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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

OH DEAR! THERE was that good lady, the wife of a citizen of London, if we understand aright, though infinitely more refined and much more aspiring than Mrs Gilpin, who was ill and thought nothing would improve her

"But to see the Tuileries and wander through the Louvre."

There is a whole lot of people, at least there is one or two, among ourselves who are quite as refined and foreign in their tastes. So we are informed, for instance, by some criticisms and complaints that have reached us concerning Signor Foli's late concert. "Father O'Flynn" and "Off to Philadelphia," I thank you. There are pretty ditties to be drunk in by ears that itch for—Oh, for the Lord knows what. Far be it from us to get out of our depth in an attempt to guess, but for something very tasteful and elevated of course. "Father O'Flynn" is vulgar, and "Off to Philadelphia," well, you know it must be admitted that, if, let us say, there was anything that could act on the cultured ear as the smelling bottle acts on the cultured nose, it must be brought into requisition when such a song as that is sung. A lump of an Irish boy intruding his regrets on the ears of a refined audience. It is shocking in the extreme, even when the transaction is performed through a medium. If Signor Foli cracked one of his notes, top or bottom, it does not matter which, in such work, it would serve him right. Some one or other of our critics wanted more Italian opera. He could appreciate the lamentations for his lost lady-love of an ancient heathen that never existed outside a poem, or picture, or classical dictionary, or something else of the kind, but the lamentations over obstacles in his love affairs made by an honest Irish boy, whom he might meet any morning on the road, if he was over in America, or in Tipperary, could not concern him one button. Another would tell us all about the oratorios, and set us wondering at the powerful lot he knew, if he only got the chance, but the sorrow a word he could say for himself when confronted with the "conchology" of Father O'Flynn. No wonder they are disgusted. If that good lady, you know, did not see the Tuileries and wander through the Louvre, no one would think she was a bit better than her neighbours, and if our critics did not call out against such mere Irish lites every one might confound them with the rest of us. There is nothing like making much of yourself when the opportunity offers. Blow your own horn when you can, ringing all the changes.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Lyttelton Times* of September 27, signing himself "A. B." refers to the "A. B." figures lately quoted by us from the *Australasian* relative to the increasing crime of America, and to our remarks as to the proof so given of a failure of secular education. "But, writes this guileless 'A. B.," I should like to show that whereas the increase in the population of the United States of America is mainly owing to the continuous arrivals of large contingents of immigrants from the Catholic countries of Europe, where the Church has had control of the education of youth for centuries until about a generation back, and in most of them it is the Catholic teaching which they receive now. The population of the United States of America in 1850 was about 23,000,000, mostly (at that time) descendants of the peoples of Northern Europe, who had been taught to see things in the light of reason and common sense. Since then the population has been increased by the arrival of hordes of Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, Neapolitans, Celtic Irish and a heterogeneous mass of people from the crowded cities of Europe. This will easily account for the pauperism and crime in the United States."—Of course he would like to show this—albeit a little confusedly. But then, you see, he cannot. "It is perfectly certain," writes the Rev William Douglas Morrison in "Crime And Its Causes," that the foreign-born population of the United States is not, as a rule, so well off economically as the native-born citizen. The vast proportion of the emigrant population is composed of poor people, seeking to better their condition, and it is well known that a large per centage of the hard manual work done in America, is performed by those men.

The economic condition of the average native-born American is superior to the economic condition of the average emigrant; but the native American, notwithstanding his economic superiority, cuts a worse figure in the statistics of crime." "A comparatively small number give a bad name to the mass of our foreign-born population," writes Mr Warren F. Spalding, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Commissioners of Prisons, in the *Forum* for January, 1892. Our guileless "A. B.," therefore, would like to show what he would like to show—and what we can understand in spite of his rather hazy style. But he cannot show it, because it is not there for him to show. And so condolences, with our best regards, to "A. B."

THE death of Joseph Ernest Renan, which is reported from Paris, has ended a career that caused some stir in the world. Whatever may be thought of the particular methods by which Renan manifested his talents, it cannot be denied that he was a man of considerable ability. Whether his ambition will be realised by any lasting effects of his writings, time only can tell. The probabilities are, however, that the fruits of his teaching will merely go to swell the great bulk of infidel influences, without obtaining for him any very lasting renown or affection. There is, meantime, one point of Catholic doctrine that the life of Renan vividly illustrates. It is the wholesome nature of humility, and the necessity that exists for its attainment and practice. Pride was Renan's stumbling-block, and in him it had its most petty and ludicrous expressions. His conceit was sublime—or rather, possessed in the extreme degree the quality that is the direct opposite to sublimity. The misfortune for other people consisted in the gift owned by Renan of a fine style—one of the chief instruments, as Cardinal Newman tells us, by which, at the present day, unholy ends are sought and gained. This it was that won for his first notable publication, the "Vie de Jesus," a reception that its meritorious did not otherwise deserve for it and which has chiefly recommended his other works to popular favour. Of all nations in the world the French are the most easily swayed by a fine command of their language. Rhetoric, indeed, is a chief end of their systems of education. Renan, nevertheless, was not without his virtues. He retained grateful recollections of kindness shown to him in former days, and his testimony to the worth of those among whom his earlier life was passed was outspoken and fervent. His narrative of his stay at Saint-Sulpice is a powerful eulogium of that seminary and its professors. Possibly we may note in his aberration an instance of the eccentricity that often accompanies talent. We are justified, therefore, in thinking of him with forbearance and charity.

Labour Notes.

MESSERS BAXTER and Sadler seem to have been applied to by the Broken Hill Directors in their difficulty, because of the popularity of the firm among the working men: The miners were evidently well disposed towards them and inclined to give their proposals a hearing. Mr Baxter, however, in an interview with the leaders, expressed himself doubtfully as to unionism, of which he said he approved to a certain extent—declaring, nevertheless, that the work must be carried on independently of its rules. He afterwards stated that the directors absolutely refused to recognise it in any way, and insisted on abiding by the terms of their manifesto. In other words, freedom of contract in the capitalists' sense of the word—that in which, for example, it had been so strongly condemned by Cardinal Manning, was to form the basis of the agreement. This final resolution put an end to all negotiations between the contractors and the strikers as a united body.

Mr M. Allendale Grainger, a Member of the South Australian Parliament, who was a passenger to Broken Hill in the train conveying the "blacklegs," and of the attack on which such an alarming tale was told, paints the matter in much milder colours. He declares that if revolvers were fired the flash was invisible and the report inaudible. But all the evidence that can be produced in support

of this charge is two bullet holes in a board, that might have been brought from elsewhere. That a riot was, to say the least of it, expected, seems clear from the fact that the hour for the arrival of the train had been made known, and every opportunity was given for the gathering of a crowd. In other ways also, a disposition has been shown to stir up a disturbance—and as, by such means, feeling towards the strikers would be adversely affected, the motive is not difficult to discern. But all reports of violence and misconduct on the part of the strikers should be taken with a tolerably large grain of salt.

The arrest of the members of the defence committee, which took place on the morning of September 16 was quietly accomplished, the strikers offering no resistance. The charge was one of conspiracy to promote discontent and stir up tumults and rioting—and it was further charged that this had actually been done in cases where assaults had occurred. Bail was refused, but the prisoners seemed resigned to their fate. A committee was immediately appointed to take their place—with Mr Findlay of the Masons' and Bricklayers' Society, as president, and Messrs P. O'Donnell and J. Triplett as secretaries.

Mr E. W. O'Sullivan, a Member of the Parliament of New South Wales, proposes to substitute for the Court of Conciliation and Board of Arbitration now existing, and which he pronounces a failure, a Standing Board of Arbitration. This body should have power to summon witnesses and to take all reasonable steps to prevent a strike:—"Sooner or later trade disputes have to be decided by a conference, and it is wiser to have that conference before than after the conflict. While the inquiry and discussion are proceeding, the work might still go on. It would, of course, be impossible to make the award binding if one of the parties were so purblind as to refuse to accept the decision, but the public by that time would perceive who was right and who was wrong, and I venture to say that their decision would soon decide the struggle. I may be told that this plan is something like that offered under the Court of Conciliation. So it is; but there is this important difference. Under my plan both parties would be compelled to attend before the Industrial board and state their cases. The Board, being armed with the powers of the Supreme Court, could compel attendance and testimony, or commit for contempt. Its powers would be no more tyrannical than those already existing in other courts, the exercise of which do not alarm the community. Once the parties were inside the jurisdiction of the Board, it would soon be ascertained who was in the right. The weakness of the Board of Conciliation is that there is no compulsion in connection with it, and the results of this were made apparent by the Broken Hill strike and the recent disturbance in the printing trade." Mr O'Sullivan further proposes that Government should enforce the taking of a ballot in all trade unions and employers' societies likely to be directly affected by a strike or lock-out. Men at a heated mass-meeting, he says, are not in a fit condition to vote in accordance with reason, but when once their decision has been formed they feel bound in honour to abide by it.

"The London County Council has decided to try the experiment of dispensing with contractors, and is organising a direct municipal staff of workers under trade union conditions." This is evidently an experiment that may lead to important results and which deserves to be watched with interest.

"Alaric," says the Brisbane *Worker*, "is printing his labour poem, 'The Village Commune,' for circulation with a kindly dedication to Lane, who 'above all others has laid broad and deep the foundations of New Unionism in Australia. He gathered together in the Australian Labour Federation the flower of the Queensland Labour Knights. . . . He goes to build a living poem in the Argentine—a Commonwealth and Temple of Humanity. . . . Though he leaves us his spirit remains. The chivalry of the order will gather again its scarred and battered legions. Nor will the fight ever cease until the citadel of capital is stormed and from its highest turret floats the blood-red banner, indicating that government is by Labour, for Labour; for God and Home, Humanity and Fatherland. Much as we regret the vacancies in our table round which the withdrawal of so many knights will create, I but voice the feeling of the order when I wish him and his comrades God-speed in their effort to found New Australia over seas. Long may it endure a monument of their zeal and devotion to the Cause." How is that for sentiment? But that "living poem" has ere now been built elsewhere. With the exception of the blood-red banner and the yellow-fever, we saw it, for example, with Martin Chuzzlewit in New Eden. But there, of course, were Mr Hannibal Chollop and the ague. The "living poem," then, has been almost completely anticipated.

A shutting-up of Carnegie's works at Homestead is announced, owing possibly to the inability of unskilled "blacklegs" to replace the men locked out. Manager Frick's hostility to the unions, has, therefore, had serious results.

A conference of the Amalgamated Shearers' and Labourers' General Union held at Oamaru has resolved to form one federated union for the Colony. Mr J. Kelly, M.H.R., has been elected president.

Scotch Notes.

THE twentieth annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain, which was held in Edinburgh on Saturday, July 30, and the two days following, was a pronounced success. Several very able papers were read, and especial attention was given to the labour question and that of education. A remarkable event in the conference was the public reception accorded to the delegates by the Lord Provost of the city. It was on this occasion also that the Most Rev Dr Macdonald received his first public welcome as Archbishop of Edinburgh.

Another important session which has lately been held in Edinburgh was that of the British Association. Sir Archibald Geikie, who presided, took for the subject of his address the question of creation, particularly with regard to time. While cutting short the geological periods very considerably and completely abbreviating the æons required by evolution, the speaker refused to receive as conclusive the shorter time allowed by physicists. Sir Archibald is a native of Edinburgh. Owing to the season at which they were held and other sufficient reasons, the attendance at the meetings was comparatively thin.

The spirit of the times seems also to pervade the Scotch capital. The other day, for example, in sentencing a youth convicted of an assault, the Sheriff described the offence as a specimen of the rowdiness prevalent at the present day, and expressed his regret at not being able to deal more severely with it. This speaks ill for the march of civilisation.

The 83rd birthday of Professor Blackie has just been celebrated, by a bonfire, at Kingussie, where the Professor was spending his holidays. The guest of the *fête* distinguished himself on the occasion by a sharp and well-deserved denunciation of absenteeism.

As an instance of some queer old observances that still survive, and even retain some importance, we may take an event that occurred the other day, at the election in Holyrood Palace of sixteen peers to represent Scotland in the new Parliament. It took the shape of a protest tendered on behalf of the Earl of Moray against the reading of the Earl of Mar's name before his own—his title being the more ancient. The Lord Chief Register explained that he could not alter the roll unless through an order of the House of Lords. Is it conceivable that such fastness should still have a part in the legislation of the Empire? The sixteen peers were duly elected as follows:—The Earl of Mar (original title), 24; the Earl of Morton, 40; the Earl of Mar and Kellie, 34; the Earl of Haddington, 40; the Earl of Lauderdale, 38; the Earl of Lindsay, 40; the Earl of Airlie, 39; the Earl of Carnwath, 23; the Earl of Leven and Melville, 39; the Earl of Dundonald, 39; Viscount Strathallan, 40; Lord Forbes, 39; Lord Saltoun, 41; Lord Sinclair, 38; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, 41; and Lord Polwarth, 38. One vote, we may add, was cast for the Earl of Glasgow.

An effort is being made to complete a church begun in 1887 at Linlithgow, as a memorial of Mary Queen of Scots. The Rev Donald Eason, priest in charge of the mission, has issued an appeal for aid.

Rather a practical notion of heroism seems to prevail in certain quarters. A bust of William Murdoch, the inventor of gas-lighting, has just been placed in the hall of heroes attached to the Wallace monument at Stirling. It should be an encouragement for the lovers of the weed to recollect that it was while smoking his pipe over the fire of his cottage in Ayrshire, Murdoch became inspired with his great idea. He caught up a portion of the spirting coal, stuck it into the bowl, and lit the gas coming out of the stem. It was, however, at Bedruth, in Cornwall, that the discovery was developed, and it was finally perfected at Birmingham. It may, perhaps, detract a little from the inventor's memory as a hero that, in deference to Southern prejudices, he changed the "h" at the end of his surname to "k," and spelled himself "Murdock." Let him, however, rest at the feet of Sir William Wallace, and may no electric beam succeed in diminishing his posthumous lustre.

The Very Rev Professor O'Growney, of Maynooth, has been speaking at Glasgow in advocacy of the study of the Irish language, of whose preservation and revival he is an ardent devotee. In addressing one of the Catholic guilds of the city the Professor reminded his hearers that it was having a language in common as well as a common origin that formed a nation.

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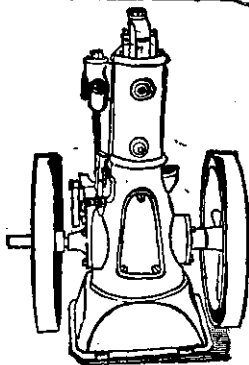
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Travellers' wonders are notorious. Those narrated the other day in Edinburgh by a traveller from Belfast are not likely to detract from their reputation. This adventurer—one Professor Barrett—stated at a public meeting that in Ireland it was a habit among publicans, when a fair was to be held in any of their towns, "to sprinkle the pavement with whiskey to tempt the people." Fancy Paddy figuring like a fly with sugar. Disgust at the unbrutish Irish ways shown by such waste, however, was the chief sentiment excited by the Professor among his audience. Sandy is more canny than that, whether as the tempter or the tempted.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

We take from the *Thames Examiner* the following report of a paper lately read at the Tapu Mutual by Mr B. M. Hawkes:—

Mr President, ladies and gentlemen,—It is with great diffidence that I stand before you, to offer a few reasons why I think Home Rule will be beneficial to the Irish people. In the few remarks I propose to make this evening there will be some subjects which I wish were placed in better hands, but I will do my best according to my ability. I will be careful in my arguments to lay nothing before you which are not historical facts, and if my pleading has your sympathy I shall feel fully recompensed. First, then, I will try to define the meaning of the expression "Home Rule," which, as nearly as I can see, means "Local Self-Government." Or, in other words, the people are desirous to have the management of their local affairs. That they should have an Irish House, which would make laws for the welfare of the people; regulate the laws between landlord and tenant; encourage local industry in every form; possibly have the control of the affairs of justice, and act in every legitimate way for the benefit of the people, precisely as we here in New Zealand manage our own affairs, but not to the extent we enjoy, for all laws so framed are to be subjected to the British Houses of Parliament, and cannot actually become law until approved by those Houses. A good many run away with the idea that the granting of Home Rule to Ireland means the disruption or breaking up of the British Empire, but nothing could be more fallacious. The Irish, with all their faults and follies, which they are generally understood to possess to a high degree, are not nearly so foolish as to think they would be better off by a dis-union with the British Empire. No, indeed, the leaders of the Irish people are now fully alive to the fact that unity is strength, and too well aware that the machinery of working petty States is too cumbersome, expensive, and also too risky for our nineteenth century. As history clearly shows, that small kingdoms, or principalities, have the most of their revenues absorbed by the machinery of Government, and in many or, indeed, in most cases, are eventually absorbed by some stronger power. But apart from this view, let us calmly consider who are the men now in the British Parliament pledged to Home Rule. Are they all mad-headed Irishmen? Oh dear no. I do not need to weary you by giving the names of those gentlemen who are Mr Gladstone's pledged supporters, for you must all know as well as I do that they are drawn from every portion of the British Kingdom, from Land's End to John O'Groat's Sound. Strong-minded, hard-headed men, who have thoroughly well considered the step they are about to take, and though their views are liberal and they think the workman has a stake in the nation, I doubt if one of them would do an action knowingly calculated to weaken the prestige of the British dominion. I am rather inclined to believe that if occasion required, each and every one of them would shed his blood in defence of the nation. Are they, then, only mad on this one subject? Just that, if you think every social reform is madness. I will give you a few examples of the difficulty attending reforms in the present century, and how in all cases certain classes raised a howl that each and every one, if granted, would be ruinous to the State. But time has shown the reformers were right, while the old Conservative sticklers were equally wrong. I quote from the "History of the Nineteenth Century," by Robert McKenzie:—"In the year 1815 a new Corn Law was passed, the object of which was to make the poor man's bread dear, that the rich man's rental might be high. No foreign grain was to be imported until wheat in the home market had been for six months at over 86s per quarter. The object of this arrangement was to keep the price of wheat steady at a point not far from 90s, a price which could not fail to satisfy the landowners and farmers, however it might fare with the consumers. For thirty years this Corn Law was a blight and a curse to the British people, famines being of frequent occurrence. In Edinburgh one in every eight of the population was maintained by the charity of the others. Taxation was monstrous. The criminal laws were savage, and they were administered in a spirit appropriately relentless. The feeling of the time was so entirely in favour of severity, that Edward Burke said he could obtain the assent of the House of Commons to any Bill imposing the punishment of death. Our law recognised 223 capital offences. If a man injured Westminster bridge he was hanged; disguised on a public road he was hanged, cut down a sapling, shot a rabbit, stole property value 5s, stole anything from a bleak field, wrote a threatening letter, and other trifles too

