

ing for a liberal measure of amnesty. (7) Urging on Government the necessary improvement in the domestic and social condition of the labourers of Ireland.

As a rule we have refrained, and shall still refrain, from producing in our columns any echoes of the division in Ireland. We have taken advantage of our remote position to look on in silence, if not without feelings more or less acute. The following, however, is really too good to be lost. It occurred in the speech made by Mr Healy at the Convention, where, by the way, the speaker had been received with lively demonstrations of welcome, and applause for "the man in the gap." Referring to the conceit of the factionists, Mr Healy gave this example:—"I read the other day," said the man in the gap, "a speech made by Mr William Redmond (laughter) down in Limerick, and I found him giving tips to Sarsfield (great laughter). He showed him the way the battle ought to have been won, and if he had been there, whether in his militia uniform or out of it, the siege of Limerick would have gone differently (more laughter)." We confess this daily appears to us much too lively to permit of any attempt at silence.

On Sunday, November 20, Mr John Dillon addressed a meeting at Ballyhannis, called to consider the agricultural situation in Mayo and the West of Ireland generally, with special reference to the evictions taking place on the Dillon estate. Mr Dillon hailed as a happy auspice the union between priests and people obtaining in the county. He said it was his proudest recollection that such a union had existed in every constitution which he had himself represented and promised that his political action should ever continue a bond of union between priests and people. The speaker appealed to the experience of the labourers, whose custom it was to spend part of each year in England, as to the happy change that had taken place in that country with respect to feeling towards the Irish people. He pledged the Nationalists, in return for the support of the English Radicals, to give them aid in obtaining the overthrow in England of monopolists, landlords and aristocrats. Mr Dillon further asserted that for six years on the estates of the district he and his colleagues had kept the roofs over the heads of the tenants. The landlords, however, were now, he said, recommending their "devil's work," because they thought they saw their opportunity in the falling out among themselves of the people. He recommended as a remedy that they should all join the Federation, and that no man should take the farm of an evicted neighbour. In Yorkshire and Lancashire, he said, farmers who were capitalists were now demanding reductions of 50 per cent, and yet the peasantry of Mayo were called on to pay up in full. He advised compulsory sale at fair prices, and pointed out the Crofters' Commission as an example of what had been done elsewhere in the way of reducing rents and wiping out arrears.

WE appreciate that expression of Mr T. W. Russell's MAKING READY, and we appreciate the sympathy with it of our contemporary the *Otago Daily Times*. The famine was a blessing in disguise. But would it not be an improvement to make the definition plainer, to borrow a few words from Carlyle, for example, and say, a blessing "clad in hell fire?" The mischief of it is, however, that philanthropists who admire, with relation to the past, blessings clad in hell fire, suggest their disposition to apply to present necessities, should the occasion arise, blessings of a similar kind. Patriots of Mr T. W. Russell's stamp—no offence to Scotchmen who do not show a false face as Irish patriots—would evidently welcome an opportunity of doing so. And as to those who sympathise with them, as to our contemporary the *Daily Times*, for instance, could he get rid of our growing democracy by a timely application of the pinch of hunger, are we to conclude that he would reject the means? If the blessing be a subject for rejoicing afterwards, why is it not laudable at present to make use of it? If monopolists in their solitary splendour might hereafter look back with self-felicitations on the starving-out now of the classes who ventured to question their right to the broad acres of the Colony, why is it not commendable to promote the present working of the blessing? We have a right to judge of a man by his admitted sympathies. We have long done so with regard to Mr T. W. Russell, nor is it unfair to form such a judgment in the case of the *Daily Times*.

Stupid, spiteful, and insulting. Such are the words by which to describe the nature of the allusion made by our festive friend "Civis" to the outrage at Dublin Castle. But our contemporary the *Daily Times* has now fully re-entered upon the anti-Irish racket, and we may expect a good deal more of the same kind. Nor is the matter difficult to explain. The general election casts its shadow before, and it is time for our contemporary to bestir himself. The anti-Irish cry prepares the way appropriately for that of "No-Popery," which, as his most effective weapon, is reserved for our contemporary's crowning effort. What other chance, for example, have the Scobie Mackenzies on the N.P. Alliance of bamboozing the majority of voters, whose interests are directly opposed to those such gentlemen represent? The stage Irishman, therefore, and the Orange platform are brought into play, and writers of notes and writers of leaders furbish up stale wit or play second fiddle to Sandy-row.

