

Catholics do not largely figure. The blackguards of Dunedin, according to rev ministers, number fifty per cent of the men of the city; the Catholic population is but ten per cent of the whole. And this is a generation which has had 16 years' experience of godless schools! Our contemporary the *Star* may spare his quotations or conceptions from American sources when he has right under his nose a mess of such a nature as this. The Jew who is among us, however, will grin at the fruits his ingenuity has produced from Evangelical Christianity. He must limit his quotations to those bearing on Romanism, nevertheless, so that his game may be fully played out.

ODDS AND ENDS

THE death of Marshal MacMahon, which occurred last week at the age of 85, has taken away one of the chief historic figures of the century.

MacMahon, who had already attained position and

fame in the French army, won European renown during the Crimean War, and ever since his name has been familiar among his contemporaries. His capture of the Malakoff tower at Sebastopol, we need hardly say, was the crowning event of his earlier career. Those who remember the details of the war in question know how long and anxiously the fall of this fortress was looked for, and the rejoicing occasioned by it. As an expression of brave determination the words reported of the victor, as having been uttered by him while to others his victory seemed as yet uncertain, "*J'y suis, et j'y reste*,"—There I am, and there I stay, became at once proverbial. Another famous saying associated with MacMahon seems less honourable to his memory. It is that in which Gambetta dared him when, as President of the French Republic, he was opposed to the action of a Republican majority,—"*Se soumettre ou se démettre*." He yielded at the time, but the second alternative seemed to be that chosen by him, when a couple of years afterwards he resigned the Presidency. The Crimean war, however, had been followed in three or four years by that with the Austrians in Italy, and there MacMahon won his title of Duke of Magenta. Nor did the subsequent misfortunes of the war with Germany dim the lustre of the laurels he had previously gained. Among a general deficiency and a revelation of fault and failing on every side, it was acknowledged that he held his ground with credit. He still showed himself a fearless soldier and an able general. The severe wound, moreover, received by him at the culminating disaster of Sedan saved him in a great degree from the humiliation of the surrender. Necessarily, as all the world knows, and as his name bespeaks, MacMahon was of Irish extraction, the association of his family with France dating from the unhappy days of the defeat of King James II. Inter-marriage had made him a Frenchman by blood, as well as by birth and education. He, nevertheless, inherited warm sympathies for Ireland, the land of his forefathers, to which especially he gave expression when on the termination of the Crimean war a sword was presented to him by the Irish people. With Marshal MacMahon has died the last of the great generals of the century. It remains, perhaps, for future wars to reveal to us their worthy successors.

A memory of another kind than that of Marshal MacMahon has been bequeathed to France by another of her sons, whose death has also, within the past week, taken place. We allude to the composer Gounod. His victories were confined to the peaceful realm of art—but possibly the glory conferred by them on his country was no less. A contrast, too, may be drawn in a remarkable respect between the fortunes of the soldier and those of the musician. MacMahon owed defeat to Germany; Germany owed a gift of exceeding richness to Gounod. The French composer, and he alone, had been inspired to adapt to the lyric stage the weird tale told by the prince of German poets. Truly it may seem strange that the child of the boulevards, born and brought up amid the jingle of Parisian levity, should conceive a fit musical expression for the creation of the grave Teutonic mind, brooding in its profoundest depths. French brilliancy, perhaps, is not, after all, the burning straw for which some philosophers would persuade us to accept it—and even on the boulevards all may not be idle glare. Gounod, also, had his depths. His spirit was grave and religious. If, also, his music has the brightness, the delicacy, and refinement of the Parisian genius, it combines beauty with substance. Gounod was a good man and a great composer—one of whose memory his country may well be proud.