numerous, for all these he was hanged, even children of tender years were hanged, and the man who raised his voice against this shameful procedure, was told his action was an incentive to crime. Slavery existed in Scotland to the very last of the eighteenth century, the colliers and salters were slaves bound to their service for life, bought and sold with the works in which they laboured. Women and children worked in coal pits. They dragged about little waggons by a chain fastened round their waists, crawling like brutes on their hands and feet in the dark. The horrors among which they lived induced disease and early death. Law did not reach them, and the hopeless children were often mutilated, and occasionally killed. There was no machinery to drag the coal to the surface, and women climbed along wooden ladders with baskets of coal on their backs. I will now proceed to Parliamentary reform in the present century, always quoting the same author, and will begin with the Reform Bill. The necessity for reform, in our system of representation, had been recognised long ago. Lord Onatham and his son William Pitt, agitated for it, but in a sort of milk and water way. When the people, moved by that great man William Cobbett, strove by every lawful means to gain their point, the Government of the day believed that the new impulse which had seized the masses threatened danger to the country; that every popular leader was a traitor; that every demand for political privileges was seditious. They pursued the thought of concession, and prepared to carry out inflexibly to its bitter end the policy of forcible suppression. The feeling deepened rapidly among a suffering people, that they were ruined by this Government. Huge meetings expressing themselves by monster petitions were continually held. The Government were resolute to extinguish by military force the discontent of the people. The Manchester reformers held a meeting of 60,000 persons with no design but to petition for Parliamentary reform. A strong military force was provided by the authorities, infantry, cavalry and artillery. The proceedings had scarcely begun, when a large body of mounted yeomanry dashed among the defenceless multitude, many men, women, and little children were killed and wounded. The thanks of the Prince Regent were promptly offered to the magistrates who directed this wicked and cowardly slaughter, and all the leaders of the meeting received various terms of imprisonment. This occurred in 1819, and the struggle was not terminated until 1832, under the administration of Earl Gray. I have gone into this subject more fully than perhaps my object required, but with this purpose, that I want to show you that the English people had to work steadily and persistently to gain their social reforms. I will now give a little illustration of some of the wrongs the Irish Catholics suffered in those days, always quoting from the same author. "During the 18th century the Irish Parliament was composed of Protestants of an exceedingly bitter type, and had heaped upon the unhappy Catholics of Ireland an accumulation of the most wicked laws which have ever been expressed in the English tongue. A Catholic could not sit in Parliament, could not hold any office under the Crown, could not vote at an election, could not be a solicitor, physician, sheriff, or gamekeeper. If a son became a Protestant he was withdrawn from parental custody, and entrusted to Protestant relatives, while his father was bound to maintain him. A Catholic was not permitted to own a horse worth more than £5, if he had a more valuable animal he was bound to sell to a Protestant for that money. If a younger brother turned Protestant, he supplanted the elder in his birthright. A Catholic could not inherit from an intestate relative, however near; a Protestant solicitor who married a Catholic was disqualified. Marriages of Protestants and Catholics, if performed by a priest, were annulled, and the priest was hanged; rewards were offered for the discovery of Catholic clergymen. At one time five-sixths of the British infantry were employed in maintaining the tranquility of this unhappy country. Despite the King the claims of the Catholics came every year before Parliament with steadily growing support. In Ireland the agitation was governed by Daniel O'Connell, O'Connell's eloquence was irresistible. He became a power which no Government could resist. A Bill to remove Catholic disabilities was introduced. The Bill quickly became law, and its earliest fruits was the return of O'Connell." I will now pass on to the free trade policy which gave to the working man a cheap loaf. I will not dwell on the struggle of the masses to gain food at a reasonable price, but to show how bitterly the classes held out against the rights of the people. The struggle which began in 1820 was not brought to a successful issue until 1846 under Sir Robert Peel. I quote as before. He proposed the total repeal of the Corn Law, a fierce contest ensued in which Mr Dieraeli earned fame and the leadership of the Tory party by his unenvomed resistance to a measure without which it is difficult to imagine how the national existence could have been preserved. The next serious wrong against the Irish people was the maintenance of the Irish Church. As this is, as it were, a question of yesterday, I do not purpose to go into the subject, but after, as usual, a most bitter opposition Mr Gladstone succeeded in removing this incubus. I now think I have given you sufficient examples to satisfy you that all the social reforms of this century have only been gained after long and bitter struggles, often resulting in the shedding of innocent blood,

"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.

and always with the cry of the dominant classes that the granting of those reforms would be ruinous to the State, but time has proved the reverse. Before I again refer to the details it occurs to me that I might here give you a picture from real life of my own experience and what I saw in the few short years I was an Irishman, or rather Irish lad, as I was born in 1841, and migrated to our happy New Zealand early in 1863, where the crow-bar brigade are unknown. My earliest recollections are associated with the famine in 1847 and 1848. You may think I was too young to have any very distinct recollection of those sad times, but I tell you every item I saw of that fearful time of hunger and death, is indelibly burnt on my brain, and will only cease with life. Were I to tell you of all the sad phases of hunger which I could not help witnessing, it would occupy a good many hours, and the story would fill a tidy size volume, but I will refer to just two or three incidents and you may imagine the rest at your leisure. I was born in a country district about twenty miles westward from the city of Cork. Our house was close by the churchyard, and the parish dispensary was attached to the house. I don't know when these institutions were first initiated, but I think they were contemporary with the famine, and must have begun about 1848. Now as destitution always makes for anywhere that relief can be obtained, it is quite probable that I may have seen more than even neighbours living close by. Our dispensary doctor was a very rough, but good-hearted man, and God knows the heart-rending scenes that he had to witness would drive any weak-minded man mad. The poor people, famishing for food, would implore the doctor for medicine to make them strong, as they would express it, but the only prescription he would give them was not in his medicine chest, and he could only recommend nourishing food, which was like throwing straws to a drowning man. The graveyard soon became a busy mart, and the parish authorities had to employ men to put the corpses under ground. The cost of finding coffins for the increasing number of deaths was too much evidently for their slender resources, so they hit on a cheap and equally expeditious plan. A good, large-sized hole was dug, capable of holding some twenty or thirty bodies, and a rough shell, or a substitute for a coffin, built, with the bottom hung on hinges. Into this the corpse was put, and when over the pit the catch was opened and the shell was again ready for another tenant. When the pit was pretty well filled another was prepared. One sight I saw which I well remember; it was just about dusk in the evening. A poor woman carrying a big boy on her back; he had on an old pair of cord trousers and an old cotton shirt, feet and head were bare. She carried an old spade with her, and I soon saw her mission. I don't know how far she brought that ghastly load, but it must have been a considerable distance, as she appeared a perfect stranger. She seemed too much exhausted with hunger and fatigue to dig anything of a grave, but the poor creature covered the body as well as she could, while all the time her heart seemed bursting. Her moans and lamentations were pitiful. It was quite dark when she left. I came back quite early next morning to look at the poor grave, but it was tenantless—the starving dogs scent that prey through the night and held high carnival.

(To be concluded.)

CATHOLIC EDUCATION AND ITS EFFECTS.

A SERMON BY THE REV FATHER HACKETT.

AT St Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, on Sunday, September 11th, Father Hackett read a very important document issued to the clergy by the bishops of N.Z., assembled at Dunedin. The resolutions embodied in the document clearly show that united action on the part of bishops, priests, and laity will be taken ere long in the matter of our educational claims. Having read the resolutions, the Rev Father preached on the "Necessity of Religious Education." He pointed with pride and admiration to the happy days before religious unity was broken, when the Catholic Church, with her universities and schools, was the teacher of nations. The Reformation aimed at the destruction of those schools. Luther declared "that all high schools of learning were the invention of the devil, destined to obscure Christianity, if not to overthrow it completely." The same movement was carried on in England against Catholic schools. The effect of this warfare was soon felt. For testimony of this he would quote an authority anything but favourable to the Catholic Church: "To the universities the Reformation had brought with it desolation. The once open hand was closed; the once open heart was hardened. The ancient loyalty of man to man was exchanged for the shuffling of selfishness. The change of faith had brought with it no increase of freedom, and less of charity. The creed of one thousand years was made a crime by a doctrine of yesterday. Monks and nuns wandered by the hedge and the highway, as missionaries of discontent; and pointed with bitter effect to the fruits of the new belief, which had been crimsoned in the blood of thousands of the English peasants" (James Anthony Froude's History of England, vol. vi. p. 28). The early Reformers aimed at sacrificing education to the supposed interests of religion, and our modern reformers seek to sacrifice religion

to the supposed interests of education. During the long history of the Catholic Church she never suffered religion to be divorced from education. The love of learning and the love of religion are the master passions of her heart. Do not be led away by the false reasoning and the calumnies hurled by our enemies against the Catholic schools of the pre-Reformation era. Judge of the Catholic schools by the men they have produced. By whom was the compass invented; that useful little article by which our daily routine is measured, the clock; that great means of communication, the post office? By whom was America discovered, and those long and hazardous voyages undertaken—the benefits of which we are now reaping? Who were the scientists, architects, poets and artists? In every instance, men whom the Catholic schools had given to the world. Take away from England her Shakespeare, Chaucer, Pope, and Drayton, and you remove the very cream of her literature. Yet all of these were educated in Catholic schools. Religious education was sadly needed in our day, for society, though professedly Christian, was Pagan in practice. All that was vile and degrading in the past seems revived to an alarming extent. The men needed in society to-day were not merely the intellectual, but the religious, straight-forward men. The Catholics of the Colony were to be congratulated on the sacrifices they were making towards the maintenance of their schools, and let us hope that the present enlightened Government of N.Z. would see its way to recognise in a true liberal spirit the justice of our claims. The Catholics are most unjustly treated by the Government, and find themselves in the same position as did the Catholics in Ireland before the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In former years every Irish Catholic was obliged by law to contribute annually one-tenth part of all he possessed towards the support of a church in which he did not believe and of a parson whose ministrations he despised. In a certain locality in Ireland a Protestant church was erected. A parson was placed in charge, and the only Protestant in the surrounding county who attended the Sunday services was the parson's wife. Here were Catholics obliged by law to support a church which their conscience condemned. The Catholics of this Colony in the matter of education were in exactly the same condition. No Catholic parent could in conscience send his children to the Government schools, and yet the law of the land obliged him to support that system which he knew to be bad. We were thus doubly taxed in building and maintaining our own schools, while at the same time we were compelled to act likewise towards those of the State. Any system was better than the present one, therefore it behoved all denominations to be up in arms and array themselves against this alarming danger ere it was too late. In so far as the Catholics are concerned in this matter our duty is clear, because the Church our infallible guide, directs. We must obey.

G R E A T T R U T H S .

GREAT truths are very simple truths when finally they are comprehended; but it takes a long while to prepare any mind to comprehend a great truth. For years one may grope in darkness concerning some phase of his spiritual life, or some perplexities of a sacred friendship, or some seeming contradictions in his innermost personal character; when suddenly a light will break in upon the mind, or upon the heart, which instantly makes clear that which before seemed hopelessly dark. A great truth is then perceived in its bearings upon, and so in its explanations of, all that was bewildering and disheartening to one who was in ignorance of that truth. What a new sense of life and hope comes with such a new recognition of a comforting or of an enlightening great truth. In the joy of an experience like this, one can wait and trust in other perplexities which may yet be similarly resolved and dissipated. Thus it is that on the introduction of Clements' Tonic everybody was sceptical of its merits; yet now so popular has it become and so reliable has it proved itself, that hundreds of bogus medicines are placed on the market with which to gull the public. Every genuine article is always imitated, and people will always try to impose on the credulity of their suffering fellow-men. Patients must be on their guard against these swindlers, for their remedies are perfectly useless, and while time is being wasted, the disease increases, and perhaps even beyond the power of so potent a remedy as Clements' Tonic. 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 throughout the body, and sleeplessness, due to overwork. I tried remedies and sought advice without result, until one of Clements' Tonic books came into my possession. I read its columns, and read of 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.

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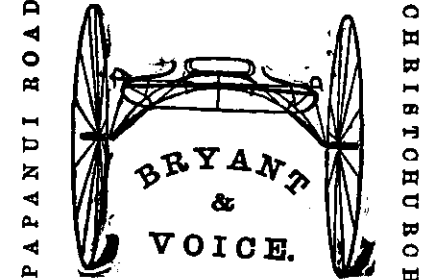
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Irish News.

Antrim.—Amidst the usual drumming scenes the 12th of July was ushered in at Larne. The brethren left the town by train for the rendezvous at Antrim. The Orange celebration is truly dying out in Larne, and there was a total absence of any interest in the proceedings.

Eight Scotch tourists were driving to Lisburn, and when at Dunmurry their vehicle was maliciously driven into by a car occupied by Orangemen. Three ladies were thrown upon the ground and narrowly escaped being run over by a following car. Two priests arrived just as the Orangemen pulled out knives and revolvers upon the inoffensive visitors, and advised them to return and see the police.

Armagh.—The William O'Brien Band, Armagh, was having an outing during the week, and when passing through Thomas street on the return journey, the Orangemen poured a fusillade of stones upon the unsuspecting musicians. Three members of the Orange mob, Joseph Leacock, Isaiah Cordainer, and John Watson, were arrested for stone-throwing.

Keady monthly fair was held last week. The attendance of buyers and the supplies of cattle were considerably smaller than usual. Milch cows of good quality, L13 10s to L16 10s; inferior do, £8 10s to L10 10s; springers guaranteed to calve, L10 10s to L16 10s; dry cows and strippers, L10 to L12 10s; inferior do, L5 10s to L8 each; three-year-old heifers and bullocks, L11 5s to L13; two-year-old do, L7 to L9 10s; one-year-old do, L3 10s to L4 10s; fat bulls, L12 10s to L15 10s; brood cows, L4 5s to L5 5s each; inferior do, L3 5s to L3 7s 6d each; slips, L2 5d to L2 15s each; suckers, L2 to L2 15s per pair.

directors of the company, engineers of the line, and the representatives of the Press. The whole company proceeded to Ardglass over the newly-completed line, and general satisfaction was expressed at the manner in which it was constructed. Once Ardglass is as well known as it deserves to be, it is quite probable that it may become a formidable rival to Portrush and other favourite seaside resorts. The town is very neat and clean. The estimated cost of the railway was L51,000; of this L30,000 was granted by the Government, L17,000 was raised by a baronial guarantee, and the company expended L4,000 on the works themselves. At Ardglass a splendid station is in the course of erection. Attached to it will be a stationmaster's house, waiting rooms, and other conveniences. The platform will be 500 feet in length, and 120 feet of it will be covered by a verandah of glass and zinc.

Fermanagh.—Rossien monthly fair has just been held. There was a good supply of stock and an immense number of people in town. Following were the prices obtained:—Beef, best quality, 52s to 58s per cwt; inferior, 44s to 50s per cwt; springers, best class, L16 to L17 10s; second, L12 10s to L14 10s; inferior, L10 to L12; o'd cows, L7 to L8; three-year-old heifers and bullocks from L9 10s to L12; two-year-olds, L6 10s to L7 10s; one-year-old, L4 to L5; weanlings and calves, L1 10s to L2 10s.

Galway.—Amongst the objects deserving of the support of the public, none is more worthy than the efforts now being made in a great many places throughout the country to give useful and remunerative employment to girls. One of these industries has for some time been established in Galway and is making steady progress and giving employment to a considerable number of persons. The bookbinding industry at the Convent of Mercy was opened for the double object of supplying a great want and for giving employment to girls. Bookbinding work is not very laborious, but a certain care-

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ONLY GENUINE WHEN

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The appeals to religious bigotry lately made from platforms throughout the country meet with a ready response in Armagh. When the news of the Newry election was received, crowds of rowdies proceeded through the city and smashed the windows of houses belonging to Catholics. The Catholic Presbytery was also attacked. This is not the first time similar attacks have been made on the presbytery, and the outrages have created a profound feeling of indignation amongst the Catholics of the city, and are strongly condemned by the respectable Protestants.

Cork.—The farmers of West Cork are seriously troubled over the gloomy prospects which confronts them of a bad harvest. The damage caused by recent rains has been extensive in every kind of crop, but particularly the potato crop.

The Youghal Guardians have just been served with notices intimating that it is the intention of the owners of the Ponsonby estate to evict the last tenant on the estate, named Patrick O'Brien of Park, near Youghal. The whole side of a country is now a "howling wilderness."

Down.—Newtownards fair was held during the week. Many buyers from Belfast attended. The business transacted was moderate and the prices of store cattle rather easier. Best springers, L13 to L16; milch cows, L16 downwards. Three-year-old heifers and bullocks, L10 to L12; two-year-olds, L6 to L8; and yearlings, L3 to L5. Beef, 50s to 55s and 58s per cwt. Butcher's sheep, 35s to 45s; and lambs, 30s downwards.

The new line connecting Downpatrick with Ardglass has been formally opened. The first passenger train ran over the line Friday morning of last week, and to the train leaving the County Down station at 10 30 a.m. was attached a saloon-carriage, occupied by the

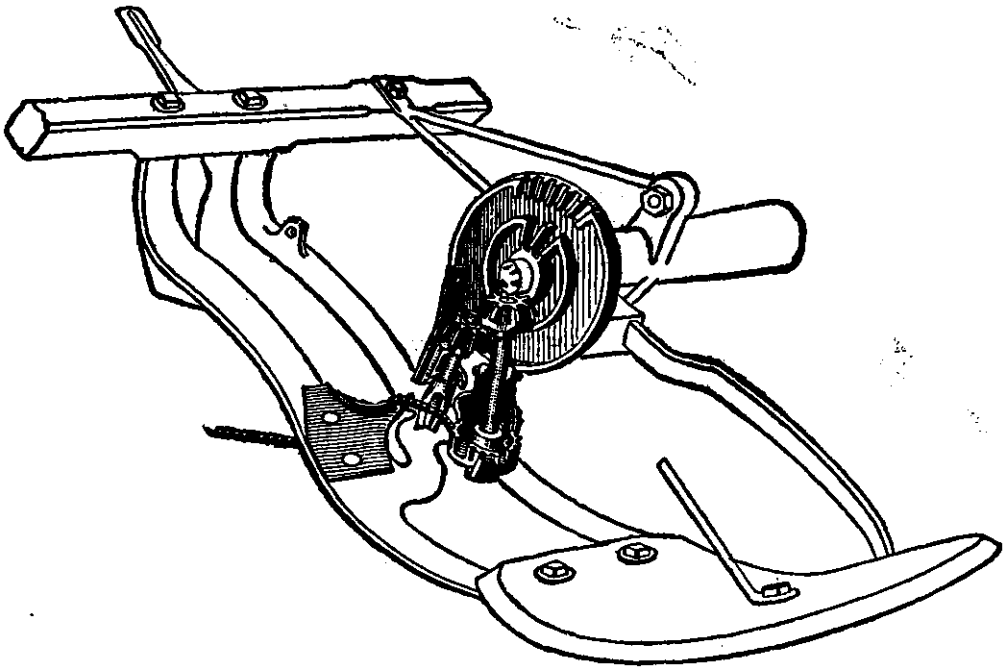
fulness, neatness, and taste are indispensable to a successful pursuit of the business. It is therefore particularly suited for female hands, and girls trained to the business become very expert and efficient binders. Indeed, it supplies a want very much felt in Galway, as persons who had work to be done in that way were obliged to send it to Dublin. Now they have the advantage of being able to get their book-binding done at home and it saves the trouble and expense of sending the work to Dublin. As to the quality of the book-binding done at the Mercy Convent it is really very creditable. Sister Celestine, the courteous and energetic Sister in charge of the business, and who has been instrumental in founding the industry in Galway, pays the greatest attention to all orders entrusted to her care.

