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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Tories are out; Lord Salisbury has resigned. AT LONG LAST. On what a dreary drama has the curtain fallen, in the events of the past six years. Still we can afford a little pity, and it would ill become us to cry *eo victis*. Indeed we wish them no evil; we have never wished them such. On the contrary, even for their own sakes, we have desired that they might order differently their counsels and their doings. But the record of coercion is a sad one to look back upon. Its evils are unrelieved by any tempering features; the slight degree of good that accompanied it is spoiled and deserving of little gratitude. The few concessions were forced from fear, rather than granted of good will. The assistance given to the famine-stricken was palpably a matter of display, there was no heart in it. The Land Purchase Act was rendered useless because it imposed no obligation to sell; the proposals for local Government were abortive owing to their absurdity. All we can look back upon is six years of ill-treatment and cruelty—the strengthening of every ill-disposed hand, and the crippling and shackling of every hand that would have given aid. It is hard to believe that some motive reaching farther than the oppression of Ireland—dear as that may be to tyrannous and narrow minds, did not influence Lord Salisbury and his colleagues. Yet we can hardly believe them stupid enough to suppose that they could do anything effectually to check the rising power of the people. But, apart from all bigotry and hereditary prejudice, the fact that the cause of Ireland is a popular cause must weigh heavily with them. A victory of the people anywhere must be odious to the great class over whose interests they keep especial watch. A record of some trifling service done grudgingly and marred in the doing—of much cruelty carried out with a lightness and cheerfulness that showed a particular fitness for the task, and a thorough rejoicing in it, a record of a heavy tyranny is that of these six years of Tory rule in Ireland. Let us not forget, besides, the appeal so recklessly and hotly made to religious bigotry—nay, to rebellion, that worst of all rebellions—an outbreak inspired and sustained by religious fanaticism. We do not know what the result may be. Perhaps the Tories go but to return. A few months may see them reinstated and inspirited by their triumph to resume their wicked course. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Hope, meantime, is permitted to us, and it would be pusillanimous to refrain from rejoicing in the present relief. At long last they are gone, and they are well gone—profitably even for themselves, could they but see it. May it be for ever.

A QUEER ARGUMENT. MR ROLLESTON does not give us a very high idea of the usefulness of the Legislative Council. In an interview with the Wellington correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times*, the hon gentleman has expressed himself very desirous that the Governor should reveal all his communications with the Secretary for the Colonies respecting the appointment of Councillors. Mr Rolleston, of course, does not wish to embarrass the Governor, or to find fault with him for refusing to make the appointments in question. On the contrary, he wants to bear his Excellency out by showing that he has acted on a recommendation made some five years ago by a committee of the Council, to the effect that such appointments should not be made unless the number of members had been reduced to less than one half of those of the Lower Chamber. Mr Rolleston has a full belief in the services of the council:—"The fact is," he says, "that we have been using the Legislative Council to throw out the absurdities of the Lower House. For instance, the women's franchise would never have become so much talked about if people knew that there was no Council to defeat it after it had passed the House; and so with other measures." But, according to this view, does it not seem as if the Council had

been encouraging the country to talk nonsense, and to waste a good deal of time on very profitless discussions. Relying on the salvation that lies in the Council, it would appear, the people have been giving themselves up to idle dreams. In this particular instance, we have nothing to object to what Mr Rolleston promises. Indeed, we would fain hope that he is correct in his prediction, and that the Council will, in fact, throw out a very undesirable and ill-judged measure. But would it not be better if the people were to rely on themselves and curb what, if Mr Rolleston is right, must be a very vain and foolish desire to talk for the mere sake of talking. The people, besides, by such talking, encourage or oblige the Lower House to do the same, and thus time that might be expended in a much more profitable manner is wasted. According to Mr Rolleston, therefore, the usefulness of the Legislative Council is evidently a very doubtful quality. It prevents the people from acting an independent and manly part, and coming once for all to their own conclusions. It weakens the authority of the lower but more important Chamber, and retards the transaction of business. Mr Rolleston, then, in arguing for the retention of the Upper Chamber, suggests some reasons for its abolition.

A BIBLE-READING-IN-SCHOOLS Bill has been re-ANOTHER VAIN ATTEMPT. W. T. Stewart, nevertheless, who moved the second reading, had a sensible word or two to say as to the effects of irreligious teaching on the rising generations. Whether a few verses read daily at hap-hazard, by way of a mere show and a salve to easy consciences, would produce different effects and bring about these filial and conjugal changes alluded to as desirable by Mr Stewart may be questionable. But the hon. gentleman's allusion to a motion disapproving of secularism moved by Sir Bryan O'Loughlen in the Victorian House of Assembly would give us some ground to hope that he takes a more intelligent view of the matter than his speech would otherwise authorise us in supposing. Sir Bryan O'Loughlen certainly did not suggest that a mere flinging of a few verses to the mercy of the children would work marvels. Why, again, does Mr Pharazyn believe that teachers in the future would be worse than teachers in the past have been? The Bible has been taught in the past, and, as a rule, Protestants have had, or have pretended to have, a profound reverence for it. Were there no unthinking teachers in those days who gabbled the text they taught as Mr Pharazyn protests there would be in the future? Mr Pharazyn should be an authority as to bygone times. Or is it only of extreme antiquity he has made a study? He tells us, for example, that morality was observed long before the Bible was known. Evidently, Mr Pharazyn, admitting him to be versed in the habits of the ancient world, is not difficult to please where morals are concerned. A retrogressive lapse towards the morals of the ancients might, perhaps, be interesting from an archaeological point of view, but it is open to doubt whether it would do honour to the secular system by proving its fruits profitable to the modern world. We, however, agree with Mr Pharazyn that such a condition of morals may be attained to quite independently of religious teaching, and, in fact such a state of morals is the inevitable fruits of secularism. Sir George Whitmore, in the debate alluded to, displayed the chivalrous spirit of the brave soldier. He opposed the Bill out of consideration, as he said in effect, for the rights of Catholics. The slight flaw in the hon and gallant knight's argument—or, indeed, in his chivalry—was that he betrayed a fear lest equal privileges might be conferred on the people he pretended to defend. Verily, an honest enemy is to be preferred to a false friend. As to the Hon Mr Oliver, his support of the motion was given rather from an intellectual point of view. Mr Oliver, as we all know, goes in for culture, and art, and all the rest of it, just as the amiable Mrs Boffin went in for fashion—such is his hobby, and he bestrides it most gracefully. None of the other hon Members are reported at any length. The Bill, however, was thrown out by a majority of one. Nor is there much reason to regret its defeat. At best its object is a vain pretence, or even a piece of hypocrisy—and there are, besides, several more sinister aspects in which the matter may be regarded.

Labour Notes.

THE Ballarat miners have placed on record their recognition of the fact that the men at Broken Hill are fighting the battle of the Australasian miners generally.

The miners at Bendigo are also in full sympathy with their confreres at Broken Hill. They have sent them a substantial sum of money, and have voted a fortnightly levy of one shilling in aid of them.

An auxiliary force of boy pickets has been organised at Broken Hill. They are employed chiefly as scouts to watch and report any attempt that may be made to introduce "blacklegs."

The *Barrier Miner* quotes the following letter from the pen of a well-known South Australian mining-man:—"Since the strike I have asked many shareholders the only question that need concern them; that is, the amount of pecuniary benefit they expect to derive from stopping the ore by contract, but no one seems to have any idea. The directors must know approximately, at any rate, as it is not to be supposed for a moment that they dared the possibility of a strike without being certain that the proposed alteration would be advantageous to the shareholders. It appears that there are about 800 men stopping at £3 per week, £124,800 a year. Time only will tell which will prove the cheaper in the long run, day work or contract; but for the sake of argument we will assume that the same quantity of ore can be sent to surface by contract for £83,200, a reduction of 33½ per cent. This is by no means likely to happen, but the figures will serve for illustration. This saving of £41,600 would increase the monthly dividend by the handsome sum of less than 1d per share; so if, owing to the strike, no dividends are paid for three months, and even if the men are beaten, it will take six years for the shareholders to get back what they are out of pocket by the suspension. Now we will suppose that these 800 "stoppers" by some supernatural agency became suddenly imbued with intense love for the shareholder, and absolutely refused to accept any payment whatever for their labour, this would only add 2½d per share to his monthly income. Is it worth while risking so much for so little? Is a question the shareholders might fairly take a poll on: If they decide that the game is worth the candle, it would greatly strengthen the hands of the board. If the contrary, it would end this poverty-producing strike at once. In the face of figures one might say to the directors, as the Jew who was eating a bit of ham remarked to the thunderstorm, you needn't kick up such a fuss over a trifle."

At the annual meeting of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce held the other day, a prudent reserve was maintained respecting the strike at Broken Hill. This roused the indignation of a certain member, who condemned the omission and proposed the following resolution:—"That in the opinion of this chamber it is the duty of the Government to afford protection to the inhabitants of this country and to ensure that full liberty to which the citizen is entitled; and that the Government is also bound to afford all colonists full protection over the enjoyment of their property." Just so. But is not the working man also entitled to enjoy his property? He should have such a benefit of his strength and skill, all the property he possesses, as will enable him to live in decent and frugal comfort. This consideration, however, hardly entered into the resolution. The resolution found no seconder—and consequently lapsed, to the additional indignation of the mover.

At a recent meeting of the men on strike one of the speakers referred to the Pope's encyclical, "The Pope," he said, "had published an encyclical, than which a better defence of the cause of the workers could not have been written."

If the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders in the Broken Hill Proprietary Company held the other day in Melbourne, is to be taken as generally representative of the feeling of capitalists, a rough time lies before the world. Nothing could be less conciliatory. Nothing, perhaps, could be harder or more truculent. Mr Seath, the secretary of the Broken Hill branch of the A.M.A., who had bought a share to authorise his attendance, and who addressed the meeting, met with a most ungracious hearing, and was continually interrupted. A chief offender was one Mr J. L. Purves, Q.C.—an ornament of the Melbourne Bar, it may be—bu' who could easily give odds to Chaffinbras. His reply was coarse, to the very verge of ruffianism, if not beyond it—but it earned for him the hearty applause of the assembly. A shareholder of some little decency proposed an amendment on the motion of confidence in the directors, affirming this, but recommending a conference. The motion, however, was carried. Capitalists like these are evidently laying up an infinity of additional virulence for the impending struggle.

It is not astonishing that the meeting held at Broken Hill, subsequent to that of the shareholders at Melbourne, showed a firmer front. It was recommended that the line of pickets should be strengthened, and the resolution of holding out to the utmost was reaffirmed.

The strike at Broken Hill and the events connected with it should go far towards recommending to public favour the Industrial Conciliation Bill now before the House of Representatives at Wellington, and which has been read a second time. A very important provision of the Bill is that making arbitration compulsory, but to which, in several instances, exception has been taken. It is difficult, nevertheless, to see how the measure would be otherwise effective. What likelihood, for example, would there be of influencing the dispositions of the Broken Hill directors and shareholders by a little mild persuasion, even though it were authorised by law? And who can question the justice of compulsorily keeping those directors and shareholders to their agreement?

The following pleasant sketch of the state of things in Queensland is taken from the Sydney *Workman*:—"This is the state of Queensland to-day? In from the West the Chinese are swarming unchecked, from the East the Kanaka current flows. To the North the pearl-shelling industry is already in the hands of Asiatics, who are slowly working southward and driving the whites before them, to say nothing of Javanese and Japanese. And from before the vast besetting wave of servile labour, with all its manifold evils, the white labourer is being driven southward to doubly swell the already congested Southern labour markets, or remains behind to sink down amid the degradation that must overwhelm him and drown him in its turgid current."

This is a cablegram under date Sydney, August 12:—"The Broken Hill strikers are drawing £15,000 worth of supplies weekly. The leaders assert that they have sufficient to carry on with for three or four months, even if they receive no further assistance." We doubt the figures. The number of strikers is 5,000, and it was calculated that supplies could be given from the special stores at the rate of seven shillings a week per man. That would amount to a sum of £1,750. Allowance must be made, besides, for women and children. The whole earnings of the men, however, working constantly, at the highest figure, i.e., £3 a week, would only amount to £15,000—and the average earnings were £2. Somewhere or another, then, there is evidently a mistake. What can be its object, if it has one?

The Government have granted a month's extension of the labour conditions to the Broken Hill mine owners. This prevents the mines reverting to the State through failure to perform a certain amount of work on the properties." Were it only to hinder the consequences of an attempt to introduce "blacklegs," the Government have acted wisely. The mine-owners, nevertheless, deserve little consideration. Their conduct has been exceptionally base.

We are informed by a cablegram under date, New York, August 11, that the Pittsburg mills are employing 40,000 men, and, with the exception of Carnegie's, have conceded the demands of the unions.

The Comte de Mun, although an hereditary adherent of the Royalist cause, has readily accepted the decision of the Pope as to allegiance to the Republic. "The Pope," he says, "has arisen to hold out his hand to the people, to proclaim the rights of the working man, and to tell the rich and powerful what are their duties towards the poor and the feeble. On this page, written as it were by the Papacy on the frontispiece of the coming age, a last word was wanting. Leo XIII. has written this word in urging French Catholics to accept without reserve the political form of government which French democracy has chosen." "Is it not the Pope," he continues, "who says to the people, 'They have tried to separate you from me by telling you that in order to be rich and powerful it was necessary for you to break away from the old faith that made your fathers free, and protected them against the strong and the powerful: They deceive you who say that the Church is your enemy. Behold me the successor of the Apostles, the living representative of Him Who blessed the poor on the mountain, I say to you, the people, come, I hold out my arms to receive you with your faults and errors as you are. I alone can give you what you seek, that is, justice and peace.'"

Among the more recent manifestations in France of anti-Catholic rancour has been an attack made in the Chamber on an industrial association formed in the interests of Catholic workmen in the Department du Nord, and known as "Notre Dame de l'Usine." The rules of the factory included religious observances, and, notwithstanding the aid given by it to workmen, many of whom were profitably employed, the enmity of the party hostile to religion was incurred. The consequence has been a resolution that the Government is to put into motion all the machinery of the law available for

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the suppression and ruin of the business. The democratic Government of France favours an atheistic democracy only. All others, in their eyes, are unfit, not only to rule, but even to live.

Scotch Notes.

ATTENTION has recently been drawn to the well of St Queran, which is situated near Dumfries, on the Maxwelltown side of the river Nith, and which, some years ago, was restored by the proprietor of the estate containing its site, from being a watering hole for cattle to the condition of a properly-kept well. Recently a clearing out of the well has brought to light, among the rubbish, several pieces of the copper coinage of the realm, and the proprietor, a Mr Dudgeon, who is also a devoted antiquarian, is curious as to how they got there. He relates that, on his first undertaking the restoration of the well, a silver coin of the reign of the English King Edward III., was found among its surroundings. The question that now disturbs him is as to whether the Catholics of the neighbourhood are in the habit of making offerings there—a probability that seems to him enhanced by the discovery among the coins of some medals of the Blessed Virgin. St Queran, as is stated on a board near the well, was a saint of the eighth century, and the water at the present day is believed by some people to be endowed with healing qualities.

As an illustration of the value of land in Scotland we may state the case of General Farquharson's estate of Bredar in the Donside district of Aberdeenshire, which has just been sold for the sum of £26,730. The estate consists of 2,000 acres, and yields a rental of £1,300. The price paid, therefore, does not seem exorbitant.

The Primrose League has delighted of late to honour certain of their Scotch dames. The post of difficulty, if not of danger, occupied by these ladies, no doubt, pointed them out as objects deserving of special recognition. The Grand Councillors have, therefore, awarded special service clasps to Miss Macmaster and Mesdames Sloan, Lambie, Archibald, and Gillies, of the Ballochmyle Habitation. The Honourable Order of the Grand Star has been awarded to Lady Strathallan, of the Auchterarder Habitation.

On the other hand, a branch of the Women's Liberal Association for the border counties has been inaugurated at Berwick. Lady Fanny Marjoribanks presided on the occasion, and Lady Aberdeen delivered an address. Her Ladyship said it was the people of Berwickshire who had first made her a politician. She added that the 70,000 or 80,000 women, who had banded themselves together since 1886, must do much towards promoting the victory of the Liberals. Lady Grey moved a vote of confidence in Mr Gladstone. Lord Aberdeen also addressed the meeting—condemning the Ulster conference as an Orange demonstration.

A lively scene recently took place in a church at Deeside, where a contest came off between rival precentors. The battle was fought by singing, either rival giving out a different psalm, and the congregation divided their vocal forces. The precentor who was finally outroared left the church amid a demonstration more stirring than pious, and that would have done honour to the "gods" in a theatre.

Great distress prevails in Shetland, where, owing to a failure of the fisheries on the West Coast, a large number of men are out of work. The failure seems principally due to an ill-judged and ill-managed exchange of the boats formerly in use for others not so suitable. The take of cod and ling this year falls short by £6000 of that of last year. The hope is that some energetic capitalists will step in and, in their own interests, provide the craft and other things necessary for amendment.

For some time the "sudden and awful appearances" of a mermaid off the coast of the parish of Deerness in Orkney, have occasioned wonder, and withal some dismay, among the unsophisticated inhabitants. The creature is said to be apparently easy to capture. So far, however, none have been found brave enough to risk interference with her. A curious gentleman in the South has now offered £200 for her person, dead or alive, and, consequently, preparations for a hazardous attempt have been taken in hand.

The town of Iverkeithing has been much moved by a manifestation of the dynamite fiend. An effort was made, the other day, from some motive not as yet revealed, to blow up a house there—the result being a good deal of noise and some damage to windows. There were no more serious effects, but the sensation caused was extreme.

The inauguration at Old Cumnock of a monument to a famous Covenanter known as Peden the Prophet, has been the occasion of

again bringing out Professor Blackie in full force. The Professor performed the ceremony and delivered an address in which he dealt hardly with the memory of the Stuarts. He said they had entered into an infamous conspiracy to crush all manhood and liberty in the country by turning Scotchmen into Englishmen. He further stigmatised them as a compound of foxes and tigers. Prelacy also came in for a few hard knocks from the learned speaker. The Rev Dr James Kerr of Glasgow, who was another of the speakers on the occasion, recommended that the stool of Janet Geddes, which, he said, was still preserved should be hurled at the head of Presbyterians who were the readers of prayer books. On the whole the memory of the prophetic Covenanter was honoured in tolerably strong language. But were he still in the flesh perhaps he would not feel the less flattered on that account.

The result of the General Election in Glasgow (says the *Observer* of July 9) is no gain to Home Rule. So far as the city counts, the Liberal army is still content with marking time. In the four divisions still held by Mr Gladstone's followers the majorities are either in substance the same as formerly, as in Bridgeton, or else largely increased as in College, Blackfriars, and St Rollox. In Camlachie and Tradeston our allies have made gifts of the seats to their enemies and ours. We have no title, perhaps, to offer a criticism on Liberal management, but we trust we will be pardoned for observing that the disasters of Tradeston and Camlachie, and especially the latter, were entirely preventible. If there existed in these, or in all British constituencies, a machinery equivalent to our National conventions at home the interests of our allies would be more securely safeguarded and Liberal energy consolidated to the direction of Liberal success. As matters stand the bestowal of the seats to the Tories was wholly gratuitous. The Tradeston Liberals have only themselves to thank for losing the division by the misdirection of some eighty votes. Their defeat is the reward of wanton and even contumacious procrastination. In Camlachie the defeat has to be accounted for in large measure by the misplaced tenderness of the party managers towards Mr Cunningham-Graham. The local leaders acted with promptitude and energy, but the party wirepullers displayed towards their deserter a deference or something softer that was both undeserved on his part and mischievous in its public effect.

The *Glasgow Observer* gives the following details relating to Catholic Schools in Scotland, as furnished by the Blue Book for the year ended September 30, 1891:—The number of Catholic schools has increased during the year by eight. There are now 174 schools in the country, of which number 166 were examined during the period mentioned above. These 174 schools are made up of 237 departments—27 boys', 25 girls', 43 infants', and 142 mixed schools. . . . A very high percentage of our schools earn the higher grant (1s 6d) for discipline. The excellent mark was given to schools with 35,550 in average attendance, or 88.12 per cent. of the whole. The shilling grant was only given to 11.88 per cent., or on an average of 4792 out of the whole school examined. In this the Catholic Schools show a higher return than Board Schools, where the percentage was 78.96 and 20.69 respectively. Only two schools were refused the grant for English. Five lost the geography grant, but the history was earned in the 85 schools taking it. One hundred and forty-four schools earned the higher grant for English, 140 for geography, and 65 for history. One hundred and six Catholic Schools teach three class subjects, 74 take two, and seven take one subject. Twenty-five departments earned the higher grant for sewing. The cookery grant of four shillings was paid for 604 girls, and 63 girls earned the lower grant. Of the three grants, "fair," "good," and "excellent" for the standard subjects, 7.84 per cent. of the number in average attendance received the lowest mark, 66.96 were marked "good," and 25.20 as "excellent." Above Standard III. the 3s 6d grant was paid on an average of 553 scholars, or 11.27 per cent., as compared with 13.63 in Board schools.

Dublin Notes.

(From our Exchanges.)

