

**A BOOK**

For the Home, for the Priest's Table, the College Library, the School Library, the Parochial Library, the Public Library, the Prize List, the Wedding Gift.

**"LECTURES AND REPLIES."**

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

"The Church and the Bible," "The Primacy of the Roman Pontiff," "The Primacy Further Considered," "The Origin of the Church of England," "The Church of England and the Church Catholic."

**THE JUBILEE EDITION.**

930 Pages, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, Gilt Letters. Worth a barnful of expensive 'book-fiend' books that cost from 30s to £12 each. Published price 8s, Posted 8s 10d.

Apply,  
MANAGER, 'Tablet,'  
Dunedin.

**MARRIAGE**

**SHAW-HAYES.**—At St. Mary's Church, Hokitika, on January 13th, 1908, by the Rev. Father Gilbert, Mary Ellen, eldest daughter of the late Patrick Hayes, to George Shaw, Wellington.

**DEATH**

**CARROLL.**—On January 28th, 1908, at her parents' residence, Bald Hill Flat, Johanna Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Pierce and Elizabeth Carroll, aged 21 years.—Rest in peace.

**IN MEMORIAM**

**McCORMICK.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Alicia McCormick, who died February 4th, 1905.—R.I.P.

**MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.**

*Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.*

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900. LEO XIII., P.M.

*TRANSLATION.*—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900. LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1908.

**THE PORTUGUESE TRAGEDY**



HERE has been a plot in Lisbon, some promiscuous shooting by armed regicides around a royal carriage in the open streets, and once again Mazzini's oft-preached doctrine of political assassination has claimed its victims. This time it is the blood of King Carlos of Portugal and of his murdered son, the Crown Prince, that calls to heaven. The assassins had quite evidently intended, at one fell swoop, to 'remove' to another sphere all the members of the Royal Family there present. But the apparently tardy defenders recovered from their first shock of surprise in time to avert the supreme sacrifice—to save, though by a narrow chance, the lives of

the distracted Queen and Prince Manuel. And thus it happens that Portugal has yet a King, and the happy Queen of yesterday is the weeping Regent of to-day.

Rulers have had so many trials and blisters in every age that one wonders how the trite expression ever arose: 'As happy as a King.' In olden days, danger to the life of a ruler (apart from the chances of war and accident and disease) came chiefly from the hand of some aspirant to the royal or ducal throne or presidential chair. The eighteenth century crystallised the movement which objected to the ruler who happened to wear a crown or diadem upon his head; and the nineteenth century created what Carlyle calls 'the choking, sweltering, deadly, and killing rule of no rule—anarchism.' Alfred the Great was, perhaps, about the only ruler of ancient or modern times who felt thankful for the dangers which compassed him round about, he regarded them as gentle blessings disguised in fierce-looking masks and playing rough but kindly-meant practical jokes upon him. 'Oh, what a happy man,' he once exclaimed, 'that man (Damocles) that had a naked sword hanging over his head from a single thread, as to me it always did!' Another of his sayings has a melancholy applicability to the murdered Portuguese royalties, whose blood was shed by children of their own nation as well as by the hand of assassins from beyond their borders. 'Desirest thou power?' Alfred asked. 'But,' answered he, 'thou shalt never obtain it without sorrows—sorrows from strange folk, and yet keener sorrows—from thine own kindred.' 'Hardship and sorrow!' exclaimed he at another time; 'not a king but would wish to be without these, if he could. But I know that he cannot.' In many respects the lot of rulers, as of the masses, is cast nowadays in pleasanter places than of old. But at no time, perhaps, in the history of civilised countries have rulers—whether Kings, Kaisers, Tsars, or Presidents—had more reason to dread the lurking, blow of the banded assassin; at no time have they had a keener or more pressing sense of being as hunted animals with sleuth-hounds ever in restless pursuit.

It appears that the sword had been for some time hanging over the head of King Carlos—or, rather, the pistol had been pointed at his heart, and the regicides were but waiting till opportunity should pull the trigger. The lurid fanaticism of the anarchist found an added pretext in the racking political maladies that have been for some time past afflicting Portugal. The original sin that brought on this weight of political woe was (according to report) the prevalence of 'graft' in parliamentary and administrative life, and the fierce rancor of party strife which, during the early months of the past year produced something like a legislative deadlock. Then (in May) the late King dissolved the Cortes; no new Parliament was called together; the Premier (Senhor Franco) and the Ministry were vested with dictatorial powers; and the government of the country was carried on by decree. These temporary departures from the customary constitutional methods of rule had for their object (says the London 'Times') the restoration of purity to Portuguese politics. But they not unnaturally produced sharp discontent, gave a filip to the propaganda of the republican party, and created the disturbed conditions in which the organised forces of disorder can most safely transfer their activity from the underground cellar and the dark conventicle to the surface of the sunlit earth. A part, and perhaps an important part, in the red work of the Lisbon regicides may have been played by men who were desirous of overturning the monarchy and setting up a republic in its stead. But, judging from such news as has come to us along the electric wire, foreign and domestic anarchists seem to have had a hand, or at least a finger, in the pie. These neurotic fanatics are little concerned with the speculative disquisitions of Proudhon or Max Steiner or Bakunin, but their motto is 'ni Dieu ni maître'

CIVIL AND HYDRAULIC ENGINEER, LICENSED SURVEYOR

**F. J. WILLIAMS**  
(Late Chief Hydraulic Engineer Waipori Falls Hydro, Electric System).

43 CRAWFORD STREET | 43  
DUNEDIN.  
WATER WORKS A SPECIALITY