

for information that we give to boobies in general. But Mr R. N. Adams will not hold his tongue—apparently cannot hold his tongue. An unkind nature has given him the gift of the gab, as they call it, and as neither art nor nature has given him anything else, the consequences are obvious. Mr R. N. Adams talks, and talks without ceasing, and has not a word to say. As to the twaddle produced by Mr R. N. Adams at Southbridge, it is really too foolish to bear repetition, or even to be alluded to. A brain as soft as blubber and a condition of mind to be studied from its outward manifestations in some particularly dull and uninteresting quarter in a menagerie or zoological gardens alone could account for it. It is beneath contempt and not to be reached by ridicule, and no one capable of penning a line worth reading would be bothered commenting upon it. And yet, as we have said, Mr R. N. Adams, in his official character—that of our enemy—the only character, indeed, he seems to own, is capable of teaching us something. The lesson we derive from him is this—The utter inanity, the complete helplessness, the imbecility beyond that of the idiot that characterises Orangeism in New Zealand. Notwithstanding the address delivered by him, or—appropriately to borrow a term from a lower form of human life—the “talker, talker” made by him, the Loyal Orange Lodge re-elected Mr R. N. Adams, and re-appointed him their B.W.G.M. for the ensuing year. Could we possibly be taught in a more emphatic manner what the anility and effectness of Orangeism in New Zealand must be?

American Notes.

THE misunderstanding with Chili has for some time continued to furnish a prominent topic. That the matter arose from any mismanagement or misconduct of Minister Egan, as some people are anxious to prove, is believed by no one who understands the situation. A feeling against the United States has prevailed in Chili ever since the war with Peru, when the American Government was supposed to interfere with Chilian interests. An outcome of this was the attack on American sailors in the streets of Valparaiso, and by which two of them were killed and several others wounded. This forms at present the particular point on which the dispute turns. The feeling alluded to, however, is said to have been fomented by British intrigues, arising from commercial jealousy and fear of the United States. British interests, nevertheless, would suffer were a war to take place, more especially as the export of nitrate of which a British syndicate, under a certain Colonel North, holds the monopoly, would be hindered. War between Chili and the United States might also lead to a more serious state of things, since any attempt of the British Government to interfere would most probably be followed by an alliance of the States with Russia and France, and how far the results might extend it would be difficult to predict. All that England is thought to desire, therefore, is such a misunderstanding as may form an impediment to the carrying out of Mr Blaine's plan for reciprocity between the Northern Republic and those of the South, so far as Chili is concerned. The accusations brought against Mr Egan arise chiefly from enmity provoked against him by his Irish national antecedents and proclivities.

The victory of Major McKinley for Ohio is looked upon as confirming the policy of protection. A year's experience of the McKinley tariff is claimed as proving its complete success, and figures apparently undeniable are quoted confuting every evil prediction made in connection with it. Instead of raising prices as it was said it must, it is shown, in almost every case, to have had a directly contrary effect. A clause for reciprocity introduced principally through the influence of Mr Blaine is quoted especially as largely promotive of American trade. Thus the vexed question of the prohibition of American pork has been settled with Germany, whose beetroot sugar, in return, is admitted free of duty. All this has made the Protectionists particularly happy.

The centenary of the opening, at Baltimore, by the Sulpician Fathers of St. Mary's Seminary has just been celebrated with great solemnity. The *Boston Pilot* refers to the celebration as follows:—“Among the eminent ecclesiastics whom the Baltimore Sulpicians have given to the American Church from their own ranks, or from the ranks of their students, we may name Ambrose Marechal and Samuel Eccleston, third and fifth Archbishops of Baltimore; Bishops Flaget, David, Dubourg, Dubois, also of our early Church history; Cardinal Gibbons; Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Bishop McMahon, of Hartford, Conn.; the late Bishop Foley, of Chicago, and his brother, the present Bishop of Detroit; Bishop O'Beilly, of Springfield, Mass.; Bishop Curtis, of Wilmington, Del.; Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Bishop O'Sullivan, of Mobile, Ala.; Bishop Chapelle, Coadjutor of Santa Fe.; and Bishop Keane, Rector of the American Catholic University. The first ordination to the priesthood in the United States was that of Father Stephen Badio, the famous Kentucky missionary, at St. Mary's, in 1793; and Prince