THE tweed manufacturing industry is looking up since the manufacturers came to understand that the public wanted something besides old-fashioned designs and work. Very neat and artistic patterns have been introduced, and things are booming in the tweed factories at Birney, Athlone and Limerick. Some business in that line is done in Dublin, but it is of little account.

The army is making a grievous drain on Ireland. The reckless dash of military life has a charm for the average Irish youth, many of whom are lured to the service by the fact that most distinguished positions in the army have been filled by their own countrymen. The two most prominent officers on the active list to-day are General Sir Garnet Wolseley and General Sir Frederick Roberts. The former was a Dublin boy and the latter was born in Waterford.

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Lady Aberdeen received an address at Berwick from the Berwickshire Women's Liberal Association, and delivered a very eloquent address, in which she ably dealt with the Ulster question. In the course of her remarks she said.—“Have Catholic constituencies shown themselves backward in sending Protestant representatives to Parliament, as long as they would support the national aspirations? You will find it is not so, but that on the contrary a large number of the popular heroes have all been Protestants, such as Swift, Grattan, Flood, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, Butt, Parnell, and a score of others. Has the municipal vote in Catholic towns shown a tendency to keep Protestants out of office? Again the record says ‘No.’ In Catholic Cork you will find often Protestant mayors and Protestant sheriffs elected. Not long ago out of the £2,440 emoluments paid to public officials, £1,840 went to Protestants. Apply the same test to Dublin, and you will find that £4,000 goes to Protestant officials out of the total £8,400 salaries paid to chief officers. There have been fifteen Protestant mayors in Dublin since 1850, twelve in Waterford since 1845, and thirteen in Limerick since 1841.”

As the Ulster question was made the main Tory argument at the late elections it is worth noting that: (1) The cry of Protestant life and liberty in danger comes from those districts of the North where there is only a very small Catholic minority, and where the Protestant majority really has no means of judging the feelings of the Catholics. In the South the Protestants who are living peacefully in the midst of a Catholic majority do not think of joining in the cry. They know better. They see Catholics electing Protestants to offices of honour and profit; and they see no trace of an attempt to boycott Protestant businesses enterprises, or to introduce exclusive dealing on sectarian grounds. Bigotry and ignorance go together in the North. (2) The Presbyterians of Ulster are not Nonconformists in the English sense. They are practically a state endowed Church. When the Irish Church was disestablished the Presbyterians received nearly a quarter of a million sterling in compensation for the withdrawal of the grant known as the “*Regium Donum*.” This money was invested chiefly in Irish land. It would be marvellous, therefore, if this endowed landlord organisation took the popular side, or showed the same large-minded spirit as the Nonconformists of England.

The non-residence of people of means and rank is growing more glaring than ever. There it a very large Irish contingent in the array of style and beauty that may be seen careering on Rotten Row in London and along the Champs Elysees and in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. Speculators never imagine that the horses and riders came over from Ireland. The horses indeed are Irish, for no prouder nor more stylish steeds can be found anywhere, but the saddles and equipments are either English or French. Irish emigration to America and Australia was almost stopped a few years ago, but it received a new impetus from the split in the Nationalist ranks, and the class of people now going away are of the thrifty sort—people the country cannot well afford to lose. In 1890 the emigration to foreign lands reached 61,000, and last year it was higher still; but the tide of emigration to England has been larger and more steady, until now it is said there are 3,000,000 Irish in that land. It is true these men are not wholly lost to Ireland, for they are sowing the doctrine of liberalism among the people of England.

His Grace the Archbishop presided at a public meeting held recently in the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar street, the object of which was to appeal for funds to provide new schools for the children of the locality. In the course of an interesting address, his Grace gave a striking instance of bigotry on the part of a section of those who are now clamouring for compulsory education. The schools of the Carmelite Fathers have become so delapidated as to be dangerous to the children. As a substitute, the Fathers had arranged with the College of Surgeons to purchase the vacant Carmichael Schools of Medicine for £3,000. The governors of the college held the ground under lease from the “Incorporated Society for the Promotion of English Protestant Schools in Ireland.” This body, on learning that the Carmelite Fathers were in treaty for the premises, declared that they required security for the rent. This the College of Surgeons offered to do, but it soon became evident that the real grounds for objection had not been stated in the first instance, as the society absolutely refused to assent to the sale on any conditions. By this bigoted action it is more than likely that seven or eight hundred children will be thrown on the streets during the re-building of the schools. This is a sample of the conduct of these enlightened individuals who prate loudest about the necessity for compulsory education in Ireland. Those who attended the meeting, however, have done their utmost to nullify the odium of this bigoted body. They subscribed liberally towards a fund for the erection of new schools.

All is not gloom in Ireland. In many branches of industry business is growing apace. It is rare in Dublin to see the sign “To Let” posted on a store or dwelling, and this is a healthy sign. But the greatest boom in business is in the northern section of the country. In Belfast and points close by it is said that the vast sum of £20,000,000 is invested in the manufacture of linens and damasks in factories notably prosperous and giving employment to 17,000 hands,

Two great shipbuilding yards have established a solid foothold in Belfast, giving employment to about 6,000 men. A great boom was given to Belfast as a shipbuilding port by the eminent success which has attended the building of the great transatlantic steamers of the White Star Line. While the linen and damask business flourishes in Ulster, it is a fact worthy of note that the damask factory in Kevin street, Dublin, has been closed for want of patronage. There is a silk spinning mill in Cork which does an extensive business in supplying the factories in the North of Ireland. Shirt-making has become a very profitable industry in Londonderry, where extensive works supply a wide demand all over the United Kingdom. The business is done by machines combined with what is known as home or ‘cottage industry.’ Mullingar, in the centre of Ireland, is looking ‘ahead in the same business.’

It is about time the Nationalists of Ulster and of Ireland should be warned against the insidious doctrine preached by Mr W. T. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*. Mr Stead is a journalist of considerable distinction, but it is rather remarkable that he has never yet been the champion of a cause in adversity. He did much to spoil the chances of the election of 1886 by his milk-and-water support of Mr Gladstone in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which he was then editor. He is the champion of every “fad” known to newspaper readers, from Mattei medicines to Salvation Army propaganda. Last month and the month preceding he wrote a couple of “character sketches” in his review, in which he slavishly flattered Mr Gladstone. The Liberal leader, however, seems to have nettled Mr Stead by stating that he had not even read the sketches, and that Mr Stead had no authority from him to be the medium of his views on women suffrage or any other political questions. In June Mr Stead takes his revenge on the man he beset in April and May by attacking the principle of Home Rule, which he knows is nearest to Mr Gladstone's heart, and by declaring that “Englishmen have gone stale on Home Rule,” and that the “living interest in the coming election centres far more in the social questions which affect thirty million Britons than in the political question which affects five or six million Irish.” Once Mr Sexton—it was in days when the shadow of the Divorce Court had not yet thrown itself on the pathway of our National freedom—declared that so long as there were two such men as William O'Brien and William Stead at the head of the Irish and the English Press respectively, Ireland need not fear for the success of her cause. Now William O'Brien is libelled weekly in the newspaper which he made the pulse of the Irish nation, and W. Stead, having essayed everything in journalism and succeeded in doing but little, falls back as a last resource on abuse of Mr Gladstone and Home Rule, the man and the policy on which he raised himself into public notice. Time works wonders, but we trust our friends will not forget the treachery of Mr W. T. Stead.

WESTPORT.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

August 8.

A PECULIARITY of West Coast weather is—have a holiday proclaimed, or set aside a day for public amusement, and down pours the rain, and it rains for a week after, until the novelty has died out. So it was on Arbor Day. The children of the different schools were jubilant over the novelty of planting and a prospect of being regaled with buns and tea afterwards; but it rained in its usual style, and the trees await another day. It seems a kind of contradiction planting trees in this district where bush predominates. Probably that is why it rained.

The Westport Harbour Board have obtained the permission of Government to spend ninety thousand pounds on the half-tide training-wall and extension of the eastern wall. This work is to be let in three separate contracts. Employment will be given to several men who are now amongst the unemployed owing to the stoppage of the quarries at Cape Foulwind, the suspension of the dredging, and the completion of Messrs O'Connor and McKenzie's Stairs contract. At the last sitting of the Board a deputation argued their prior right to the obtaining of stone. They suggested that the quarry should be let on the co-operative system at schedule rates to the men at the Cape, arguing that the Westport men had the whole district, while the men of Cape Foulwind were circumscribed. Yes, by the configuration of the country, but in every other respect free. This little town had its birth in the Harbour Board, and at completion of the works it will cease to exist. The Board decided, on the motion of the chairman, to call tenders for the work in three separate contracts. All tenders 20 per cent below the engineer's estimate to be declared informal. Mr B. Beeves, M.H.B., argued the case of his constituents, but without avail. Now a deputation proceeds to Wellington, ignoring the decision of the Board or looking on them as an inferior court. The matter will be laid before the Minister for Public Works. With what success, time will tell.

His Grace the Archbishop is expected here soon. A large number of candidates for confirmation are under instruction, He

“MARUPA”

STILL GAINING GROUND.

A well-known Commercial Gentleman gives his Testimony.

MR. O. I. KEMPTHORNE.

Birmingham, England, January 3rd, 1892.

Dear Sir,—You will remember the bad cold and sore throat I had when leaving New Zealand for England. Well, thanks to that “Maori stuff” you gave me, I got all right before reaching the Bluff.

I really must congratulate you on having dropped on such a good thing. Its effect on me was wonderful, and I doctored several people on the steamer who were suffering with influenza, with the MARUPA, and in each case I put them right in no time.

I am sorry to say that I have not a drop left, but shall get you to give me a supply when I return to New Zealand, and I never intend being without it in future. When my throat has been bad, and I have had to sing, I took MARUPA, and consider it a splendid thing for anyone with a voice.

I wish you good luck with it, but the thing is bound to sell well,—Yours very truly,

A. J. CHAMBERLAIN.

MESSRS KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wellington.

Lyell, May 27th, 1892.

Gentlemen,—I am pleased to inform you that I have sold all the MARUPA you sent me, and more pleased to tell you that not in one single instance has it failed to give relief, or, to put it in the words of a highly respectable lady of this town, whose husband had not had one hour's sleep for several nights, notwithstanding several prescriptions from doctors, which gave no relief,—the first teaspoonful of MARUPA he took acted like magic, giving immediate relief, and he went to sleep and had a comfortable night's rest, a thing unknown to him for the last month.

Please send six dozen MARUPA at first opportunity and oblige,—Yours faithfully,

J. FENNELL.

MARUPA THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

Without question, the medicines most sought after nowadays are those of Mother Mary Joseph Aubert, and deservedly so, from what is heard of their high merits everywhere. In nearly every case where a trial has been given relief has almost immediately ensued. The testimonies of people in various social positions have been forwarded to the proprietor, and each assert that the remedy has truly marvellous qualities.

While that brilliant young actress, Miss Myra Kemble, was in Wellington, her voice became so hoarse that she was in some fear she would be imperfectly heard from the stage that evening, but MARUPA was recommended, and the effect was wonderful, she states in her testimony.

Mr. Walter Bentley had a similar attack and was afforded relief by a dose of MARUPA.

Mother Mary Joseph Aubert has devoted nearly all her life to the study of medicine. In Paris she studied in the leading hospitals for five years, and when she came out to New Zealand her love of the science prompted her to commence research among the herbs and flowers of the primeval forests which Nature has so richly endowed our Colony with, and, after twelve years of patient investigation, her efforts were crowned with success, and her remedies gratefully acknowledged to be the best and purest medicines ever offered.

They are now being introduced in Australia, and are having the same success there as they have met here. Mr KemPTHORNE has opened a branch in Sydney and is putting up the medicines as fast as he can.

will likely make an appeal in aid of the Cathedral fund on the occasion of his visit.

Another collection is on foot to aid in the erection of a convent in this town. Subscriptions have been promised for this end. The Rev Father Morrissey has, I am told, done well in the outlying districts. The people seem to have responded to his appeal. A bazaar for this object is to be held at Christmas.

AUCKLAND NOTES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

August 6

FURTHER news has, since my last communication been received from our absent bishop. In July last he was at Nantes in France, where, owing to the dangerous illness of the bishop of that place, Bishop Luck officiated for him, administering Confirmation throughout the diocese. He intends spending part of the present month in England and Ireland, leaving afterwards for Auckland via the United States. It is possible he will reach here in October. I am sorry to say his Lordship's health is not improving. The 25th of last month being Father Hackett's patron saint's day, the pupils of the Sisters of Mercy's schools presented him with an address, and a whole host of valuable household presents. An admiring friend also sent a nice silver lever watch in commemoration of the day to our *Soggarth Aroon*.

I regret to say that Mr J. D. Connolly, United States Consul has had another attack from his old enemy of last year; the rheumatic gout. Every one of our people commiserates this sterling Irish-American Catholic. Far away from his home and family in Sonoma County, California, (but not from friends, for he has these in numbers around him) his genial and kind disposition to all, and his advocacy in season and out of season with voice and pen, in defence of the land of his birth, old Ireland, have endeared him to the Irish men and women of Auckland who hope for his speedy recovery.

The *Herald*, which lately wrote that kindly (?) obituary notice of Home Rule, has renewed the onslaught, but in another direction. This time it is "that cable" which the Hon Mr Ballance sent to Mr Gladstone congratulating him upon his victory in the elections. If the *Herald*, like the London *Daily Chronicle*, would only change sides, and come over to Liberalism then, possibly, Home Rule, and the Hon Mr Ballance's Ministry would survive, for really the *Herald* is an impediment to the progress of both.

It is with pleasure I record that the Government has conferred upon the honourable J. A. Tole the office of Crown Prosecutor. That it will be filled with ability and credit to all concerned goes without saying. Mrs J. A. Tole is now on a visit to her parents in Melbourne, mostly for the benefit of her health.

It is the intention of the pupils of the Marist Brothers' high school to perform on the 19th inst a beautiful drama by the late eminent Cardinal Wiseman entitled "The Golden Gem." It was composed by this illustrious Prince of the Church on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Ushaw college in 1858, where it was first performed in the presence of the Cardinal and a number of bishops and priests. The good Brothers, together with their charges, have been labouring most assiduously in the preparation of this somewhat heavy undertaking for some time past, and as the proceeds are to be devoted to the much needed improvements in the school laboratory, it is to be hoped that these laudable efforts will be appreciated by a bumper house. In the maintenance of our scholastic institutions we must depend upon ourselves,—as the physician makes answer to Macbeth—

"Therein the patient
Must minister to herself."

The following telegrams ought to prove of interest to your readers. Hon J. Ballance, Wellington "On behalf of Irish National Federation here heartily commend your action *re*-Gladstone's victory." J. A. Tole President.—Hon J. A. Tole, Ponsonby, kindly express my thanks to Irish National Federation for their opinion of my action *re*-Gladstone's victory.—John Ballance, Wellington.

The annual social tendered by the good ladies of St Patrick's Cathedral in aid of the Presbytery building fund eventuated in St George's Hall, Newton, on the evening of August 5, and was a most pronounced success. The getting up, and the carrying of these socials to a successful issue entail great labour and worry upon all concerned especially upon the ladies, whom I have stood and watched toiling throughout the entire night, catering for the amusement of the large assembly. The ladies upon whom the duties devolved this year were Mesdames Linnardo and Nolan, and the Misses E. Martin, Hawkins, Regan, Callehan (2), Gough (2), and Donovan. Messrs E. Martin and Noonan acted as M.C's. During the early part of the evening the Rev Fathers Hackett adm., St Patrick's, and Lenihan P.P. Parnell occupied seats on the stage.

The annual election of officers for the Auckland Catholic Literary Society took place in St Patrick's Hall, on Tuesday August 2. Spiritual director, Rev Father Hackett (re-elected); president, Mr E. Mahoney, (re-elected) unopposed; vice-presidents, Messrs W. E.

Hackett (re-elected); and John Quinn; secretary, Mr McCoy; treasurer, Mr Long (re-elected); committee, Messrs D. Flynn, Steatt, Tulbert; librarian, Mr F. Amodes. Great interest was manifested in the elections; and I am happy to state that an irreligious and carping minority, who have too long held sway in the councils of this society, aye and almost at one time threatened its total disruption have been routed, let me hope finally.

Brother Yoes of the Society of the Christian Doctrine arrived here from Tahiti by the Richmond on August 4. He is *en route* to France by way of Australia. Although having laboured in the West Indies for years; two years were sufficient in Tahiti to injure his health, hence his going home. His Order was founded some 50 or 60 years ago by l'Abbe Lamennais at Ploermel in Brittany, and consists of 20,000 members. Until recently almost half of the number were engaged teaching in all the French colonies, except New Caledonia. The laws of the French Republic some seven or eight years ago deprived them of the means of making a living, and so they had to return to that boasted land of liberty, fraternity and equality. Brother Yoes while here is a guest of the Marist Brothers, and leaves for Sydney on August 16.

"A RIFLE BALL AND A CHRISTMAS-BOX."

"At the battle of Gettysburg a rifle ball broke my right arm just below the shoulder, and I never knew till then what a difference there is between an arm to lift with and an arm to be lifted."

So said an American officer the other day when a few of us were talking about the mystery of life in the human body. Yet lots of people understand the principle. What do they mean when they say, "I could scarcely crawl," "I had to fairly lug myself along," etc.? Why, simply that the body had lost its surplus power: it had become a burden, instead of an instrument to carry burdens.

A woman writes in this way: "I had constantly to lie down on the couch and rest. I had barely strength to crawl about. This was in the summer of 1882. The trouble first came upon me in 1886, when I was forty-two years old. Before that I had always been strong and healthy. Then, however, I began to feel tired, weary, and languid, and gradually I had to consider myself a weak, sickly woman. At first I had a bad taste in the mouth, and a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach. My appetite was poor, and what little I ate gave me pain in the chest and sides. My food seemed to create wind, which rolled all over me. I got so bad that night after night I was unable to sleep. I was at times in great agony, and if I had not been obliged to work I should have taken to my bed. As it was, I struggled on as best I could; I saw a doctor and took various medicines, but none of them appeared to do me any good.

"I continued in this wretched state for seven years—1876 to 1883. Then came the help I had waited for so long and so hopelessly. In December of that year a little book was left at my house telling of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup, and my husband read of a case like mine having been cured by it; and I felt a strong desire to try the medicine, but we could not spare the money.

"However, when my husband returned from Bungay on Christmas Eve he pulled out of his parcel a bottle of Seigel's Syrup and said 'See, I have brought you a Christmas-box,' and it proved to be the most valuable one I ever had in my life. I began taking the medicine at once, and found great relief. It seemed to lift a weight from my whole body. My appetite returned and I gradually gained strength, and by the time I had taken six bottles I was a new woman. I could go about my laundry work with ease and pleasure. I still take an occasional dose, and keep in good health, for which I have to thank Mother Seigel's Syrup. I know of many in this district who have received great benefit from the Syrup, one or two of the neighbours stating that but for it they would not now be alive. I desire others to know of what did me so much good, and to this end you have my consent to publish this letter, should you think it best to do so.

"Yours truly,
" (Signed) Mrs GOODERHAN,
"Earsham, Norfolk."

"July 11th, 1891."

We gladly extend our congratulations to Mrs Gooderhan upon her recovery, and beg to say for the general behoof that the ailment which oppressed her for so long a time is unfortunately no stranger. Indigestion and dyspepsia lie at the very root of most diseases, for the reason that it arises in the stomach, upon the normal action of which good health necessarily depends. If we cannot digest our food everything, of course, goes wrong. For therein is the source of all power, strength, and vitality. From indigestion and dyspepsia proceed those poisons which, entering the blood, disorder every organ and process of the system. Rheumatism, gout, bronchitis, neuralgia, nervous prostration, most forms of diseases peculiar to women, chronic headache, pain and weakness in the muscles, mental dulness, and loss of ambition. All these and other affections are nothing more or less than results and signs of impaired or paralysed digestion. In short, they are *mere words*, the true and real disease being indigestion and dyspepsia.

In its ability to cure *this* lies the secret of the success of Seigel's Syrup over what seems to be—but is not—a multitude of different maladies. It simply dislodges the keystone, and the arch falls to the ground.

The London *Telegraph* commenting on the transfer to an American registry of the steamers City of Paris and City of New York, expresses the hope that for the future the British Admiralty will not permit Atlantic greyhounds to slip out of their hands.



JOSH BILLINGS SAYS :

THE BITE of a hum bug is worse than a dog's bite, for a dog growls and then bites, but a hum bug bites and lets you do the growlin'.

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ALEXANDER MARTIN.

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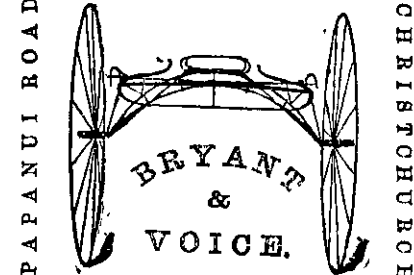
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EXTRAORDINARY NEWS.

AS the Public are continually hearing of strange things in connection with Photography, it would be well for those intending to be photographed to pause and examine the work now being produced by the Eminent Artist,

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Irish News.

Antrim.—The largest cargo steamer afloat was launched at Belfast on Thursday week for the White Star Company.