The working-men, meantime, may draw their conclusions as to how they stand in our contemporary's regard, and the measures he would deal out to them were it in his power. Nevertheless, if we may judge by the past, they are far from incapable of giving him their aid in his kindly endeavours. The working men of Bruce, for example, voted for his "ticket" last year. Our contemporary, no doubt, reckons on a more extensive befooling of the rabble on the approaching occasion. He has one trick of which he can always make his profit, and, as we see, he is preparing in time for its effectual use.

THE European situation crops up once more, and ODDS AND ENDS, now takes, or resumes, the form of a coming war between Russia and Germany. We do not see, however, how far a certain General with a Muscovite name is justified, as reported, in describing the war as the "most popular of all the Russian wars." That we should say must, at least ultimately, depend a good deal upon circumstances, chief among which is success, and where a country hardly recovered from famine and pestilence is concerned, the matter may be looked upon as doubtful. For our own part, the chief interest of the event would be the course to be taken by the Triple Alliance and the results that might follow from it. With regard to the two countries, separately considered, a disaster for Germany, the more civilised of them, and, so to speak, the more European, would probably be followed by the worse consequences for the world in general.

What are the special claims of Prince Waldemar of Denmark to the Crown of France? A restoration of the monarchy, we see, is proposed, with the Prince for king. Was it, by the way, his Royal Highness, who, some three or four years ago, married a Princess of the House of Orleans? If so, the choice would seem to resemble the substitution of the daughters of King James II. for their father and brother. We have not heard, however, that Prince Waldemar has much in common with William of Orange. The Lutheran religion he also has, indeed, and in that there may be some significance. Possibly a Catholic king is regarded as additionally out of the question in France. We do not know that Lutheranism, as a religion, would have much to boast of in being accepted as likely to prove less objectionable to French unbelief. If something of the kind, meantime, does not furnish an explanation, it is difficult to conceive what the claims of this Prince may be.

Another note of the state of alarm in which Europe now continually finds herself has been sounded with regard to the hoisting of the French flag on the islands of Amsterdam and St Paul. These islands lie on the ocean high-way between the Cape and Australia, and their occupation by a foreign power in case of war might be adverse to British interests. Their annexation by the French, therefore, is unfavourably regarded. Indeed, it is suggested that, by fair means at present, or foul by and by, it must be prevented.

The ghost of a ghost is a thing we do not often hear of, much less see. It beats the shadow of a shade hollow. Perhaps the astral wrath that represents, in cemeteries to imaginative people, the defunct astral body, of which Mrs Besant raves, may have some relation to it. Otherwise we know of nothing to make it palpable. Sir Henry Parkes, however, has just produced such a double, and yet a most attenuated, ghost for the edification of his admirers. Sir Henry Parkes' creation of the Kiama ghost is a matter of colonial history. It took the shape of a widespread and dangerous conspiracy, of which the lunatic O'Farrell was the sane and sensible instrument. Its end was, of course, the murder of Prince Alfred planned long in advance, and gloated over secretly throughout the Irish world. Sir Henry necessarily did some mischief at the time by means of this creature, summoned up from the vasty deep of his imagination—but, on the whole, his vision was taken for what it was worth, and brought discredit upon the seer. Even the Melbourne *Argus*, at the time, that is in 1868, condemned his conduct as unpardonable and unparalleled. Now, however, the ghost of the Kiama ghost appears. It rises from a book that Sir Henry has recently published and in which he affirms the truth of what he then uttered. There are people, and even people of some worth, who believe in Sir Henry Parkes. It will be for them to determine whether, in this matter, he is very foolish or persistently and impudently dishonest.

M. HUGUES LE ROUX was a friend of the late M. A COMFORTLESS Renan. He gives us some of the savant's table SAVANT. talk in the *Fortnightly* for November. He also gives us this query that was put to him, M. Le ROUX, by a working man:—"It is you literary people who got him this public burial. Why, then, do you laugh at him or sneer at him in all the articles written upon his death?" "The word," says M. Le Roux, "was true. Why do we Parisians laugh or sneer even at what we reverence?" But they do not sneer or laugh at what they reverence, for they no longer reverence anything. The word reverence now has no meaning for them—And was M. Renan deserving of reverence? Let M. Le Roux answer this question. An old woman, somewhere in Brittany, he tells us, was mourning the death of her only son. "O Monsieur Renan," she cried, "if God is good

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