Galitzin, after his conversion, prepared himself at St. Mary's for his fruitful apostolate in the Alleghenies. The historian Fredet was among the early professors at St. Mary's. The historian Vuhbertis of the faculty of St. Charles, Ellicott City. St. Mary's Seminary has had six presidents as follows: The founder, the Very Rev. Francis C. Nagot, 1791-1810; the Very Rev. M. J. Tessier, 1810-1829; the Very Rev. Louis B. Deluol, 1829-1849; the Very Rev. Francis L'Homme, 1850-1860; the Very Rev. Joseph P. Dubreul, 1860-1878; the Very Rev. Alphonse Magnien, 1878. Every one of these presidents has been a man of mark, and has rendered distinct and signal services to the Church. The magnificent celebration of their centenary was a befitting acknowledgement of the Church's debt to the Sulpicians, whose seminary has stood for a hundred years in the American portion of Christ's vineyard as a veritable fountain of living water springing up into everlasting life.

Detective O'Mally, the officer who was accused of bribing the jury that acquitted the Italian prisoners, subsequently lynched, at New Orleans, has been discharged from custody, no case being found against him. This throws a more sinister light on the manner in which the unfortunate prisoners were dealt with, as it proves the falsehood of the plea urged to excuse themselves by the murderers. The justice of lynch law, however, hardly requires another illustration.

The Protectionist party is looking forward with hope to the spontaneous and unanimous nomination by the Republicans of Mr Blaine for the Presidency. There is no expectation that Mr Blaine will of his own accord seek election, but it is taken for granted that, if nominated in the manner alluded to, he will not refuse.

In consequence of a display made the other day at Atlanta, Georgia, during a public ceremony, of a Confederate flag, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army has issued an order forbidding the attendance of soldiers at any place where such a display is made. The order is regarded with favour, and even in quarters where the flag in question was formerly hoisted, it can hardly be looked upon as inappropriate.

The *New York Tribune* tells a pathetic tale relating to an old woman who, every day and in all weathers, visits, and for many years past has visited, a certain pier on the East River:—“Her story is an interesting one, showing, as it does, the wonderful strength of a mother's love. She is known by everyone in the neighbourhood of Pier 28 as ‘Mrs O'Brien.’ It is said that she lives with her daughter in Madison street. Years ago Mrs O'Brien's only son, Jimmie fell into the East River from a Williamsburgh ferryboat and was drowned. From that day to this Mrs O'Brien has visited the pier every day. She reaches the pier early in the morning, goes home to her meals, and returns to the pier, making three visits to the pier each day regardless of the weather. Mrs O'Brien never speaks to any of the people at the pier under any circumstances. She simply sits with her hands clasped, totally oblivious of everything around her. The watchman, who has known her for a long time, allows no one to disturb her, and she goes and comes without the slightest molestation. On Sundays she brings her prayer-book with her and spends most of the day reading. Mrs O'Brien is undoubtedly demented. Occasionally her daughter, who is well-to-do and humours her in all her actions, accompanies her to the pier. Sometimes she says:—‘Well, mother, did you see Jimmie to-day?’ The heart-broken mother almost invariably declares that she has seen her son and that he will soon return to his home. Recently when a reporter visited the pier and approached Mrs O'Brien he was warned by the watchman not to speak to her. The respectful manner in which this poor, demented woman is treated by the long-shoremen and others about the pier is striking. These men, naturally rough in their ways, respect this old woman and her belief that her son will come home some day, and they will allow no triflers to interfere with her.”

On the feast of St. Januarius, observed with all the customary solemnity at Naples on September 19, an immense crowd gathered in the cathedral and in the chapel of the treasury containing the reliquary with the blood of that Saint. Amongst those assembled on the occasion were many Germans, and a number of French pilgrims, mostly priests. At 9.47 an officer of artillery and two soldiers ascended to the terrace of the cathedral furnished with a red flag to announce that the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius had taken place, in order that the cannon in the guardship of the port might be fired so as to let the news be known to the city. Three-quarters of an hour after the usual prayers the miracle took place, and a prolonged cry of joy burst from the lips of the vast crowd assembled in the cathedral. It is impossible to describe in adequate terms the enthusiasm which this event produces in the minds of the impressionable Neapolitans. The prayers are so fervent that one would think the people sought to constrain Heaven to grant them the satisfaction of witnessing the miracle. And when it does occur, after a longer or shorter interval, there is a burst of thanksgiving which is exceedingly touching to listen to; tiny birds are let loose from cages and fly through the vast building—a sign of joy and freedom—a brass band plays music of most cheerful character, and the people throng to the altar to see with their own eyes the liquefied blood flowing red in the small phials which contain it.

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