One thousand men employed in Harland and Wolff's building yard are idle, the platers' helpers having struck for an increase of wages. Should the demand not be complied with, 3,000 hands will be unemployed in one week from this time.

Ballyclare horse fair was held recently. From early morning a fine class of animals could be seen wending their way into the town. There was a large attendance of English and Scotch buyers, as well as the local horse dealers. The English and French Governments were well represented, and prices for some of the animals reached £120 each.

Armagh.—The splendid meetings held recently at Armagh and Cookstown are proofs of the progress of the National cause in Ulster; and the inspiring speeches delivered at both meetings had a ring of manly enthusiasm highly creditable to the patriotic men of Armagh and Cookstown. During the year the National Federation has made rapid strides throughout the North, and the organisation will not alone live and thrive where it now exists, but make its way into parishes where branches have not yet been established.

Clare.—The Deputy-Sheriff, protected by a posse of police, carried out a number of evictions on Mr Westropp's estate, Kibballowen. Mrs Carey of Tullabrack, on Mr Westley's estate, was evicted also, and caretakers left in possession.

Cork.—Last week over 1,400 people left Queenstown for America. This is 113 in excess of the number for the corresponding week last year.

his native tongue not being, as is too often the case, neglected in his studies. At the time the Fenian organisation was started he was one of the first to embrace its principles, to which during his life he was ever faithful.

Derry.—A series of affrays took place last week at Ebrington Barracks, near Derry, between men of the North Lancashire Regiment and the men of Derry Artillery Militia. A large number of the militia were in the canteen listening to songs by the Lancashire men, when, it is said, some of the audience threw pewter pots at the singers. The Englishmen resented this, and insisted on the disorderly militiamen being ejected. The non-commissioned officers endeavoured to do so, when a general *mélee* took place, which at one time was participated in by nearly 300 militia and soldiers. The Englishmen soon got the mastery, and forced their opponents down an incline from the canteen into the barrack square, kicking them badly. There was desultory fighting for about an hour, and only for the exertions of the officers it is believed a most serious riot would have been the result. The militiamen presented a very blood-stained appearance. Later in the evening, on reports being circulated that the militia intended to "best" the Englishmen, the Lancashire men made a furious attack on the former, kicking them right and left. Twenty men were injured by this attack, but so far as could be learned only six were taken to the hospital. One of these, named Tate, of Limavady, is seriously injured about the head and neck. There was a great deal of excitement while the second fight lasted, and a number of North Lancashire men rushed out into the square with fixed bayonets. The militia also drew swords, but the intervention of officers prevented weapons being used.

Donegal.—John McClay and Henry Patchell, special bailiffs, evicted two tenants on the Teevan property, Ardfarna. There

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IT HAVING COME TO OUR KNOWLEDGE THAT INFERIOR MADE BOOTS ARE BEING SOLD FOR STANDARD MAKE PLEASE ASSIST ON HAVING THE TRADE MARK ON THE HEEL.

The following is the result of one night's Baltimore mackerel fishing recently:—The *Pride of the West*, Cape Clear, 4,000; *King Harry*, Cape Clear, 5,000; *Pride of Erin*, Cape Clear, 4,000; *St Anne*, 3,000; *Ileen Aroon*, 3,000; *St Peter*, 2,500. Price, 25s to 29s per 120—the highest of any fishing station.

The Revenue Department recently received "ups" that there was a repetition of the wholesale smuggling of former years going on amongst the fishing fleet. The information appears to be false and a huge hoax. The searching expeditions were enlarged from H.M. gunboat *Hawk* at Baltimore, when they first directed their attention to Mrs P. Sheehy, the "Corner House," Skibbereen, where general business, including the wine and spirit trade, is carried on. The Revenue officers were all from the detective department of the Customs, London, and under the command of James Litterton, Chief of the Detective Department, who prosecuted and convicted the last fishing season. When they directed their attention first to Mrs Sheehy's concerns they proceeded to ransack from top to bottom, both inside and outside. Dunville's whiskey was tested, the books overhauled, tobacco scrutinised, and the bakehouse turned topsyturvy, but all proved ineffectual, as on last year, in the same place.

Intelligence received recently in Cork stated that the death in distant Australia of Mr Cornelius Kane of Skibbereen had occurred a short time since. The deceased, who was a brother-in-law of Daniel Coughlan of Bridge street, took a prominent part in the Fenian movement, and the announcement of his demise will be received with feelings of regret by the members of the brotherhood who still survive both at home and in distant lands. Con Kane was, in every sense, a splendid type of man, being over six feet in height, while he also possessed talents of a superior character, and was a cultured scholar,

was no resistance. A great number of small evictions are being carried out at various quarters in the north-west.

Down.—The young ladies of County Down are about to present the *Princess Mary of Teck* with a handsome Irish harp in gold. One of the chords is broken, and the harp itself is surmounted by the royal crown, the whole resting upon a base of carved bog oak, upon which shamrocks are delicately carved. It will be accompanied by a volume, bound in Irish poplin, containing a short but touching illuminated address and verses relating to the death of the Duke of Clarence, to whom she was betrothed.

A serious disturbance occurred in High street, Holywood, last week, between a company of the Rifle Brigade stationed in the Kinnegar camp and a number of civilians. The police, on arriving on the scene, were at once attacked by the soldiers with belts, and by the civilians. The police drew their batons, and with difficulty got the civilians and riflemen separated. The latter then formed in a body and went on as far as the railway station defying the police. They then returned to High street acting in a most disorderly manner. Several arrests were made.

Dublin.—The closing of the mission at Mount Argus took place on Sunday. One of the principal features connected with it was the blessing of the new Calvary, which has been erected opposite the church. The design is excellent, and nothing is left undone to bring to mind the scenes that took place on the Mount of Redemption. An oil painting represents the city of Jerusalem with the forked lightning flashing over its domes, and the figure of a dove on the ceiling displays rare artistic skill. Then there is a life-size figure of our Lord nailed to the Cross, evidencing the words of the Psalmist;—"They have dug My hands and My feet; they have numbered all

A N D R E W L E E S,

IMPORTER, 48 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

GLASS, PAPERHANGINGS, PAINTS, PICTURE-FRAME MOULDINGS, and ALL KINDS OF PAINTERS' REQUISITES
A large Stock of BRITISH PLATE AND SHEET GLASS always on hand; also Patent Lustre, Diapre, Muranese, Venetian Rippled, Cathedral, and other kinds of Fancy Glass,
STANDARD GENUINE MIXED PAINTS, ready for use, made from the best materials, in patent self-opening tins.
STANDARD ENAMEL PAINTS, acknowledged to be equal to the best, and superior to many of the English brands.

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In Granite, Marble, or Stone.

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Photographs, Statuary, in Groups or Single
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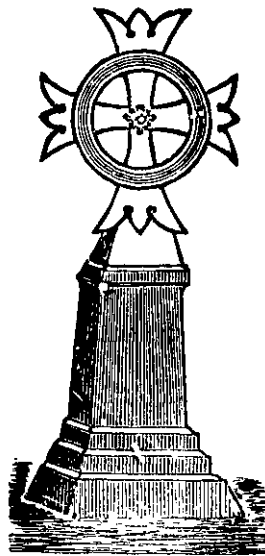
D.D., late licensee of the Cricketers' Arms,
having purchased the Lease and Goodwill of the
above Hotel, begs to inform his numerous
friends, old customers, and the travelling
public generally, that he has renovated and
re-furnished it throughout, comfort, clean-
liness and moderate charges being his motto.—
A conveyance leaves every night to convey
guests' luggage to and from both railway sta-
tions. 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
on attendance.

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214 CASHEL STREET, CHRISTCHURCH
(2 doors from Press Office).

Cheapest shop in Christchurch for Harness
and every description of Saddlery, also a large
stock of Horse-Covers for the coming season.
Farmers will do well to inspect my stock be-
fore purchasing elsewhere. 10 per cent. dis-
count allowed on all cash purchases.

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ESTATE AND AGENCY COMPANY,
OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED.

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DIRECTORS: The Hon. W. H. Reynold
M.L.C., W. Downie Stewart, Esq., M.H.R.
Thomas Moodie, Esq., Walter Hislop, Esq.

MANAGER: Walter Hislop.

This Company acts as Executor or
Trustee under wills and settlements; as
Attorney for absentees or others; manage,
properties; negotiates loans; collects interest
rent, and dividends, and conducts all general
agency business.

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AND STATION AGENTS, &c.,
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Are prepared to receive Wool, Grain, Sheep-
skins, Hides, Rabbitskins, &c., for sale at their
Premises.

Weekly sales of Fat and Store Stock will be
held at Burnside, commencing next Wednes-
day, the 29th inst. Sheepskins, Rabbitskins
Hides, Tallow, &c., by Auction every Tuesday.

Liberal advances made on all produce con-
signed for sale here or shipment to their
London agents.

Cornsacks, Woolpacks, Twine, &c., supplied
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A Single Pair at Wholesale Price.

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COMPANY,
BATTRAY STREET,
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Having PURCHASED the BUSINESS of
Mr S. G. SMITH as from and including the
first day of September, 1891, I respectfully
solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage
bestowed on Mr Smith. The requirements of
customers will be most carefully studied and
attended to. All description of Meat kept
will be of the prime quality, and will also
be supplied at reasonable prices. Quotations
given on application.

GARDEN WATSON,
Proprietor.

P.S.—Coming forward, a draft of prime
Bullocks from Messrs Murray, Roberts, and
Co's Gladbrook Estate; also to arrive, a large
quantity of extra prime Hams and Bacon
from Pigs fattened on the Awamo Estate of
Hon. M. Holmes, Oamaru, and fat Lambs
from North Canterbury.—G. W.

My bones." Beneath the cross are exquisite statues of the Mother of Sorrows and St John the Evangelist, whose looks tell in no feeble manner the grief that rends their hearts.

Galway.—Captain Thomas Garvey of the U.S. Cavalry, and brother of P. Garvey, Kilroe, Headford, died recently at San Francisco, California, aged 47 years. He volunteered to assist in resisting the invasion of the Papal dominions by the Sardinians.

A strike of labourers on the Clifden railway occurred last week. They assembled to the extent of some hundreds in Williamsgate street and about the Square, and made demonstrations demanding arrears of wages, which they alleged were due to them.

Kerry.—Thirty persons left Tralee station for Queenstons *en route* for America. They were nearly all from the country district, around Tralee, and were accompanied a large number of their friends. The scene before the departure of the train was of the saddest description.

Kenmare monthly fair was held a few days ago. There was a large supply of stock, but some of them were in a poor condition. Attendance of buyers was very small compared with other fairs. Only few cattle were purchased, and the numbers of exchanges of any kind were few. Horses were in poor demand. The cattle fair was discouraging in every respect.

Kildare.—Father Kinsella presided at a public meeting in Prosperous recently, at which the conduct of the Clongorey landlord in evicting the tenants and imprisoning the charitable Mrs Kelly for affording shelter to the unfortunate people was condemned as un-Christian.

Rev James McMahon, for many years rector of St Andrew's Church, corner of Duane street and City Hall Place, New York, who a year ago endowed the Catholic University, Washington, with over 400,000dols., has donated 15,000dols. to build a large hall in Maynooth College, Ireland. The building has already been commenced. Father McMahon has retired from active missionary work and resides in the university which he has so generously endowed.

Kilkenny.—The Royal Society of Antiquarians of Ireland will meet in Kilkenny this month. Numerous old places of great interest will be visited by the members. Amongst them will be the famous shrine of St Mullins, on which an interesting paper will be read by Rev J. T. Ffrench.

Limerick.—Dean Bunbury, speaking at the annual meeting of the Limerick Protestant Orphan Society, said his experience of Ireland was that though Irish Protestants differed vitally with their Catholic fellow-countrymen on religious questions, yet they (the minority) always received from the Catholic people nothing but kindness. Representative Catholics recently subscribed to the Protestant orphan fund, and he did not believe that Protestants were disliked by any section of their countrymen in Ireland.

Queen's County.—John Whelan and family of Clonebourne have been cruelly evicted by their landlord, Mr White, and at last meeting of the Bathdowney Federation branch, Father Fitzpatrick presiding, the members condemned the evictor and promised support, financially and morally, to Whelan.

Luggacurran the celebrated was the scene of a most enthusiastic meeting a few days ago, at which Father Maher presided, and called upon his people to assist those who are suffering through grasping landlordism. Many volunteered to collect funds in the parish.

Tyrone.—At an important meeting of the Cookstown National Federation held recently Rev John Rock delivered a stirring and practical speech, in which he asked some exceedingly pertinent questions. Father Rock said:—I now deliberately assert that the state of Ulster is a public scandal. I deliberately assert that the state or many parts of Ulster is neglected, not only by the local men, but also by the Nationalist representatives from Ulster and by the Nationalist representatives generally. East Tyrone is ready, but this is wholly due to the energy and vigilance of the people themselves. This outspoken representation of the weakness of the national cause through neglect will have the effect of arousing the people and solidifying the Home Rule vote in the North, for which Father Rock deserves the thanks of every Irishman who hopes to secure self-government for his native land through the coming elections.

For the third time M. Zola has applied in vain for admission to the French Academy. The "immortals" have no room for a man who would be eligible to their highest honours if they only spelled their name without a "t"

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give 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.]

THE BELFAST CONVENTION.

(*Dublin Freeman* June 25.)

EVERYTHING passed off successfully and peaceably at Belfast Convention. The numbers attending the series of meetings were up to the figure which was anticipated. As a demonstration against Home Rule the affair should satisfy its promoters. It was a triumph of organising skill. We have no desire to minimise the strength and character of the Convention. It would be farcical to suggest that Belfast is unlike any other large city in the Kingdom, incapable of bringing together its tens of thousands of men for this or that political purpose. What we do protest against is the effort now sought to be made of giving to the gathering some other and greater character than that of a skilfully manipulated political demonstration organised for a purely party purpose. There is much, no doubt, that is amusing and ludicrous in the recent threats of civil war. But it is a hard test of one's patience to wade through the weary waste of the carefully prepared oratory, and to have to read this and that as to what Ulster thinks, and what Ulster wants, and what Ulster will do. With equal reason the orators might have claimed to speak for all Ireland. A majority of Ulster is in favour of Home Rule. The population is 1,617,000, and of this number 46 per cent are Catholics. If to the Catholics we add that considerable minority of Northern Presbyterians and Protestants who are Home Rulers, the hollow mockery of the claim of the Convention speakers to express the voice of "Ulster" is seen. And then as to the object of the demonstration. What is it? To save Protestants? This cannot be the object, for even the Rev R. B. Kane, a Grand Master of Orangemen, has said that Protestant and Catholic are anxious to live on kindly and most cordial terms with each other "despite some reprehensible incentives to party strife in the Press and Parliament. And the *Orange Evening Telegraph* of Belfast has fairly admitted that "of Roman Catholic laymen they have no fear." The *Telegraph*, indeed, reduces the objection of the Ulster Unionists to Home Rule to their unwillingness to "assist at the coronation of Archbishop Walsh as King of Ireland," or to submit to "Archbishop Walsh's Parliament in Dublin." This is too silly to be either seriously meant or seriously accepted. The purpose of Belfast's great display was not to save Ireland, or save Protestants, or save the Empire. It was to save the Government, to give the party of the Saundersons, the Russels, and the Johnstons another lease of life, and to secure that purpose by a grand political boom on the eve of the general election. To that end, and none other, the masterly tactics and the unlimited ingenuity of the organisers, were directed. As such the success of the Convention and the subsequent out-door meeting is undeniable. To claim for it anything else, anything greater, or higher or holier, is unmitigated rant and humbug.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY IN NEW ZEALAND.

MISS LUCY LAMMOND, New Plymouth, writes:—After many years of suffering, and travelling all over the world in search of good health, it gives me great pleasure to state that Clements' Tonic has done me more good than all the doctors, and all the baths, spas and masseurs I have known. My life has been one round of misery for the past seven years, owing (so the doctors said) to liver complaint. My head always ached, my limbs ached; I was always tired and languid, and I felt more tired in a morning than when I went to bed. I had sleepless and restless nights, and could get no relief. Three months back I came to New Zealand, and in my travels frequently heard and read of Clements' Tonic, and mother advised me to try two or three bottles. I am pleased to say that it has done wonders. I never have headaches now, and I have only taken three bottles, but I feel a wonderful deal stronger and better, and you have my heartfelt gratitude for your remedy.

J. B. Bell, Esq., Postmaster, Upper Simmonds street, Auckland, relates as follows:—

It affords me gratification to testify to the good effects of Clements' Tonic. A few months ago I was afflicted with debility, indigestion, pains through the body, and sleeplessness, due to over-work. I tried remedies and sought advice without result, until one of Clements' Tonic books came into my possession. I read its columns, and read a case of a similarly afflicted person who had been permanently cured by Clements' Tonic. I bought a bottle, took it regularly, and whilst taking it I felt a marvellous change. A few bottles entirely cured me, and under its influence I felt youthful, and forgot my troubles, and now feel as a business man should—well, and able to attend to and gratify my customers.

Doctor Gill, an astronomer, recently photographed the stars visible at the Cape of Good Hope. Only a small portion of the sky was represented. It would take 10,000 plates to produce a picture of the whole; and if the sky were generally as rich as the part on the plate in question, it appears that the number of stars in the heavens cannot be less than 300,000,000.

Excavations are being made of some Aztec ruins in the Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, and the other day twenty stone idols, different from all others previously discovered, were unearthed. They are circular in shape, forming sizes varying from six to fifteen inches in diameter, the upper half containing a deeply-carved face and the lower half rudimentary arms in relief.

THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN & MERCANTILE AGENCY CO., LTD.

DUNEDIN.

CAPITAL £4,500,000.

Advances Made on Private Agreements to Deliver:

W O O L, G R A I N, & C.

Sales of FAT STOCK every Wednesday at Burnside

Sales of SKINS every Tuesday.

Sales of WOOL and GRAIN periodically during the Season.

Sole Agents for MALDEN ISLAND GUANO, a good Turnip Manure.

ANDREW TODD, Manager, Dunedin.

KAITANGATA COAL.

This Favourite HOUSEHOLD COAL keeps of and is constantly used by all parties who have given it a trial.

Consumers who have not yet had it will add to their HOME COMFORTS by asking their coal merchant to send them KAITANGATA COAL.

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**ALL VEHICLES FITTED
WITH OUR
PATENT SEAT FASTENER**

WANTED KNOWN.

G E O R G E S O N A N D C O
Have added a large saloon at back of Shop, 15 Rattray Street, where Oysters may be had with full table luxury for 6d per plate. Visitors Specially invited.

G E O R G E S O N A N D C O.,
FISHMONGERS AND POULTERERS,
15 Rattray Street; also 113 George Street and MacLaggan Street,
DUNEDIN.

T H E P R I N C E O F W A L E S H O T E L
PRINCES STREET SOUTH
(Within five minutes' walk of Dunedin Railway Station).

Having leased the above Hotel, I can supply Superior Accommodation for Private Families and Visitors from the country and neighbouring colonies at Moderate Charges. Plunge and Shower Baths, Billiards.

P. FAGAN Proprietor

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GUARANTEED PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE
And Unadulterated.

Testimonials sent free on application to

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WINE MERCHANT, 184 ARMAGH STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

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CARPET WAREHOUSEMEN AND ART FURNISHERS,

Desire at this Season to direct special attention to their Stock of

FLOOR COVERINGS,

Amongst which will be found the Newest and
Choicest productions in

WILTON
AXMINSTER
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TAPESTRY, and
KIDDERMINSTERCARPET

Also a few

TURKEY, MIRZAPORE, and MASULIPATAM
CARPETS and RUGS.

LINOLEUM and FLOORCLOTH
in all qualities.

Specialties—

INLAID TILE LINOLEUM

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CORK CARPET.

CURTAINS AND FURNITURE COVERINGS

In these Goods we hold the Largest Stock and Greatest

Variety in New Zealand,

and are prepared to make and fit up

WINDOW VALANCES and DRAPERIES, BED-

HANGINGS, PORTIERS, &c.,

A choice of which can be made from some of the latest Parisian
designs.

We have in Stock a few high-class

DRAWING ROOM OCCASIONAL CHAIRS,
which can be covered to suit purchaser's choice.

We are also prepared to estimate for and undertake
Upholstery of every description.

HERBERT, HAYNES & CO.

3RD EDITION

OF

ST. JOSEPH'S PRAYER BOOK

IS NOW READY.

Approved By

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

All Orders to J. J. CONNOR, TABLET Office, receive
prompt attention

Commercial.

Messrs ETRONACH BROS. AND MORRIS report as follows:—

Fat Cattle—140 yarded. Prices as last week's. Best bullocks, £10 7s 6d; others in proportion.

Fat Sheep—2074 yarded. Slight improvement. One pen of best crossbred wethers fetched 20s 3d; crossbred wethers and others, 17s 6d to 18s 6d; medium, 15s 6d to 16s 6d; merino, 7s 6d to 15s.

Pigs—Prices unaltered. Porkers selling well up to 45s.

Rabbitkins—Fair catalogue; good attendance buyers; keen competition. Prime winters, bucks and does, 15½d to 16½d; medium to good, 13½d to 15½d; autumn, 8½d to 10½d; suckers, 4½d to 8½d.