Kerry.—At the Kerry Assizes, held recently, an action was brought by Lord Kenmare against the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, traversing an award of the arbitrator for compensation for lands taken by the company at Killarney. The jury awarded L850, being L500 in excess of the arbitrator's award.

Kilkenny.—A most malignant fever has broken out in Kilkenny Gaol, to which two prisoners have already succumbed, and the remainder, numbering close on fifty, are in a very dangerous condition. Medical men are busily engaged, but are unable to discover the origin of the contagion. Sir Peter O'Brien and Chief Baron Palles refused to bear criminal cases at the Assizes, as they stated on no account would they, if defendants were convicted, confine them to a pest house. The matter has created much excitement in the city, and prisoners whose sentences have expired are not allowed out for fear of spreading the contagion.

King's County.—The Young Marquis of Downshire, who possesses 13,679 acres of land in this County, attained his majority a

The Triumph of Modern Invention!



— THE —

MCCORMICK SIMPLE KNOTTER

A TWINE SAVER.

.....

We claim that the Simple Knotter used on the McCormick Binder is more economical in the use of twine than any other. We are aware that others also make this claim. Unfortunately for the "others" the "claim" is all they have to rely on; the tests knock them out. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof," and to the man who intends to buy a Binder this season we offer this advice: When you go to town take a bundle of grain with you and ask the agents of the various machines to run it through their Binder in your presence. After it is bound, measure the length of twine used, including the waste, and jot it down. Go to each Binder and repeat the test. Don't take any person's "say-so" for it. See with your own eyes, and if you are not convinced that the McCormick Simple Knotter uses less, wastes less twine than any other machine on earth, then we will return to the old, back number, complicated device offered by our competitors. Why are we making this Simple Knotter if it is not in every way an improvement over the old ones? Every feature, every device, every new method brought out by the McCormick is thoroughly experimented with by our mechanical force—experimented with and compared with others—and unless these experiments demonstrate the superiority of the McCormick it is not adopted as a part of the machine. It is easy for others to claim their knotters will save twine. But—"the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof."

It has happened now and then during the past two years that a farmer has bought his supply of twine and found it to be far inferior to what he was told it would be—miserable stuff in fact. The use of such twine on most binders is a source of great annoyance and delay. In such cases he is a fortunate man who owns a McCormick. Our Simple Knotter is so constructed that it produces a uniform strain on the cord, without a tendency to cut or tear it—a chronic fault with other machines. Our Knotter acts the same on all grades of twine, and we can therefore successfully use a cheaper cord than can be used by others.

.....

MORROW, BASSETT & CO.

CHRISTCHURCH AND DUNEDIN.

few days ago; but the tenants on the estate refused to celebrate. This kind of slavishness is fast dying out, and unless the person be really worthy, such goings on will not be seen in Ireland in the future.

Limerick.—Father Bradshaw, the venerated and venerable Redemptorist Father, died rather suddenly. Having become seriously ill in the carriage returning from his brother's funeral and having reached the convent, he expired in the hall before the last Sacraments could be administered. The Very Rev Rector, Father Megnier, requested prayers especially at this sad occurrence; not that the saintly Redemptorist was taken unprepared, as that morning he said Mass and gave Holy Communion to his nephews and nieces of the household. Father Bradshaw is well-remembered by the people of Limerick, as he was one of the first at Blank place, and many are the prayers offered for the repose of his soul by the loyal-hearted Limerick people.

Louth.—The new Church of the Redemptorist Fathers, Dundalk, will be solemnly opened to-morrow. The church is a very beautiful one, built in the Romanesque style. The Redemptorists are well known by their missionary labours in every part of Ireland, and their friends will help them to pay off the heavy debt which has been incurred by the building of St Joseph's Church, Dundalk.

Monaghan.—The Orangemen recently held a meeting in Clonsa. Residents took no interest in the "great and glorious" this time, and it is simply a matter of time when Orangeism will disappear.

The magnificent Cathedral of St Macartan, Monaghan, is now rapidly approaching completion. The foundation-stone was laid twenty years ago by the late Bishop McNally, and the task of perfecting the work then begun with untiring zeal by the present Bishop

her foreign auxiliaries, let loose on the people by the cruel Government of that day, in vengeance on the brave men who kept up the cause of faith and fatherland. The broad trench under the summit, facing Smith Lodge, was the entrenchment cut by the rebels of that day to battle against those marauders. The men of '48 made it their drill ground. Smith O'Brien, J. B. Dillon, Doheny, and others, slept occasionally within its vicinity. The men of '67 also made it their rendezvous, and the fine manly voice of the patriot C. J. Kickham could often be heard giving the word to his "Boys." When next the old ground will be visited by way of joy, the Nationalist's hope it may be to welcome Home Rule.

Waterford.—The potato crop in this County looks most promising. Vegetables of every description are doing splendidly and good crops will result this year.

Judge O'Brien, popularly known as "Peter the Packer," was presented with white gloves in the Waterford City Court recently. In the County Court, before Chief Baron Palles, there was one criminal case.

Lismore fair took place recently and was fairly attended. Prices were low and the buying slow, owing to the scarcity of grass in England. Store cattle were not saleable. Pigs cost fifty-two shillings—there were about 300 at the fair.

Wexford.—The well-known lime quarries of Scar, famous for lime of the best quality, will be re-opened soon. These quarries have been closed for over twenty years, but an enterprising resident is thinking of opening them.

Miss M. F. Pierce, Wexford, is credited with the honour of having taken first place in the last examination of the Pharmaceutical Society of Ireland, at which a large number of candidates competed. Several male candidates were rejected, and it is no small proof of Miss Pierce's ability that she secured the highest place.

HOME RULE

— AND ONE OF —

J. & J. ARTHUR'S £3 3s Suits

Ought to make a man happy.

Try one of our £3 3s Suits, made of thoroughly reliable cloth, artistic in pattern and perfect in fit and style.

J. & J. ARTHUR, Tailors,

6 George Street, Dunedin (Second Shop past Octagon).

of Oloher, Most Rev Doctor Donnelly. It is truly a splendid Gothic structure, and in its interior embellishments and the wealth of rare and beautiful marble that adorns its altars can scarcely be excelled by any of the most gorgeous churches in the land. It is built on the summit of a considerable eminence on the east side of the town of Monaghan, and is visible at a distance of from ten to twenty miles around. It is cruciform in design. The spire springs from a massive tower built against the southern transept of the church to a height of 245 feet, and is furnished with bells that are perhaps the very first in the country. Four men are required to ring them. The interior of the church is in keeping with its external beauty. The lofty vault of the roof, with the carved choir of angels in wood, the graceful stone columns with their richly carved capitals, the five magnificent altars, as well as the entire outfit of benches and pews, are the most striking features of its grandeur. The statuary came from the world-famed studios of Carrara, as admirable as it is profuse. There are seven magnificent stained-glass windows around the high altar, and in the four side chapels the altars are surmounted by beautiful windows with appropriate designs. The organ is one of the largest and finest instruments in Ireland.

Tipperary.—Old Slievenamon, the famous old mountain of the Premier County, is having many tourists visiting it this year. Right under its shadow Kickham lived, and wrote the beautiful and touching poem, "The Widow's Brown Haired Daughter," so dear to Irish hearts.

When the news of Mr Condon's victory over the Parnellite candidate for the representation of North Tipperary reached Grangemockler, on the time-honoured and historic old crag a bonfire was lighted. Tradition has preserved the celebrity of the old rock for similar occasions. It was on its summit the stalwart men of Slievadagh met in '98, prepared to lay down their lives rather than submit to the outrage and wrong cruelly perpetrated by the Hessians and

The New Ross police have been engaged for two weeks under the Montgarret Bridge with boats and grappling looking for a parcel which is alleged to have been dropped into the river under extraordinary circumstances one night. The caretaker of the bridge, who was on duty about one or two o'clock in the morning, observed a car drive in on the bridge from the County Wexford side, with two men on it. When on the middle of the bridge the car stopped, backed towards the side of it, and the two men took a parcel from it and flung it out into the river. The parcel was large—about the size of a man's body—and was of a heavy nature from the splash which it made in the river. The bridgeman opened the door of his little hut, and as he did so the men jumped on the car and drove away again in the direction from whence they came. Next day he informed the police, who, having failed to find the parcel with the hooks, are getting a diver to search the bottom. There has been a rumour started that for some days before this affair occurred a "blocker" from Waterford has been "missing," but was found on inquiry to be false. The police regard the matter as very important and decline to give any information to the press on the subject.

Wicklow.—The number of James O'Connor's anti-Parnellite majority in West Wicklow is full of strange and memorable import. Was it fortuitous or providential that in '98 James O'Connor's grandfather, named Kerwin, was shot in Dunlavin, and that the present Colonel Saunders' grandfather commanded the troops? Take the number of Colonel Saunders' votes, 784, from Mr O'Connor's 2682 and we have the self-same year, 1798. The poll was declared by Colonel Tynte, first cousin to Colonel Saunders, and thus through his own flesh and blood these mysterious numbers were announced.

A bicycle race from Paris to Nantes and back has been won by M. Allard, who completed the distance of 622 miles in 68 hours 28 minutes.

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 t Season.

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

ANDREW TODD, Manager, Dunedin.

HAVE you tasted **GAWNE'S** Worcester Sauce? It is a valuable adjunct to the luncheon table.

ONE of the cheapest yet most piquant Sauces ever introduced Its quality not being sacrificed by lowness of price.

MESSRS **GAWNE & CO.** have favoured us with samples of their Worcester Sauce.

CITY BREWERY, DUNEDIN.

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**GIGS
 BUGGIES
 LANDAUS
 PHAETONS
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 BROUGHAMS
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 HANSOMS**

**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 POULTEERS,
 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
 P R I N C E S S T R E E T S O U T H
 (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.

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G U A R A N T E E D P U R E J U I C E O F T H E G R A P E
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WINE MERCHANT, 184 ARMAGH STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

SPRING, 1892.

DRESS DEPARTMENT.

H E R B E R T, H A Y N E S & C O.

Are now making their
FIRST DISPLAY OF SEASON'S DRESS GOODS,
 and respectfully solicit your Inspection and Patronage.

T H I S S E A S O N ' S S H I P M E N T S

Are very extensive, consequent upon the Special Inducements offered to **MR HAYNES** when visiting the various Centres of Commerce, while the character of the Goods (as might be expected in view of Mr Haynes' long study of the Requirements of our Patrons) leaves nothing to be desired.

A S R E G A R D S V A L U E,

To say the Goods are Cheap does not adequately convey the idea when speaking of this Season's Importations; **THAT MONEY MAKES MONEY** is an accepted axiom, but the truth of it was never more strikingly illustrated than in the Goods

BOUGHT FOR CASH BY MR HAYNES,
 and which are now on view.

**WE ARE INSTRUCTED TO GIVE THE PUBLIC THE
 BENEFIT OF ALL DISCOUNTS**

(which in many cases amount to 50 per cent.), and mark everything at the smallest possible working profit. Such being done we confidently await the verdict of the Public, believing that their judgment and discrimination will result in largely increasing the amount of business done by us this season.

HERBERT, HAYNES & CO.

3RD EDITION

OF

S T. J O S E P H ' S P R A Y E R B O O K

IS NOW READY.

Approved By

H I S H O L I N E S S T H E P O P E.

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

— O T H E —

Massey-Harris Open Back Binder

A DAISY in GRASS! A GEM in GRAIN!

Light and Easy Draught; yet Strong and Durable!

OUR NEW KNOTTER IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

See this LATEST NOVELTY before Purchasing.

TERMS EASY. Satisfaction Guaranteed or No Sale.

LARGE STOCKS OF DUPLICATES EVERYWHERE

MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD.,

Crawford Street, DUNEDIN.

Commercial.

MESSESS STRONACH BROS. AND MORRIS report as follows:—

Sheepskins—We presented a moderate catalogue at the sales on Tuesday, all the buyers being present. Bidding was a shade brisker than last week, although buyers are still inclined to operate cautiously, especially in merino skins, owing evidently to the decline in this class of wool at Home. We quote—Butchers' best green crossbreds, 4s 10d to 5s 6d; medium to good, 4s to 4s 6d; light, 3s 9d; merinos, 3s to 4s; dry crossbreds, full-woolled, up to 5s 6d; merinos, 1s 6d to 4s.

Rabbitskins—We presented a medium catalogue on Monday to a good attendance of buyers. The skins coming to hand show a noticeable falling off in quality owing, no doubt, to the season being so far advanced. All lots offered met with fair competition up to a level with late rates. Quotations—Prime winter greys, 15d to 15½d; selected does up to 1s 4d; thick pelted greys, 13½d to 14d; inferior, 11s to 12½d; autumns, 8d to 10d; summers, 5d to 7½d; suckers, 2d to 4d.

Hides—There are no signs of improvement in the market for these. Prime heavy ox hides are in good demand, but are very scarce while other sorts are in plentiful supply and difficult to quit. We quote:—Prime heavy well salted ox hides, 2½d to 3½d; medium to good, 2d to 2½d; light, 1d to 1½d; inferior and damaged, 1d to 1½d per lb.

Tallow—The market is very bare of supplies and consequently buyers are inclined to advance slightly on recent quotations in order to secure lots coming forward. Quotations:—Prime rendered, 18s 6d to 20s; inferior to medium, 14s to 17s; rough fat, 10s to 13s 6d per cwt.

Grain—Wheat: There are no signs of improvement in this market, but rather a downward tendency owing to the unsatisfactory state of the market at home and sales can only be made at prices considerably below those lately ruling. Fowl wheat is in good demand. We quote:—Best milling (velvet and Tuscan), 3s 3d to 3s 5d; medium, 2s 9d to 3s; fowl wheat, 1s 9d to 2s 6d; (ex store, sacks weighed in.) Oats: There is still a good demand for these, prices remain unchanged. We quote:—Prime milling, up to 2s; bright short feed, 1s 10d to 1s 11s; medium, 1s 9d to 1s 10d; inferior, 1s 6d to 1s 8d; (ex store sacks extra.)

Potatoes—The market is still very depressed, and only prime derwents are saleable at from 25s to 30s per ton; other sorts unsaleable.

Chaff—There is an improvement in prices owing to the short supply forward. Best is worth from 50s to 55s; medium, 45s to 50s; inferior, 30s to 40s.

THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY CO., LIMITED report for week ending October 5 as follows:—

Store Cattle—A very satisfactory demand is experienced for these, and no difficulty in placing all offering when sellers are disposed to accept prices likely to leave a margin for fattening.

Store Sheep—These continue to change hands in moderate numbers, but the demand now is less active, and buyers showing some reluctance in giving prices ruling in the past.

Sheepskins—A very considerable number of these continue to be catalogued for the weekly auctions. Country dry crossbreds, inferior to medium, brought 2s to 3s; do do merino, 1s 10d to 2s 11d; full-woolled crossbreds, 4s to 5s 8d; do do merino, 3s to 4s 9d; dry pelts, 4d to 1s 8d; butchers' green crossbreds, best, 5s to 5s 4d; extra prime a shade more; medium to good, 3s 11d to 4s 10d; green merinos, best, 3s 8d to 3s 8d; light, 2s 8d to 3s 2d; lambskins, 6d to 1s 2d each.

Rabbitskins—These continue in good demand at the reduced prices, and a considerable number are being put through at the auctions. We quote—Best winter does, 1s 3½d to 1s 3½d; extra

prime, selected, 1s 4d; best winter bucks, 1s 2d to 1s 2½d; medium to good greys, 1s to 1s 2d; best winter blacks and fawns, 10d to 11½d; autumn greys, 9d to 11d; summer do, 6d to 7d; sucker and half-grown, 3d to 5d per lb.

Hides—The demand at the moment is fairly good, principally confined to the exigencies of local manufacturers. Heavy hides in good condition, 2½d to 3d; medium, 2d to 2½d; light, 1½d to 1½d; inferior, 1d to 1½d per lb.

Grain—Wheat: This market shows no change for the better. Best milling, velvet and Tuscan, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; extra prime, 2s to 3d; medium to good, nominal, 2s 9d to 3s; inferior and good whole fowls' wheat, 2s 2d to 2s 6d; broken, 1s 9d to 2s; ex store, sacks weighed in, terms. Oats: A moderate amount of business is passing in these, and prices on the whole fairly well maintained. Prime milling, 1s 11d to 2s; best short, bright, feed, 1s 10d to 1s 11d; medium to good, 1s 9d to 1s 10d; inferior to medium, very few offering, 1s 6d to 1s 8d; ex store, sacks extra, net. Barley: Prime malting, 3s 9d to 4s; medium to good, nominal, 3s to 3s 6d; inferior to medium, 2s 3d to 2s 10d; ex store, sacks extra, terms.

Grass Seeds—We quote—Best dressed perennial, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; extra prime, 4s; medium, 3s to 3s 3d. Cocksfoot, small demand, best, 3½d to 4d; medium, 3d to 3½d per lb.

Potatoes—The market remains as dull as ever. Quotations—for best derwents, 25s to 27s 6d; medium 15s to 20s per ton, sacks weighed in, ex store.

Chaff—Best, 52s 6d to 55s; extra prime, 57s 6d; inferior to medium and good, 30s to 50s per ton.

Dairy Produce—There is very little prime keg butter in the market, but for which we may quote 8d to 9d for dairy, and 10d to 11d for factory. The demand for cheese is slack. Quotations for factory, medium size, 4½d to 5d; loaf shape, 5½d to 5½d; dairy-made, 2½d to 4½d per lb.

Flax—There is no business of any consequence passing.

MESSESS DONALD REID AND Co. report as follows:—

Store Cattle—72 head were yarded, and there was a fair demand. Best bullocks sold at L4 15s to L5 12s 6d; medium, L3 5d to L4; yearlings, L2 5s to L2 15s.

Sheep—Only a moderate demand.

Rabbitskins—We quote—Prime winter selected does, 16d to 16½d; prime wintners, 15d to 15½d; medium, 13d to 14½d; inferior, 11d to 12½d; summer and autumns, 5½d to 9½d per lb.

Sheepskins—We quote—Best crossbreds sold at 3s 4d to 5s; do merinos, 3s 1d to 3s 5d; dry crossbreds, 2s 1d to 4s 10d; do merinos, 1s 5d to 3s 8d; do pelts and lambs, 4d to 2s 7d.

Tallow—Prime rendered, 18s to 20s; medium do, 15s to 17s; inferior do, 12s 6d to 14s; rough fat, 9s to 13s per cwt.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

MESSESS WRIGHT, STEPHENSON AND Co. report as follows:—

Our sale on Saturday was made up almost entirely of light harness horses, there being very few draughts forward. Buyers were present for the latter, but as the class of animals that were offered did not suit their requirements very little business was done. The demand was, however, principally for buggy horses and hacks, and all the fresh horses forward of this description were sold at good prices. We quote:—For first-class draughts (extra-heavy), L25 to L30; medium, L12 to L16; aged, L6 to L10; good hacks and harness horses, L12 to L16; medium, L7 to L9; light and inferior, L2 10s to L5.

