

comparison. Lady Florence Dixie, for example, sent a paper advocating that every girl should be trained to be a man. Girls and boys, she said, should be brought up together, and mentally and physically trained alike. That was the way, she said in effect, to turn out women worth their salt, wives and mothers fit for the period, and as little different from husbands and fathers as possible. Lady Florence would not even have any difference made in their dress. But all this was milk-and-water beside the brave words of Miss Cozens. Talk was all bosh, she said. The time had come for action. Men were supposed to be possessed of physical force, but women had the use of dynamite the same as they had. Something desperate, she declared, would have to be done before women got their freedom. They talked of a bloodless revolution, but she had never heard of one. If women could shoot straight, she said, men would not trifle with them as they now did. And there is where the opening for the amazons comes in. "If they had a regiment of women who could shoot," she added, "they would have the franchise in a week." That we say again, is speaking to the purpose. We congratulate the ladies of London who are represented by Miss Cozens, on their candour. As to how far we are to congratulate the members of the opposite sex who have the happiness to find themselves in these ladies' immediate neighbourhood, time only can disclose. Is it too much, meanwhile, to look forward to an epoch at which the measures for the repression of their dominant women taken periodically by the barbarians whom Mr Eider Haggard describes in "She," may be adopted with advantage in quarters so far more civilised? Hardly, if, at least, we may take Miss Cozens, of London, as an exponent of the more advanced, and sternly advancing, female mind.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE editor of the *Month* has evidently bit the spiritualists and theosophists hard. Mr Stead replies to him in the *Review of Reviews*, arguing rather weakly from the accusation of an alliance

with Beelzebub brought by the Jewish elders against our Blessed Lord. He also cites the case of Joan of Arc. But Mr Stead mistakes the case. "And yet," he says, "the Pope demanded that she should be handed over to the Inquisition, and she was tried and burned as a heretic and a witch, who was declared to be 'a disciple a limb of the fiend.'" Joan, nevertheless, had consented to submit herself to the Pope, and the Bishop of Beauvais objected—as should be remembered now in these days of railways and telegraphs, "The Pope is too far off." At the last she said "'Bishop I die through you,' . . . and again 'Had you put me in the prisons of the Church and given me ghostly keepers this would not have happened.'" The editor of the *Month* says Mr Stead "is in the true line of succession from the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem and the Bishop of Beauvais." But it is suggested by Michelet that the Bishop of Beauvais was an infidel, and we now know that he was a schismatic and a supporter of the anti-Pope. Mrs Besant has also answered Father Clarke, but we have not as yet seen any report of her lecture. If her reply be as poor as Mr Stead's it speaks ill for the cause she seeks to defend.—Toryism continues true to its principles. Everywhere its sympathies are with the strong hand. What grade of aristocracy is it, by the way, whose symbol in heraldry is the blood-red hand? Such a symbol would well become the Tory party, and there might be added to the hand, if not a dagger, at least a cat-o'-nine-tails. The *St James's Gazette*, we are told, rejoices over the "grit" of Mr O'Connor, the Minister of Justice for New South Wales, in refusing to hear the plea for mercy towards the Broken Hill prisoners. How far the Minister may congratulate himself on deserving the applause of an organ of the party of retrogression in the old country we leave to the judgment of our readers.—Has any Cabinet ever before assumed office under such circumstances? M. Ribot, the new French Premier, we are told, has no particular programme. All his desire is to fulfil the duty of a detective and expose the cheating of the Panama Canal Company. He has authorised the autopsy of the body of Baron Reinach. Here, then, we are, a hundred years after the glorious Revolution, and celebrating with enthusiasm all its centenaries. Here is its first flower, the glorious French Republic, with its autopaical Cabinet—deriving its auguries from the entrails of a dead knave. *Ohe! jam satis.*

IRISH GLEANINGS.

A CABLEGRAM under date December 9 runs as follows:—"Mr John Morley, speaking at Newcastle, said the Government would submit a scheme of Home Rule which Ireland ought to accept and

England not to refuse. The outcry about the domination of Irish clericalism was all cant." But it is time-honoured cant—cant that has done good service in its day to those who had need of it. Its potency has been by no means over-estimated by those making use of it. The most hopeful thing for all the future will be its failure—if it fails them now at last.—"Mr James Gordon M'O'Callagh, who unsuccessfully contested South Aberdeen in July last in the Unionist interest against Mr Bryce," says the *London Standard* of October 27, "died on the 24th inst, at his residence, 214 Devonshire road, Forest Hill, at the age of 42. Mr M'O'Callagh, who was Private Secretary to the late