Sheepskins—Small catalogue; good attendance and keen competition. Dry crossbreds brought 2s 1d to 4s 3d; merinos, 2s 10d to 3s 4d; lambs and pelts, 5d to 2s 6d; green crossbreds, 3s 6d to 5s; merinos, 2s 11d to 3s 6d.

Hides—Quotations remain unchanged. Tallow—Good demand for all lots coming forward. Prime rendered, 18s to 20s; medium to good, 15s to 17s 6d; inferior, 12s 6d to 14s 6d; rough fat, 9s to 13s.

Grain—Wheat: A larger business has been done during the last week than has been done for some time, the consequence being that prices have somewhat hardened. Seed wheat, 4s to 4s 6d; milling (prime to extra prime) 3s 6d to 3s 10d; do medium, 3s 2d to 3s 5d; do inferior, 2s 11d to 3s 1d; fowl wheat, 2s to 2s 10d.—Oats: There is a steady demand for all qualities, a preference, however, being shown for bright heavy sparrowbill and Sutherlands. Seed (Danish) are inquired for, and if really clean would meet a good market. We quote:—Seed (all descriptions), 2s to 2s 3d; milling, 1s 10d to 1s 11d; feed, bright, heavy, 1s 8d to 1s 9d; do discoloured, 1s 4d to 1s 7d; sacks extra.—Barley: Some business is passing at late quotations, but the market is quiet.

Potatoes—The market is very dull. Best, 27s 6d to 32s 6d; inferior, 20s to 25s.

Chaff—There is better demand for medium and inferior, but prime and well cut oaten sheaf is in brisk demand. We quote: Best heavy, 45s to 50s; medium, 37s 6d to 42s 6d; light and inferior, 30s to 35s.

Ryegrass—Only a moderate demand. Best dressed, 3s 9d to 4s 3d; inferior, 2s 3d to 3s 6d.

THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY CO., LIMITED, report for week ending August 17 as follows:—

Store Cattle—A few of these change hands from time to time, and a much larger number could be placed if supplies were available. This week we sold 75 head heifers and steers at from 50s to £6 10s per head.

Store Sheep—The market now is comparatively quiet, nothing doing beyond the few odd lots changing hands at the various country sales, and the number put through then is limited. This week we placed 750 crossbred hoggets at 13s to 17s.

Sheepskins—The usual good demand was experienced at auction on Tuesday. We quote—Dry crossbreds, inferior to medium, 2s to 3s 11d; do do merino 1s 10d to 3s 2d; full-woolled crossbreds, 4s 2d to 6s 3d; do do merino, 3s 4d to 5s 9d; dry pelts, 3d to 1s 9d; butchers' green crossbreds, best, 4s 6d to 4s 10d; choice, 5s; medium to good, 3s 4d to 4s 5d; green merinos, best, 3s 3d to 3s 7d; light, 2s 9d to 3s 2d each.

Rabbitkins—While the demand is very strong for these there is no further improvement in the tone of the market. We quote—Best winter does, 1s 4d to 1s 4½d; bucks, 1s 3d to 1s 4d; medium to good, 1s 1d to 1s 2½d; autumn, 9d to 11d; summer, 6d to 8d; suckers and half-grown, 3d to 5d; black and fawn, 8d to 11½d per lb.

Hides—A fair demand continues to be experienced, but as regards prices there are no indications of any upward movement. We quote—For dry, salted, heavy weights, properly flayed, 2½d to 3d; medium, 2d to 2½d; light, 1½d to 1¾d; inferior, 1d to 1½d per lb.

Tallow—Supplies to hand are short, and all consignments coming forward are readily taken up at late quotations. We quote—Best rendered mutton, 19s to 20s; medium to good, 16s to 18s 6d; inferior to medium, 13s to 15s; rough fat is also firm, best caul fetching, 12s 6d to 13s; inferior to medium and good, 9s to 12s per cwt.

Grain—Wheat: Market practically in same position as last week. Millers are purchasing all prime samples offering at prices on a par with those ruling the previous week. We quote, best milling, velvet, red straw, and tuscan, 3s 6d to 3s 8d; extra prime, 1d to 2d more; good to best, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; medium, 2s 8d to 3s 2d; whole fowl's wheat, 2s 3d to 2s 6d; inferior and broken, 1s 9d to 2s 2d, ex store, sacks weighed in, terms.—Oats: The market may be reported a shade firmer. The slight improvement in the price of feed is due to the fact that sellers have not been forcing the market with supplies. We quote, best bright short feed and milling, 1s 11d to 2s; medium to good, 1s 9d to 1s 10d; inferior to medium, 1s 6d to 1s 8d; good Dan sh and long Tartare, clean and true to name, 1s 9d to 2s 3d, ex store, sacks extra, net.—Barley: There is hardly any business being done in this cereal. Quotations for best malting 3s 6d to 3s 9d; medium to good, 3s to 3s 3d; feed and milling, 2s to 2s 10d, ex store, sacks extra, terms.

Grass Seeds—Ryegrass: Best dressed perennial, 3s 9d to 4s; medium, 3s 3d to 3s 6d per bushel; ex store. Cocksfoot seed is going off in small parcels. Best dressed, 3½d to 4½d; medium, 3d to 3½d per lb.

Potatoes—Best derwents in small lots only fetch 25s to 30s; other sorts almost unsaleable. These prices are ex store, sacks weighed in.

Chaff—Sales are difficult to effect at prices lately ruling. Best bright, heavy, screened, 40s to 45s; inferior to medium, 27s 6d to 37s 6d per ton.

Dairy Produce—Prime salt butter, 9d to 10d; medium difficult to quit. The cheese market is extremely quiet; quotations nominal,

say for factory, medium size, 4½d to 5d; loaf shaps, 5d to 5½d; dairy, 3d to 4½d per lb.

MESSRS DONALD REID AND Co. report as follows for week ending August 17:—

Rabbitkins—Prime winters (bucks and does) sold at 16d to 16½d; medium to good, 14½d to 15½d; inferior, 12½d to 13½d; coloured, 10d to 11½d; autumns, 7½d to 10½d; suckers, 3½d to 5d per lb.

Sheepskins—Green crossbreds sold at 3s 5d to 5s; do merinos, 2s 8d to 3s 11d; dry crossbreds, 2s 1d to 5s 2d; do merinos, 1s 5d to 3s 8d; do pelts and hoggets, 7d to 2s 8d.

Hides—Prime heavies, 2½d to 3d; medium to good, 2½d to 2½d; light, 1½d to 2d; inferior bulks, 1½d to 1½d per lb.

Tallow—Medium rendered 16s to 17s; inferior, 13s to 14s 6d; rough fat, 10s to 13s per cwt.

Wheat—Seed wheat (all descriptions), 4s to 4s 6d; milling (prime to extra prime), 3s 7d to 3s 10d; do medium, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; do inferior, 2s 10d to 3s 2d; fowl wheat, 2s to 2s 9d.

Oats—Milling, 1s 11½d to 2s 1d; bright feed, 1s 10d to 1s 11d; medium do, 1s 8d to 1s 9d; discoloured do, 1s 5d to 1s 7d; sacks extra.

Potatoes—Best, 27s 6d to 32s 6d; inferior, 20s to 25s. Chaff—Best heavy, 45s to 50s; medium, 37s 6d to 42s 6d; inferior, 27s 6d to 35s.

Turnips—In bulk, 12s to 13s; bagged, 14s (sacks extra). Ryegrass—Consignments are offering very freely, and prices are hardly so firm. We quote—Machine dressed, 3s 8d to 4s; best farmers', 3s 1d to 3s 7d; inferior, 3s 6d to 3s.

Timothy—The market is very quiet. Quotations—Best, 37s 6d to 42s 6d; medium and inferior, 30s to 35s.

Cocksfoot—Best machine dressed, 3½d to 4½d; medium quality, 3d to 3½d; inferior, 2d to 3d.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

MESSRS. WRIGHT, STEPHENSON AND Co. report as follows:—There was again a very small entry of horses for our weekly sale on Saturday, only about 40 horses of all descriptions being offered. Draughts suitable for shafting and country work were again in excellent demand, and we had no difficulty in selling all that were forward of this class on which the reserves were at all reasonable. There was also a fair demand for good strong spring-cart horses, but medium class—hacks and harness horses—were again almost unsaleable. We quote—For first-class draughts (extra heavy), £25 to £30; good ordinary draughts, £18 to £22; medium draughts, £12 to £16; aged draughts, £6 to £10; good hacks and harness horses, £12 to £16; medium hacks and harness horses, £7 to £9; light and inferior hacks and harness horses, £2 10s to £5.

RABBITSKIN MARKET.

J. H. KIRK AND Co., Bond street, report as follows for week ending 17th August:—

Prices continue all in favour of the seller, notwithstanding the distinctly unfavourable cable advices of last London sales, which would lead us to conclude that the values ruling locally are out of all proportion. Our prices for the past week have ranged from 15½d to 16½d for prime poisoned skins—according to condition and get-up.

MR F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale price—Oats 1s 7d to 2s 1d (bags extra), demand good. Wheat (easier) milling, 3s 6d to 4s 0d; fowls', 2s 0d to 2s 9d, sacks included. Chaff: Market, good supply—£1 10s 0d to £2 12s 6d; hay, oatens £3 0s; ryegrass, £3. Bran, £3 5s. Potard, £3 15s. Potatoes, kidneys, seed, £2; derwents, £1 5s to £1 10s 0d. Flour: roller, £10 10, to £11 5s; stone, value nominal, £9 0s to £9 15s. Fresh butter, 10d to 1s 3d; salt, prime, 9d. Eggs, 9d. Oatmeal, £9 10s in 25lbs; bulk, £9.

THE PINKERTONS.

(From the *Irish World*, July 16.)

The scenes witnessed at Homestead during the past week emphasize what we have said of the danger involved in the employment of Pinkerton's mercenaries to overawe labour. Their presence, as it was foreseen, excited passions that found vent in acts that converted Homestead into a veritable battlefield. For the loss of life that occurred during the fight to prevent the landing of the Pinkertons the responsibility must rest on those who advised the hiring of these mercenaries. There were other methods of effectively protecting the property of the owners of the mills without having recourse to the employment of the off-scourings of the slums of New York, Chicago, and other large cities.

When the strike began, the Advisory Committee of the strikers made a proposition to the sheriff of the county, which, if it had been accepted, would have saved Homestead from witnessing scenes of riot and bloodshed. The proposition of the Advisory Committee was that five hundred of the men who had been employed in the mills should be sworn in as deputy sheriffs to serve without pay, the Advisory Committee furnishing a bond of ten thousand dollars as a security for the faithful discharge of their duty by the deputies. If this offer had been accepted the peace of the community would have been preserved and not a dollar's worth of the property of the mill owners would have been injured. Unfortunately it was rejected and the aid of the Pinkertons was called in. What followed was the natural result of relying on an army of Pinkertons to guard the mills.

H. B. KIRK

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FOR LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON. — PENGUIN, s. s., on Monday, August 22. Passengers from Dunedin wharf at 3 p.m. Cargo till noon.

NELSON, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON and PICTON.—PENGUIN, s. s., on Monday, August 22. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m. Cargo till noon

FOR AUCKLAND, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GISBORNE.—TALUNE, s. s., on Wednesday, August 24. Passengers from Dunedin by 2.30 p.m. train.

FOR OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTLETON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, AUCKLAND.—PUKAKI, s. s., about Saturday, August 27.

FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, and AUCKLAND.—TALUNE, s. s., on Wednesday, August 24. Passengers from Dunedin by 2.30 p.m. train.

FOR MELBOURNE, VIA BLUFF AND HOBART.—WAIHORA, s. s., on Thursday, August 25. Passengers from Dunedin by 2.30 p.m. train.

FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON AND WELLINGTON.—HAUKOTO, s. s., on Tuesday August 16.

FOR WESTPORT, VIA TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTLETON, AND WELLINGTON.—BRUNNER, s. s., on Friday, August 26. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 4 p.m. Cargo till 1 p.m.

FOR GREYMOUTH AND HOKITIKA, VIA OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTLETON, and WELLINGTON.—HERALD, s. s., about Saturday, August 27. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at mid-night. Cargo till 4 p.m.

FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND.—OVALAU s. s., about Friday, September 9.

FOR TONGA and SAMOA, from AUCKLAND.—UPULU, s. s., on Tuesday, August 30

OFFICES: Corner Vogel, Water, and Cumberland street

A brief history of this army of unscrupulous mercenaries will supply us with the reason for their being so cordially hated by labour. Some years before the war a Scotchman named Pinkerton established a private detective bureau for the purpose of ferreting out common, ordinary thieves. In the course of time it extended its operations. In addition to hunting down thieves it supplied watchmen for banks and business houses. In this way the "Pinkerton detective watch" was established at Chicago. This was the nucleus from which a standing army that has been estimated as high as thirty-five thousand has been evolved.

On the death of the original Pinkerton the command of this standing army passed to his two sons, who have so improved on their father's methods that they can boast of being able to furnish, in a few hours, any corporation with several thousand men, fully equipped, drilled, and ready to go anywhere or do anything they are ordered to do. The Pinkertons have regular agencies, with regular forces of men in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St Paul, Kansas City, and Denver. From these centres of population they are ready, at a moment's notice, to send out an army that has been recruited in the slums. It is well known that many an ex-convict has worn the Pinkerton uniform.

In advertising for recruits the only qualification the Pinkertons require is courage. When a man is accepted he is told off and instructed as to the duties he will have to perform. He is, of course, drilled like a regular soldier, and is subject to a discipline somewhat similar to that prevailing in the army. As he feels no sense of responsibility except to his employer, it is not surprising that when called upon to help overawe strikers he acts in a manner that has earned him the hatred of organised labour. Here are some of the murders that are laid to the charge of this band of thugs. During the great strike on the New York Central they fired into a crowd of strikers, killing one young man and wounding five other persons, one of whom was a woman. This occurred at East Albany. During the longshoremen's strike in New Jersey, about five years ago, the Pinkertons murdered a boy under circumstances that so aroused public indignation that the New Jersey Legislature passed a law making the employment of Pinkertons unlawful. New York has placed a similar law on its statute book. A law of the same character has been in force in Massachusetts since the first of July, which forbids the employment of any non-resident of the State to assist any corporation with arms in their hands.

We have called attention to only a few of the murders committed by the Pinkertons. We could easily swell the list. So numerous have these murders been that they at last attracted the attention of Congress.

Mr Watson of Alabama introduced a resolution calling for an inquiry into the workings and the methods of the Pinkertons. In introducing his resolution he gave this description of the Pinkertons:—

"They have claimed that in one day they could turn over to a big corporation 35,000 men, provided the place where they were to be congregated was near a big city. My attention was first attracted to this great evil at the time of the Missouri-Pacific Railroad strike. During that period the Pinkertons advertised for men, and in the advertisement it was stated that only men who had courage and meat business need apply.

"Here was Mr Hoxie, then the general manager of the Missouri-Pacific system, employing a larger force of armed men than was controlled by the States. These ruffians showed that they placed no value upon human life, for during the strike many innocent people were killed and wounded. Every one in New York will remember how an innocent man was shot down in the streets of Albany by a Pinkerton detective, and I remember that during the same strike the sweetheart of a young striker, while walking along the street with him, was shot down by one of the villains.

"Those who from selfish reasons favour the continuance of this infamous system claim that if these men commit any violation of law they can be punished the same as any one else. This is undoubtedly true, but in the cases of the Pinkerton men the corporations that employ them see that they escape. They are hurried into another State before their identity can be discovered, so that it is practically impossible to bring them to justice."

With such a record as this behind them it is not surprising the Pinkertons are cordially hated by organised labour. Their employment during strikes is a direct incitement to violence. It is, therefore, high time the authority of the States be invoked to put them down. There is every probability that Pennsylvania will enact an anti-Pinkerton law. Other States should not wait for a repetition of such scenes as occurred at Homestead before placing the brand of illegality on these organised thugs.

Messrs J. and J. Arthur, 6 George street, Dunedin, have just received from Europe a large and excellent stock of gentlemen's clothing materials. The goods will be found of the best possible qualities, and the firm may be depended on to make them up to order in the newest and most approved styles, at unprecedentedly low prices.

MR GLADSTONE'S STRIKING POINT.

(From the *Irish World*.)

IN his first speech in Midlothian at the beginning of the election campaign a few days ago, Mr Gladstone presented a striking argument against the Tory allegation that the Irish Catholic people want Home Rule in order that they may oppress the Protestant minority in respect to their religious rights by giving dominance or ascendancy to the Catholic Church. Here is how Mr Gladstone dealt with that suggestion of the enemies of Home Rule:—

"You may have heard of the cruel charges—frivolous beyond all known frivolity and cruel beyond any cruelty that the mere steel can inflict in the barbarous hand—charges against the Irish nation that what they are seeking by this change is to acquire power by means of which they are to triumph, are to trample down the rights of their Protestant fellow-subjects. Oh, gentlemen, if the inventor—I won't say the inventors of these charges, for I believe that the violence of passion induces men to imagine things in the teeth of all reason, so that it is folly and not wickedness which I believe leads them astray—believe in these charges, ought they not in decency to reflect that the Irish members themselves in 1886 willingly and zealously agreed in this, that we should insert in the Home Rule Bill a provision forbidding absolutely the erection of any national Church establishment whatever? What a strange state of things it is. The Irish agreed to that security in order to disarm Protestant apprehension and suspicion, and though they have agreed to it that is not strong enough. But who are they that are called upon to prosecute these suspicions against them to the uttermost? They are the people of England and of Scotland, and the people of England and Scotland—both of them up to this date having Church establishments themselves—it is supposed are to find fault even with the Irish renunciation, and after the Irish have voluntarily excluded themselves from that privilege, or whatever else any of you may think it to be. Even after they have done that you are asked by the Belfast Convention and by all the dukes and marquises, and all the people that they can persuade to follow them—you are asked still to prosecute the Irish on this most unjust, most false, most fictitious charge of bigotry and religious tyranny, and of an intention to trample Protestant rights under foot."—No fair-minded person can read this without feeling the full force of the point which Mr Gladstone makes. It is certainly the height of impudence for English and Scotch Tories who insist upon maintaining their Protestant Church in State-endowed ascendancy for their Church, even while those Irish Catholics are willing, as Mr Gladstone says, to agree to ample securities against any such scheme.

It is rather amusing to find the Tory Unionists basing their opposition to Home Rule on the alleged danger of clerical dictation, and at the same time attempting to overawe the Liberal party through the dictation of the Orange and semi-Orange parsons. The Protestant Primate, displaying a nice sense of religious propriety, opens the Belfast Convention with a prayer for the perpetuation of misrule. To the mind of the anti-Catholic coercionist this is worthy of all praise. A number of Protestant ministers sign a manifesto in favour of the ascendancy policy; the Tory Unionist sees not a trace of clerical dictation in the document. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin uses his pulpit to preach against the political claims of the majority of his fellow countrymen; to the ears of the Tory Unionist his preaching is the true gospel. But let the Catholic Archbishops of Dublin or Cashel utter a Home Rule sentiment from the platform, or write it in the Press, then all the pious Tory Unionists from the Premier downwards are shocked and scandalised at this misuse of ecclesiastical power, and warn the nation against "selling the Irish Protestants into slavery," delivering them up to the tender mercies of Drs Walsh and Croke, etc, etc. Truly, the weights and scales of Tory Unionists are peculiar.

On Tuesday, July 12, the National Education Convention in session at Saratoga was addressed by President Harrison on the great lawn of Congress, Spring Park. The President is always interesting and to the point in his remarks on public questions, but he never drew from his rich fund of instructive aphorisms more happily than on that occasion when pointing out the true direction and purpose of education "It is not simply," he said, "to give the power that comes from education, but to give it safe direction, that schools are established. He is not a benefactor of his race who develops or misdirects power. Then it is, we must insist, that in all our schools the morality of the Ten Commandments shall be instilled. That lesson of due subordination to authority shall be taught. In family and in school are the beginning of the fundamental element of good citizenship and obedience to the law."—This is the safe and consistent Christian spirit in which the great work of educating the rising generation should be conducted, fitting them for the duties and aspirations of the highest Christian civilisation. It recognises the necessity for a religious influence in training the budding intellectual powers on lines of justice, morality, and due respect for authority, which constitute in the State, as in the family and in the school, "the fundamental element of good citizenship." The President's judgment on the subject is in line with that of the best and broadest thinkers of the land.—*Irish World*.

AN APPEAL.

DURING the past few years the Catholics of New Plymouth have been making most self-sacrificing efforts to raise funds for the erection of a new church. The present building is in a very delapidated condition—utterly unworthy of the sublime mysteries celebrated within it. To crown the efforts of the parishioners with success I find that some substantial assistance must be obtained from charitable friends outside the district. We are few in number, being only one in twelve of the entire population, and nearly all in straitened circumstances. A gentleman in Wellington who knows our difficulties, and the great necessity for a new church here, has forwarded a generous subscription towards same, and I am quite certain there are many other charitable persons throughout the colony, who, if they had this gentleman's knowledge, would also imitate his noble example. Any, even the smallest contribution or donation, thankfully received.

JAMES McKENNA.

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We hold Auction Sales of Fat and Store Stock every Wednesday at the Bunside Yards. Sales of Wool, Hemp, Sheepskins, Rabbitskins, Hides, and Tallow every Tuesday; and of Grain and other Farm Produce every Monday.