MR F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale price—Oats 1s 7d to 1s 11d (baga extra), demand easier. Wheat (easier) milling, 3s 0d to 3s 6d; fowls', 2s 0d to 2s 6s, sacks included. Chaff: Market, bare supply—£1 10s 0d to £2 12s 6d; hay, oaten, £3 0s; ryegrass, £3, Bran, £3 0s. Pollard, £3 15s. Potatoes, kidney, unsaleable; derwents, £1 0s to £1 5s 0d. Flour; roller, £10 0s to £10 15s; stone, value nominal, £3 15s to £3 10s. Fresh butter, 7d to 9d; salt, prime, 8d. Eggs, 7d. Oatmeal, £10 10s in 25lbs; bulk, £10.

"MANURES," "MANURES."

The following are Prices and Terms for our various Manures delivered on Railway Trucks at our Works, Burnside, for Season 1892-93, now ready for delivery:—

	Per Ton.
SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME	£7
FINE BONE DUST	7
POTATO MANURE	7
BLOOD MANURE	8
GARDEN MANURE	9

SPECIAL MANURES FOR VINES, GRASS LAWNS, &c., &c., from £7 to £8 per ton. QUANTITIES OF LESS THAN ONE TON 6d per cwt extra.

TERMS CASH. LESS 2½d per cent.

BAGS
Will be charged in all instances—to hold 2cwt, 6d each; 1cwt, 3d each. We will allow for these if returned to our Works promptly—say within a month, full value, but after that time only what they may be worth, less cost of carriage.

SUPERPHOSPHATES

And other Manures lose weight and deteriorate from exposure, but we guarantee full weight and analysis when delivered, but will not recognise any claim unless made within 14 days of despatch or date of invoices.

GUANO.

We have a cargo each of "Coral Queen" and "Abrolhos"; guaranteed analysis 54 to 60 per cent. Phosphate of Lime. Price, from £5 to £5 10s per ton on rail, Burnside. Under one ton, 6d per cwt extra.
KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & CO (Limited)



BOOTS! BOOTS!

THE increasing demand for these Boots proves that the public appreciate their sterling QUALITY, and the numerous Testimonials received establish the fact that the ZEALANDIA BOOTS is exactly what the careful householder requires.

When a purchaser sees this brand on a Boot he need look no further for he has found a Boot

That WILL WEAR wonderfully well,
That FITS COMFORTABLY every kind of foot, and is MODERATE in PRICE.

Can anything more be wanted?
You will save money by buying

ZEALANDIA BOOTS.

COLEMAN & SONS
EUCALYPTE
VICTORY-DINER
THE TREE OF LIFE.
PURE EXTRACT from the EUCALYPTE TREE.

FOR all affections of the Chest and Lungs, Consumption Asthma, Coughs Colds, Gravel and Kidney Complaints, Diphtheria, Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Toothache and Fevers of all kinds. It has no equal. Awarded medals at Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, beating all competitors, and is the only Pure Extract in the world. See that the label bears our trade mark (Tree of Life and signature, Coleman and Sons, Cootamundra, N.S. Wales), without this it is a fraud. Sold everywhere. Price, 1s 6d and 2s 6d.

Wholesale and Retail Dep't: LICHFIELD STREET, Christchurch.

SUCH has been the success of our "New Departure in Portrait Photography" that in lieu of termination the arrangement on the 31st of August, as originally announced and intended, we have decided to

CONTINUE IT TO THE LAST DAY OF OCTOBER,

until which date all our Customers will, for the sum of

FIFTEEN SHILLINGS,

Continue to receive **A DOZEN CABINET PORTRAITS** (either "full length," "three-quarter length," or "vignette bust").

And, in addition, **A BROMIDE ENLARGEMENT,** With a Cut-out Tinted Mount, measuring (outside) 18 inches by 15;

Or **AN OPAL ENLARGEMENT;**

Or **TWO OPALS** (Cabinet size);

Or **TWO CABINET IVORY TYPES** IN PLUSH PANELS;

At their option.

We have only lately added the **IVORY TYPES** to the list of advantages offered. They are the very latest novelty in Artistic Portraiture, and we strongly commend them to the notice of all persons of taste.

BURTON BROTHERS,
NUMBER FORTY-ONE PRINCES STREET.

BURTON BROTHERS,
NUMBER FORTY-ONE PRINCES STREET.

I must have "FLAG BRAND PICKLES"



HAYWARD BROS.

USE Celebrated **FLAG BRAND TOMATO & WORCESTER SAUCES.**
25 First Awards to 1891.
CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

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FOR AUCKLAND, VIA LYTTLETON WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GISBORNE.— TALUNE, s. s., on Wednesday, October 12. Passengers from Dunedin by 2 30 p.m. train.
FOR OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTLETON, NAPIER, GISBOURNE, AUCKLAND.— s. s. early.
FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, and AUCKLAND.— WAIHORA, s. s., on Wednesday, October 19. Passengers from Dunedin by 2 30 p.m. train.
FOR MELBOURNE, VIA BLUFF AND HOBART.— MANAPOURI, s. s., on Thursday, October 13. Passengers from Dunedin by 2 30 p.m. train.
FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON AND WELLINGTON.— MARAROA; s. s., on Friday October 14, from Lyttelton (Dunedin passengers may connect by TALUNE on Wednesday 12)
FOR WESTPORT, VIA TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTLETON, AND WELLINGTON.— BRUNNER, s. s., on Friday, October 14. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 7 p.m. Cargo till 1 p.m.
FOR GYMOUTH AND HOKITIKA, VIA OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTLETON, and WELLINGTON.— Steamer early.
FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND.— OVALAU s. s., about Tuesday, October 11.
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20s Dress now 7s 11d, 19s 6d White Blankets now 10s 11d, 12 Reels Linen Thread for 9½d.

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[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.]

HOT FOR "HOMO."

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—As my letter of the 29th ult.—which should have reached the editor of the *Star* by mid-day last Friday, 30th ult.—has not found its way to the columns of his paper, will you kindly find space in the *TABLET* for the enclosed correspondence and oblige?—I am, etc.,
J. F. O'DONNELL.

To the editor of the *Star*.

SIR,—In your issue of the 24th inst. "Homo" has in his letter the following sentence:—"The Irish may have suffered many wrongs during the last three or four centuries, but I am inclined to believe that if the real naked truth could be known they have mainly to thank their own countrymen for the bulk of their woes and miseries." "The Irish may have suffered." Therefore, for all "Homo" knows the Irish may not have suffered. In other words, he doesn't know whether they have or have not. Again, "if the real naked truth could be known." Therefore "Homo" doesn't know the "real naked truth," and as "Truth is one and indivisible," he is in complete ignorance of the truth in question.

Hence, in regard to any knowledge of the sufferings of the Irish, "Homo's" mind is a complete blank, if it be not in impenetrable obfuscation. But see the next, "They have mainly to thank their own countrymen for the bulk of their woes and miseries." Here he asserts clearly and unequivocally that the Irish did endure extraordinary sufferings—"woes and miseries." How on earth does he know? In the same breath he has already admitted that he is in stark ignorance of their persecutions. But he has mixed the muddle completely by saying "I am inclined to believe, etc." What are the motives that inclined him to that belief? He has had no knowledge that those sufferings existed. He confesses himself absolutely ignorant of the "real naked truth." Yet he is "inclined to believe they have mainly to thank their own countrymen for the bulk of their woes and miseries." Therefore he is inclined to believe something for the belief which he hasn't a particle of evidence—about the existence of which he knows nothing whatever.

Such an incoherent, contradictory, jumble as "Homo's" production it would not be easy to find. Verity, it is at the present day as it was in Horace's time, "Every desperate blockhead dares to write." He further wastes your space by saying his "object in writing is not to deal with such history." He must think the public dazed (he is very complimentary, isn't he?) when he thought it necessary to tell them this. Common sense would assure anybody that "Homo" knew nothing about Irish history. We have now reached what it was that caused him to pen this epistle, viz, to point out that the statement made by Mr O'Donnell and which I have quoted above is pure nonsense." The following is the quotation:—"In the pages of history there is no parallel to the sufferings endured by the Irish." In proof of his assertion that this is pure nonsense, he says, "Compared with the sufferings and miseries inflicted on the unfortunate people of the Netherlands in the 16th century by their Roman Catholic (and foreign) rulers, the sufferings of the Irish at any period sink into absolute insignificance." What impudence to stand before the world and attempt a comparison of two things, one of which he knows nothing at all about. But let us look into the pages of history and see if there be a parallel to the sufferings endured by the Irish. Very few, if any, will deny that Attila, Zingis, Khan, and Tamerlane were as great scourges of humanity as ever existed. Though Attila had passed away for centuries before Zingis made his appearance, and that this latter was dead for centuries before Tamerlane was born, the three seem to have possessed much in common. They seem to have been partakers alike of the same savage ferocity. Cardinal Newman in his "Historical Sketches" has left us an appalling picture of the devastation and ruin that marked the progress of those Tartar conquerors. Among other things he says that Zingis and Tamerlane rivalled or exceeded Attila in their wholesale barbarities. . . . "Let it be understood," says the Cardinal, "that he (Zingis) came upon cities living in peace and prosperity, as the cities of England now, which had done him no harm, which had not resisted him, which submitted to him at discretion on his summons." . . . "The slightest offence, or the appearance of an offence on the part of an individual, sufficed for the massacre of whole populations." This picture is surely terrible, but does it come up to the following, which is extracted from a letter of Lord Upper Ossory, and quoted by the English Protestant, Historian Carte, in his "Ormond" (vol. 2, page 51):—"Sir William St Leger (who was Lord President of Munster) was so cruel and merciless that he caused men and women to be most execrably executed; and that he ordered among others a woman great with child to be ripped up, from whose womb three babies were taken out, through every one of whose

little bodies his soldiers thrust their weapons." Did the victims of Zingis suffer such cruel barbarities? Again let the Rev Mr Leland, a Protestant clergyman, speak in book II., chapter 3, of his history. "The properties of the inhabitants (the Irish), their lives, the chastity of their families were all exposed to barbarians, who sought only to glut their brutal passions; and by their horrible excesses purchased the curse of God and man." In no history can there be found a greater record of woes of savage cruelty than in Leland's "History of Ireland." I pass over Spenser, Walker, Warner, Bushworth, and a host of other Protestant historians, all of whom give the most sickening and harrowing accounts of the persecutions inflicted on the Irish people. I make no mention of the Irish Catholic historians. The following I take from an Irish Protestant, Mr J. P. Prenderghast. "Indeed," says Mr J. P. Prenderghast, "it is injustice to the Vandals to equal them to the English of 1652, for the Vandals came to Spain as strangers and conquerors in an age of force and barbarianism." Did Attila, Zingis, Khan, or Tamerlane, do anything so barbarous as the facts narrated by those Englishmen and Protestant historians. Where is there, then, a parallel to the sufferings endured by the Irish? But to return to the production of "Homo." After appealing to Motley, the historian, to sustain his contention that the sufferings of the Irish (about which "Homo" knew nothing, hence could make no comparison) sink into significance when compared to those inflicted on the people of the Netherlands, he ("Homo") departs altogether from what he asserted was the object of his writing. This avowed object was "to point out that the statement made by Mr O'Donnell was pure nonsense." What this latter assertion is worth in the face of the records of English Protestant historians, anyone, even "Homo" himself, can now see. The remainder of his effusion has nothing to do with what he sought to establish, the remainder is only the old cry of the rampant ignorant bigot. I extract the following bray: "The Church to which Mr O'Donnell belongs may these see to its everlasting shame and disgrace to what depths of cruelty, oppression, and infamy it is possible for human nature to fall when instigated by such bigoted and ruthless religious champions as the fiendish Philip of Spain, and his hardly less fiendish myrmidons, A. & C. . . . Although much of the old sacerdotal spirit remains, the power to perpetrate such diabolical ravages among mankind is utterly and entirely for ever out of the reach of either emperors, kings, popes, or the Holy Inquisition." This calls for no notice from me. First, because as I have already said, it is wide of the question at issue, it has nothing to do with disproving that the sufferings of the Irish were without parallel. And second, because the old stale, musty charges of cruelty and oppression levelled at the Catholic Church and its August Head have been long ago pulverised and scattered to the winds of Heaven. The Spanish Inquisition and the Roman Inquisition have been so lucidly dealt with by so many able historians that they do not require either explanation or defence at my hands. As to Philip and the Netherlands, no unprejudiced, well-informed man could allow himself to charge the Roman Catholic Church with what the political greed and ambition of the Spanish Sovereign induced him or his Minister to perpetrate. But "Homo's" exclamation, coming to the end of his letter, is too important to be omitted. "Irish sufferings forsooth." This yell leaves him without in escape—but only as an ignoramus, He looks on Irish sufferings as a myth. This exclamation bears only another interpretation, viz, a howl that the Irish sufferings were too mild. Surely "Homo" is not such a fiend as to harbour any such feelings. Let him have the benefit of the doubt.

I beg to thank you in advance for the insertion of this, and promise not to trouble you again in regard to the ravings and vapourings of "Homo," or any one like him.

Milton, September 29th.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

The longest State in the Union is California, 770 miles long; the broadest is Texas, 760 miles.

The Hibernian Hotel, Timaru, well-known in connection with the late Mr Thomas O'Driscoll, is now conducted by Mr F. J. Burns, by whom the credit of the house is fully maintained. Visitors and boarders will find it in all respects most convenient and comfortable.

The Drapery Supply Association, George street, Dunedin, continue to go ahead owing to the excellence of their goods and the lowness of their prices.

Mr T. Ross, 130 Princes street, Dunedin, has imported a very choice stock of special goods for the present and approaching seasons. Ladies will find it to their advantage to make selections from it.

Gentlemen renewing their clothing should see the Blarney tweeds kept in stock by Messrs Brown, Ewing and Co. The firm have also received a very fine stock of drapery suited to the time of year.

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TURKISH BATHS,

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WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS.Repairs a Specialty. All Work Guaranteed,
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CRYSTAL KEROSENE has taken first place wherever it has
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in Princes street, opposite Braithwaite's Book Arcade. The whole
place has been entirely altered, and fitted up with the latest
machinery for the purpose of manufacturing umbrellas and port-
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NOTICE.

All communications connected with the Commercial De-
partment 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.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO FARMERS.
We beg to intimate that we make liberal Cash Advances,
free of Commission, on Wool, Hemp, Grain, Rabbitkins,
Hides, Tallow, and all kinds of Farm Produce consigned to us for
sale, or for shipment on Growers' account. Also on Fat or Store
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We hold Auction Sales of Fat and Store Stock every Wednesday at the
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and other Farm Produce every Monday.

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Shippers have thus the full advantage of their Produce being
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Hosiery, Shirt, and Ladies' and Children's Underclothing
Manufacturer,

148 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

MRS M. SHEERAN respectfully informs the general public that she
as always on hand a large and well-assorted stock of Ladies' and
Children's Ready-made Clothing, which will be sold at very Low
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Orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

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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
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GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCEPT,

In aid of
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PART I.

Overture by Select Orchestra.

Old Church Music { (a) "Chorus" (Palestrina, born A.D. 1514)
(b) "Ave Marie" (Arcadelt, born about A.D. 1492)
St Joseph's Cathedral Choir (50 voices)

Song—"The Trooper's Vision" (St Quentin) ... Mr James Jago
Song—"Serenade" (Gounod) ... Miss Mary Morrison
(Violin obligato by Mr E. Parker.)

Duo Concertante—(Piano and Organ) "Oberon" (Weber-De Vilback)
Miss Kate Moloney and Mr A. Vallis

Serenade—"I watch for thee (A. D. Roche) ... Mr T. Whitwell-Butler
Clarionette Solo—"Mazarka de Concert" ... Mr W. Corrigan
Sacred Song—"The Holy City" (S. Adams) ... Miss Rose Blaney

Double Quartettes { (a) "Volklied" (Thuringian Melody)
(b) "Hunting Song" (A. Vallis)
(Specially composed for this concert.)

Messrs Packer, Umbers, Jones, Walker, Thomson, Jago, Manson,
and Ibbotson,

Song—"The Diver" (E. F. Loder) ... Mr W. Woods
Glees { (a) "Mayday" (Müller) ... The Choir
(b) "Il Carnovale" (Rossini) ...

During the interval an elocution contest will take place between
three young orators of the Christian Brothers' school.

PART II.

Intermezzo—"Gavotte in D" (A. Vallis)—first performance—

Song—"Thou only I love" (F. Abt) ... Miss Rose Blaney
New Song—"Fate's Decree" (Mr T. Whitwell-Butler)—Words of
song by Mr Charles Umbers— ... Mr Charles Umbers

Violin Solo—"Le Carnaval de Venise" (Dancla) ... Mr E. Parker
Song—"Plymouth Sound" (W. H. Jude, ... Mr F. L. Jones
Song—"Terence's Farewell" (Lady Dufferin) ... Mrs W. Angus

Descriptive Song—"Will o' the Wisp" (Cherry) ... Mr W. Manson
Vocal Trio—"Queen of the Night" (Smart)

Piano Solo—"Fantasia on Irish Melodies" (De Strvai) ... Mr A Vallis
Glee—"Anvil Chorus" ("Il Trovatore"—Verdi—with Anvil and
Orchestra ... The Choir

Musical Director : Mr A. Vallis (Organist St Joseph's Cathedral).
Leader of Orchestra : Mr E. Parker.

Accompanists : Miss K. Moloney (Organist N.E.V. R.C. Church)
Mr A. Vallis, and Mr T. Whitwell-Butler.

ADMISSION—Front Seats, 3s; Gallery, 2s; Body of Hall, 1s.
Doors open 7 p.m., commence 7.45.

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Reappearance, and Inauguration of his Second New Zealand Tour, of
The Eminent Actor,

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After a brilliant success in the sister colonies, resulting in a
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THE PLAY OF THE CENTURY.

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Will sustain the Part of WILFRED DENVER, "The Silver King"—a
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ENTIRELY NEW SCENERY BY FRAHM.

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Box Plan now open at the Dresden. Day Tickets at Jacobs',
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PRICES : 4s, 2s 6d, and 1s. Business Manager, Mr L. J. LOHR.

ELECTION OF MAYOR.

TO THE RATEPAYERS OF DUNEDIN.

IN COMPLIANCE with a generally expressed desire, I
intend to be a CANDIDATE for the MAYORALTY for the
ENSUING YEAR.

CHAS. R. CHAPMAN.

MARRIAGE.

DUGGAN-BOYLE.—Michael Duggan, eldest son of Thomas Dug-
gan, of Ballyhenry O'Dorney, County Kerry, Ireland, farmer, to Mary
Josephine, second daughter of Patrick Boyle, Killrea, County Derry,
Ireland, farmer, on September 20, by the Rev Father Tubman,
Timaru.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 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.

REGISTRATION.



