

have to give you this testimony, that your conduct was never other than noble; that whoever might show himself savage, narrow-minded, hateful in his hatred, C. G. Duffy always was humane and dignified and manful; nay, often enough in the midst of those mad tumults, I had to recognise a voice of clear modest wisdom and courageous veracity, admonishing 'repeaters' that their true enemy was not England after all, that repeal from England, except accompanied by *repeal from the devil*, would and could do nothing for them; and this most welcome true voice, almost the only such I could hear in Ireland, was the same C. G. Duffy's. Courage, my friend, all is not yet lost!"

FATHER ANDERSON'S INTERESTING INTERVIEW AT COLOMBO.

A FRIEND has placed at our (*National Press*) disposal a letter written on board R.M.S. Ormuz, of the Orient Line, on November 18, by Very Rev Father Anderson, O.S.A., Limerick, who, it will be remembered, was commissioned at a meeting of the chapter of his order in Dublin a few months ago to proceed to Australia, and collect there on behalf of the fund for building St. Patrick's National Church at Rome. It contains a very interesting account of an interview he had at Colombo with the exiled leader of the Egyptian National Party, whose case is likely to be heard of in the coming session of Parliament. We make the following extracts:—

We arrived at Colombo on Monday, November 2, having taken eleven days from Port Said. One passenger died, and found a watery grave in the Red Sea. On reaching Colombo I visited Arabi Pasha, in company with a friend who was on board—a Mr Fitzpatrick of Clones, Co Monaghan, who was returning to Queensland to see after some property of his in that colony. After a short delay in getting on shore, we got into the Cingalese equivalent for a carriage, and directed the native coachman to drive us as quickly as he could to the residence of the Egyptian chief. The rain came down in torrents the whole way—a distance of three miles. The scenery along the route was simply enchanting. An endless train of carriers, driving buffaloes and bullocks, blocked the entire route. It took us about an hour and a half to get to Arabi's house. This building is of only one storey, but is spacious, with a portico, supported by pillars, the entire length of the house. When we arrived—about 3 p.m.—I took out my card, expecting that I would meet an attendant who would take it to his master. No one appeared except a couple of very small and very brown children, with but little clothing, and no shoes or stockings. No one else putting in an appearance, we made for a small room on the left of the hall of the dwelling, but as we were doing so a loud voice came from a dark room on the right, directing us to be seated on a sofa in the hall. We did as we were bid, and while doing so we observed a huge form seated very low. At first I thought it might be Arabi's servant getting through some work, and that finished he would announce our arrival. When I found the minutes pass without any indication that we were to be attended to, I turned towards the person seated, and then observed that, whoever he was, he was engaged at some religious ceremony. He was wrapped in a white garment, but his shoulders, arms, and feet, as well as his head, were bare. A woman who assisted him in the ceremony poured water now on one arm, then on another, the man the while engaged in constant prayer, and wrapped apparently in deep devotion. After the ablution of the hands and arms, water was poured on the head many times out of a handsome bronze ewer, the liquid falling into a large basin of the same material. Now I began to suspect that I had before me the object of my visit—instead of his servant, as I had at first supposed him to be. All this took a very long time—in fact, I thought that it would never come to an end—and we had none to spare. The ablution of the feet came next, and, this finished, the woman took away the ewer. "Now," I said, "this business is at an end." But I calculated without knowledge. He was only half through. He put on his stockings, a loose jacket and a white scull cap, and now began praying, genuflecting, and prostrations profound. By this time I had no doubt the remarkable-looking man before me was Arabi, and though time pressed I determined to see it out. Prayers and prostrations, however, like everything else, come to an end; and when Arabi's had ended, forth came as fine a looking man as you could wish to see—tall, broad-shouldered, and large limbed, with a commanding presence, and rather a European style of face. He gave us his hand in a very cordial way, and welcomed us to his house in fairly good English. In the conversation that followed, he showed a remarkable acquaintance with the Irish question, and was evidently very appreciative of any sympathy shown him. He felt keenly at the separation from those of his wives and children who are in Egypt. Six of his children are in Ceylon. He has to support a married son who lives near him, and about twenty of his own household and retinue. I believe £600 a year is his allowance from the British. He had hopes of being restored to freedom, but submitted himself in everything to the will of God. There was a photograph hanging on the wall. He directed my attention to it and asked me did I "know