Parties consigning Stock or Produce for Sale may rely on Sales being conducted to the very best advantage, and Account Sales rendered without delay.

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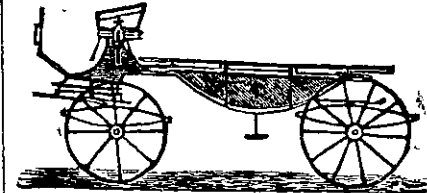
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NOTICE.

Contributions to our literary columns should be addressed to the editor, and should reach this office not later than Tuesday morning.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

"ULSTER QUESTION."—The matter is dealt with in a manner to render publication hardly judicious as things are at present.

The New Zealand Tablet.

ÆT JUSITIA.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1892.

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.

PARTIES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE general elections in Great Britain and Ireland are over, and have resulted in Mr GLADSTONE'S return to power. We greatly rejoice at this, for he is the first English statesman holding high office for seven hundred years who has had either sympathy or pity for Ireland and her people. For seven hundred years the policy generally pursued by English statesmen in reference to Ireland has been a policy of tyranny, plunder, and ascendancy, and the general practice of English writers and statesmen has been to misrepresent—and even calumniate—the Irish people, their religion, and their policy, and their acts public and private. In these respects a change is visible within the last few years, and this is mainly due to Mr GLADSTONE, whose intelligence, sense of justice, and thorough acquaintance with the history of Ireland have enabled him to appreciate the Irish people, their condition, and their claims. Mr GLADSTONE has the eternal gratitude of the Irish race, not only in Ireland, but throughout the world. It may be asked—Has the English Government done no good in Ireland? We answer, let the famines that have desolated the land, the extermination of the people by the English garrison, the fever hospitals for Irish emigrants in Canada, the ascendancy of the English party in Ireland, the cruel tithe system, the destruction of Catholic schools, the ostracism of Irish Catholics, etc.—many of which evils have not yet entirely ceased—be the reply to this question. The English Government in Ireland, since it was first established in this unfortunate country, has done its level best to compel the people to become victims of ignorance and poverty, and the slaves of the ascendancy party; and the survival of this people in spite of cruel and persistent misgovernment, is one of the greatest wonders, even miracles, recorded in history. No doubt some small instalment of justice and humane administration have from time to time been literally wrung from the unwilling British Government, but wrung these have been. Nothing has ever been spontaneously conceded to a sense of justice and wise policy. On the contrary, nothing, not even the paltriest concession, has ever been granted till forced from the English Government by the fear of rebellion or social revolution. Now, however, better things may be hoped for, and the foundation of this hope is the advocacy of Irish claims to justice and fair play by Mr GLADSTONE. Is it any wonder, therefore, that Irishmen everywhere greatly rejoice at his victory over rampant Toryism, over the party lineally descended from and inheriting the traditions of their cruel persecutors, and of his return to a position in which he may be enabled to carry to completion his wise projects for the amelioration of Ireland. Irishmen rejoice, too, that the men who persistently misrepresent the Irish people have been relegated to the cold shades of Opposition. The stock-in-trade of Tory politicians is the abuse of Ireland and Irishmen;

their leaders and writers at all times habitually abuse and vilify the people, and, when not engaged in this amiable occupation, they are busy in abusing and vilifying their priests and bishops; and their dreary and malignant libels alternate between these two topics with a persistency and iteration almost heroic. May we not rejoice, consequently, that such bitter enemies are no longer in a position to translate their shocking hatreds into facts, and that a wise, learned, and humane statesman is once again at the head of affairs. We augur much from this. But at the same time we are not oblivious to the threats of the Tory party that they will make use of the House of Lords to frustrate the will of the people of the Three Kingdoms and the Principality of Wales, and persuade the aristocrats' House to reject the Home Rule Bill. The public is told that all the intelligence, learning, and decency of the Empire are opposed to Home Rule for Ireland. This is in accordance with the conceited, self-sufficient traditions of the Tory party, which is fully persuaded that outside itself there is neither talent, wisdom, nor decency to be found. This, however, is only their own estimate of themselves. The majority of the people is of an entirely different opinion, which opinion is not at all flattering to either the intelligence, industry, or information of said Tory party, which has by no means a monopoly of brain or even of sound education. But let this pass. The people, no doubt, fully appreciate the estimation in which they are held by their would-be masters, and will probably find means in the future to bring these supercilious people to their knees. Meantime it is the duty, and ought to be considered the high privilege, of all good, liberal, patriotic men, to rally round Mr GLADSTONE and enthusiastically support him in his endeavours to give peace, prosperity, and liberty to Ireland. We deeply regret the attitude of the few Parnellite members who were returned at the late general election. Seeing what is the opinion of the vast majority of the Irish people, these members should abandon the role of factionists and join the other seventy-one Home Rulers who have selected Mr MCCARTHY as their sessional chairman. We entertain no doubt whatever that it is the most earnest desire of the overwhelming majority of Irishmen everywhere that this should be done, and that if it be not done, and done quickly, at the next general election the Parnellites as a party shall find themselves flung from off the political stage. But we should greatly prefer to see these gentlemen themselves profit by the lesson they have received, and gracefully and, like sensible men, voluntarily give in their adhesion to the majority.

ON Sunday next, the Sunday within the octave of the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, exposition of the Most Holy Sacrament will take place after the 11 a.m. Mass at St Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin. In the evening after Vespers there will be a procession.

WE record with sincere sorrow the death of Judge Broad, which occurred yesterday (Tuesday) evening at Nelson. The Press Association wires the following particulars:—"His Honour Judge Broad died suddenly this evening. He had just sat down to dinner when he was seized with an apoplectic fit. Dr Mackie was instantly called in, but the judge died a few minutes after the doctor's arrival, death being accelerated by weakness of the heart. Lowther Broad was a warden on the Otago goldfields, and subsequently served in the same capacity at the Thames. About 20 years ago he was appointed resident magistrate and warden at Nelson, and later on was appointed District Court Judge. In 1873, in connection with the Nelson Exhibition, of which he was vice-president, he was awarded the first prize for his tale of goldfields life. He was also the author of several law books, including two editions of 'Digest of Cases in District Courts,' and two editions of 'The Resident Magistrates' Court Guide,' 'Justices' Handy Book,' 'The Law of Innkeepers,' besides 'The Jubilee History of Nelson.' He was about editing a fourth edition of 'Judge Johnston's New Zealand Justice of the Peace.' His sudden death has thrown a gloom over the town, for Mr Broad was esteemed greatly. He leaves a widow and nine children." Judge Broad was in every respect a most estimable citizen and a most excellent man. As a Catholic he was sincere and devoted, and his services to religion in the colony were very great. In all the relations of life his loss will be deeply felt. We tender to Mrs Broad and her children our heartfelt and respectful sympathy.—R.I.P.

So far as Glasgow is concerned (says the *Observer* of July 9), the General Election is over. Everything considered, the advocates of Home Rule have no cause to grumble at the result. Indeed, it was anticipated by all. Though three Unionists go to St Stephen's from Glasgow, only one of the trio can say he has a mandate from the

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electors. The other two have to thank Liberal defection for their return. About such victories there can be no glory. Home Rule had thumping majorities in six of the Glasgow divisions, and in the seventh the Unionist majority was pulled down by over 500 votes.

A FRIEND resident at Masterton has sent us a subscription of 10s in aid of the testimonial to be presented by the members of the Catholic Press to the Holy Father on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee. We congratulate our friend on his generous and truly Catholic spirit.

GENERAL J. S. CLARKSON has pronounced the following rather pertinent opinion relative to the strike at Carnegie's:—"Mr Carnegie is a man of vast fortune and his wealth has been made by his workmen. In saying this I do not belittle Mr Carnegie's marvellous faculty for accumulation. He has written a great deal about triumphant democracy and the responsibilities of wealth, and created the impression among many that he is at heart a philanthropist. Now is his opportunity to show that this reputation is deserved. Those workmen cannot be wrong in objecting to the treatment they are now subjected to. There have been no convulsions in business that could possibly make those great reductions necessary. As I understand it the workmen have built their homes there and made the town. There is no place for them to go and they must rely upon Carnegie for a living. He has discussed the beauties of co-operation in magazine articles and now he should put his theories into practice."

It is a curious fact (says the *Dublin Freeman* of July 9) that both the candidates at the famous Galway election of 1872, Colonel Nolan and Colonel French, are opposing the Irish party at this General Election. The former Colonel (for whom the priests and people of Ireland then raised a fund of £16,000), is fighting for the Factionists in North Galway, and the other Colonel is fighting for the Unionists in Whitechapel. His opponent is a Jew—Mr Samuel Montagu—one of the best friends Ireland had in the House of Commons. The English Jews are almost to a man in favour of the Irish Party, and when Ireland stood almost friendless in the House of Commons, a Jew—Sir John Simon—was her constant and fearless friend, a staunch opponent of coercion, when scarcely another British member had the courage to oppose that nefarious system. He was educated with Irish boys, and he learned from them how like the history of his own highly gifted but unfortunate race was that of the people of Ireland. And the impression thus early formed has governed all the politics of his manhood. It was always a source of the deepest gratification to him to know that the people whom he so loved were the only nation in Europe that never persecuted the Jewish race.

THE Great event of the week has, of course, been the defeat of Lord Salisbury's Government, which took place on Thursday the 11th inst, by a majority of 40 in favour of the amendment to the Address-in-Reply, the division being the largest on record. On Saturday Lord Salisbury handed in his resignation to the Queen and Mr Gladstone was summoned to attend at Osborne. All sorts of rumours prevail as to the *personnel* of the new Government, but so far little is definitely known. Parliament has been adjourned until tomorrow (Thursday).

THE results in London (says the *Glasgow Observer* of July 9) have not quite come up to the very glowing expectations formed at the close of the County Council Elections. We have not "swept the metropolis" as it was grandiloquently prophesied, but we have done very well. The victories of Monday in the West Hams were an excellent omen, and though the result there has not been generally repeated, there is much to be satisfied with as things stand. Sir Charles Russell holds his seat with a splendidly augmented majority, although it is once more the ill-fortune of Mr Costelloe to be on the losing side. Lord Salisbury's "black man" has won in Finsbury after a very close contest, and H. M. Stanley, to our profound gratification, has lost Lambeth. Although results have been so unkind, the polling shows a remarkable manifestation in our favour. In many notable instances the Home Rule vote was expanded. On the whole we have every reason for satisfaction with London's performances. For London, it was not half bad.

Mrs Richardson's chemist shop, Westport, is now situated more centrally, and the new manager, Mr T. M. Carroll, has quite altered the whole appearance of things. The shop is a model of neatness, and it is to be hoped, under its popular manager, it will command a good trade.

We have been sent by the Dunedin manager of the Kaitangata Coal Co., a pretty story entitled "J. Cole," and written by Emma Gellibrand. It is one of the publications of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge"—but contains nothing that can offend in the slightest degree. On the contrary, it may be read with profit and interest by every one. It is a simple tale, told with originality and pathos.

WELLINGTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

August 13.

It will be a shock to the Conservative and Unionist journals that have been engaged during the past fortnight in lauding Sir George Grey to the skies, to find the old veteran sending a congratulatory letter to his brother octogenarian, Mr Gladstone, on his victory, and advising him not to grow faint in the carrying out of his great work. The message was signed by all the Ministers and all the Native Members—38 in all. The Upper House, or at least that part of it who are opposed to Home Rule, must see that there are yet a few people in New Zealand who are not opposed to that "detestable policy of Home Rule."

One would think that after the Clappett *fiasco* the religious people would be a bit more careful in their selection of notable strangers to assist local talent in developing the spiritual life of the people. One of the latest adventurers of this class who has been amongst us is a gentleman who passed himself off as a son of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He was here some time ago, and it is alleged passed some cheques to people here at the same time, forgetting to make due provisions at the bank for their payment, and bank-managers are such a nasty, disobliging lot that they never make allowances for a fellow's forgetfulness in this way, even if it is the result of too much devotedness to things spiritual. When the *pseudo*-representative of the great teetotal champion was here about a month ago it is said that he occupied a local pulpit on a Sunday, and was even to have spoken at a public meeting at the Opera House on compensation to publicans, but in the latter case I dare say too much publicity was not desired by him. Several of his newly-acquired religious and temperance friends saw in him many characteristics of his noble father. Mr "Lawson" has admitted to the Auckland police that he served a term of twelve months in Lyttelton Gaol, and that he sailed under the name of Clapham and half a dozen other *aliases* down south—where, rumour hath it, that a prominent and revered prohibitionist, finding him departing from the path of temperance, administered some corporal punishment in a way that only an athlete could.

It will be remembered by some of my readers, that last year the Petition Committee of the House of Representatives recommended that Mr C. O'Malley, formerly court crier in the Supreme Court, Christchurch, be paid as compensation the sum of £50 for the loss of his office. The Government ignored the recommendation then made, and Mr O'Malley has been up here this year again advocating his right to compensation, and I am glad to say that the committee again recommended that he should get the amount voted last year for the loss of his post. Of course the payment of the money rests with the Government, but I should think they would not set at naught the expressed opinions of two committees. It is strange, too, that Mr O'Malley should have to ask a Wellington Member (Mr Fisher) to fight his battle.

The "Lords," having had nothing much else to do, have been discussing the Bible-in-Schools Bill, and, as was naturally to be expected, threw it out. The debate on the subject was not uninteresting, as showing the great diversion of opinion on religious subjects which prevail amongst those whom we expect to know better. One gentleman said there was a high state of morality even previous to the Bible, whilst another flatly contradicted him and said there was no such thing prior to the days of Christianity. The sleepy Members of the Upper House prove to be useful now and again, and I dare say many of the Lower House legislators were very glad when such a bone of contention as Bible-reading in the public schools was spared them.

A monster Catholic social was held on Thursday night in the Rink, where upwards of 900 persons, it is computed, were present, including the Very Rev Fathers Devoy, Dawson, and Dr Watters. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a Christy minstrel performance given by the members of St Mary of the Angel's choir, assisted by outside friends. A very efficient orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr Cimino, played the accompaniments. At the conclusion of the minstrel portion of the social the floor was cleared and dancing was indulged in for a couple of hours.

Mr J. B. Alston, 66 Colombo street, Christchurch, may be called on with advantage by persons who need the services of an expert and tasteful hairdresser—or who desire to replenish in a satisfactory manner their stock of tobacco and pipes. A choice assortment of fancy goods will also be found in Mr Alston's shop.

The Calliope cycles are deservedly held in high favour among cyclists. Those who are desirous of seeing them at their best should visit the factory of Mr Benjamin Saville, 110 Colombo street, Christchurch. Excellent work and moderate prices, is the motto of the establishment.

The Grey Valley Coal Company keep well to the front. We are glad to see, especially through the generous support of religious and charitable institutions characteristic of their Dunedin manager, Mr P. McArdle, that they are doing a brisk business, and effectively developing a most useful colonial industry.

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"ULSTERIA."

(From the Dunedin Star.)

"ULSTERIA" is the name aptly applied by Mr 'Punch' to the interesting but peculiar state of mind which prompted the anti-Home Rule Convention held in Belfast during the third week of June. Mr Labouchere, with equal felicity, dubs the demonstration a "Great Orange Orgie." Every possible means appears to have been taken in order to ensure the *clat* of this Ulsterian attempt to frighten the British electors into voting against their convictions. Lord Salisbury, with his usual "blazing indiscretion" (the phrase is Mr John Morley's), had taken periodical occasions to encourage the Orangemen in their policy of foolish bluster and still more foolish menace; while the Duke of Devonshire and Mr Chamberlain were not behindhand at the same genial occupation. The seed fell on likely soil, and the terrible, pugnacious gathering took place in due course. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, no expense had been spared to "noble" the Press, descriptive paragraphs being furnished to all papers "free of cost," and even "free passes" being generously offered. The *Times*, with a ridiculous lack of the sense of proportion, styles this precious gathering the greatest political manifestation of our time, and prints verbatim the frothy and semi-seditious speeches of obscure Belfast merchants and ministers—the *Times*, which would be the first to denounce these impudent menaces if they came from the majority, instead of the minority, of the Irish people. The same paper, with really amazing audacity, declares that "a united province has delivered itself at last in terms allowing of no misunderstanding." A united province, forsooth, when in one of the divisions of Belfast itself Mr Sexton has just polled 3,427 votes against the 4,266 of his successful opponent! Reading Unionist speeches, one would think that there was no such thing as a Home Ruler or a Roman Catholic in the whole of Ulster. Mr Stead, writing in the *Review of Reviews* on "the bluff about Ulster," remarks: "The majority of the people of Ulster are Roman Catholics. The majority of the members for Ulster are Home Rulers, and there is as much chance of Ulster as a whole taking the field against a Home Rule Parliament as there is of Mayo revolting against Dublin." And Mr Stead goes on to point out that, in the heroics of Unionist oratory, "Ulster" really means Antrim and Down, "or, to put it differently, Belfast and the appurtenances thereof," though, as was just now shown, Belfast itself contains a formidable Home Rule minority.

The first resolution passed at the Convention occupies no less than thirty-seven of 'The Times's' long lines. Among this verbiage we find an expression of "determination to have nothing to do with" an Irish Parliament, and a warning (or rather a threat) to the people of Great Britain that the attempt to set up such a Parliament will "inevitably result in disorder, violence, and bloodshed such as have not been experienced in this century." Moreover, the resolution pledges its supporters not only to take no part in the election or proceedings of an Irish Parliament duly constituted by Imperial enactment, but to repudiate its authority. The Duke of Abercorn, who presided over the Convention, made a childish attempt to prove that the resolution conveyed no threat. His explanation is too rich to be omitted:—"On the contrary, this meeting held out the right hand of friendship to our brethren in the rest of Ireland, for if you will refer to the last resolution that will be submitted to-day you will perceive that our fellow-countrymen are implored to abandon a demand that hopelessly divides Irishmen, and to unite with us under the Imperial Legislature!" Was ever a more pitiable *apologia* offered by a presumably sane speaker in the presence of presumably sane hearers? Everybody knows that the Conventionist threat is only hypothetical, and that the "Ulstericals" would not engage in lawlessness and sedition provided they could induce the majority of

their fellow-countrymen to waive the Nationalist demand and knock under to their petty provincial prejudices. "Give us our own way and we will remain law-abiding citizens; but give the vast majority of Irishmen their way, and then—" Such, practically, in the interesting *quos ego* attitude of these people. Take the following spicy peroration of a Belfast clergyman, who is also (suitably enough) Grand Master of the Orangemen of Belfast. After quoting some rather silly and braggart words of Lord Wolseley's, the reverend and bellicose gentleman exclaimed: "He is one of us—an Irish Loyalist (*sic*) to the core. Our fathers followed his gallant ancestor at Newtownbutler, and followed him to victory; and we cannot do better than fix our eyes upon the oriflamme of Wolseley, and follow him in his war upon domestic treason.—(Loud cheers.)" Yet the *Times's* actually declares that there was no threatening or swaggering at the Convention!

Mr Labouchere, with his usual acumen and lucidity, has drawn up what he terms "A Short Popular Catechism of Common Sense" upon this question, and we cannot do better than summarise its contents. Ireland is a portion of, and under the same government as, the British Empire, whose laws are made by the Imperial Parliament; an Act of Parliament (by which alone the Irish can obtain Home Rule) is binding on all subjects of the Queen, the Irish included; the refusal of two-thirds of Ulster to recognise an Act constituting an Irish Parliament would be "the rebellion of two-thirds of the people of Ulster against the British Empire"; and compels obedience to the decree of the Crown Parliament. In answer to the question as to whether the rebellion will ever take place, Mr Labouchere says: "the suggestion is simply preposterous"; the "Ulster" speeches of Unionist leaders are "absolute and unmitigated nonsense"; and the explanation of these speeches lies in the old saying, "*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*." In another place the same politician writes: "The howlings of Orangemen must not be mistaken for the voice even of that small portion of Ulster where Protestants outnumber Catholics. A very large number of the former are Home Rulers, and regard with indignation this attempt on the part of Lord Salisbury and bogus Orange delegates to stir up religious animosities."

The day after the Belfast Convention Mr Gladstone addressed a meeting of Nonconformists at the house of the Rev Guinness Rogers at Clapham, and the speech which he there delivered should be read in connection with the Ulsterian demonstration. We have not space to dwell upon this effective reply, but *inter alia*, the Liberal leader demonstrated the extreme unlikelihood of Home Rule resulting in Home Rule or persecution of Protestantism. It may be worth while, in conclusion, to quote the following words, which were contained in a manifesto put forward by Ulster Protestants about twenty-three years ago, just previous to the disestablishment of the Irish Church; they show that there is nothing new or very formidable in the phenomenon of Ulsteria:—"Such measures as are now threatened will be resented by the Protestants of Ireland as an attack upon their most sacred rights, a perfidious violation of the union between England and Ireland, and a spoliation of property secured to their forefathers and themselves by the faith of treaties and the honour of England."

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IRISH CLERICALISM.