Attorney-General of Ireland, now Mr Justice Madden, married in 1885, Catherine Sydney, daughter of Mr Alexander Orr." Mr James Gordon M'O'Callagh, we may add, was a half-brother of Mr Torrens McO'Callagh, who was, to some extent at least, associated with the Young Ireland party. The Mr Orr alluded to is the late Mr Alexander Smith Orr, of Dublin, a gentleman who, after a distinguished course in Trinity College, was admitted a member of the Irish Bar—never, however, taking up the practice of his profession. This gentleman married a daughter of the late Rev Mark Ferrin, Rector of Athenry and Prebendary of Teacsaon, in the Anglican diocese of Tuam.—Mr Morley has given Mr Arnold Forster a lesson as to an over-hasty use of his tongue. Mr Forster, speaking at Oirencester, had accused Mr Morley of withdrawing police protection from a gentleman in the South of Ireland. "This meant that he must leave the country or run the risk of being murdered with his wife or children." Mr Morley immediately wrote to demand from Mr Forster the name of the gentleman so treated. But this Mr Forster refused to give. Mr Morley, in reply, commented sharply on the strange behaviour of Mr Forster in refusing to place him in a position to protect his friend. He then went on to state that as a matter of fact, there was a gentleman in the South of Ireland whose protection had been reduced from three constables to one, but the reduction had been made by the late Government. The exposure made of Unionist falsehood was complete. The conclusion of the national Press, however, seems to be that if Mr Morley undertakes to nail every lie that is thus told of him, his time will be busily occupied. Misrepresentation is one of the chief weapons of the Unionist party, and the more impudent and brazen-faced it is the more they seem to rely on it.—The estimate of Sir James Mathew as chairman of the Evicted Tenants' Commission, given by the newspapers favourable to Home Rule, is very different from that which we have received by the cable. The Judge is spoken of in the highest terms and hailed as eminently qualified for the duties required of him, of which the chief, we may add, is that of inquiring as to the means of bringing about settlements and the reinstatement of the evicted. Judge Mathew is described as a judge of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice in England. The other members of the commission are—Christopher T. Redington, Esq, D.L., son and successor, we conclude, of the late Sir Thomas Redington of Kiltcornan, County Galway, and connected through his mother with the great English Catholic house of Talbot; John Roche, Esq, a well-known Queen's Counsel; Edmund Murphy, Esq; and Marrough O'Brien, Esq, probably the gentleman of that name who was a nephew of the late William Smith O'Brien. If so, and the boy was father of the man, Mr O'Brien should be as fine a fellow as ever stood in shoe leather. The *Times* was hostile from the first to the appointment of Judge Mathew, stigmatising him as a Home Ruler, but acknowledging his ability as a judge.—"In an address to the members of the Synod of Cork, Cloyne, and Boss yesterday" says the *London Standard* of October 27, "Bishop Gregg pointed out that the state of uncertainty with regard to the political future of Ireland was injuriously affecting the best energies of their countrymen in every direction. Some feared a continuous angry battle. Some looked forward to a terrible and destructive cyclone; while others believed there would be an equinoctial calm. If they, as Protestants, were to address the people who dwelt around them, and who differed from them as regards politics and religion, all they would ask of them was, 'Allow us to live in peace and deal with us as honest men.'"—And surely so much they have a perfect right to ask. But, *oui bono*? No one on earth has any mind to deal otherwise with them.—By the death of Father Davis, P.P., of Baltimore which took place towards the middle of October, Ireland has lost a son whose memory deserves a lasting place in her annals. The work accomplished by Father Davis in the development of the fisheries and in the inspiring of the fishermen of Baltimore, must form his ever-enduring monument. Nor should we forget the aid he received in carrying out his project from the benevolence of the Lady Burdett-Cutts. Not the least remarkable institution connected with Father Davis's undertaking is the Fishing School, where lads are trained not only in the arts of catching and curing fish, but also in the science of navigation—in which last year a number of them very creditably passed an examination at South Kensington. A drawback to the school, nevertheless, exists in the stigma attached to it as an industrial school, and made necessary by the conditions of the Government subsidy. The lads are also discharged at an age earlier than that required for their complete training. But Father Davis had proved what Irishmen of the working classes were capable of if they met with proper encouragement, and his memory deserves an honour wider than that due for the particular task performed by him. His funeral was made an occasion of testifying to the general regard in which he had been held.

WHO is accountable for that advertisement? We allude to "Wanted for the Sunnyside Asylum, Christchurch, a MARRIED COUPLE without encumbrance, etc," which we see in the columns of the *Otago Daily Times*, and which is doubtless to be found as well in other papers. Such an advertisement is odious at any time. It becomes more glaringly so

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