The word *cosaque*, then, drops out of the French vocabulary, or, at least, if it remains there, takes quite another meaning. So far, it had signified every affliction that was barbarous and cruel. Now it stands for all that is friendly and charming. Are we to measure the French desire for vengeance or the French relief from the fear of Germany by the exuberance of the delight poured out at the visit of the Russian fleet to a French port, and of the visit of certain officers and men of the fleet to the French capital? Never did a welcome so run mad, even where it was possible to look upon it as sincere. But French traditions are opposed to friendship with Russia. Russia, indeed, may be regarded as a hereditary enemy of France, and some of the heaviest sufferings and deepest humiliations of the French people have been associated with her. We need not speak of the different forms of Government, the freedom of one country or

the despotism of the other, because between the freedom of the period and the despotism of the past there is much that is common—nor shall we speak of the people who are the perpetual victims of Russian tyranny, and for whom the French nation were supposed to feel a sincere sympathy. The freedom of the period contemplates with great serenity the slavery of a Catholic people. By their demonstrations in favour of their Russian visitors, however, the French people betray either a frantic desire for revenge, or a pusillanimous fear. Neither alternative adds to the fair fame of France.

A report from London runs to the effect that alarm at the aspect of affairs is felt in Catholic centres, and that the Pope contemplates a departure from Rome. Possibly. There are a great many things at present that, if they are understood at all, are understood only in the best informed quarters, and which might lead us to take with little surprise whatever may come. The demonstrations in France, of course, are aimed at the Triple Alliance, and in proportion to their fervour must be the strengthening of the bonds that unite the allied powers. But why should the matter exercise an adverse influence over the position of the Pope? It cannot be to the interest of Germany—who dominates the alliance—that the Holy See should be interfered with. On the contrary, the disposition of the Emperor has evidently been to conciliate it, and a very striking proof of this has been the visit, on his Majesty's invitation, of Cardinal Ledochowski, the proscribed prelate of the May Laws, to Berlin. We do not profess to have any particular information on the matter, but what seems to us a cause which might lead to the departure of the Pope from Rome is a perception that the revolutionary mob were likely to obtain a loose rein. Possibly there is some danger of this. We have lately, for example, heard of the throwing of dynamite bombs in a manner that appeared suggestive of weakness in the police arrangements of the city. Possibly the Pope may see reason to believe that the authorities are unable to provide for the safety of the Vatican, and, in that case, his departure would seem probable enough. To run a risk of having the palace, with its immense and unique treasures of science and art, destroyed by a brutal mob would, perhaps, seem to his Holiness a worse alternative than that of placing it under the protection of a foreign flag and risking the seizure of it by the Government. Or, again, in case of impending war, it might seem desirable to the Pope that he should take up a position where his surroundings would be neutral. The report, however, so far rests only on the authority of a London newspaper.

The Archbishop of Melbourne, in reply to a claim of Apostolical succession and continuity put forward for the Church of England by Bishop Goe, has delivered three lectures, of two of which full reports have reached us. The Archbishop has placed the position in a very clear light and it is difficult to see how any attempt to meet his arguments can be made. The Melbourne correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times*, meantime, acquaints us with some very foolish comments passed on the matter by a Presbyterian minister, the rev Alexander Marshall, of Scots Church, Collins street. Mr Marshall despises the Apostolical succession as an authoritative seal placed upon the Church, the organisation that, for example, according to the the Protestant historian Guizot, saved the Church and Christianity from perishing in the barbarian irruption of the early centuries, and which could only exist because of an assurance of the Apostolical succession he holds in derision. All obscurities of history explained in what he calls "dog Latin" he also derides. This divine evidently shares the belief that the Apostolical succession died out immediately after the Apostolic age, to be revived only, and almost exclusively in Northern Europe, in the sixteenth century. He makes the Apostolical succession a personal matter common to all, and to be appropriated by virtue of the individual's conceit. Well may the preacher express a contempt for "dog Latin." The language of theology never expressed even a suspicion of his doctrine. The imitation of Christ and his Apostles in thought and deed to which this divine points as the true Apostolical succession, is, indeed, necessary to the Christian. It however is possible alone by the grace of those sacraments which the authorised successors of the Apostles alone can administer. A metaphor about an empty bucket and thirsty souls introduced by the rev minister has no meaning where Catholics are concerned. On the whole his comment seems rather ignorant as well as extremely stupid.

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A deadly insect has appeared about the electric lights in Newport, Ky. People stung by it suffer intensely. A sudden swelling and a peculiar somnolent condition follow the bite. Michael Ryan was stung and died in a few days. Judge Helm of the Circuit Court is laid up with his neck swollen to twice its normal size. Harry Clark, another victim, is in a precarious condition. Local entomologists describe the bug as a winged spider.

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