THE following letter has been written to the editor of the London *Times* by the Rev Professor of Modern Languages at Maynooth:—

Sir,—I have read with a certain amount of interest the papers on "Irish Clericalism" which have appeared in the *Times* within the past few days. Knowing that this attack on the body to which I have the honour to belong is mainly political, and that it is made at the present time with a direct political object in view, I am not inclined to attach to it the importance it might otherwise claim. It is perfectly plain to anyone acquainted with Irish clerical life that the burden of the indictment is founded on baseless assumption or on false interpretations of facts. It is in every detail, almost in every line, hopelessly prejudiced, uncharitable, and unjust. Engaged, as I am, during these days at examinations under the Board of Intermediate Education, I regret that I have not time to discuss the many blunders which the writer of these articles has managed to compress into so small a space. There is one, however, which concerns me, more or less directly, and which, I feel sure, you will not refuse me an opportunity to correct. In the first paper of the series your contributor, speaking of the general education of the Irish clergy, commits himself to the following assertion:—

"Modern languages are useful, and, indeed, almost indispensable, to the advanced student of Roman Catholic theology; but it is, perhaps, needless to say that their acquisition forms no part of the ordinary education of the Irish priesthood."

As Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Maynooth College, I am in a position to inform you that this statement is absolutely false. In the Faculty of Arts in this college the students are trained in modern languages for two years. They are also made acquainted with the modern classic authors of several European countries and have to pass examinations in modern literature at the end of each term of two years. These classes and examinations are by no means optional; they are part of the ordinary course and are obligatory on all the students. Those who are promoted to the Donboyne establishment when their ordinary course is finished receive a more advanced course of instruction, particularly in the German language and literature, which most of them study with the greatest avidity. In this way a large number of young priests leave our college each year who have opened up to them the best part of the "philosophy and the poetry, of the oratory and history of the world." I believe there is no institution of its kind that gives a better all-round literary education to its students than Maynooth, and I am convinced, moreover, that there is nothing more calculated to intensify their love for the Catholic faith than a deep and extensive acquaintance with the literature of Italy and France, of Germany and Spain.

Your contributor also finds fault with the general conditions and surroundings of the education of an Irish priest. He says:—"The studies and discipline of the seminary are not of a kind to enlarge his mental vision, to sober and expand his judgment, to cultivate his taste, to refine his manners, to widen his grasp of the realities of life. . . . The variety of interests, the play of opinions, the wide liberty of choice in studies, in amusements, and in companionship, which form not the least valuable part of University education, do not enter into his life. The 'sweetness and light' that come of such things are shut out from him."

All this is far from being true. It is altogether a preconceived notion of the conditions of clerical life in college. But, supposing we grant it all. Where are we to send our young men, or even the more promising amongst them, for the full advantages of University life? Is it to Trinity College, with a Protestant clergyman at its head and a Protestant official chapel at its heart? Is it to the Queen's Colleges, from which the very name of God is officially excluded? We are anxious that our young men should receive the highest possible intellectual development. The more fully they are educated, the better for us. We are anxious that they should be in a position to test every objection to their faith, whether it comes from philology or religious science, such as it is strictly understood, or from modern philosophical theories, or from physical or moral laws or from criticism in its technical and most far-reaching sense. We are not afraid of truth in any shape whatever. We do not fear science or knowledge of any kind. There are none more curious than we are or more anxious to find out how the discoveries of the century and the progress of thought affects the great religious problems with which we are wholly occupied. It is not of anything of this kind we are afraid. What we dread for our youth is the social influence and the prestige of error and false methods of reasoning and superficial treatment of questions which affect us in belief, in history, and in conduct, by hostile or prejudiced witnesses. It was an old trick, but not a nice one, to deprive us of the means of acquiring knowledge and then to tax us with ignorance. May we not hope that such methods have seen their day and that some benign influence, from whatever quarter it may proceed, may appease the wrath of the *Times* towards Ireland and the Irish?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. F. HOGAN,

St Patrick's College, Maynooth, July 1.

DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE usual weekly meeting of the above Society was held on Wednesday evening, August 10. The president (Father Lynch) occupied the chair. The attendance of members was good. Father Murphy was present during the evening.

Mr J. J. Connor read a paper on the "Early Days of the Australian Goldfields." The essayist prefaced his remarks by referring to the benefits to be derived from literary and debating societies. He congratulated the members on having such a flourishing association in their midst and urged on them to make good use of their time. The gold, Mr Connor went on to say, was discovered in Australia in 1851. The excitement which ensued on the first gold discovery becoming known among the colonists was intense. Men of every age and calling and even children were intoxicated with the prevailing excitement. At that time fortunes in many cases were made in a few hours and men were known to go raving mad on suddenly becoming possessed of fabulous wealth. Naturally as the result of the immense amount of gold found in Australia the men who were fortunate on the goldfields gave themselves up to every kind of excess and indulgence. The marvellous richness of the ground often enabled vast numbers of these men to renew their fortunes, but the time came when this was more difficult to do, and it was a common spectacle to see men working as scavengers who a short time previously had been masters of immense fortunes. He said the great rush to Mount Alexandra and Forest Creek took place in the earliest history of the goldfields, and shortly afterwards the famous Bendigo was discovered. Then followed a whole catalogue of discoveries, all proving themselves to contain wonderful deposits. So great was the excitement about this time that the city of Melbourne was almost deserted by its population. However, in the midst of all this wealth, some who had abandoned their business in the city were miserably disappointed. He said in the famous Golden Point—perhaps the richest field opened up in Australia—the gold was found on the surface of the ground. About this time licences had to be taken out by diggers for the privilege of searching for gold, and many are the stories told about the miners in their efforts to evade it. Mr Connor related an incident that happened in Gippsland when he and his partners followed the surveyers through that place. He also pointed out the danger there was for young Catholic men who cut the silken bonds of family union, and went to seek their fortunes on the diggings. Since he came to New Zealand all his old mates had become rich men, as shortly after he left Australia very wonderful finds took place.

The lecturer succeeded in keeping the members interested, and appropriate anecdotes and recitations were interspersed throughout.

Mr James Eager, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr Connor for his excellent contribution, was struck with the lucid manner in which the paper was written. He derived much benefit from it, and was sure the members appreciated it.

Mr P. Hally seconded the vote of thanks and expressed the pleasure with which he listened to the preface of the paper. As a rule young men do not realise the benefit of being members of debating societies.

Messrs Fergusson, Kennedy and Mooney also spoke to the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Father Lynch, in conveying the vote of thanks to Mr Connor, referred to the pleasing manner in which the subject was treated, and the easy style in which it was written. He thanked him for the excellent advice contained in the paper, and expressed a hope that Mr Connor would favour the members again with another contribution.

Mr Connor thanked the members for their kind feeling and complimentary remarks, and said boys coming from the Christian Brothers' schools had the foundation for a good education, and the best way to build on it was to join a society such as the one he was addressing.

Messrs Mooney and Hally contributed readings during the evening.

The usual compliment to the chairman terminated the meeting.

Mr P. Hally's paper—"The Catholic Church and its relation to Socialism"—will be read and commented on on August 24.

It was decided to have a debate in a short time, when the subject "Should Home Rule be granted to Scotland" will be discussed. Mr H. F. Mooney will take the affirmative and Mr P. Hally the negative side of the question.

An interesting recent convert to Catholicism is Miss Ayling, a stepdaughter of Mr John Morley, M.P., who is himself by no means as antagonistic to the Catholic Church as he is usually represented to be. We understand that Miss Ayling was received into the Church in Paris, where she has been residing for some time in a convent.

French newspapers, which have already appropriated nearly a fourth of the English language, including such phrases as "five o'clock," "interviewer," "meeting," "revolver," "jockey," etc., should be careful of their spelling. The latest appropriation is "Cursing Club," only it comes out in French "Cursing Club." No doubt it is sometimes.

LIFE AND TIMES OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A LECTURE RECENTLY DELIVERED AT AUCKLAND UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY BY THE HON J. A. TOLE.

(Concluded.)

O'Connell, though not generally understood—any more than Curran, perhaps—to have been a profound lawyer, possessed every requisite of a barrister of the highest reputation, and with hardly an exception was the ablest man at the Irish bar. His greatest forensic effort is said to have been his defence of John Magee for libel; but all his speeches should be read by the young men of this Society, and you will derive instruction, pleasure and profit from them. You may not always experience highly-finished and elaborately-perfect oratory, or massive phrases; but you will recognise the ready wit and powerful eloquence of the tongue that responds to the promptings of the true, the tender, and patriotic heart and glowing mind; and you will arise from the perusal of O'Connell's speeches wishing you could speak as well. Try to do so. Though O'Connell was capable of highest oratory whenever the spirit and occasion required, he also possessed a quality of speech in the other extreme to which only those endowed with his extraordinary versatility could, with safety to their method of diction, venture to descend. And in this connection I may, as I suppose a patron ought to do, offer a word of advice to the young men of this Literary Society, and, looking at the political atmosphere, even to the young ladies, and it is this, that if you desire or hope to become good speakers, next to the acquirement of the facility of speaking, you should always in your ordinary conversation and speech talk at your best. I do not mean by this, that you are to talk on every occasion with that precision and style of rhetoric which is employed on more formal occasions, but that you are to avoid falling into the use of slang, and a careless or vulgar choice of words and mode of expression, which though apt enough, perhaps, in a certain sphere, will most assuredly prove a serious and embarrassing

"Two pence, your grandmother!" replied Mrs Biddy; "do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, out your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'd tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcass."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest as I am a gentleman—"

"Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman! Wieha, by gor, that bange Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezar, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian decency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy now—easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humour, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whiskey-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villian?" roared Mrs Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so!"

"Oh, tare-an-ouns! holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallowa-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-lickin' bliggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypothenus* in your house."

"It's a lie for you, you robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure all your neighbours know very well that you keep not only a hypothenus, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Oh, hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the devil fly away with you, you micher from Munster."

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impediment to the ready and elegant flow of language from an habitually-choice vocabulary. I give this advice from my own observation. In my experience of speakers, the men and women who spoke best and most charmingly were those who always in conversation or in telling a story, or making a speech, talked at their best in the way I mention. One notable illustration of what I mean is our Sir George Grey—who on all occasions, whether in private or on the platform, speaks with that ease, appropriateness, and elegance which we all so much admire. Lady Wilde says that O'Connell, charming and enchanting as he was, could fight with all weapons, "from a boomerang (I should have thought from a shillelagh) to a jewelled hodkin," and sometimes adopted a coarseness of speech when bold; doubtless, the outcome of the serfdom of his countrymen of the time, and the necessity of accustoming them to fight the dominant oppressing factions with their own weapons. Hence, O'Connell had acquired the great power of invective and vituperation, and was sometimes matchless as a scold. An instance of this, vouched for as historical truth, though possessing features of vulgarity, is so characteristic of his lighter moods of fun, and forms so memorable an incident in his life that I must not omit it. There was a certain Biddy Moriarty in Dublin, who kept a huxter's stall on one of the quays opposite the Four Courts. She had a notoriously "bad tongue," and its slang and abuse were proverbial. Some of O'Connell's friends one day thought he could beat her with her own weapons; O'Connell doubted it himself, having heard her Billingsgate once or twice. But he never liked defeat, and backed himself to encounter the virago, and it was decided that the event should come off at once. An adjournment was accordingly made to the huxter's stall, the owner herself in charge of her small wares, and a few loungers and idlers hanging round the stall—for Biddy was one of the sights of Dublin. O'Connell commenced the attack.

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agen it? and one-and-sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt—so it is."

"One-and-sixpence for a walking-stick—whew! Why, you are no better than an impostor, to ask eighteen pence for what cost you two pence."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *submultiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle-pitcher; after all the bad words you speak."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*—to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering intersection of a superficies!"

"You saucy tinker's apprentices, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll —" But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly stifled her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys! There she stands—a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremes of her *corollaries*. Ah, you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent* and *equiangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection* of a *vortex*!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming it at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat. "You have won the wager, O'Connell, here's your bet," cried the gentleman who proposed the contest.

It is doubted if Biddy was fully reported; at any rate it was an unequal match, inasmuch as O'Connell's attack was planned.

I have said O'Connell was bold in speech—he was also physically courageous. This quality in his character was called forth in the dulling days of 1815. At one of the numerous Catholic meetings held at that period, Counsellor O'Connell said, "I am convinced that the Catholic cause has suffered by neglect of discussion. Had the petition been last year the subject of debate we should not now see the beggarly Corporation of Dublin anticipating our efforts by a petition of an opposite direction." A Mr D'Esterre, a member of the Corporation, took offence at the expression, "beggarly corporation," which, now-a-days, would not disturb the equanimity of corporations, and he championed their cause. He requested an explanation from O'Connell, who, in reply, emphasised what he called his "contemptuous feelings for that body in its corporate capacity, although it contains many valuable persons, whose conduct as individuals (I lament) must necessarily be confounded in the acts of the general body." This was the only satisfaction O'Connell vouchsafed to D'Esterre, except that at about 4 o'clock one morning in January,

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1815, when on the duel ground D'Esterre was mortally wounded by a ball from O'Connell's pistol. O'Connell felt deeply during his life the fatal result of this sorrowful episode. For three weeks after he remained in retirement, and for years after the sad encounter he was observed to raise his hat, and his lips to move as in silent prayer, whenever he passed D'Esterre's late residence. He allowed D'Esterre's daughter—the widow having refused it—an annuity to the day of her death. Seven months' after, strange to relate, he found himself involved in another "affair of honour," and with no less a personage than Sir Robert Peel. This time, however, the arrangements were intercepted by O'Connell being taken in state by a guard of honour of forty picked constables, before the magistrates at Bow street, and bound over in bonds of £2,000 to keep the peace. Before passing on to that period of O'Connell's political agitation—Catholic Emancipation, I must refer to that deep sense of humour and happy facility in telling amusing stories so admirably that made him, as he was, such a perfect host and travelling companion. Many of his best anecdotes and reminiscences have never been recorded but there remain still a good many, out of which I select a very few. One jocular story was about a Miss Hussey to whom her father had bequeathed £150 per annum, in consideration of her having an ugly nose. When on his death-bed his housekeeper asked him what he had left Miss Mary. He told her how much, and that it would do if she got any sort of a good husband "Heaven bless your honour! what decent man would take her with the nose she has got?" said the housekeeper. "Well, that's really very true," said the dying father. "Never thought of her nose"; and he forthwith wrote a codicil for another £150 as a set-off against her nose. In conversation one day at his own table, where with his guests he appeared to such advantage, chatting on the subject of Temperance, he was led to speak of a Judge Boyd, who was so fond of brandy that he always kept a supply in an inkstand before him in Court. His Lordship used to depress his head on it now and then, and steal a hurried sip from time to time through a quill, without, as he thought, being observed. One day it was sought to throw discredit on the evidence of a witness on the ground of his having been drunk. Mr Grady, counsel of the other side, laboured hard to show the man was quite sober. "Come now," said Judge Boyd, "tell the Court truly, my good man, were you drunk or sober?" "Oh, quite sober, my Lord," broke in Grady, looking significantly at the inkstand, "As sober as a judge?" O'Connell resorted to tricks when he could do so to the advantage of his client. One of these you have probably heard. It was in a murder case at the Cork assizes, O'Connell defending. The principal witness had picked up a hat near the murdered man, and swore it was the hat of the prisoner, whose name was Pat Hogan. The hat was produced, and O'Connell asked to see it; it was handed to him. "Now," said O'Connell, "you are quite sure this is the hat you found?" "Yes," your honour. "And the hat is in the same state as when you found it?" "Oh, yes; just the same." O'Connell looked inside the hat and spelled "P-a-t H-o-g-a-n." "Do you mean to say the name was in it when you found it?" "I do, on my oath; quite sartin." "Now you may go down," said O'Connell. "My Lord," said he, "there is no name in the hat—there must be an acquittal." On another occasion O'Connell was defending a life and death case, and when he plainly saw there was not the slightest chance of acquittal, he began putting utterly inadmissible questions. Objection was taken, of course, and O'Connell persisting, Sergeant Lefroy, then acting-Judge, became irritated and declined to allow this line of cross-examination. This was just what O'Connell wanted, and with apparent indignation, he exclaimed, "As you refuse me permission to defend my client, I leave his fate in your hands, and his blood be on your heads if he be condemned." O'Connell then rushed out of Court impetuously, and in an agitated manner walked up and down, till in about half-an-hour the attorney came running out of Court, crying, "He's acquitted!" "My only chance," said O'Connell, "was to throw the responsibility on the judge," whom he knew was timid, and by this trick became the prisoner's advocate, and charged the jury in his favour. O'Connell rather defied judicial insolence, and he tells amongst others, an incident which also shows his willingness to help young solicitors. One one occasion a young barrister was called on in Court by the opposing counsel to admit certain evidence. O'Connell, who was sitting in Court, told the barrister to make no admission. "Have you a brief in this case, Mr O'Connell?" asked his Lordship. "I have not my Lord, but I shall have when the case goes down to the Assizes." "When I was at the Bar," retorted the Judge, "it was not my habit to anticipate briefs." "When you were at the Bar, I never chose you for a model, and now that you are on the Bench, I shall not submit to your dictation." A ragged stroller one day recognised O'Connell, and asked him for a little money. "I don't know you at all, my good man," said O'Connell. "That's not what your son would say, your honour, for he got me a good place at Glasnevin Cemetery, only I hadn't the good luck to keep it." "Then, indeed, you were strangely unlucky," rejoined Dan, "for those who have places in cemeteries generally keep them." Speaking of ingenious attorneys, O'Connell told a good story about one Mr Checkley, who was attorney at the Cork Assizes for a fellow accused of burglary and assault, committed at Bantry.

Checkley, O'Connell said, "was the cleverest rogue (not used in a literal sense) I ever heard of." The notoriously witty Jerry Kellar, of the Munster Bar, was counsel in the case. At the close of the case for the prosecution, which was clearly and circumstantially made out—the Judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence? "Yes, my Lord," said Jerry Kellar, "I have three briefed to me." Checkley brought in accordingly a respectable-looking farmer-like man with blue coat and gilt buttons, corduroy tights, and gaiters. "This is a witness to character, my Lord," and forthwith began to examine him. "You know the prisoner?" said Kellar. "Yes, your honour, ever since he was a gosoon!" "And what is his general character?" "Och, the devil a worse!" "Why, what sort of a witness is this you've brought?" said Kellar, throwing down his brief and looking furiously at Checkley. "He has ruined the case." "He may prove an *alibi*," replied Checkley. "Examine him as to *alibi*, as instructed in your brief." Kellar resumed his examination;—"Where was the prisoner on the 10th instant?" "He was near Castlemartyn." "Are you sure of that?" "Quite sure, counsellor." "How do you know with such certainty?" "Because that very night, coming from a fair, I saw the prisoner near my own house, a little way before me. I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end; so I slipped into the field, and turned my horse to grass; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden, and steal a lot of parsnips and carrots; and what I thought a great deal worse of, he stole a bran-new English spade I got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So, faith, I cut away after him, but as I was tired from the day's labour, and he being fresh and nimble, I wasn't able to catch him. But next day, sure enough, my spade was in his house,—and that's the same rogue in the dock! I wish I had a houl't of him." "It is quite evident," said the Judge, "the prisoner must be acquitted. An *alibi* is clearly established, because Castlemartyn is sixty miles from Bantry, and he is certainly anything but a partisan of his. Now, will you swear an information against the prisoner for this robbery of your property?" "An' troth I will, my Lord, with all the pleasure of life, if your Lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him: I am told I can for the spade, but not for the turnips or carrots." "Go to the Crown office, and swear an information," said the Judge. It is needless to say the prisoner was discharged, and the information was never sworn. Some of the older criminals felt a keen interest in O'Connell's life. One especially whom O'Connell had defended three or four times for crimes just short of murder, found himself standing in the dock again for piracy. He had stolen a brig, and cruised along the coast, seeking booty. O'Connell defended as usual, and got the criminal off on a technical point of jurisdiction. The rescued rascal fervently clasped his hands, and lifting his eyes to heaven, said, "Oh, may the Lord in His mercy spare your honour to me! What would become of me if anything happened to you." O'Connell also used occasionally to get a little advice from some of these criminals. He used to tell an anecdote about a cattle-stealer whom he defended, and who was clearly convicted and was transported. The convict returned, and happening to meet O'Connell, the latter asked him how he had managed to steal the fat cows always. Thinking, perhaps, that O'Connell had some intention of going on a similar enterprise, he gravely compiled this answer:—"Why, then, I'll tell your honour the whole secret of that, sir. Whenever your honour goes to steal a cow, always go on the worst night you can, for nobody will likely be about. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark is by this token—the fat cows always stand in the more exposed places, but the lane ones always goes into the ditch for shelter." Now it must not for one instant be thought from these few stories and reminiscences that O'Connell was merely a brilliant witty advocate, without any of those qualifications of a studious or of a practical business character which would fit him for the serious or commercial aspect of his profession. It would be quite a mistake to think so. Lalor Sheil, one of Ireland's most cultured orators, whose speeches every member of the Society should study, and a contemporary of O'Connell, describes him as a professional drudge. And you will find that no man, no matter what his genius, can, without considerable labour, attain pre-eminence in the profession he may select for his career. Shiel, in his "sketches," says:—"If any one, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance, between five and six in the morning, to pass along the south side of Merriion Square, he will not fail to observe that among those splendid mansions there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbours. . . . Should you ascend the steps . . . to reconnoitre the interior you will see a tall able-bodied man standing at a desk and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there is a large crucifix. . . . Your first impression will be that he is some dignitary of the Church of Rome absorbed in his main devotions. But this conjecture will soon be rejected . . . the book cases clogged with tomes in plain calf skin binding, the blue-covered octavos that lie on the tables and the floor, the manuscripts in oblong folds begirt with crimson tape, make it evident that the party meditating . . . must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is unequivocally a barrister of the . . . plodding cast who labour hard to make

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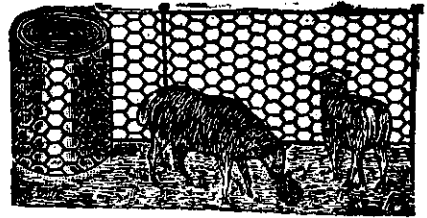
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N O T I C E.