that gentleman." I had to reply in the negative. The picture was very faded. "That," he said, "is my friend Wilfrid Blunt." I replied I had had the pleasure of meeting him once in my native town in Ireland. The information that his friend had suffered imprisonment for Ireland was not new to him. The conversation turning on the state of his own health, Arabi betrayed considerable apprehension on the subject. Five years, he said, was the longest period for which non-natives could hope to preserve their health in Colombo. He was now suffering from rheumatism, and he greatly feared he would get cataract of the eye. His sight was failing him. A servant brought in three glasses filled with sherbert—Arabi explained that Mohammedans were not permitted to drink wine—and in this mixture of water and lemon juice we drank his health. I endeavoured to return his hospitality by producing my box of Irish-French snuff, and to my astonishment he returned the compliment in kind, explaining that his snuff was made by himself—"with these hands." As it was getting dark we were now very hard pressed for time. We stood up to take our leave, again assuring him of our sympathy, and expressing a sincere desire that he might be soon again a free man. He expressed his gratitude, and with his son accompanied us to the portico, and, with many bows and good wishes, we parted. We were both greatly pleased with the distinguished exile. He appeared to be slightly on the shady side of sixty.

We arrived at Adelaide November 16. I am happy to tell you there was a fine Home Rule spirit on board, and the cause had a great champion in a Protestant young lady from the North of Ireland—a Miss Usher. I was proud of her as a countrywoman.

OBITUARY.

ON Thursday, the 11th inst, at her residence, Wicksteed street, Wanganui, there passed peacefully away to her eternal reward one of the oldest and most respected members of St Mary's congregation. The deceased lady, Mrs Lundon, wife of Mr D. Lundon, had been in delicate health for some time, but the illness which carried her away was of little more than a week's duration. All that medical skill combined with the kind attention of relatives and friends, could do to alleviate the sufferings of the patient was done, and her last moments were soled by the holy rites of religion. The Very Rev Father Kirk visited her several times and administered the last sacraments. On Friday morning a Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated by the Very Rev Father Kirk, the members of the choir performing the music. There was a large congregation present, and at the end of the Mass the very rev celebrant, in a few touching words, made allusion to the virtues of the deceased. She had been in life, he said, a true child of Holy Church, and had manifested in a practical manner the teachings she had received in her childhood. Always attentive to her religious duties, always kind and charitable and assiduous in relieving the poor and distressed, she was one whose place in the congregation it would be difficult to fill. The very rev gentleman then exhorted his hearers to remember her in their prayers, and to say a prayer also for the sorrowing ones left behind. He was sure the members of her family felt deeply grateful for the sympathy shown them by all. The solemn absolution was then pronounced and the congregation dispersed.

The remains were taken to Auckland, as that was Mrs Lundon's home, and she expressed a wish to be buried there. Mr Lundon and his son, Mr P. Lundon, accompanied the remains to Auckland, to attend the funeral.

Mrs Lundon's death will be universally mourned. By her affability, by her hospitality, by her kind and unpretentious manner she had become endeared to all who knew her. To the poor of Wanganui she was well known, as she frequently visited them, giving them money and various other articles to relieve their wants. By them she will be in a special manner missed, and all will heartily join in uttering the prayer of holy Church for her.—*Requiescat in pace.*

Mr Lundon has filled the post of collector of customs here for fourteen years, and a few days before his wife's death he had received intimation of his promotion to Auckland. Mr Lundon and his family took an active part during their stay here in all Catholic matters and will consequently be very much missed. A farewell address from the citizens of Wanganui had been drawn up and beautifully illuminated for presentation to Mr Lundon on his departure, but owing to his bereavement it has been decided to forward it to the Mayor of Auckland, with a request to present it on behalf of the people of Wanganui.

His physicians now give M. Gounod no hope of recovery from his impending blindness.

By the death of the ex-Emperor of Brazil, Queen Victoria becomes the senior monarch of the world in point of length of reign. She has now ruled for over fifty-four years, while Dom Pedro, up to his disposition, had occupied the throne for nearly fifty-nine years, but during the first nine years he was a minor, and a Regency governed. The present King of Denmark is the only monarch older than the Queen, he being seventy-three years of age, one year her senior.