive bottles of medicine, and all the effect I felt from it was the loss of my money. Then I got hold of a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and was better almost at once. How sorry I am I didn't use it years ago!" We can give this man's name if you care to have it. He didn't want it printed, but he was as good as tied up for a long while. Illness is a strong rope.

Here is one more illustration. Mr. R. B. Hopton, of Long Weston, says: "I am sixty-eight years old. Mother Seigel's Syrup has not quite made me a young man again, but it has cured me of asthma, nervous prostration, and a throat ailment arising from impure blood. I was too ill to labour, yet can now do my work, thanks to that great remedy. You may publish the fact. The whole complication came first from indigestion."

And this is the way people are bound until Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup sets them free.

John Boyle O'Reilly, whom America honoured among its foremost poets, patriots, and public citizens, of whom Ireland was proud as one of her greatest sons, had another distinction in the official records of the great British Empire. There he is known as "Number 9843," who owes her Majesty's Government an unpaid debt of twenty years' penal servitude. Sir Stafford Northcote, in the House of Commons, officially alluded to him as "the man O'Reilly," whom the Government deemed it unwise to pardon. Let it be understood here that "Number 9843" never asked for a pardon. He never repented of his devotion to country, mis-called treason to England. He could not go home to the land of his birth and love. He has gone home to the realm to which he was never disloyal, the Kingdom of God.—*Pilot*.

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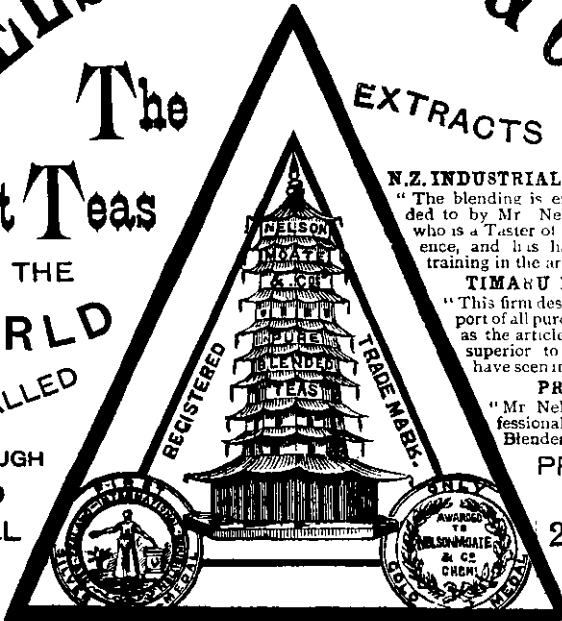


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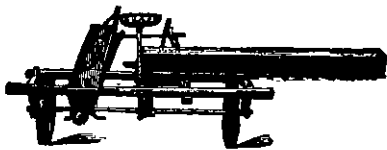
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