All communications connected with the Commercial Department of the **N.Z. TABLET Newspaper** are to be addressed to **John Murray, Secretary,** to whom also **Post Office Orders and Cheques** are in all instances to be made payable.

To insure publication in any particular issue of the paper communications must reach this office not later than **Tuesday morning.**



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It is a fact that many invalids, young women, men and mothers, have been restored to health by taking two or three bottles of Clempson's Liver and Kidney Cure, and Pills. See Testimonials from your neighbours on bottles and pamphlets. Price 5s bottle; Pills 1s box.

LILLIE LONG, Oamaru, Nov. 6, 1888—A bad poisoned hand was cured with a 1s box of my Egyptian Plaster, and two bottles of Sarsaparilla—Price 3s bottle; Plaster 1s and 2s box.

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August 8, 1889.—A gentleman was troubled with skin disease for six years. What a change or a resurrection of a new skin he got from taking Clempson's Sarsaparilla, and using the Skin Lotions.

Sufferers, do not despair, there is a balm for very trouble that can be cured.

Sarsaparilla, 3s per bottle; Ointment, 1s per box; also Liver and Kidney Cure, 5s a bottle; Pills 1s; Indian Drops, 1s to 1s 6d.

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up by assiduity what they want in wit, who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded the retreat to the wandering spectre, and is already brain-deep in the dizzy vortex of mortgages, cross-reminders and remitters while his clients still lapped in sweet oblivion of the law's delay, are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for final hearing. Having come to this conclusion . . . you push on, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his cheerless toil." I have quoted this passage for the double purpose of showing you O'Connell as a hard worker in his profession, and also to give you a sample of the finished descriptive style of Shell. To show you also that O'Connell was well-versed in a commercial phase of his profession, to which I regret to say sufficient attention is not devoted by those who adopt the law as a profession—I refer to a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping and accounts—he used to tell a story about a case, when he was young at the Bar, where they were trying to upset a verdict obtained against their client for £1,100. "My senior counsel," he says, "contented themselves in abusing witnesses, detecting flaws and making sparkling points, and eloquent but ineffective speeches. Whilst they flourished away I got out our client's books, and taking my place under the Judge's bench, went through the accounts from beginning to end; drew the whole out by double entry, and numbered every voucher. The result plainly was, that so far from a just balance of £1,100 against our poor devil, there actually was a balance of £700 in his favour, although the poor, slovenly blockhead of a client didn't know it. When my turn came I made the facts clear, and the jury inquired if they couldn't find a verdict of £700 for Mr ——" "I just tell you the circumstances to show you," said O'Connell, "that I kept an eye on that important branch of my profession." I commend the same advice to you, gentlemen. You should make the knowledge of accounts a special feature in your preparation for any business or profession, and especially the law. Another suggestion of great practical utility to literary young men, students, especially those purposing to go to the profession of the law, is mentioned by O'Connell. At a large dinner party a literary dispute arose as to how a character in a novel had been disposed of by the author. A reference was made to O'Connell, who, with perfect order, traced all the characters, distinguishing one from the other in time and place. He was asked how, in the midst of all his various political and professional duties, and the thousand-and-one things engaging or disturbing his mind, he could so clearly remember such a matter as this? He said, "It is probably owing to the habit of my life, which has been to arrange all matters of knowledge according to chronology—that is, to see the order of time in which the events took place. As a lawyer, during the period when I have devoted seventeen hours daily to my profession, I always began by studying the chronology of the case—what took place first, what next—until at last it has become such a practice with me that, although I just glanced over that novel, it has fixed itself upon my mind as if it were a law case." Now, ladies and gentlemen, I cannot pretend to give you examples numerous enough to afford you anything like an adequate idea of O'Connell's forensic eloquence, which was natural and not acquired, for his pressing and multifarious engagements prevented him from even the preparation of his speeches, especially in latter years, much less the systematic cultivation or refinement of those elements of oratory with which nature had so liberally endowed him. But as his speech in defence of Magee for alleged libel in denouncing the administration of the Duke of Richmond in Ireland is considered one of his best efforts—when he was about forty years of age—I extract the peroration:—

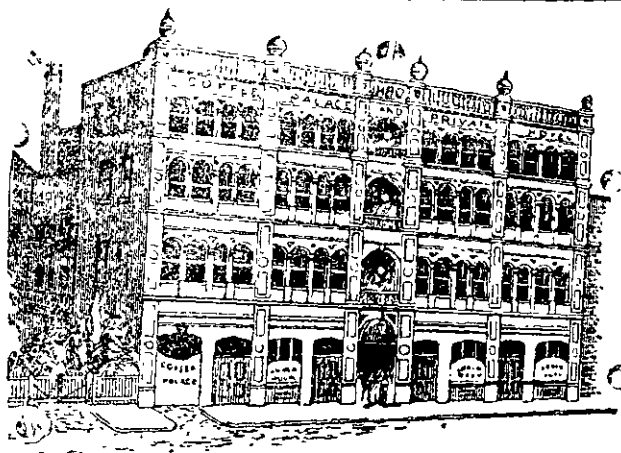
"Is there amongst you any one friend to freedom? Is there amongst you one man who esteems equal and impartial justice, who values the people's rights as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life no boon without liberty? Is there amongst you one friend to the Constitution—one man who hates oppression? If there be, Mr Magee appeals to his kindred mind, and confidently expects an acquittal. There are amongst you men of great religious zeal—of much public piety. Are you sincere? Do you believe what you profess? With all this zeal, with all this piety, is there any conscience amongst you? Is there any terror of violating your oath? Be ye hypocrites, or does genuine religion inspire ye? If you be sincere, if you have consciences, if your oaths can control your interests—then Mr Magee confidently expects an acquittal. If amongst you there be cherished one ray of pure religion; if amongst you there glow a single spark of liberty; if I have alarmed religion, aroused the spirit of freedom in one breast amongst you—Mr Magee is safe, and his country is served; but if there be none, if you be slaves and hypocrites, he will await your verdict, and despise it."

And they proved to be hypocrites, for they found Magee guilty, and he was heavily fined. O'Connell's own opinion was that his greatest bar speech was in an important disputed will case, Blackwood v. Blackwood, in which the madness of the testator was alleged. One of the hallucinations of Blackwood was that he was Napoleon Buonaparte, referring to which, to the jury O'Connell said: "Oh! gentleman of the jury, it is profanation to compare the name of Pinckston Blackwood with that mighty spirit which, even in a bad cause, awed all Europe; at whose command the sceptres fell from the hands of kings, and nations trembled; which by the power and

the splendour of its genius arose above the gaze of an admiring world, until, dazzled by its own lofty soarings, it fell upon a barren rock, and expired in the blaze of its own magnificent creation." In 1823, with emancipation ever present in his vigorous and fertile mind, he determined on an organisation which would associate the priests in active politics. This was the first time probably that the clergy were united in agitation with their people and they have remained in union since. This was and is natural, and has been justified by results. The clergy have been their guide and shield in doubt and their consolation in affliction. This organisation, then, by O'Connell embraced the whole nation, and was called the "Catholic Association." In the following year he established the Catholic Rent, by small popular subscriptions, for the management of Catholic affairs. The Protestants thought it was subscribed to buy arms with, hence it used to be called the *powder and ball tax*. In the same year a prosecution was for the first time commenced against O'Connell for an alleged seditious speech, but the grand jury threw out the bill. Failing this, a Bill called the Algerine Bill was brought in to suppress the Association, whose proceedings were ably defended by Sir Henry Parnell and Henry Brougham. O'Connell and Shell, accompanied by several others, Sir Thomas Esmonde amongst the number, proceeded to London to be heard at the bar of the House. The Commons, however, would not hear them and the Bill was passed and the Association suppressed. But O'Connell drove his "coach and four" through it, for, with the assistance of Shell, he revised the old association under the guise of a New Catholic Association, for the purposes of *public and private charity*, and the old Catholic Rent was collected with the saving clause "for all purposes not prohibited by law." About this time O'Connell made one of the mistakes of his life. He had been permitted to make a rough draft of the Emancipation Bill, and he allowed himself to be reasoned by Government supporters into foregoing the forty shillings franchise, which he found it almost impossible to defend to the indignant Irish people. He doubtless consented at the time with the best of motives, as he was led to believe with this concession emancipation was certain, but he was perfidiously deceived by the Government as the Irish people before and since have similarly been deceived. The greatest power of the great Tribune was in swaying large assemblies of his countrymen. He had created the platform, which had hardly dawned up to this time, a political agent, and placed it in the position of being recognised for all time as part and parcel of the Constitution. The nation became organised, and in the memorable year of 1828 simultaneous meetings of the people took place on the 13th of January, at which it was computed 5,000,000 people attended. A vacancy for a seat in the House of Commons occurring in the electorate of Clare, O'Connell, in a characteristic address which I cannot stop to quote, announced himself as a candidate, to the horror of Vesey Fitzgerald, the rival candidate, and a member of the Administration. The election was fiercely contested, and every elector voted, and voted very often, O'Connell's enemies said. His inexhaustible native wit and eloquence were at their greatest height perhaps in this and the year succeeding. He was returned by a majority of over a thousand votes, and chaired in triumph surrounded by sixty thousand people. At the close of the poll Vesey Fitzgerald fled, and O'Connell, in exultation, cried out to the vast multitude, "Where's Vesey, boys? Ochone, Vesey Fitzgerald, it's dull I am without you. Run, mavourneen, run, and send the bell about for him: I'll give you the call:

"Lost or mislaid,
Stolen or strayed,
The Right Honourable
The President of the Board of Trade."

That day at Clare emancipation was won, though not yet obtained. O'Connell knew that as the law stood he could not take his seat because he could not take the Parliamentary oath, declaring his religion idolatrous. Still he was eligible for election, and being elected would force attention to the gross disability and injustice to Catholics. He declined to take the oath, and argued his claims at the bar of the House. Parliament refused to allow him to take his seat and he went back for re-election, and was triumphantly returned unopposed—the first election having cost £20,000. Meantime, petitions poured into Parliament, Peel moved the Catholic Relief Bill—they would not call it Emancipation. The Iron Duke and the King himself had to succumb, "and Napoleon's conqueror yielded to a mightier foe," and the measure passed by a majority of 178. It was O'Connell's creation; he ardently sustained it, and is entitled to the everlasting gratitude of Ireland for its accomplishment. It had several ludicrous clauses, such as this, "That a Catholic judge could not attend Mass in wig and gown." As O'Connell said, "The judge may continue a Catholic, but the powdered wig and gown must still remain Protestant." After emancipation I may say that O'Connell almost immediately relinquished his large practice and devoted the remainder of his life undividedly to the service of his beloved country. He now at once started the Repeal Agitation—monster meetings which were always the congenial sphere of his popular genius and mighty power were inaugurated. It was a power that by his mere work could, and did, turn back 50,000 men on their march. His genius had been described



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Only temperance drinks sold on the premises. Night Porter to call visitors for early trains in attendance.

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P. W. COMMONS has taken over the above Hotel, and considerable alterations have been made in the outside and inside appearance of the building.

Best quality Liquor only kept.
SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATION.
Special Terms for Boarders and Travellers.

E. ARCHER

SHOEING AND GENERAL SMITH
St Asaph Street, near Manchester Street
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TO OWNERS OF HORSES.

Kindly take notice that I have taken that Blacksmith Shop opposite Mr O'Brien's old boot factory. Having a thorough knowledge of Horse's feet I can safely guarantee a good fit, likewise good Shoes. Farmers may note that I have a stand for horses and carts where they can put up free of charge.

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DURING the last Fruit Season we Canned a quantity of Local Fruits for TARTS, PIES, &c.

We are now offering them to the Public at Lower Prices than have ever been seen here. We guarantee every Can.

Prices—3lb Tins, 9d each; per dozen, 8s. Assortment: Gooseberry, Black Currant, Plums (various), Peach, Tomato.

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GROCERS,
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NORMANBY.
Two minutes walk from RAILWAY STATION. First-class Accommodation for Travellers.

Good Paddocking, Stabling, etc.
BEST WINES, SPIRITS, AND ALES.
WILLIAM QUYNNE (Late of Turikina)
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Oamaru	6d	9d	1s 0d	1s 6d	2s 0d	3s 6d	3s 6d
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		3lb			20lb	60lb	100lb.
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And upwards at slight increase.
Parcels for Great Britain and Ireland—1lb, 1s; and 6d per lb additional.
Agents for Gt. Britain... W. R. Sutton & Co.
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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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ST. BATHANS.

M. NOLAN, Proprietor.

This well-known Hotel has undergone a thorough renovating, and the proprietor is now in a position to offer first-class accommodation to travellers and others.

All drinks in stock are of the very best descriptions.

Excellent Stabling, with loose box accommodation.

MODERATE CHARGES.

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Invite Inspection of their Stock of Clothing. Men's Tweed Suits, 25s 11d; Regatta and White Shirts from 3s 11d; Flannel Singlets, 2s 6d; Men's Strong Shirts, 1s 11d. Merino Sox, Pante, Singlets, best value in the market.

Special Reduction in Prints, Summer Dress Materials. All New goods must go at Cost Price. Bargains in Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Umbrellas, etc.

Best House to Buy for Cash.

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SIGNOR R. SQUARISE, Teacher of the Violin, begs to inform his Pupils and Friends that he has Removed from Pitt street to VIEW STREET, to the house formerly occupied by Mr Arthur Towsey.

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GROCER, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

29 RATRAY STREET, DUNEDIN.

MESSRS J. SPEIGHT & CO'S CELEBRATED ALES, In Bottle, can be had from John Barron—Sole Bottler of these Ales.

BEST QUALITIES IN GROCERIES, WINES, SPIRITS, &c

SPECIAL LINES.—Decorated Canister Tea, per tin, 3s. Port Wine for Invalids, recommended by medical men (yellow seal), 5s per bottle. Famous Edina Blend Whiskey, 4s 6d per bottle. Coffee that at 1s 10d per lb is the best in the market.

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(Seventeen miles North of Dunedin).

TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, AND CONTRACTORS.

Having Secured the Extensive Bush at Waitati, where we have just completed our Mills and Tramway to the Railway Station.

We are prepared to

DELIVER TIMBER AND MINING PROPS.

Direct at Railway Stations North and South of Waitati, thus saving to Customers

MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

LARGE STOCKS

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Tonic Powders

For Anæmia, Poverty of Blood, Weakness, Languor, Nervousness, etc., these Powders are the most successful and the most popular remedy in New Zealand. They are agreeable to the palate, and possess properties, which not only act as a powerful blood tonic, but supply the whole frame with its most important elements. Their undoubted superiority over iron pills is due to the immediate action they have on being swallowed, whereas a pill cannot possibly have effect until it dissolves.

BOXES—2s each, postage free.

Prepared only at
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8 George street, DUNEDIN.

as "the genius of the nation—one moment in jest and banter, sparkling like the streamlets in Irish glens; in another like the tempest amidst Irish mountains; now soft as a song to the Irish harp, deep as the wind upon an Irish heath; again mournful as waves around the Irish shores—in a poetry bold as their hopes, and in a prophecy as wild as their enthusiasm." His sway was not confined to Irishmen only. In England he addressed vast and delighted multitudes. On Carlton Hill, Edinburgh, he spoke to tens of thousands of Scotchmen, and aroused them by his dazzling eloquence. On the suggestion of Ireland's immortal patriot poet, Thomas Davis, the monster meetings were held on historic ground—Cashel, Mullaghmast, Tara, etc. It would interest deeply to read the description of the Repeal meetings—their vastness, their enthusiasm, and their order—and when I mention that at the Tara meeting, which O'Connell addressed, there were not less than 750,000 people—ten thousand horsemen alone—you can picture to yourselves the royal surroundings of the uncrowned monarch, and the national homage to the sacred cause of liberty he espoused. I must not forget to mention that the great apostle of temperance, Father Mathew, was also in the front rank of Repealers. He considered that a sober man would make the best patriot, because he would be the most reasoning and reasonable; therefore, temperance was a special feature of the Repeal organisation, and ensured peace and order. In 1841 the office of Lord Mayor was thrown open to Catholics, and O'Connell became the first Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin—still agitating Repeal inside and outside the Corporation, fearlessly but constitutionally. His motto to the end of his life, as in the beginning, was "He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy." But temperate and prudent as he was in his agitation, the last monster meeting to have been held at Clontarf in 1843—which O'Connell called the "Repeal year"—was proclaimed or prohibited by the Government, and he, his son John, Gavan Duffy, and others were tried for conspiracy, convicted and sent to prison. On appeal to the House of Lords the conviction was quashed on the ground that the whole list of Catholic names had been omitted from the jury panels. Lord Denman, during the appeal case, said, "If such practices should continue, trial by jury would be a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." And Lord Macaulay, speaking in the House of Commons in 1844, said, "Mr O'Connell has been convicted, but you cannot deny he has been wronged." He used to say, good humouredly, sometimes that members of his family had a trick of living till they were 90. But being now on the verge of 70 years of age, the imprisonment for three months of this venerable patriot, though holding levees in gaol, and though subsequently released amidst the wildest popular enthusiasm, apparently crushed, to some extent, the old spirit. In the following year the dread calamity of famine smote the land and weighed heavily upon him. His great frame having broken down, he was ordered to a warmer climate, and at Genoa in May, 1847, his soul passed peacefully out of a life consecrated to the freedom and amelioration of his race. His heart is in Rome, and a round tower marks the spot where his body lies in Glasnevin Cemetery. The young men of this or any other generation will learn from the study of this great man's life the lesson of our being, how to live and how to die, and to remember that our first duty is to God and next to our country. The lecturer concluded as follows:—"This Society is Catholic and literary. Let it be Catholic first and then literary; for if there be about it any indifference or disrespect for its religion, its name is a mockery and its functions are harmful. I do not mean by religion, a narrow-minded bigotry, but I mean an open, sensible adherence to the name and practice of your religion. O'Connell was the most liberal and tolerant of men or statesmen, but he was a steadfast Catholic. From a literary point of view you will find from the study of his life and times little to avoid, but much to imitate. In recent years more impetuous minds may and do criticise adversely O'Connell's mode of dealing with the Repeal movement, but it must be remembered that he went into St Stephen's with the support of only twenty-six mute members, not with forty, fifty, or as they number now eighty-six of the most vigorous political intellects and tongues in Ireland. What a contrast! Still greater is the contrast with the position of Ireland's hopes at this hour, when history has to record that in less than fifty years from the death of O'Connell, or about the same time that it took to secure the one single measure of Catholic Emancipation—there is at a time that greatest assembly in the world a just majority of nearly fifty votes ready at this moment to obtain for Ireland the management of her own affairs. The result of the recent elections is the triumph of an enlightened democracy, the triumph of reason and righteousness over prejudice and tyranny, and a lasting confirmation of those peaceful, constitutional, and moral forces so persistently and eloquently advocated by that great, inspiring and prophetic voice now still, and the memory of whose aspirations and achievements will only cease with the extinction of the Irish race."

For us he lived, fought, suffered, dared and died,
Struck off the shackles from each fettered limb,
And all we have of best we owe to him.

Where'er we turn the same effect we find—
O'Connell's voice still speaks his country's mind.

We bless his memory, and with loud acclaim
To all the winds, on all the wings of fame
Waft to the listening world the great O'Connell's name.

THE ENGINEER'S THUMB.

(By A. CONAN DOYLE.)

OF all the problems which have been submitted to my friend Mr Sherlock Holmes for solution during the years of our intimacy, there were only two which I was the means of introducing to his notice, that of Mr Hatherly's thumb and that of Colonel Warburton's madness. Of these the latter may have afforded a finer field for an acute and original observer, but the other was so strange in its inception and so dramatic in its details that it may be the more worthy of being placed upon record, even if it gave my friend fewer openings for those deductive methods of reasoning by which he achieved such remarkable results. The story has, I believe, been told more than once in newspapers, but, like all such narratives, its effect is much less striking when set forth *en bloc* in a single half column of print than when the facts slowly evolve before your own eyes and the mystery clears gradually away as each new discovery furnishes a step which leads on to the complete truth. At the time the circumstances made a deep impression upon me, and the lapse of two years has hardly served to weaken the effect.