IN accordance with the recommendation of the
Bishops at their last meeting, Catholics in
various parts of New Zealand are organising
for the purpose of placing the names of all
qualified Catholics on the register of voters,
with a view of a strong block vote on the educa-
tion question at the next general election of
Members of our House of Representatives. This
is as it should be, and we hope all Catholics in this country
will follow the advice given by the Bishops and the example
now given in some places. There are various ways of doing
this, and each locality will, of course, adopt the plan that
will in each recommend itself as most prudent and
feasible. Some will elect to act publicly and by convening
meetings; others will act in a more silent and quiet way,
but a way not less efficacious. But, whatever may be done,
we hope that all will act in this matter so as to secure our
full voting power, and thus strike a blow unanimously for
justice and fair play. At the present moment Catholics are
subjected to plunder and tyranny in reference to the education
question. The law compels them to pay for the maintenance
of a system of public education, from the benefits of which
it at the same time practically excludes them,—for Catholics,
without sacrificing their principles and subjecting their chil-
dren to great wrong, cannot avail themselves of the godless
education provided by the State. It is iniquitous, therefore,
to compel Catholics to pay for the maintenance of this
system, and the refusal of the Legislature to redress their
grievance in this matter is a tyranny. The assumption that
the Members of Parliament are justified in perpetuating this
state of things rests on no solid foundation, for it is an
assumption that is purely gratuitous. The Members of
Parliament taken individually possess no such power. The
Members for Dunedin, for example, have individually no
right, no power, to say to us : "You must pay for the free
and godless education of our children, and unless you subject
your children to the influence of godless education, we shall
continue to fleece you." Well, we suppose these gentlemen
would not be absurd enough to claim any such power or
right. How, then, can they in their collective capacity claim
to exercise a right and power which as units they do not
possess? What is this, then, but an usurpation? No man
and no institution can claim the right to compel people to
pay for services in which they have no interest, no share of
advantages. The godless system of education in vogue in

MRS. DREAVER'S

SPRING SHOW of the Latest Novelties in Summer Millinery, Dorothy Capes, Newmarket Jackets
Flowers, Feathers, Laces, &c. Ladies should see the Goods: Beautiful and very Moderate in Price
SCIENTIFIC DRESSMAKING TAUGHT.

this country is of no advantage whatever to Catholics, but rather the contrary; and on what principle, therefore, can the majority claim to compel them to pay for it? We acknowledge, indeed, that the majority must rule, but this does not imply that the majority, because it happens to be a majority, may commit an injustice and impose a tyranny. The principle that the majority must rule contains the condition—and this is essential—that the ruling is just and equitable, and if it is not just and equitable, such ruling is both an injustice and a tyranny. And this is the position of things here. The rule of the majority in the matter of education is unjust, because it compels all to pay for what only a part can and does profit by, and from which the minority is excluded both by their own conscientious principles and the mode of administration pursued by the majority. Catholics, where possible, establish Catholic schools for their own children, and school boards and committees are composed almost exclusively of non-Catholics, who, as a rule, refuse to appoint Catholic teachers. The present system is in reality a non-Catholic and an anti-Catholic system, practically excluding all Catholics from all participation in its teaching and administration. In these Catholics are not recognised, and, still more, are only known to be excluded. And yet Catholics are compelled by the Representatives of the people to pay for this unjust, inequitable, and tyrannical system, which ignores CHRIST and does not teach even the existence of God. There is no use in appealing to a sense of justice or liberty on this subject in the majority of our legislators, and the only remedy in our hands likely to be productive of good effect is to arm ourselves at the registration office by putting the names of all qualified Catholics on the register of voters, and to vote in block against the plunderers and tyrants.

THE Most Rev Dr Moran left Dunedin this (Wednesday) morning for Milton, where his Lordship will inspect and examine the Catholic schools. The Bishop will return to town at the close of the week. On Sunday the 16th inst. his Lordship will be in Gore, and on the following Sunday, the 23rd inst., in Winton.

We would remind our readers that in order to comply with the instructions of the prelates of the colony contained in their recent pastoral, it is necessary for all those who are qualified to vote to have their names on the electoral rolls. All that is necessary to insure this is a call at the registry office of the respective district, where the officials are ready to attend to the matter. Little or no trouble is involved, and the duty is imperative.

THE Right Hon Mr Mathews, late Home Secretary, is announced as a passenger by the *Bimutaka*, which left Hobart a day or two ago for Port Chalmers. It is much to be wondered at that the right honourable gentleman ventures to trust himself in a country where Home Rule prevails. Let us hope, however, that what meets his view may afford him a salutary lesson, and induce him to change his mind—as he well might with much advantage to himself. An ex-Minister of the Imperial Cabinet, meantime, to whatever party he may belong, is a visitor of distinction, and one to be received with respect and deference.

THE cable-man tells us that Lord Houghton has had a cool reception in Dublin. As, however, he lets it slip that the cool recipients were the officials attached to the Castle, the importance of the matter seems somewhat diminished. We had been already informed that Mr Morley was planning to get rid of these people. How could it be expected that they would gush with delight on witnessing the arrival of a Lord Lieutenant in sympathy with him? There can be no doubt that the Viceroy appointed by Mr Gladstone comes as a *persona grata* to the great majority of the citizens, as well as to the people of the country in general.

OUR Wellington letter has reached us too late for insertion in our present issue. Pressure on our space also obliges us to hold over the lecture of the Rev Father Mahoney, alluded to by our Auckland correspondent; a letter from Shand's Track, and other matter.

In the report inserted by us of Mr Collins' paper on teeth, read before the Catholic Literary Society a week or two ago, the essayist is represented as saying "that the reason why females suffer more from decay of the teeth, he thought was on account of the food which they eat." What he did say was—"Females are more liable than males, because liability to disorders of any kind implies liability to decay of the teeth." He also said that he thought their dress had something to do with it.

ALDERMAN KNILL, a Catholic, has been elected Lord Mayor of London. The appointment is remarkable as that of the first Catholic who

has filled the position since the Reformation. It is true there was a Belgian gentleman—named De Kayser, if we recollect aright—who called himself a Catholic, Lord Mayor some few years ago. He declared, on his election, that in his official capacity he would act as a Protestant—it being pertinently put to him whether, should the call come during his year of office, he would die officially. But he does not count. He was a mere nominal Catholic, and notoriously a trimmer. Lord Mayor Knill is a brave man and a true Catholic, and makes open profession of his fidelity to his creed.

We would beg of our readers not to forget the approach of the great event of the season—the concert at the Garrison Hall, Dunedin, in aid of the building fund of the North East Valley church. The programme is an especially choice one. The fact that it contains some music composed for the occasion makes it of special interest. Several of the principal amateurs of the city, with some professionals, and a numerous and well-trained chorus and orchestra, have given their assistance, and a very excellent performance may, therefore, be confidently expected. Mr Charles Umbers will sing a song written by himself—and will be accompanied by Mr Whitwell-Butler, who has composed the music, and the orchestra will perform a gavotte composed by Mr A. Vallis. Other performers, vocal or instrumental are, Mesdames Rose and Angus; Misses Morrison, Blaney, and Moloney; and Messrs Jago, Corrigan, Packer, Jones, Walker, Thomson, Mansor, Ibbotson, Woode, and Parker. There will also be an elocutionary contest between three boys of the Christian Brothers' schools, for prizes presented by Captain Toomey, D.I.B. (a gold medal); the Dresden Piano Co. (a silver medal); and His Worship the Mayor (a silver chain). No one should neglect being present at so interesting and varied an entertainment.

C H R I S T C H U R C H.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Rev Dr Kennedy, S.M., arrived last week in this city from Sydney, and departed on Thursday last for the ecclesiastical Seminary at Meane. He will return again, it is said, to these parts at Christmas time, and will be then finally located in Napier. About 60 friends, most of whom are neighbours in the district, assembled on Monday evening last, at his mother's little farm at Papanui to celebrate the happy event of his return. Mrs George Harper, two of her sons, and her daughter, Miss Harper, the Misses Summerville and Daley, and Messrs W. Hoban, barrister and solicitor; Poff, O'Mally, Smith, W. Cronin, O'Donoghue (2), and Delahunt were among others present. His Lordship Bishop Grimes, and the Rev Father Cummings, V.G., visited the farm on the same day, but previous to the social gathering. The verandah of Mrs Kennedy's house was tastefully decorated with a large flag, with evergreens and with Chinese lanterns. A sort of summer-house—wherein on a long table was a grand spread—was also with the aid of a tent and green branches erected at one end of the house, and lit up with lanterns. Everyone seemed pleased, and to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, and was glad to see, welcome, and congratulate Dr Kennedy, who appeared in the summer-house at about 8 p.m., and said grace, and invited his numerous guests to turn for a while their serious attention to the many good things on the table. Mrs Harper presided during the evening at the piano, and, in another room, to the strains of a violin, which Mr J. Joyce handled skilfully, dancing was kept up. Mr Hoban, who presided over a merry company in the tent, contributed also not a little to the general enjoyment. Mrs Kennedy, who has been a widow for five years, has a younger son, also a married daughter. The former resides with his mother and the latter lives near. Mrs Kennedy's eldest son, Dr Kennedy, who has attended school for upwards of twenty years, proceeded from the farm 16 years ago, when he was a mere lad of about 12 years of age, to St Mary's at Dundalk. He graduated and obtained subsequently the M.A. degree at the Royal University of Ireland. He went then to Barcelona and to Rome. For two years he studied at the latter place at the Gregorian University, and secured the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Previous to his departure from the Colony he attended the Catholic school in this city, and was under the tuition of Mr E. O'Connor, and a schoolmate of Mr Hoban.

The meeting of the Catholic Literary Society was adjourned on Tuesday evening last in order to give members an opportunity to attend an entertainment, which Mr J. D. Foley gave on the same evening in the Hibernian Hall in aid of the Hibernian Society's building fund. The attendance at the ball, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion, was not as large as the attractive programme and the talented performer well merited, but was highly appreciative, and Mr Foley, who elicited roars of laughter, had more than once to respond to enthusiastic encores. *Apropos* of the Hibernian Society, I may mention that Mr G. J. Sellers, D.P.P., and Mr J. Curtin, P.P., have sent in a report addressed to the president, officers, and members of the St Patrick's branch, No 82 of the Hibernian Society. Mr Sellers and Mr Curtin were appointed by the local branch of the Society to attend as delegates the recent general


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conference of the Friendly Societies in this city, also various general meetings and committee meetings. The delegates give in their report a complete account of their stewardship. They state that they have regularly attended the various conferences and committee meetings held since the last report was returned. They are pleased also to say that the efforts of the general conference in the direction of federating for the purpose of securing an exchange of medical members have met with almost universal success. Lodge: of the different societies throughout the Colony have expressed their approval of the scheme, and signified their intention of joining the association. The draft rules have been amended in accordance with the wishes of the different societies and unanimously adopted at a conference held on Tuesday evening last. It is anticipated that the association will be in full working order in the course of a few months. This is a very important concession as far as the Hibernian Society is concerned, and the delegates, recognising the fact, to advance the matter, have spared neither time nor trouble. The only other important matter dealt with is the recommendation of the conference to separate the dispensing and medical attendance. It is anticipated, by these means, to make a saving in the amount now paid for medicine and for prescribing, besides ensuring, to a certain extent, a better class of medicines. Arrangements have been made with a chemist—providing the different societies agree to the proposal—whereby a certain saving will be effected. There are two schemes, as far as the medical attendance is concerned, which will be submitted to the societies interested, in the course of a few weeks, for their approval or otherwise. One scheme is to appoint three medical gentlemen, without private practice, at a salary of £500 each per annum. It is estimated, with accouchments, this amount will be increased by at least another £100 each, and will mean a saving of about four shillings per member per annum. The other scheme is to allow as many medical gentlemen as will consent to attend members. There would be no election, and members could please themselves as to the choice of a medical attendant. To be clear, say that fifteen medical men consented to act, a member of the local branch would have the choice of any one of them. By this proposal it is thought that a deal of dissatisfaction now existing would cease, and that only those medical gentlemen who gave entire satisfaction would, in the end survive. This is by far the best proposal; but there would practically be little or no saving. It may be pleasing to the members to hear that one of the delegates (Bro. Sellers) was unanimously elected chairman of the conference.

The employees, and many of their friends, of the firm of Messrs Lonargan and Co., of the Waterloo House, held, on Thursday evening last, a grand and enjoyable social in the Hibernian Hall, which had been specially ornamented with festoons and in other ways prepared elaborately for the event. A carefully arranged programme, which comprised twenty-seven items, was successfully gone through, and refreshments were in the anti-room provided on a liberal scale. The dances were many and various, and included a hornpipe and a jig, which Master Falvey executed in his usual finished style. A dialogue, songs and recitations, were also given by Miss Pettitt, Messrs Robert, Scott, Irwin, and North. The party did not break up till about 4 a.m. on the following morning. Towards the close of the second part, "The dusty miller," a game which was indulged in, proved a very amusing affair. A leading item in the programme was the enacting of the well-known farce "On parle Français ici," the various characters were ably sustained by Mrs W. Burns, Misses McGallan, Conway, and Wheelan, and by Messrs North, Irwin, and Fowler. Several amusing minor items known as extras, such as a blindfold quadrille and a ribbon dance also took place.

His Lordship Dr Grimes paid, on Sunday last, his first official visit to Halswell, and was enthusiastically received by the Catholics in the district. A beautiful address, wherein special mention was

made of the great spiritual attention that the Catholics in the locality have received from the Rev Father Cummings, V.G., was read and presented to his Lordship, who replied suitably. A large congregation assembled in the church in the evening and Vespers were celebrated. There was, on the same day, a collection at the various services at the pro-Cathedral and at St Mary's towards the support of the Mount Magdala Asylum. Doubtless, for so noble an object, a handsome donation will be obtained.

It is pleasing to have to record that the Rev Mother Marie St Gabriel, Superior, and Mother St John, who have been absent for some time in the North, returned during the past week to the convent in Barbadoes street, and that the Rev Mother Superior has come back very much improved in health.

DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE usual weekly meeting of the above Society was held in the Christian Brothers' school on Wednesday, September 29. The president, (Father Lynch), occupied the chair.

There was a large attendance of members and visitors. The rev President asked his Lordship the Bishop to introduce Mr Stott to the meeting.

The Bishop said it gave him great pleasure to introduce Mr Stott. That gentleman had been kind enough to prepare an essay for the Society and his Lordship, was sure the members would appreciate the production.

Mr Stott read an essay on "The Buller Gorges."

Mr J. B. Callan proposed a vote of thanks to the essayist and said Mr Stott was an enthusiast in walking over picturesque New Zealand. An honour was conferred on the Society by a gentleman of Mr Stott's ability reading an essay to the members. He had great pleasure in moving a vote of thanks, and he had greater pleasure in proposing him as a member of the Society.

Mr P. Hally seconded the vote of thanks. He said the essay was instructive, amusing and interesting. He thought New Zealand was the wonderland of the world, and when its beautiful scenery gains the reputation it deserves people will come from all parts of the world to admire the wonderful work of nature.

His Lordship the Bishop said the essay was simply beyond criticism. Mr Stott's description of the Buller Gorge was graphic and intelligent.

The Rev Father O'Leary endorsed all that had been said. It gave him great pleasure to be present. He was pleased to know that the young men in Dunedin had such excellent advantages of improving themselves. The benefits of such a society as the Dunedin Catholic Literary Society could not be too highly commended.

The rev President (Father Lynch), in conveying the thanks of the members to Mr Stott, referred in complimentary terms to the subject matter of the essay. He asked the members to compliment Mr Stott by making a departure from their rules and elect him on the evening of his nomination.

Mr D. Falkner read a paper on "A Trip to the West Coast by Coach and Rail."

Mr John A. Hally also contributed an essay. He chose for his subject "Cremation and Christianity."

Mr Carolin was exceedingly pleased with the two essays. Mr Falkner had a clear, flowing style, and the stories and anecdotes interspersed made his contribution amusing as well as instructive. He was taken completely by surprise by Mr Hally, who treated his subject in a manner which reflected credit on him. The essay contained a deal of information with reference to the teaching of the Catholic Church on cremation. Mr Carolin proposed a vote of thanks to the two gentlemen.

Mr James Eager, in seconding the vote of thanks, said he enjoyed Mr Falkner's contribution very much. He gave a good description of the country he travelled over when on his visit to the West Coast. The literary merit of Mr Hally's paper was praiseworthy. Hitherto he had been an advocate of cremation, but he plainly saw that the Church was antagonistic to that doctrine, and of course he must bow in submission.

Mr Mooney also commented on the essays, and congratulated the essayists on the excellence of their work.

His Lordship the Bishop said it gave him great pleasure to listen to essays written by two young men whom he probably taught at school. The manner in which the two papers on entirely different subjects were treated spoke of the excellent education they received and profited by at the hands of the Christian Brothers. Mr Falkner's essay was well written, and with the exception of the name of one river was geographically correct. He was more than satisfied with Mr Hally, who handled his subject from a Catholic standpoint. With regard to the teaching of the Church in reference to cremation, Mr Hally was right in every particular.

The usual compliment to the chairman concluded the meeting.

AUCKLAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE *Herald*, speaking of the N.Z. National Association, says:—"It comprises many of the most loyal, able, and intelligent men of all ranks in the Colony." To those conversant with Imperial politics, what a familiar ring there is in this shibboleth, reminding one forcibly of the old proverb, "When the old cock crows the young cock learns."

On Tuesday, September 13, an interesting and amusing lecture, entitled "Ancient Mythology, and some of its Characters," was delivered under the auspices of the Auckland Catholic Literary Society by the Rev Father Mahoney. There were present the Rev Fathers Hackett, Lenihan, and Golden, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The lecturer commenced in the most serious strain, dwelling upon the ancient myths Jupiter, Juno, Saturn, etc., interspersed with quotations from Milton, Homer, Pope and others who affected to treat with awe and veneration these mythical deities of by-gone days. Turning from the preamble the rev Father assumed the ridiculous; and what a keen sense he has of it! Methinks that if Messrs Milton and Co. had been in the flesh, and listening to the cutting sarcasm—worthy, indeed, of a Mark Twain—they would probably have expressed regret in having selected for their subjects those Pagan figmentary idols. But I must not anticipate. Through the kindness of Father Mahoney (at my solicitation) I am enabled to send you the lecture in full for publication in the TABLET. Mr W. E. Hackett proposed and Mr Wm. Tole seconded a hearty vote of thanks to the rev lecturer, which was carried with acclamation.

On Sunday, September 11, at 11 o'clock Mass in St Patrick's Cathedral, Signora Cuttica sang Mercadante's "Salve Maria," and also took the solo in the "Benedictus." The church was crowded with people, every one of whom was delighted with the singing of this great Italian prima donna.

After Mass the Signora, accompanied by Signora Matioli, Signor Cuttica, and three other Signors attached to the company, called upon Father Hackett at the presbytery, where soon after Dr Egan joined the company, both the Rev Fathers keeping up an animated discussion with the distinguished visitors in the Italian language. Before leaving, Father Hackett presented to Signora Cuttica, as a souvenir of St Patrick's, a choice collection of N.Z. ferns, enclosed in a mottled kauri cover, and bearing a suitable inscription. The gifted recipient at once returned her sincere thanks, and remarked that many of the ferns bore a close resemblance to those of her native land.

