

CONCERT IN DUNEDIN.

A VERY enjoyable concert was given in the Choral Hall on Wednesday evening by Mr Arthur Clampett. Mr Clampett was assisted by Miss Lily Cameron, Herr Winckelmann, and Messrs Schacht, Beunert, and Arthur Hunter. The programme opened with a beautiful trio from Haydn's "The Gipsy," performed by the well-known instrumentalists whom we have named, and which was played with a refined brilliancy that was very charming. An Andante by Reissiger, given in a similar manner, was also most effectively performed. Another instrumental performance was Vieuxtemp's "Fantaisie Caprice," of which Mr Schacht gave an extremely clever interpretation on the violin, being well sustained by Miss Lily Cameron's piano accompaniment, which indeed might rather be reckoned as bestowing on the *moroccos* the character of a duet. Herr Winckelmann played as a 'cello solo a gavotte by Popper, and a selection from Offenbach, acquitting himself in a style well deserving of the high reputation as an artist he enjoys in this city. The chief burden of the evening, however, fell upon Mr Clampett, who sang again and again and always with complete success. "The Village Blacksmith," "The Heart Bowed Down," "The Death of Nelson," "The Warrior Bold," "The Song that reached my Heart," and "Will o' the Wisp," a goodly number all told, were given, either in accordance with the programme, or in response to enthusiastic encores. Mr Clampett is owner of a very clear, full, and mellow baritone voice, of remarkable sweetness, especially in the upper notes, and sings with culture and excellent expression. There is no concert platform in the colonies, in fact, where he is not qualified to hold his own. Mr Arthur Hunter sang in a very pleasing manner "Thou art passing hence" and "A Tar of the Queen's," and Mr Beunert gave with good effect "The Bell Call" and "The Mountebark." Miss Lily Cameron admirably filled the important place of accompanist throughout the evening, and contributed largely to the success of the concert.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

(From the poems of JOHN BOYLE O'BRIEN.)

I AM tired of planning and toiling  
 In the crowded hives of men;  
 Heart weary of building and spoiling,  
 And spoiling and building again.  
 And I long for the dear old river,  
 Where I dreamed my youth away;  
 For a dreamer lives for ever  
 And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming  
 Of a life that is half a lie;  
 Of the faces lined with scheming  
 In the throng that hurries by.  
 From the sleepless thought's endeavour,  
 I would go where the children play;  
 For a dreamer lives for ever,  
 And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride but pity  
 For the burdens the rich endure;  
 There is nothing sweet in the city  
 But the patient lives of the poor.  
 Oh the little hands too skilful,  
 And the child-mind choked with weeds;  
 The daughter's heart grown wilful,  
 And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,  
 From trophies of mart and stage,  
 I would fly to the wood's low rustle  
 And the meadow's kindly page.  
 Let me dream as of old by the river,  
 And be loved for the dream away;  
 For a dreamer lives for ever,  
 And a toiler dies in a day.

There are nearly 300 Catholic Arabians in St. Louis, Mo. The Rev. Mr Carter was very safe in declaring that the use of ether did not prevail most among Catholics. On the contrary, the Counties where it is most exclusively used are noted as the most Protestant and Orange in Ireland. In Catholic regions the vile and dangerous stuff is unknown, and long may it so continue. We do not say this with any spirit of boasting. It is sad enough to see Protestant Irishmen give over to a terrible vice. But this ether drinking with the effects attributed to it by the Rev. Mr Carter serves to explain the virulence of the Orangemen. It has long prevailed among them, and to it are doubtless due many of the savage outrages they have been excited to perpetrate upon Catholics. When the wine's in, the wit's out. Ether not only dethrones reason, but also introduces several devils.—*New York Freeman.*

"THEY DROPPED OFF—POISONED BY MY BLOOD."

THESE is more or less of an impression upon the minds of some people that statements as to the merits and effects of popular medicines, should be received with a degree of allowance. That is to say, people are apt to think the proprietors of these articles often enlarge upon and exaggerate the real facts in order to create a demand for what they have to sell. We are inclined to believe this is seldom the case, as the intelligent persons who own these medicines are aware that any sort of over-statement tends to injure their sales rather than to increase them. The public are sure to form a correct judgment as to the value of an advertised article, and any false claims for it are certain to be recognized and denounced. Honesty is the best policy in this as in all other cases.