It was the summer of '89, not long after my marriage, that the events occurred which I am now about to summarise. I had returned to civil practice, and had finally abandoned Holmes in his Baker street rooms, although I continually visited him, and occasionally even persuaded him to forego his Bohemian habits to come and visit us. My practice had steadily increased, and as I happened to live at no very great distance from Paddington station, I got a few patients from among the officials. One of these whom I had cured of a painful and lingering disease was never weary of advertising my virtues, and of endeavouring to send me on every sufferer over whom he might have any influence.

One morning, at a little before 7 o'clock, I was awakened by the maid tapping at the door to announce that two men had come from Paddington and were waiting in the consulting room. I dressed hurriedly, for I knew by experience that railway cases were seldom trivial, and hastened downstairs. As I descended, my own ally, the guard, came out of the room, and closed the door tightly behind him. "I've got him here," he whispered, jerking his thumb over his shoulder; "he's all right."

"What is it, then?" I asked, for his manner suggested that it was some strange creature which he had caged up in my room.

"It's a new patient," he whispered. "I thought I'd bring him round myself; then he couldn't slip away. There he is, all safe and sound. I must go now, doctor. I have my dooties, just the same as you." And off he went, this trusty tout, without even giving me time to thank him.

I entered my consulting room, and found a gentleman seated by the table. He was quietly dressed in a suit of heather tweed, with a soft cloth cap, which he had laid down upon my books. Round one of his hands he had a handkerchief wrapped, which was mottled all over with blood stains. He was young, not more than five-and-twenty, I should say, with a strong masculine face; but he was exceedingly pale, and gave me the impression of a man who was suffering from some strong agitation, which it took all his strength of mind to control.

"I am sorry to knock you up so early, doctor," said he, "but I have had a very serious accident during the night. I came in by train this morning, and on inquiring at Paddington as to where I might find a doctor, a worthy fellow very kindly escorted me here. I gave the maid a card, but I see that she has left it upon the side table."

I took it up and glanced at it. "Mr Victor Hatherly, hydraulic engineer, 16a Victoria street (3rd floor)." That was the name, style, abode of my morning visitor. "I regret that I have kept you waiting," said I, sitting down in my library chair. "You are fresh from a night journey, I understand, which is in itself a monotonous occupation."

"Oh, my night could not be called monotonous," said he, and laughed. He laughed very heartily, with a high ringing note, leaning back in his chair, and shaking his sides. All my medical instincts rose up against that laugh.

"Stop it!" I cried. "Pull yourself together!" and I poured out some water from a carafe.

It was useless, however. He was off in one of those hysterical outbursts which come upon a strong nature when some great crisis is over and gone. Presently he came to himself once more, very weary and blushing hotly.

"I have been making a fool of myself," he gasped.

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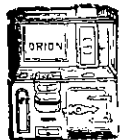
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"Not at all. Drink this!" I dashed some brandy into the water, and the colour began to come back to his bloodless cheeks.

"That's better!" said he. "And now, doctor, perhaps you would kindly attend to my thumb, or rather to the place where my thumb used to be."

He unwound the handkerchief and held out his hand. It gave even my hardened nerves a shock to look at it. There were four protruding fingers and a horrid red spongy surface where the thumb should have been. It had been hacked or torn right out from the roots.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "this is a terrible injury. It must have bled considerably."

"Yes, it did. I fainted when it was done; and I think I must have been senseless for a long time. When I came to I found that it was still bleeding, so I tied one end of my handkerchief very tightly round the wrist, and braced it up with a twig.

"Excellent! You should have been a surgeon."

"It is a question of hydraulics, you see, and came within my own province."

"This has been done," said I, examining the wound, "by a very heavy and sharp instrument."

"A thing like a cleaver," said he.

"An accident, I presume?"

"By no means."

"What, a murderous attack?"

"Very murderous, indeed."

"You horrify me."

I sponged the wound, cleaned it, dressed it, and finally covered it over with cotton wadding and carbolised bandages. He lay back without wincing, though he bit his lip from time to time.

"How is that?" I asked when I had finished.

"Capital! Between your brandy and your bandage, I feel a new man. I was very weak, but I have had a good deal to go through."

"Perhaps you had better not speak of the matter. It is evidently trying to your nerves."

"Oh, no; not now. I shall have to tell my tale to the police; but, between ourselves, if it were not for the convincing evidence of this wound of mine, I should be surprised if they believed my statement, for it is a very extraordinary one, and I have not much in the way of proof with which to back it up. And, even if they believe me, the views which I can give them are so vague that it is a question whether justice will be done."

"Ha!" I cried, "if it is anything in the nature of a problem which you desire to see solved, I should strongly recommend you to come my friend, Mr Sherlock Holmes, before you go to the official police."

"Oh, I have heard of that fellow," answered my visitor, "and I should be very glad if he would take the matter up, though, of course, I must see the official police as well. Would you give me an introduction to him?"

"I'll do better. I take you round to him myself."

"I should be immensely obliged to you."

"We'll call a cab, and I go together. We shall just be in time to have a little breakfast with him. Do you feel equal to it?"

"Yes, I shall not feel easy until I have told my story."

"Then my servant will call a cab, and I shall be with you in an instant." I rushed upstairs, explained the matter shortly to my wife, and in five minutes was inside a hansom, driving with my new acquaintance to Baker street.

Sherlock Holmes was, as I expected, lounging about his sitting-room in his dressing-gown reading the agony column of the *Times*, and smoking his before-breakfast pipe, which was composed of all the plugs and dottels left from his smokes the day before, all carefully dried and collected on the corner of the mantelpiece. He received us in his quietly genial fashion, ordered fresh eggs, and joined us in a hearty meal. When it was concluded he seated our new acquaintance upon the sofa, placed a pillow beneath his head, and laid a glass of brandy and water within his reach.

"It is easy to see that your experience has been no common one Mr Hatherley," said he. "Pray lie down there, and make yourself absolutely at home. Tell us what you can but stop when you are tired, and keep up your strength with a little stimulant."

"Thank you," said my patient, "but I have felt another man since the doctor bandaged me, and I think that your breakfast has completed the cure. I shall take up as little of your valuable time as possible, so I shall start at once upon my peculiar experiences."

Holmes sat in his big armchair with the weary, heavy-lidded expression which veiled his keen and eager nature, while I sat opposite to him, and we listened in silence to the strange story which our visitor detailed to us.

"You must know," he said, "that I am an orphan and a bachelor, residing alone in lodgings in London. By profession I am a hydraulic engineer, and I have had considerable experience of my work during the seven years that I was apprenticed to Verner and Matheson, the well-known firm, of Greenwich. Two years ago, having served my time, and having also come into a fair sum of money through my

poor father's death, I determined to start in business for myself, and took professional chambers in Victoria street.

"I suppose that everyone finds his first independent start in business a dreary experience. To me it has been exceptionally so. During two years I have had three consultations and one small job, that is absolutely all that my profession has brought me. My gross earnings amount to £27 10s. Every day, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, I waited in my little den, until at last my heart began to sink, and I came to believe that I should never have any practice at all.

"Yesterday, however, just as I was thinking of leaving the office, my clerk entered to say there was a gentleman waiting who wished to see me upon business. He brought up a card, too, with the name of 'Colonel Lystander Stark' engraved upon it. Close at his heels came the Colonel himself, a man rather over the middle size, but of an exceeding thinness. I do not think that I have ever seen so thin a man. His whole face sharpened away into nose and chin, and the skin of his cheeks was drawn quite tense over his outstanding bones. Yet this emaciation seemed to be his natural habit, and due to no disease, for his eye was bright, his step brisk, and his bearing assured. He was plainly but neatly dressed, and his age, I should judge, would be nearer forty than thirty.

"Mr Hatherley," said he, with something of a German accent. 'You have been recommended to me, Mr Hatherley, as being a man who is not only proficient in his profession, but is also discreet and capable of preserving a secret.'

"I bowed, feeling as flattered as any young man would at such an address. 'May I ask who it was who gave me so good a character?' I asked.

"Well, perhaps it is better that I should not tell you that just at this moment. I have it from the same source that you are both an orphan and a bachelor, and are residing alone in London.'

"That is quite correct," I answered, 'but you will excuse me if I say that I cannot see how all this bears upon my professional qualifications. I understood that it was on a professional matter that you wished to speak to me?'

"Undoubtedly so. But you will find that all I say is really to the point. I have a professional commission for you, but absolute secrecy is quite essential—absolute secrecy, you understand, and of course we may expect that more from a man who is alone than from one who lives in the bosom of his family.'

"If I promise to keep a secret," said I, 'you may absolutely depend upon my doing so.'

"He looked very hard at me as I spoke and it seemed to me that I had never seen so suspicious and questioning an eye.

"You do promise, then?" said he, at last.

"Yes, I promise.

"Absolute and complete silence, before, during and after? No reference to the matter at all, either in word or writing?"

"I have already given you my word."

"Very good." He suddenly sprang up, and darting like lightning across the room he flung open the door. The passage outside was empty.

"That's all right," said he, coming back. 'I know that clerks are sometimes curious as to their master's affairs. Now, we can talk in safety.' He drew up his chair very close to mine, and began to stare at me again with the same questioning and thoughtful look.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DURING the past fortnight the weather has greatly improved. Farmers in the northern districts are reported to be making good progress with ploughing for spring sowing. Early sown grain has begun to grow vigorously. Fields are verdant in many places, and lambs are seen in some parts.

Thursday last, the day whereon the Grand National Steeplechase Meeting was held, was observed as a public holiday in this city and the town was crowded with visitors. The weather was splendid, and the attendance on the Riccarton racecourse was large, probably the best on record, and the meeting is said to have been one of the most successful that has ever taken place. Ahua won the Grand National amid great excitement, and when the weight was announced to be "right," the owner, the rider, and the horse were enthusiastically cheered.

The Albamba football club (of Dunedin) gained, on Saturday last, an easy victory over the Merrivale club. The former secured twelve points, while four only were scored by the latter. A great crowd of spectators assembled in Hagley Park to witness the contest.

An annual reunion took place at the Catholic Literary Society's rooms on Tuesday evening last. His Lordship Dr Grimes, the Rev Fathers Cummings, V.G.; Foley, Aubrey, Marnie, Walsh, and Le Menant were present. Mr R. Dobbin, president, presided, and

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He is giving his best attention to the requirements of the trade, and is fortunate in having the services of trustworthy and competent assistants who have been with him for years. The managing assistant at the Water of Leith Dispensary, Mr Holst, is a qualified analyst and mineralogist, and is practising these subjects on his own behalf at the dispensary.

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CHRISTCHURCH.

there was a large attendance of members and their friends, and ladies appeared especially in full force. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags, and during an interval in the entertainment refreshments were handed round. The programme, which was most attractive, consisted of music, song, and story, and Mr F Cooper's display of dissolving views with an oxygen ether light lantern was exceedingly interesting and well shown. Mrs Dobbin played most of the accompaniments, and the first musical item was a duet which the latter lady and Miss Cummings executed tastefully on the piano. Mrs Kelly was happy in the song, "The blind girl to her harp." The gas was then turned off to give Mr Cooper an opportunity to exhibit views illustrative of the poem, "The curfew must not toll to-night," which Father Bell recited in a clear and correct manner. Indeed, Father Bell, who had been favoured with very little time to prepare for the task, made the best of a defective and badly-written specimen of verse, but the subject of the poem was excellent, and the views of the old bell-ringer, the fortress, the heroine of the story, and others were attractive and well depicted on the screen. Miss Bryant sang with good taste, and with a violincello accompaniment by Mr A. C. Nottingham, in addition to one on the piano, "The children's home." Miss Cuming rendered admirably "The maid of the mill," and as an encore "The wearing of the green." Mrs Dobbin, on the piano, and Mr Nottingham, on the violincello, played in an excellent manner a duet, which consisted of selections from "Maritana." Miss Bryant appeared once more and sang with her usual success, "Remember me no more," and as an encore "The minstrel boy." The room was again darkened in order to heighten the effect of the next item, "Beautiful snow," which Mr C. Cuming recited with good taste. Previous to showing the views incidental to this exquisite poem, whose authorship is so much disputed, Mr Cooper threw on the screen a pretty domestic scene, and Miss Bryant sang, meanwhile, at the back of the stage, "Home, sweet home." The recitation and display of views over, Mrs Kelly sang, with a piano and violincello accompaniment, O, loving heart, trust on," for which she received a well-merited encore, and complied by repeating the last stanza of the song. Indeed, this item may be considered the musical and vocal gem of the evening. The singing of the National Anthem concluded a very pleasant entertainment.

St Joseph's Church at Port Lyttelton, was, on Monday afternoon last, the scene of a very pretty ceremony—the marriage of Mr John Haydon, of the Post Office, to Miss L. O'Brien, second daughter of Captain O'Brien, one of Lyttelton's oldest residents. The Rev Father Parson officiated on the occasion, and the friends of the happy couple crowded the church to overflowing. Mr Haydon is very popular in Lyttelton, and a fair amount of bunting was displayed on the occasion of his nuptials.

The Leeston branch of the Hibernian Society held on Wednesday evening last a most successful and enjoyable social gathering in the Leeston Town Hall, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. Refreshments of excellent quality were provided on a liberal scale. The attendance was large and several members from this city and other parts were present. Vocal solos were sung by Mrs Kelly and Miss McKendry, Messrs Cooper, Brooks and Longstaff, Mr and Mrs Kelly sang several duets, and dancing was kept up to a late hour to the music of Mr Bossiter's Quadrille Band.

I hear that the Rev Father O'Donnell intends to enlarge his church at Darfield, and that the Rev Father Foley, who has been the guest of the Rev Father Cummings, V.G., for a short time, has gone to Timaru to bid adieu to his late parishioners, prior to taking charge of the parish of Shand's Track, to which he has been appointed parish priest. Father Foley's delicate health is said to be the cause of his removal to a parish where his duties will be somewhat lighter than they were at the late scene of his labours. The Rev Father Aubrey, who, I understand, is preparing to depart, succeeds the Rev Father Foley as parish priest of Timaru. The Rev Father Lavery has visited the city during the week, and I am glad to say that he is now well able to dispense with the use of crutches.

The Right Rev Father Guillman, S.M., military chaplain of Noumea, New Caledonia, and secretary to the Right Rev Monsignor Fraysee, Vicar Apostolic of New Caledonia, is now the guest at the Presbytery of his Lordship Dr Grimes. Father Guillman, who arrived in New Zealand some months ago in the hope of renewing his health, will return next week to New Caledonia.

Haydn's beautiful mass in B flat was well executed at High Mass at the pro-Cathedral on Sunday last. The Rev Father Cummings, V.G., was celebrant. His Lordship Dr Grimes read from the pulpit the circular, which contains the sentiments which the Catholic bishops in New Zealand expressed at their recent meeting in Dunedin. His Lordship commented at some length on the various resolutions in the circular, and recommended them strongly to the earnest consideration of his flock and to Catholics generally. A very beautiful statue of the Blessed Peter Chanel, proto-martyr of Oceania, was blessed and unveiled at St Mary's at Vespers on the same day. The statue, which is of terra cotta, and has recently arrived from France, is somewhat similar, but smaller in size, than the one placed in honour of the martyr in the pro-Cathedral. There was a large congregation on the occasion, and pontifical vespers were celebrated. The Rev Father Le

Menant was celebrant, and was assisted by the Rev Fathers Ginaty, Marnane and Guillman. As a panegyric had been quite recently preached on the martyr, his Lordship Dr Grimes, who was also present, delivered an eloquent discourse on the next day's festival—the assumption of the Blessed Virgin. There was a numerous choir, and many of the solos were well sung. A slight error, it appears, occurs in my brief notice of a panegyric, which the Rev Father Ginaty preached recently at St Mary's on St Mary Magdalen, who, it seems, was the sister of Lazarus and of Martha. The account given likewise of the Legend of Province does not quite correspond in a few particulars with the version which the rev preacher gave.

GUILD OF ST ALOYSIUS, CHRISTCHURCH.

THE usual weekly meeting of the Guild of St Aloysius took place last Thursday evening, when there were present Rev Father Bell (President), also Very Rev Father Aubrey and about 20 members. Three new members were elected. After the minutes were read and adopted, and other unimportant business dealt with, the hon. secretary announced that during the week his attention was called to the necessity for a coat of paint for the outside of the hall, and also an offer of a guinea towards covering the expense. After some discussion it was decided to accept the offer, and refer the matter of painting the hall to the council. The programme of the evening was then proceeded with, and consisted of a "Mock Banquet." The following are the toasts which were proposed and responded to:—"His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.," proposed by Mr J. O'Shea, and responded to by Rev Father Bell; "His Lordship Bishop Grimes," proposed by Mr Reddington, responded to by Father Aubrey; "Athletic clubs," proposed by Mr Garty, responded to by Mr Reddington. "Timaru Aloysian Guild," proposed by Mr Beamish, and coupled with the names of Father Aubrey and Messrs Mather and Maddren, responded to by Father Aubrey. The other toasts proposed were "The Rev President," "Hon Secretary," "Caretakers," "Older Members," "Younger Members," "Absent Members." After a vote of thanks was accorded to Rev Father Aubrey for his presence that evening, rev chairman closed the meeting with the usual prayer.

London has a firm of opticians whose speciality is the sale of spectacles for horses. The object of the spectacle is to promote high stepping.

Maxim, the machine gun man, is still pegging away at his flying machine, which he believes will sail high and fast enough to defy assault from destroying guns.

The Pope has congratulated the Duke of Norfolk on the initiative taken by his Grace in the erection of a charity hospital to perpetuate the memory of the late Cardinal Manning.

On the 5th of June the three African Bishops—Mgri. Tournier, Gazamal, and Polemeni—were consecrated in the Cathedral of Carthage at Tunis, in presence of a congregation of the most influential members of the French Protectorate.

The Duke of Talleyrand, wishing to co-operate in the fourth centenary of Christopher Columbus in his capacity of Chevalier of the Golden Fleece, intends to send an authentic portrait of the great navigator, formerly the property of his uncle, the great Talleyrand, to the Madrid Exhibition.

The Cathedral of Mayence has come into possession of an interesting relic. The German poetess, the Countess Hahn-Hahn, has bequeathed to it the greater portion of the crucifix carried by the unfortunate Mary Stuart when she marched to the scaffold on the 18th of February, 1587. The authenticity of the relic is absolutely established.

The land of Calvin is becoming Catholic. The last Swiss census reports 1,183,823 Catholics; 1,716,548 Protestants; 8,069 Jews; and 9,039 members of other religions. Considering the progress made by the Catholics in the past half century, the next fifty years will see the end of the sway of Calvinism in Switzerland.

The death is announced from Paris of the Abbe Lesmayoux, parish priest of Boulogne-sur-Seine. During the Commune this brave ecclesiastic was arrested by the insurgents and imprisoned with the Dominicans of Arceuil. A picket led him to a barricade on the avenue d'Italie, and told him to take up a rifle and have a shot at the Versailles. The abbe fired in the air. The brutes struck him with the butts of their chassespots, and conducted him to the nearest post, where he was left in charge of the wounded whilst awaiting his turn to be shot. An hour after the army captured the post and he was saved.

Mr Charles Santley will shortly reside regularly part of the week at Manchester as principal professor of vocalism of the new Conservatoire of Music. The distinguished baritone, however, will not for some time bid farewell to the concert-rooms of the metropolis.

The remains of Simon Lyons, a member of the Fenian organisation who had taken an active part in the '67 movement, were interred at Ford, Liverpool, on May 2, in the presence of his sons and a number of sympathetic friends, including Mrs Merry, sister of the late John Boyle O'Reilly. Mr Lyons was arrested outside Dublin on the morning of the rising, and was kept in gaol for nine months on suspicion. Although Corydon knew him well, he refused to identify him, the reason being, as stated by Mr Lyons, that on one occasion he had been befriended by the prisoner, though at a time when Corydon's real character was unknown. In securing the escape of Kelly and Deasy, in connection with which the Manchester Martyrs were executed, Lyons took an active part, and he always retained their handcuffs as an interesting memento of the event.

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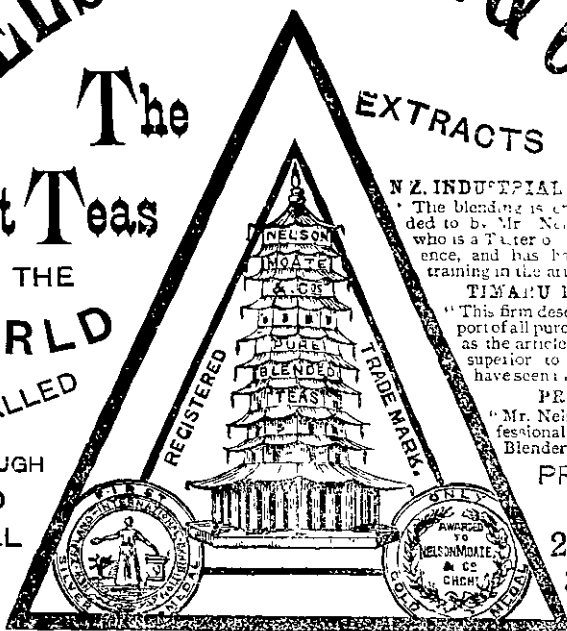
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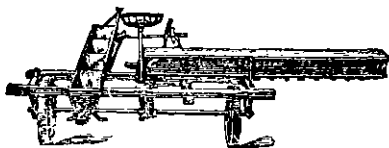
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[TESTIMONIAL]

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