Our city authorities are a very economical lot, and I will give you an instance. When the moon rises—say at 9 p.m.—they do not light the city lamps on that evening, consequently we experience two hours of semi-darkness. This has been in vogue for years; but an objector to it has turned up in the writer of "Local Gossip" in one of our daily papers. The pent-up indignation found vent, not because of inconvenience to the citizens—the plebeians' interest. Note this patrician journalist. On board the 'Frisco boat, en route to Sydney from Samoa were Lady Jersey and suite, accompanying whom was, as the New York papers would say, the "Profane Premier,"—and he fresh from Windsor Castle, after kissing the hand of her Majesty! All of these persons had to grope about the streets, to the "hindignation" of "James," the local gossip. But spare him; it is innate in shoddy, even at a distance of 16,000 miles from Court, to hanker after the "haristocracy."

Party Government in New Zealand is a failure, says Sir George Grey, commenting upon which a local print exclaims, "What about the glorious constitution now?" Really, it is too bad to thus endeavour to heap ridicule upon that romantic scene in the solitary tent at the base of Ruapehu.

On last Sunday week, at St Patrick's, Father Hackett took occasion to say a few words upon the all-absorbing topic of Catholic

education—an outline of which I committed to paper for the TABLET, well knowing what a deep interest you have always evinced towards it.

On Sunday last, the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, was celebrated at St Patrick's Church, Panmure, by that thoroughly Catholic ceremony, the renewal of the Baptismal vows by the children of the parish. The singing of the children was most devotional, reflecting the highest credit upon their teacher, Miss Honan. Miss Lillie Malose read the form of renewal in a clear and distinct tone of voice. As usual, Monsignor McDonald, or more familiarly Father Walter, was never so much at home as when, surrounded by the little ones, to whom he addressed a felicitous discourse. The altar decorations, by Mrs Ganley and Miss Orissie Sykes, called forth high praise from their loving pastor. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the interesting ceremony to a close.

It is with deep regret I learn that Mr O'Reilly lies in a precarious state of health at the residence of his son, the respected parish priest of the Thames, the Rev Father O'Reilly.

Father Walsh, of Kumara, Canterbury diocese, is at present on a visit here for the benefit of his health. He is the guest of Mr P. Brophy, Star Hotel, Newton.

The last meeting of the Auckland Harbour Board was characterised by an endeavour to emulate those recent scenes of turbulence which have disgraced the New Zealand Parliament. The question was the building of a wharf at the seaward approach to Lake Takapuna. One of the members was dilatory in casting his vote, and the chairman, to expedite matters, spoke to him, which action was construed by Mr Allison (Mayor of Devonport, and a large shareholder in the Ferry Company—which would benefit immensely by the erection) into an endeavour on the part of the chairman to coerce the hesitating voter. Then a most undignified scene occurred. But it did not end in the Marine Chambers. The Mayor of the city, who by virtue of his office has a seat on the Board, took up the cudgels on behalf of the chairman in the public Press, and the two Mayors went at it, one challenging the other to a wager of £25 that the chairman of the Board was wrong, while the other replied that he drew the line at the "two-to-one-bar-one business." At the time of writing the "you are" and "you're another" game goes on, and a more undignified and senseless controversy, emanating, too, from the Mayors of Auckland city and Devonport Borough, it would be hardly possible to conceive.

A largely-attended meeting of the clergy of the diocese, presided over by the Vicar-General, Father Paul, took place yesterday at St Patrick's Presbytery. The principal object was to arrange a suitable reception for the Bishop upon his return. It was decided to call a general meeting of the clergy and laity of the diocese for this purpose to be held at the Mariet Brothers' schoolroom on Sunday, October 9, at 4 p.m.

At the last meeting of the Auckland Branch of the Irish National Federation the balance-sheet for the past year was read and adopted. After sending Home a good sum and paying all expenses a substantial balance remained to the Branch's credit. A vote of thanks to the executive officers was passed unanimously. The president, the Hon J. A. Tole, was directed to forward a message of condolence to the Premier upon his illness. A special vote of thanks was tendered to Father Hackett for the free use to the Branch of St Patrick's Hall. A reading from one of the works of Sir Jonah Barrington by Father Hackett brought the meeting to a close.

WANGANUI.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

THE congregation of St Mary's was favoured by the visit of Mr Jude to our town, as he very kindly gave his services on Sunday evening last, when he played the organ during the entire service. At the end, after Benediction, he gave the crowded congregation a treat by his rendering of selections from Haydn, etc., etc. Mr Jude expressed himself as greatly pleased with the organ, which he designated as a beautiful one. He gave a recital on Tuesday afternoon, when, despite the inconvenient hour—3.30 in the afternoon—the church was well filled.

A few weeks ago we had a splendid meeting of Catholic men, when the resolutions lately framed by the New Zealand bishops were considered and heartily accepted. Districts were marked out, and trusty members of the general committee—formed at the meeting—were appointed to see to these districts and to have the names of all Catholics registered, as advised by the bishops. The greatest enthusiasm was shown by the large meeting of nearly 100 men, and everyone seemed thoroughly pleased with the new departure. If similar organisation is carried out amongst our New Zealand Catholics, we may expect to have more telling influence when a call is made upon us for particular effort.

Mr A. Chiaroni, junr, is now managing for his uncle the picture-framer's and dealer's business in George street, Dunedin. All orders will be attended to, as heretofore, with the utmost care, and complete satisfaction will be given in every case.

AT A CALIFORNIA SHEEP RANCH.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

By M. B. GIBSON.

Waylaid by a Mountain-Lion.

Eagles, bears, and mountain-lions are a great pest to Californian sheepmen in certain districts, and cause large losses every year. On the ranges of the coast mountains, where bands of sheep are moving over a considerable territory, they are not corralled at night, but merely "bunched" in as secure a position as possible, near the shepherd's camping-place.

Six sheep were lost out of the band which Bill Hughes was herding somewhat later than the time when Ham-fat and Jim tapped the bee-tree. There was now a moon, and for three nights we took turns in watching for the thief.

On the third night Bill succeeded in shooting a small female mountain-lion, which was doubtless the transgressor, for no further trouble was experienced while we were at that camp.

But about a fortnight later when we had moved the band to another part of the range, some three miles to the northward, we had a more exciting experience.

The boys had been home to the ranch for a week, and rejoined us for a second visit. Ham-fat then discovered that an old pistol, which he prized highly, had been left behind. He must have the pistol at any cost, so mounting old Nig, he set off about three o'clock one afternoon to get it.

We saw no more of him until dusk. About seven o'clock the mule's hoofs were heard clattering on the stones down the trail, and a moment afterwards we saw Ham-fat riding rapidly towards the camp.

"He's frightened," exclaimed Jim, eagerly.

"Keep quiet," said Bill. "Let's hear what he'll say. Don't let him know that we think he is frightened."

Up dashed Ham-fat to the very door of the hut; but we appeared to be busy with our affairs, and paid no attention to him. He was

seized another and decamped, probably frightened by the report of the gun.

"This is a pretty impudent old brute," remarked Bill to me, as we looked about next morning. "He will not come back till he's eaten up his sheep; but he will be back then. The nights are too dark now to watch and shoot him. I'm going down to the ranch to get the dogs."

He made the trip that afternoon, and brought up an old half-breed mastiff, named Fan, and her full-grown pup, Tige, and also a trap and some strychnine. The herders make a very liberal use of poison in clearing the country of lions and wild cats.

The trap was set that night, and baited with a part of the dead sheep; and other parts of it were poisoned and laid about.

Nothing further was heard from Ham-fat's lion, as we called it, for a week. But one night, shortly after we had fallen asleep, old Fan came into the shack, whining and growling in a peculiar manner. Bill immediately sat up.

"There's either a lion or a bear prowling about," he said to me in a low tone. "Fan never whines like that for small game."

We were camped at that time on a little level bench of the mountain, under a bunch of live oaks; and the sheep were gathered every night in a small open, not more than fifty yards from our bunks.

The dogs continued to sniff the air, growling in a remonstrant undertone. Old Fan finally became so restless that Bill could hardly hold her by the collar. The sheep, too, began to get up out of their beds and huddle closer to our camp.

"Now's the time," muttered Bill. "Sic 'em, Fan!"

Both dogs dashed out, barking savagely.

Jim and Ham-fat, wrapped in the sound sleep of boyhood, did not wake, but Bill and I, leaping from our bunks, hastily donned our clothes, expecting after a few minutes' chase to hear Fan's baying announce that she had treed the animal.

But instead of that welcome baying, so thrilling and unmistakable to one who has once heard it, there was borne to our ears a succession of spiteful snarls and yelps, which made it plain that the animal, instead of taking to a tree, had turned and given battle.

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bareheaded, and looked wild as he slid off old Nig's back; but not a word was said, and after glancing first at one, then the other of us, as we moved around with our back towards him, he coolly proceeded to take off the saddle.

Supper was ready. As we sat down, Bill remarked, in a fault-finding way, "It seems to me, Ham-fat, that you've got to riding that mule pretty hard lately!"

Ham-fat could contain himself no longer.

"I think you would ride hard if you had a big mountain-lion after you!" he exclaimed.

"Did you see a lion?" I asked.

"Yes, I did, and I tell you he is a big one, too!" replied the lad, with truthfulness in every tone of his voice. "None of your little lions!" he added, with a glance of contempt at Bill.

"Where did you see him?" I asked.

"You know that hollow way down the trail, where that old red-wood stub stands? Well, 'twas there. I was coming along, walking old Nig and whistling, when I heard the brush snap, and right there, just back of that old stub, in the weeds, was a big mountain-lion creeping out, wiggling his tail and getting ready to jump on me.

"I tell you he was as long as a fence rail, and he would have jumped in a minute more, but old Nig saw him and made a spring, and then ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

"I had to hang on so tight that I didn't get a chance to look back till we had gone some way; and then I saw the lion standing out on the trail, looking after us."

"There was little doubt that Ham-fat had been way-laid by some animal; though we made allowance for the magnifying power of a boy's eyes, under such circumstances.

That the animal was a mountain-lion was rendered probable by the appearance of one of these destructive creatures the second night afterwards. We heard a disturbance among the sheep, a little before midnight. Bill ran out, but as it was very dark he could see nothing. After firing his Winchester he came back to the hut.

Next morning we found one dead sheep and a trail, marked with blood-stains, where another had been carried off. The lion had stolen upon the sheep, and, after throttling one and taking its blood, had

stole out in the direction of the sounds with our guns, but had not gone far before sharp howls from the dogs told that they were getting the worst of the encounter.

"It's either a bear or a big lion," said Bill, confidently. "If it was anything else Fan would certainly have run it up a tree."

Before we reached the scene of combat the outcries suddenly ceased, and a few steps farther on we met both dogs.

Poor Fan was on three legs. She was covered with bleeding scratches, and a raking blow, apparently from a wide-taloned paw, had torn nearly all the flesh off one of her shoulders. Tige had been less bold in his attack, and though scratched, was not much hurt.

We knew it would be useless to look for the lion further that night, and returned to camp.

Next night the lion came back. We had bound up Fan's wounds as well as we could, but she could scarcely crawl about; and Tige was too young and timid to venture out alone. The movements of the sheep revealed those of the lion; but it was too dark to see him. Near morning, when we had fallen sound asleep, the brute came back, stamped the sheep, and succeeded in killing three, one of which, as before, was carried off.

Portions of the dead sheep were again treated with strychnine, and the trap set elsewhere with fresh bait; but our troublesome neighbours apparently had no liking for anything but living prey.

The boys who were much disgusted at having been left to sleep the first night, were awakes this time. They took an enthusiastic interest in all our schemes for making way with the lion; and a few mornings later Ham-fat declared at breakfast that he had dreamed we caught the lion.

I was obliged to inquire how that was done.

"Why, the way Jim and I catch sawwells," replied Ham-fat.

Then perceiving the utter ignorance in which I had grown up, touching such accomplishments, he went on to tell me that the sawwell is a kind of squirrel which resembles a large rat; and that he and Jim had turned a pretty penny by trapping them for their skins, which they sell as fur, and that they had caught dozens of them in slip-nooses of strong twine, attached to spring-poles and placed skillfully about their burrows.

"I tell you what," continued Ham-fat, "I believe a lion could be caught the same way."

Bill laughed incredulously. "I think if we wait for you to catch that lion," said he, "we shall wait till he gets every sheep in this band."

"Well, I think we could catch him that way as soon as you can catch him in your trap, or poison him, or shoot him, either!" cried Ham-fat, warmly.

The idea of getting a lion to stick his head through a slip-noose!" exclaimed Bill, contemptuously.

"The way I'd do," argued Ham-fat, "would be to rig a kind of a brush pen out in the woods, with a hole leading into it on one side, and put a live sheep in it. Then I'd take a good strong lariat, and fix a noose around the hole, and tie the other end to a stiff tree-branch, bent down so as to give a great jerk when 'twas sprung."

Jim who was also in favour of it, argued that a coarse net of dark-coloured twine could be rigged over the hole and attached to a line leading to the "fid" that sprang the tree-branch, so that when the lion leaped in to seize the sheep he could not miss pulling the fid out of the loop in the line that held the branch down:

The boys had a wide, practical knowledge, and planned the device with great cunning.

Bill still pook-pooked the whole plan. I had no faith in it, but as the boys were very much in earnest, and as there was nothing of much interest to occupy the day, I decided to help them set up their trap. It was worth all my pains, even if we caught nothing whatever, to witness the zeal and boisterous eagerness with which they embarked in the scheme.

Having selected a place under a large oak, on the border of the forest, in the direction from which the lion was thought to have approached the camp, we constructed of stakes a pen about six feet square, and covered it with brush to disguise it, so that it would appear like a little thicket. The hole leading into it and other details of the jerk-up were managed as Ham-fat and Jim had planned.

Bending down a branch of the oak to furnish motive power for the jerk-up proved the most laborious part of the undertaking. The united weight of all three of us, hauling down together, barely sufficed to bend it. Three times it broke away from the anchorage which we gave it.

To adjust the check-line also proved a very nice task. We spent almost all day in experimenting and devising new details for springing the snare. About forty feet of one of Bill's lariats of green hide was used as a noose for the jerk-up.

After supper a sheep was caught and led out to the pen, to serve as live bait. After the sheep had been bound inside the pen, the noose and net were set at the entrance, and all was carefully covered around with leafy twigs. Little as I believed in the success of their snare, I could not but admire the painstaking skill which Jim and Ham-fat expended upon it.

We left the sheep in the pen and went back to camp. Several times during the evening we heard the poor creature, thus separated from the others, bleating for its mates.

"Good!" Jim would exclaim, every time we heard it begin afresh. "That'll draw the old fellow."

No lion came that night, nor the next. Bill laughed. "You'll find that a mountain lion and a sewelle are two different animals," he remarked. "You cannot get a lion into any such silly trap as that."

The boys did not say much, but they punctually let the decoy sheep out each morning, and led up another at dusk.

It was either the third or the fourth evening after the snare was set, that just as we were turning into our bunks we heard a yell. Old Fan, who was now a little better of her wounds, started up with a low, gruff bark, and Ham-fat shouted, "We've got him!"

In their excitement, he and Jim dashed out of the shack barefoot. Both dogs were now barking; but above their noise, there was plainly to be heard the sounds of a frightful snarling and yelling, in the direction of the jerk-up.

"Come on! Come on! Get your guns!" shouted Ham-fat.

I had no small trouble to get the excited boys back into the shack to draw on their shoes and jackets. We lighted a lantern, got the guns, and then, after shutting up the dogs, sallied out.

The whole band of sheep, terrified by the yelling, were pressing closely about the shack. We had proceeded but a few rods when we met the decoy sheep, which had broken loose, and was rushing headlong back towards the band. The frightened creature ran blindly into us, and Jim seized it by the wool.

There was little doubt that, by some fluke of good luck which sometimes attends the efforts of plucky boys, we had ensnared the lion; for its wild screechings and yells were continuous. Heard in the night, the cries were quite enough to make one's blood run cold. He was caught, no doubt; but how securely caught was the question. With due regard to this uncertainty, we approached with caution from the rear of the pen.

Thrusting up the lantern on a forked stick, we were able to get a partial view over the top of the pen. Evidently the lion had attempted to enter the hole and seize the sheep, when like a flash the bent branch had sprung upward, and the tightening noose had caught

the animal just forward of the hips. The recoil of the branch had been powerful enough to swing the beast into the air; and there he dangled, at least eight feet clear of any footing.

I never saw such a picture of ungovernable fury as this beast presented. He swung about like a pendulum, clawing the air, biting snarling, and spitting, while his eyes glared at us like balls of fire.

Every few moments he would double up his body, reach upwards, grasp the riata line above him with his forepaws, and try to bite it in two with his teeth. When this task proved hopeless, down would droop the long, supple body again, while the brute gave vent to that ear-splitting, despairing scream, which no other animal is capable of uttering.

Somewhat awed by the savage spectacle, Jim and Ham-fat kept in the rear and said very little. There was danger that the animal would bite off the line. Telling Bill to throw as much light as possible from the lantern upon him, I waited until he had ceased his struggles for an instant, and then sent a bullet through his head.

When the animal was fully dead, we cut him down and removed the hide.

With the sudden cessation of those frightful screams, Ham-fat and Jim had recovered their self-possession, and on our way back to the camp they executed several war-dances around Bill, poking his ribs and asking him what he thought of their plan now.

"'Twas just chance," Bill maintained, stoutly. "You couldn't catch a lion that way again in a hundred years."

Ham-fat declared that it was the same lion which had attempted to waylay him on the trail, and very likely it was.

From tip to tip, as hunters say, this lion, or rather panther, measures over 8ft, and must rank as a large specimen of his species. His recent diet of fresh mutton had put him in fine, glossy condition; and I was glad to conclude a bargain with Ham-fat and Jim to secure the skin as a memento of my sojourn at Dave Hugh's sheep-ranch.

[THE END.]

Dublin Notes.

(Weekly Freeman, August 13.)

It is stated that the import of fresh beef from America last week at Liverpool—27,011 qrs.—breaks the record of all previous supplies, and, taken together with the import of 6,903 cattle for the week at the same port, it is sufficient to cause very serious misgivings in the minds of live-stock owners in these countries, as well as to check the tendency to change grain-raising land into pastures. Owners of sheep and cattle have not had a good time of it this year, and with a plentiful maize crop in America for two years in succession the chances are decidedly in favour of low prices for this year also. It is the middleman here, as in Australia, writes the *North British Daily Mail*, who makes the profit, while both the producer and the consumer have to complain that the times are bad. Butchers ought to be compelled by law to acknowledge the source from which they get the meat exposed for sale in their shops, for a good deal of what is sold as prime Aberdeenshire beef or Southdown mutton comes to us from the ranches of the United States. No harm in that, perhaps, but in any case we should know what we are paying for.