Therefore the reader need not hesitate to accept as true any announcements of which the following is an example:—

[COPY.]

"I, Thirza Daniels, of Wrafton, nr. Barnstaple, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

"I was always a strong, healthy woman up to the early part of 1879, when I began to be troubled with my liver and stomach. In July of that year I took a chill from sitting on some wet grass, and this brought on sciatica and rheumatism. I had dreadful pain in my hips and legs; it was like knives cutting through me. My appetite left me, and what little I did eat gave me great pain in the stomach and chest. I had a bad taste in the mouth and pains in the sides and between the shoulders. Finally I got so weak I had to bring home my eldest daughter from service to look after the house and my four children. For several months I went on in this way. At first I doctored myself, rubbing my joints with a rubbing bottle and poulticing. Then I sent for the doctor, and he said my blood was poisoned. He blistered me and gave me medicine. I was under his care for five months, but I got weaker all the time and went thin as a skeleton. The pain whilst in bed was very severe, I could scarcely bear it, and I turned and turned, but could not find an easy place. Sometimes I was lifted to the floor, and lay there to see if any ease could be got. I became so bad I sent for a doctor from Braunton, but, as I got no better, my husband got a recommendation from the late Colonel Harding, of Upcott, and I attended at the dispensary at Barnstaple four months, and then went as an indoor patient in the Barnstaple infirmary, and was treated by two doctors. They agreed it was blood poisoning, and talked of performing an operation on my thigh, but concluded not to do it, saying I was too weak. They blistered me again, and no relief from this, they applied leeches, but as fast as the leeches were put on they dropped off, poisoned by my blood. I was so low-spirited in the hospital that I felt if I did not get home I should die, so they made arrangements to take me away. When I got into the open air my senses left me, and they thought I was dying. After reaching home I was in great agony, and sent my husband for our doctor. He said he would come, but it was of no use, as he could do no more than he had done. I lay for weeks and was so bad that when people spoke to me I had not the strength to reply. At this time my nephew, Robert Daniels, of Pontypridd, sent us word to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, as it had worked wonderful cures in the district where he lived. So my husband went to Mr. Farley's, the grocer, High street Barnstaple, and bought a bottle. Before I had taken all of that bottle I could eat, and my food seemed to do me good. By degrees I got stronger and stronger, and after taking fourteen bottles I was strong and healthy. My flesh came on, and all pain left my thigh and legs, and I have never ailed anything to speak of since. I thank God for making Seigel's Syrup known to me. I owe my life to it, and I wish others to know what I say. I consider it the Lord's doing, and I will be glad to answer any inquiries.

"And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, by virtue of provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (5 and 6 William IV., c. 62).

"(Signed)

THIRZA DANIELS.

"Declared before me, at the Guildhall at Barnstaple, in the County of Devon, by the said Thirza Daniels, on Tuesday, the 21st day of October, 1890.

SEAL.

"(Signed)

RD. ASHTON,

"Deputy Mayor of the Borough of Barnstaple."

The Connemara fund owes its existence to Mr Phillips. He has a cottage in Connemara, and the last time he was there looked into the condition of the people. He was horrified to find them in great distress—without clothing, food or the means of existence. He wrote letters to newspapers, and was well supported by Tories as well as Liberals. About a thousand pounds was collected, and Miss Sturge and Miss Phillips took the distribution of the money, blankets, and clothing in charge.

Among all the wild ideas which have emanated from the fertile brain of man, that of M Aristide Bergés, a French Engineer, is about the wildest (*Iron* says). His invention is to form one of the attractions of the Chicago Exhibition. He proposes the construction of another Eiffel Tower, from which those asking for new sensations are to be dropped in a car. He estimates that at the end of a drop of, say, 1,000ft., the velocity is more than double that of the fastest train. The chief point is to receive the passengers safe and sound at the end of their journey through space. M Bergés gives the car the form of a projectile, which he drops into a sufficiently deep well of water. His car is to be capable of holding fifteen passengers and its interior dimensions are 10 ft. by 13 ft., the floor resting on springs. The lower part consists of a series of cones, in order to prevent the compression of the air in the chamber when the projectile drops into the water. Its total weight is eleven tons, and its displacement thirty-one tons. For a drop of a little over 1,000ft. the depth of the water in the well would be 180ft. The designer of this novel plan proposes to fasten the passengers down in their seats.