The correspondence which has passed between Mr Wm. O'Brien and Mr Chamberlain thoroughly exposes the methods of misrepresentation and controversy adopted by the gentlemen of the Birmingham school. Mr O'Brien had claimed for Ireland a Parliament of the same virtues and powers as the Parliaments of Canada and Australia—"that is to say, practically speaking, free as air." Mr Chamberlain seized on the last phrase and proceeded to quote it in order to show the irreconcilability of the Irish demands with Imperial authority. The public will remember that it was Mr Chamberlain himself who first referred to "the Canadian model" as the settlement of the Irish question which would best harmonise the Imperial and the National claim. Yet on Mr O'Brien's reference to this same model the keeper of Birmingham's conscience proceeded to ask: "What is it that Mr Gladstone has to do? He has to find a Parliament which shall be as free as air, as Mr O'Brien demands, and always subject to the Imperial Parliament, as Sir William Harcourt has told us it may be." Confronted with Mr O'Brien's words now, he sees no inconsistency—in fact he asks the public to believe that his version did Mr O'Brien justice. But if so, are Canada and Australia without the Empire and not subject to the Imperial Parliament? Mr O'Brien is safe in leaving Mr Chamberlain and his methods to the judgment of the public.

An important pastoral from the Most Rev Dr Woodlock was read in all the churches of Ardagh at Mass on Sunday. The reason of his lordship's issuing this pastoral was to remind his people of the near approach of the great festival of the Assumption. After directing a Novena to be held in honour of this feast, the Bishop proceeds:—"Never, perhaps, in the recent chequered history of our dear country was there greater need than at present for the protection of her whom we are taught to invoke as the 'Most Prudent' and 'Most Powerful Virgin.' In the past, ruin was brought on Ireland more

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than once by the betrayal of her own sons, and by dissensions among her children and friends. The sad, sad story is being repeated. Therefore we must cry out, and ask our people to cry with us, 'Give peace, O Lord, in our days, for there is none other who fighteth for us but Thou, our God.' One of the most powerful agencies which the enemies of Catholic Ireland have made use of in the past for the ruin of our cause has been secret societies—Bibbonism, Whiteboyism, Fenianism, Invincibles, etc. The Catholic Church has never ceased to condemn with all the weight of her divinely-received authority this hateful brood, which, like a plague of locusts, has devastated the land from time to time. Every Catholic who becomes a member of any such society, or encourages it, by the very fact is cut off from her body like a rotten member likely to spread disease and even spiritual death. Such a man is excluded from the communion of the faithful, and should he die in that unhappy state is deprived of Christian burial. Now, we have reason to believe that at this moment the most strenuous exertions are being made to spread this plague of secret societies among our people, and especially among our Catholic youth. Under the plea of advancing our country's cause, often under pretext of encouraging innocent and invigorating sports, young men are coaxed into giving their names and contributions to those organisations which religion and good sense alike condemn."

The representative conference which assembled at the Mansion House on Monday to consider and discuss the question of forming a limited liability company for the publication of good and sound works of Irish literature inaugurated a movement that, if properly supported and judiciously directed, should have wide-reaching and most beneficial effects. As Sir Charles Gavan Duffy pointed out forcibly in his able discourse on Monday, the youth of the country is not altogether free from the danger of corruption which follows in the wake of the perusal of much of the recent Continental imaginative literature whose atmosphere blights the flower of patriotism. For these considerations, amongst others, it behoves the Irish people to make some sacrifice and devote some energy to the culture of a home literature in touch with the spirit and sympathies of the nation and mirroring its sentiments and thoughts. Into what channel that energy can be best diverted it was the intention of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy to explain at the conference. It will be found to be a lucid outline of an eminently workable scheme. Sir Charles has taken considerable pains to estimate the capital necessary for the organisation of such a company as his idea involves, and he places it at the comparatively low figure of £3,000. One third of this amount, he is of opinion, would be readily subscribed by our countrymen in England and it is not too much to anticipate that the Irish in Australia and America—whose appreciation, by the way, of existing Irish literature is, if anything, keener and more intelligent than our own—would furnish a similar sum. There remains, then, only £1,000 in one pound shares to be disposed of in Ireland. If that cannot be done we quite agree with Sir Charles that the sooner the whole idea is abandoned the better. One important and delicate point on which Sir Charles touched was the necessity for some kind of censorship to be exercised over the publications of the company. Such a necessity will be apparent to anyone, and we cannot but think that the best solution of the question will be found in the selection of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy for the position of Editor-in-Chief over the works to be issued. Such a choice would secure every susceptibility, political and religious, from violence, and would be a guarantee that an enlightened and broad-minded Nationalism would be the net result of the teaching of what we may call the future Library of Ireland.

A CHAPTER OF IRISH HISTORY.

THE following paper was read at the Dunedin Catholic Literary Society, on August 17th, by the Rev Father O'Donnell of Milton:—

The subject matter of my paper is a short sketch of the life of Charles Joseph Kickham, and a parting glance at his writings. He was born in 1825, at Mullinahone, a small village in County Tipperary, Ireland. While Slievenamon from its lofty eminence looks down on the pretty village, the river Anner flows hard by. Both mountain and river are often mentioned in his writings. His father, John Kickham, a man who was widely respected for his integrity and intelligence, kept a large drapery establishment in the town. His mother came from that ancient and patriotic family, the O'Mahonys of Kilbenny, a small town in the vicinity of Mitchelstown, and situated at the foot of one of the Galtee slopes. This family was as Catholic as it was Irish. In the latter part of the last century and during the first quarter of the present those O'Mahonys did royal work for Ireland and for Ireland's creed, particularly around the locality where they lived—the extensive plain lying between the Knock Mel Down and the Galtee mountains. Mitchelstown stands at the southern extremity of this plain, and here for more than a century the Kingstons ruled and roped with absolute will. The O'Mahonys being powerful athletes, good marksmen, and able to hold more than their own against all comers on the hunting field, were always feared and respected by the local magnates. Their co-religionists and countrymen were never disappointed in seeking

protection at their hands in those dire days. Hence the "Kilbenny family" were the hope of their defenceless Catholic neighbours as well as a terror to Protestant ascendancy as represented by the local lords of the soil. Hence also from the maternal side, to say nothing of the paternal, the blood which flowed in the veins of Kickham was both Catholic and Irish. Notwithstanding an accident that befell him when he was about the age of thirteen—an accident which permanently impaired his eyesight as well as resulted in almost the total loss of his hearing—we find that he took an active part in the '48 movement. His kinsman, John O'Mahony, who, as the late A. M. Sullivan tells us, "was well educated, of studious habits, and thoroughly imbued with patriotic feeling, which came to him as a hereditary possession," took a prominent part in spreading the doctrine of the young Irishmen, and fanning the flame of insurrection in Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary counties. Young Kickham, with the greatest enthusiasm, threw himself into the movement and was mainly instrumental in forming a confederate club in Mullinahone. No doubt the many tales of Kingston tyranny—the enforcement of the Curfew Laws, the erection on the square of Mitchelstown of a scaffold for the hanging of innocent victims, the execution of the only son of a widow—the narration of those deeds and others equally and perhaps more atrocious, had much to do in begetting in him an early hatred of foreign rule and a steadfast resolution to devote his whole energies to rescuing his country from the relentless power of the Galtee wolves, as O'Connell dubbed the Kingstons of Mitchelstown. His heart bounded with joy that one day he would have an opportunity of striking a blow at, of thoroughly extinguishing and of surely preventing a recurrence of, such odious despotism. Therefore, he was an ardent young Irishman. The attempt of the Irish insurgents at Balingarry, County Tipperary, to grapple with the Queen's troops having proved abortive, Kickham, like many others, in order to evade capture and transportation, had to fly from home. Soon after, however, he was enabled to return to the embrace of his family. Hence forward he pursued his favourite sports of fishing and fowling, and devoted a good deal of time to literary pursuits. "Subsequently," says A. M. Sullivan, "to the decadence of the '48 movement, he wrote a good deal in prose and verse, and contributed gratuitously to various national publications, chiefly to the *Celt*." In 1850 he became a member of the Tenant League. It is necessary to define what this was and to mention the causes that brought it into existence. It was an association that was formed to check and destroy the ruthless capacity of the Irish landlords. To all appearance they had at this time set themselves the task to clear the country of its population. Lady Wilde in her "Exodus" gives us a faithful picture of what was then happening the Irish peasantry.

"A million a decade, what does it mean,
A nation dying of inner decay,
A churchyard silence where life has been.
The base of the pyramid crumbling away,
A drift of men gone over the sea,
A drift of the dead where men should be."

"Yes, the Irish peasantry, their 'country's pride,'
When once destroyed could never be supplied."

They were at that time being daily banished by the Irish landlords. Of course these latter sought to justify their action by saying that nothing else remained to them but to evict a tenantry who would not pay them the rent that was their just right. The tenants gave the best of reasons for not paying, viz.—that they had no rent to pay. The absolute failure of the potato crop, as well as the partial failure of the other crops had already pauperised the great majority of them. Hence if common gratitude to his tenantry for past services could not touch his heart the Irish landlord should have remembered the truth of the saying of the Latin poet—*Nemo dat quod non habet*. Indeed he ought to be grateful for past services. For centuries the tenantry outside the province of Ulster were compelled to pay in rent what in justice they did not owe. They were compelled to pay the landlord what by no law, human or divine, was his belonging. For centuries they paid exorbitant rents on their own outlay and improvements. The marshes, the bog or peat land, and the mountain slopes that grew nothing but the wild heather—the natural homes of the hare and snipe and the plover—numerous tracts of such land were let at a nominal rent of a shilling or two per acre. The tenant, without any assistance from the landlord, converted those wastes into smiling meadows and beautiful gardens. The landlord or his agent on seeing the improved condition of the land demanded henceforward, not a shilling or two shillings, but two pounds per acre. The tenant had to pay what may now seem to be an incredible increase or if not he was pitched out on the roadside, and that without any compensation or acknowledgment for the improvements effected on the holding he was forced to leave behind him. Where such reclamation did not take place—where there was no room for it the Irish tenant as a rule found other means of increasing the value of his tenancy. He had put up some extra buildings and fences, or he had improved the quality of the soil by good tilling and extensive manuring. But here again, as soon as the opportunity offered, in came the landlord and raised the rent because of the improvements effected by the tenant. This was what happened

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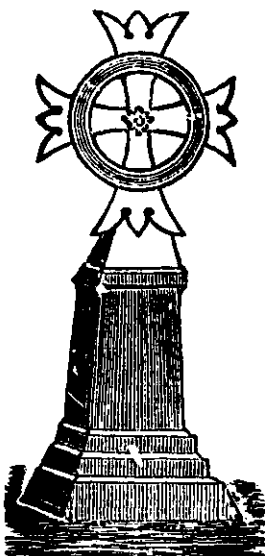
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for centuries in Munster, Connaught and Leinster. In the province of Ulster the land laws were entirely different. The tenant could not be taxed on his own improvements. If, for instance, he leased a farm at £50 per annum and in the course of a few years, by an expenditure of labour and capital, the value was increased to £100 per annum, should he be ejected, the tenant had the power to compel the landlord to pay him for the increased value. In other words, the increased value of £50 per annum was belonging to the tenant, and he could sell it for its marketable value. This was the law that obtained with in the plantation of Ulster. Hence the landlord could not in that favoured province come in and increase the rent because the tenant increased the value of his holding. But even the Ulster custom was far from being perfect. I again quote from "New Ireland":—"The Ulster custom," says the learned author, "was almost exclusively beneficial to the tenant as long as things went well; but if a series of adverse seasons came and the value of farm holdings fell, the loss was exclusively his. Before the landlord's interest could be affected to the extent of a shilling the tenant right, equal in value to the fee simple, should first be consumed. The rent was always a first charge on the tenant right, and as long as at an auction it would fetch one penny more than the rent the landlord was in no way to suffer by 'bad times.'" Such is A. M. Sullivan's account of the Ulster custom. The "bad times" did find out the North as well as the South. The inability of the Northern farmer to pay the rent to his Honour was just as apparent as that of the Southern. And his Honour in the North was just as exacting in regard to what he called his legal rights as his Honour's brother in the South. Hence owing to the failure of the crops and the exactions of the landlords the farmers of the North, as well as those of the South, were forced to place their farms on the market. The extraordinary depression had so far depreciated the value of land that in most cases the holdings scarcely covered a sum equal to the landlord's interest. Consequently, there was nothing left for the tenant. The result was that a universal wall of sorrow went up from every corner of the island, and this state of things in 1860 caused the North and South, the East and West, to unite in one vast organisation, known as the Tenant League. At such a time a man like Kickham could not remain indifferent or inactive. He joined the new movement, and did all in his power to forward its interests. This movement came to a disgraceful end; but it does not come within the scope of this paper to refer to it further than to state that it became virtually defunct owing to the leaders of the people having turned traitors—one of them, Keogh, by accepting the post of Solicitor-General, broke the oath he took in presence of thousands never to take office from any Ministry who were not pledged to bring forward a full measure of justice to Ireland. Sadleir, another of them, did away with himself, and is only remembered ever since as the swindling suicide banker. There is no period in Irish history that makes an Irishman blush as this does. The Keoghs and Sadleirs and their friends were a venal, degraded crew. They were perfect hypocrites. They imposed on many of the bishops and priests. They drove many of their countrymen to the verge of desperation. Others became thoroughly sick of agitation. But the aspirations of the pure-souled Kickham, suffered no check. We can easily imagine how from out his eyes flashed the soul that never quailed as he said in his "Bory of the Hill."

"Yet trust me friends, dear Ireland's strength,
Her truest strength is still
The rough and ready roving boys
Like Bory of the Hill."

Very soon the number of those rough and ready boys was to be vastly augmented. The Society known as the Fenian brotherhood was established as early as 1862; having for its avowed object the attainment of Irish freedom, by an appeal to arms. John O'Mahony together with another '48 man, J. Stephens, while refugees in Paris laid the foundation of this movement and planned the schemes for its intended success. The whole Irish people at home and abroad were to be enrolled in its ranks. O'Mahony took upon himself the Irish in America, Stephens took Ireland. He started the *Irish People* newspaper in Dublin as the organ of the movement. Mr Kickham became one of its principal writers and supporters. Owing to his great ability and his vast influence, the newspaper acquired at once a considerable standing, and a wide circulation and wielded great power over the masses. Kickham was therefore one of the pillars of the movement, and hence when the Government resolved on destroying the power of the Fenian brotherhood he was among the first singled out for arrest. Accordingly he was trapped in November 1865, and brought to trial in Green street Courthouse the following January. His conviction was a foregone conclusion. His reply in the dock to the usual question must not be omitted here "I have endeavoured to serve Ireland," he said, "and now I am prepared to suffer for Ireland." This speaks volumes for the character of the man. How unassuming, how retiring, yet withal what a lion heart beat in his bosom. He was sentenced by Judge Keogh, his former confederate, to fourteen years' penal servitude; but was released in 1869. From that time till his death in 1882, he lived more or less retired, but his love for Ireland, instead of diminishing, became the more intense, and his hopes the more ardent that

she would yet take her rightful place among the nations. I sometimes heard Kickham, as well as others, censured for having aided Fenianism. But if all the circumstances be considered, one is forced to conclude that it would have been simply impossible for such a man to stand idly by while such an attempt was being made for the regeneration of his country. First the Keogh and Sadleir party, avowing, swearing that they were staunch leaguers, and not only that but professing themselves to be most ardent and devoted Catholics, were traitors of the blackest die. Any honest man, not to say one like Kickham, would feel as deeply mortified as horrified at the thought of having been associated with such individuals. The agitation of which they were the abettors, by which they climbed to place and power, and which finally they wrecked and ruined, the pure-souled Patrick could never after remember without nausea, without disgust and bitterness. No wonder the very thought of such agitation sickened him. Secondly, Ireland at this time, i.e., during the decade commencing with 1853, was, as some one has well said, "like a corpse on the dissecting table." There was no national life. But a short time before and she might have stood against the world; then, in those fifties, none so poor as to do her reverence. But a short time before and there was a united demand that the power of the plundering and exterminating landlords should be wrested from their tyrannical hands. In 1853 there was scarcely a voice raised against them. It seemed as if the people were convinced that their chains could not be broken, and that the slower they moved the less would they feel the clanking on their heels. Those were dark, evil, and sorrowful days; those were—to borrow the words of Lord Macaulay, the "Golden days of the coward, the bigot, and the slave." To add to the pain and humiliation of Irishmen, the English Press gloated over Irish misery and misfortune. The exodus from the Irish shores was hailed with wild delight by the *London Times*:—"The Irish were going in thousands," it wrote. Very soon, and they were all gone. That fertile land would very soon "be cleared of all the vermin." "It would be soon rid of the assassins." At this distance of time and place the writhing agony endured by men like Kickham, eye-witnesses of such foul atrocities and exasperating insults, can scarcely be conceived. The continual ring of the hammer of the crowbar brigade, the people going away daily in thousands the calumnies of the English Press—few will deny that those things were sufficient to drive any people to rebellion. The English people did not get a tenth of the provocation when they rose up and took off the head of Charles I. In the pages of history there is no parallel to the suffering endured by the Irish. Hence the royal welcome given to Fenianism when it made its appearance. It was hailed as that which was one day to be the deliverer of the country. Kickham and those who acted with him thought they saw in the distance, marching to the relief of prostrate Ireland, an army fully equipped with all the munitions of war and well officered by men

"Whose cheeks were browned by many a sun
And ploughed by many a scar,
Their flags were dim with the blood-prints grim
Of many a foreign war."

Kickham thought it was only a matter of a very few years and the finest army the world ever saw would be landed on the Irish shores. The American Civil War had come to a close. Thousands of Irish soldiers and their officers who had pulled through many a hard-fought field were then disbanded. Both officers and soldiers threw themselves heart and soul into the Fenian movement. Even the Irish regiments retained in the United States Army were enrolled in the Fenian ranks. Money rolled into the Fenian war-chest from the Irish-American millions. Kickham was thoroughly convinced that the day was not far distant, and he looked forward with an ardent, steadfast hope to that day when he was sure to behold the green flag waving over the conquering lines that marched in battle array beneath the shadow of Slievenamon. No wonder that he threw himself into the Fenian movement in Ireland and did what he could to induce his countrymen at home to band themselves together in one solid phalanx, and thus be prepared to render all the assistance possible to their kith and kin—the expected Americans—when they should land on Irish soil for the purpose of delivering the Old Land from the grasp of her relentless oppressors. One who knew his country's history so thoroughly as he did, who knew so well the result of alien rule, who was the eye-witness of the degradation and misery, of the plunder and persecution unbappy Ireland was then undergoing, and who believed he saw in the movement just inaugurated means sufficient to expel the Old Usurper and to establish Irish freedom—who was convinced that under such a *regime* rebellion had been for long not only a right, but even a duty, and who was morally certain of the success of the enterprise. Such a one could not be reasonably censured for any endeavour he might have made in bringing about such a wished-for consummation. Then, again, though the rising of 1867 resulted in such a miserable failure—if the words be true, as who can doubt—of one who invariably opposed the Fenian movement, but who is one of Ireland's most faithful historians, that "Out of the ashes of Fenianism, out of the shattered *debris* of that enterprise arose a gigantic power, and 1867 beheld Irish nationality more of a visible and potential reality than it had been for centuries."—who will dare assert that Kickham and his compatriots did not do a great and good work for their country?

(To be concluded.)

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QUEEN MARY OF HOLYROOD.

(From the *Glasgow Observer*.)

THE name of Mary Queen of Scots has become so intimately connected with the palace of Holyrood that it is very generally termed Queen Mary's palace. The historical portions are visited daily by thousands of strangers, and as they wander from room to room the story of many of the thrilling events in her romantic career are told, and the spots where they took place pointed out.

Mary was but eight days old when she was crowned Queen of Scotland. At the age of six years it was deemed prudent to send her to France that so she might be secure from the intrigues of England. Here she was married to the King of France, and thus became Queen of that country. By the death of Henry VIII of England, she added to her greatness the crown of England and Ireland, for Christian Europe looked upon Elizabeth as illegitimate. But far above her high honours as sovereign of four countries was Mary by beauty and culture. Like a delicate flower from some warm clime, Mary was little fitted to live in the midst of the rough manners of "reformed" Scots. Her love for the land of her adoption was unbounded, and in leaving it she bade farewell not only to the land she loved so well but to the happy days of her life. Bitterly she wept as France slowly receded from her sight, and we may say those tears never dried, for the crown of Scotland was truly a crown of thorns to her. Had Mary been a man with the heart of a Wallace or a Bruce, she could not have coped with the difficulties of her day. It is not our purpose to write the story of Queen Mary, but simply to point out her connections with Holyrood, and we shall do that best by relating a few of the incidents which happened within its walls:

When the Queen arrived in England she found that many of her nobles were in the pay of England, and these traitors received her with ill-disguised hatred. John Knox and his "rascal multitude" had overthrown the Church of Scotland, and the religion of Wallace and Bruce was denounced as idolatry! The magistrates had issued a proclamation commanding all idolators, &c., to leave the town; subjecting them in the first place to the following punishments:—The said idolators to be defamed, by setting them on the Market Cross, there to remain for the space of six hours for the first fault, barring of the cheek for the second fault, and death for the third.

Picture to yourself Mary, Queen of the country, on the first Sunday after her arrival in the capital. All is quiet within the walls of the Palace. The altar has again been erected in the Royal Chapel, and the sacrifice of the Mass is offered up once more by the chaplain to Her Majesty. The news flies through the town that Mass has been said. The Master of Lindsay, a fiery zealot, buckled on his armour, and, followed by his retainers, rushed sword in hand into the court of the Palace crying—"Death to the Priests!" The rabble all day long remained in the streets in great numbers vowing vengeance. Knox thundered from the pulpit that one Mass was more to be feared than ten thousand warriors landed to oppose them. The attendants to the Queen were so terrified that they desired to return to their own country. Thus Mary passed her first Sunday in the midst of her loyal (?) subjects in Scotland.

So changed were the times that even mirth was asin, and so Aytoun describes the dismal spirit that clothed the religion of the period in—

Gone were the merry times of old,
The masque, and mirth and glee;
And wearier was the palace then
Than prison needs to be.

* * * * *

'Twas sin to smile, 'twas sin to laugh,
'Twas sin to sport or play;
And heavier than a hermit's fast
Was each dull holiday.

Though Mary granted by a Royal proclamation full liberty to the "reformed" religion, that liberty was denied the Court and Catholic subjects. The Earl of Arran declared that the Queen's servants who were guilty of idolatry should be put to death, and ought no more to be tolerated than if they had committed murder.

Much to the annoyance of the "Reformers," the popular feeling towards the Queen began to change, and Campbell of Kenzieclough thus describes the change:—"I have been here now five days, and at first I heard every man say—'Let us hang the priest!' but after they had been twice or thrice in the Abbey, all that fervency passed. I think there be some enchantment whereby men are bewitched."

Mary thought to win Knox, and we can picture to ourselves, as we stand in the Audience Room of Holyrood, the following controversy between the gentle lady and the fiery "Reformer."

The Queen asked him why he had instigated her subjects to rebel against her, and why he had written the book called "First blast of the Trumpet," in which he preached that it was unlawful for a woman to reign? Knox answered he had simply obeyed the Bible. You think, then, said the Queen, I have no authority? Knox replied that learned men in all ages had expressed their opinions freely, and he defended his views in the "First blast of the Trumpet," against the

monstrous regiment (rule) of women. If the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of women, that which they approve I shall not further disallow than within my breast, but shall be as well content to live under your Grace as Paul was to live under Nero. Imagine, gentle reader, that any one in our day would so address Queen Victoria!

Queen Mary asked him how he could reconcile his conduct with the Commandments of God, and when he insinuated that the early Christians did not obey the Cæsars, the Queen triumphantly rejoined, "But none of these men raised the sword." Knox replied, "God had not given them the power and the means!" The Queen followed up her advantage by asking him plainly, whether he believed "that subjects having the power may resist their princes?" "If," said the "reformer," "princes exceed their bounds, madam, no doubt they may be resisted even by power." Then, said the Sovereign, as she seized the great problem, "I perceive that my subjects shall obey you, and not me, and shall do what they list, not what I command." She pointed out how by private judgment each obeyed what suited himself. The Queen, with firmness, continued, that she believed, not in the changing opinions of individuals, "but she believed the Church of Rome to be the Church of God." She was too much for Knox. "Your will, madam," he replied, "is no reason; neither doth your thoughts make the Roman harlot to be the true and Immaculate Spouse of Christ," and he broke forth into invectives against the Catholic Church. "My conscience," said the Queen, "is not so," and then with significance, she added, "you interpret the Scriptures in one way, and they in another. Whom shall I believe, and who shall be *Judge*?" "I will defend the true Church of God." John Knox's roughness could not get the better of that one word—"Who shall be judge? They say one thing, you say another!" We now come to the murder of Riccio. The guide at the palace will point out the spot where the body lay, the screen run across the audience room to hide the place from the Queen's sight, and the secret staircase by which the murderers entered the royal apartments. The great object the "reformers" had in view was the destruction of the Catholic religion, and to attain this they hesitated at nothing. Riccio was judged by some to be a priest, others deemed him the agent arranging with foreign powers to overthrow the new state of things. But he was dangerous in their eyes, and therefore must be removed. John Knox kept out of danger. "Desperate as were the designs," says Tytler, "the Protestant part in Scotland did not hesitate to adopt them. The horror they had of idolatry—the name they bestowed upon the Catholic religion—mised their judgments and hardened their feelings, and they regarded the plot as the act of men raised up by God for the destruction of an accursed superstition." Queen Elizabeth of England was aware of all, and partaker in their guilt. Saturday, the last day of the fast, was chosen for the murder. Lord Ruthven, the Earl of Morton, and Lord Lindsay, with an armed band of one hundred and fifty men, broke into the palace, where they were joined by Darnley. The Queen, with the Countess of Argyle and some friends, were at supper, and Riccio with them. Darnley entered the room and sat down beside the Queen. Suddenly Ruthven, pale and haggard looking, rushed into the room, which in an instant was filled by his followers. He drew his dagger and rushed upon Riccio, who cried out to Queen Mary, "Madame, save my life; Lord Jesus, save me; Christ, save me." The Queen, springing forward, placed herself between the murderers and her servant, but quickly they stabbed him over her very shoulder, and Kerr of Fandonside even held a pistol at her breast, and threatened to murder the sovereign. Poor Riccio fell, pierced with fifty-six wounds. Bell describes the scene thus—

"But bark! the tramp of armed men, the Douglas battle cry!
They come! they come! and lo, the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eyes!
And swords are drawn and daggers gleam, and tears and words are
vain;

The ruffian steel is in his heart, the faithful Riccio slain!
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell,
"Now for my father's arm," she said, "my woman's heart farewell!"

Before leaving the palace the visitor will be directed to the ruins of the Chapel Royal, and here we cannot do better than quote the following from Canon Donley's "Historical Account of St Mary's Cathedral," a little work from which much may be learnt, and which may be had through any bookseller or from the Canon himself for one shilling—

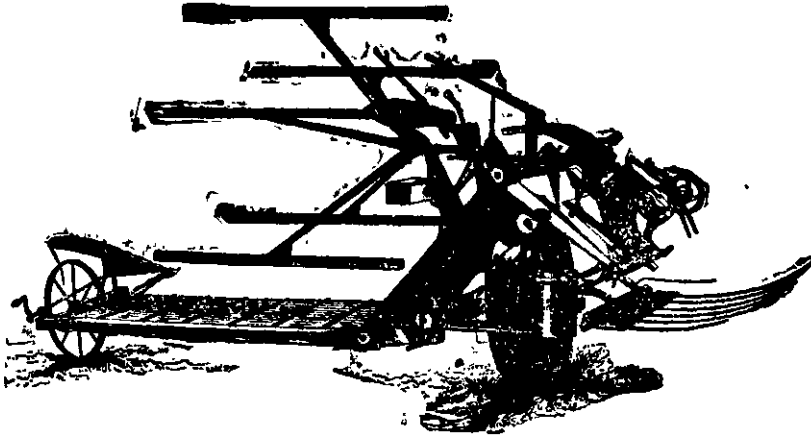
"Often with awe-struck thought and pitying tear have we stood on the dust of the mighty dead, and viewed that noble and stately pile of Holyrood, where Scotland's heroes had their royal home, and wondered if ever again the Church's chant would echo through those broken arches, and a throng of crowned heads and mitred prelates, and belted knights kneel before that now naked sanctuary—if ever again the lamp would burn, and, like the Star of Bethlehem, lead the soul to adore the Word made flesh. How changed the times! The royal name is in the dust, and these broken arches, black with time, also remain, like the skeleton, to tell us of the soul that was. The sunbeams, as they play amidst the tracings and the creeping ivy, try to penetrate the dark mist of the past, and amidst the gloom and silence a hundred proud names and deeds, and terrible crimes, flash

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across the mind. But above all, standing out in bold relief, throwing a lustre of beauty and dignity and romance around, there are the name and figure of Mary Queen of Scot. The grandest monument to her honour is the hold her name has secured in every heart, and the crowds of pilgrims who stand in awe, year after year, in Holyrood witness the influence of that name. Poor Queen Mary! little understood, less appreciated in her day, betrayed and slandered by those who fawned on her, belied and misrepresented by those who differed from her, persecuted even to death by her nearest friends! Time will yet do her justice. Even now the film of prejudice is melting from the eye, the noise and confusion of angry strife are wearing away, the dust and mist of the struggle are disappearing, and the day is coming when Scotland will rejoice in the vindicated honour of her Queen."

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, DUNEDIN.

THE Feast of the Most Holy Rosary was celebrated by a procession of school children, which took place at 3 p.m. The children, neatly clad and carrying banners, marched from their respective schools to the Church. The fifteen mysteries were recited—the verses being sung, with the assistance of the Dominican Nuns' choir, and the boys and girls alternatively repeating the prayers. Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was afterwards given.

In the evening the choir was reinforced by the presence of Miss Fisher (of Wellington), Miss Rose Blaney, and Mr F. L. Jones. Miss Fisher, who possesses a very fine contralto voice, sang Gounod's "There is a green hill far away" and Weiss' "O Salutaris," in both of which she delighted the congregation. Miss Blaney sang, with her accustomed sweetness and expression, Garcia's "Salva Maria," with violin obbligato by Mr E. Parker. Mr Jones sang, with admirable effect, "Waft her, angels." The choir were quite up to their usual excellent standard, and Mr Vallis was at the organ.—

The Bishop, who preached on the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, quoted the following passage from Lecky:—"The world is governed by its ideals; and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound, or, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognised as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or toy of man—no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality—woman rose in the person of the Virgin Mother into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had no conception: Love was idealised. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was, for the first time, felt. A new type of character was called into being; a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest civilisation of the past. In the pages of loving tenderness which many a monkish writer has left in honour of his celestial patron; in the millions who, in many lands and in many ages, have sought, with no barren desire, to mould their characters into her image; in those holy maidens, who, for the love of Mary, have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek in fastings and vigils and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honour, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of society; in these and many other ways, we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered round it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilisation." The most rev preacher also quoted the following lines from Longfellow:—"Prince Henry (on gaining a view of Italy after passing the Alps).

Oh, had I faith as in the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

* * * * *

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name,
Alike the bandit with the blood-stained hand,
The priest, the prince, the soldier, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!
And even as children, who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister and confiding wait
'Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry Father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in Heaven makes intercession.
And, if our faith had given us nothing more

Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

NEVER MIND THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Don't worry your brain about the man in the moon, but study the man in your own suit of clothes.

If every individual person took the best possible care of himself, institutions of charity would soon go out of fashion. There's a deal of sense in the saying that "Charity begins at home." When a man has got to swim or drown, he will at least make a laudable effort to swim. Perhaps we coddle one another too much. As in an army, so in society—we depend individually upon the commander and the multitude. It's a bad thing, because it induces a man to trust to luck and to numbers and not to his own courage and wits. Consequently, when trouble comes, it finds us not ready; ignorant how to fight and conquer it.

For example, here is our good friend, Mr John Wilkinson, of Norbury, Whitechurch, Salop, who not long ago said to an acquaintance: "Lad, I am done for." Why did he think so? Because the doctors had given him up to die of consumption. Enough to scare him if he really had consumption. But did he? Ah, that is the question.

He tells his story thus: "I come," he says, "of a strong, healthy family, and up to the spring of 1885 I was always well. I could lift, run, and jump with anyone, and walk thirty miles a day with ease. About April of that year I felt something coming over me which gradually fastened upon me. At first I felt dull, heavy, and tired, with a sinking, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, and pain in the side and between the shoulder-blades. My skin grew sallow, and the whites of my eyes were tinged with a yellow colour. I had a foul taste in the mouth, particularly in the morning. My mouth and teeth were covered with a thick slime, and a thin watery fluid came up from my stomach 'into my mouth.'

My appetite failed, and what little food I managed to eat gave me great pain. I had a tight feeling in my chest and round both sides as if I was held in a vice, and I got weaker and weaker and very low in spirits. There seemed to be no life or soul left in me.

"By-and-bye I began to have a hacking cough, which made me lose a deal of sleep. Indeed, I could not rest at night on account of it. I would lie awake all night long coughing and spitting. As time went on I became so reduced I could scarcely get about. When I did venture outdoors I had to be constantly stopping to rest, as I walked along the lanes, for fear of falling.

"I tried all kinds of medicines, and was under the doctor, but without getting relief. In this miserable way I dragged on for six months. All my friends and neighbours thought I was breaking up and was not long for this world.

"One day a friend of mine, Mr Thomas Bateman, gamekeeper, Marbury, seeing me so bad, asked me how my complaint came on. I replied: 'I am done for; I shall never get well again, lad.'

"Then he said, 'Don't say that until after you have tried Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.' And he went on to tell me how this medicine cured him after he was at death's door and given up by the doctors as being in a consumption. So, to leave nothing undone, I sent to Whitechurch and bought the remedy. After taking three bottles *all pain and sickness left me*; I could eat anything, and the cough and the spitting, as well as the pain in the chest, left me, and *I was a well man.*

"I tell everybody how Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life, and you are at liberty to publish my statement in order that other sufferers may know what to do.

(Signed) "JOHN WILKINSON, Shoemaker,
Norbury, Whitechurch, Salop."

The cases of these two men, Bateman and Wilkinson, were almost identical in symptoms and character. Both had indigestion and dyspepsia, both apprehended consumption, and both were happily cured by the same medicine. How many others, situated as they were, are there in this country! Hundreds of thousands! Ah, the dreary, dreadful days they have to pass through, right on the road to the grave, for unhelped they must surely die.

Are you, who read these lines, one of this suffering multitude, or do you know anyone who belongs to it? We say but a word to you—don't expect to get well through waiting and vaguely hoping. Study the man in your own suit of clothes. Otherwise, act on your own good judgment and on the reputation of a remedy which has such evidence to prove its power.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge had the temerity the other day to tell the son of a duke that the people had certain rights, and that if a commoner were assaulted by a duke on the public highway, there would be trouble for the nobleman. The case which elicited this remarkable pronouncement was that of a workingman against the Duke of Rutland, the plaintiff complaining of having been knocked down by one of his Grace's gamekeepers for being in the way when the latter was driving grouse for his Grace's shooting. The evidence given during the trial of the suit showed that the gamekeeper knocked the plaintiff down on the highway and that when the plaintiff complained of this treatment to the Duke's son, Lord Edward Manners, the latter (who belies his name) replied: "Go to the devil. If you are shot your life will be on your own head." This, the Lord Chief Justice said, could not be tolerated from any person, duke or other. Lord Edward Manners, interposing at this point in the remarks of the Lord Chief Justice, said that his Lordship's words seemed to hold him (Lord Edward) up as a prospective murderer. To this Lord Coleridge replied: "I only said what I considered it my duty to say."

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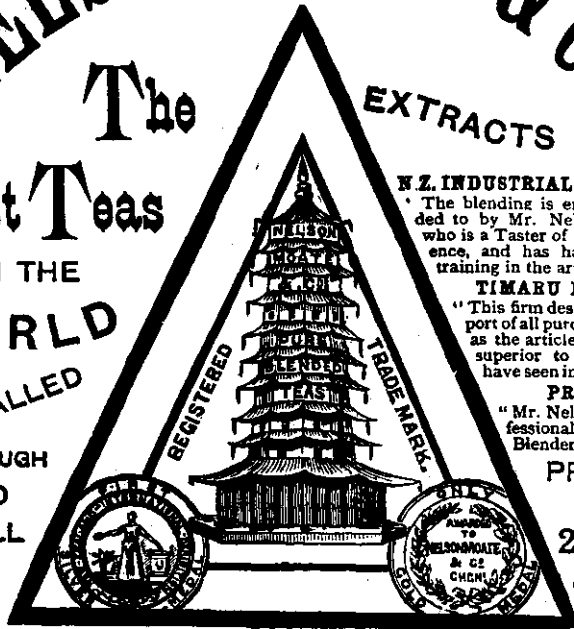
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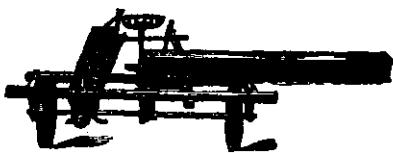
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For Winter Coughs and Bronchia.
The Marvellous Remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION,
AND ALL CHEST AFFECTIONS.

BONNINGTON'S
PECTORAL OXYMEL OF CARRAGEEN OR
IRISH MOSS. IRISH MOSS,
(REGISTERED.)

Cures the worst kind of Coughs, Colds, and Hoarseness, gives immediate relief to Bronchitis, is the best medicine for Asthma, cures Whooping Cough, is invaluable in the early stages of Consumption, relieves Affections of the Chest Lungs and Throat, **SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

GEO. BONNINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH.
[TESTIMONIAL.]

Hugo Buffalo Minstrels, P.O., Dunedin,
Sept. 14, 1887]

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—Yours truly,
PRISCILLA VERNE.

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