· Driftwood '

One can hardly expect that Protestant Episcopalian leaders in the United States would view with anything like equanimity the large numbers of conversions to the Catholic Church that have, during the present year, taken place among their clergy and their sisterhoods. But one expects, at the same time, something better than the contemptuous term 'driftwood' that the Protestant Episcopalian Bishop of Philadelphia lately applied to clerical converts generally to the Catholic faith. This verbal missile is illaimed and wasted-like the copper coins and the flour that the Italian lackwit, Bertoldino, threw in his anger at the fishes. The 'driftwood' epithet moved the Western Watchman to make the following remarks: 'If there is any more "driftwood" like Manning and Newman and Spencer and Faber and Maturin and Dalgairns and scores more in England and the United States, not mentioning those who have recently come over in his own diocese and Philadelphia, we wish he would push them into the Rome can use such timber in the upbuilding of the glorious Church of God.'

Elections Then and Now

Sterne sighed over 'the sad vicissitude of things.' But' the glad vicissitude of things' better expresses the change which the secret ballot has introduced into the recurrent political spasms of parliamentary electioneering. Byron tells how

'One by one in turn, some grand mistake Casts off its bright skin yearly, like the snake.'

But it took many a weary year before the humble and dependent elector had thrown around him the welcome protection of secret From the end of the eighteenth century the movement for the secret ballot in the United Kingdom made slow and toilsome headway, with many a check and many a stop. us in New Zealand, voting by ballot is so far, and has been so long, bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of our parliamentary and municipal institutions, that it seems to be, as it were, of the nature of things And the young New Zealand elector who dropped his folded voting paper into the urn last week can hardly realise that, only a little over thirty years ago, elections in Great Britain-and to a vastly greater extent in Irelandwere accompanied by all the intimidation, the disorder, and the corruption to which the open' system was so liable. Secret voting was introduced into the British Isles by Mr. Forster's Ballot Act of 1872. There are those who miss the tornadoes of fun' that whirled around the old open-voting single polling station for borough or county, with its hustings, its stormy oratory, the bantering of candidates, the whisky-drinking and the skull-cracking, and (further back) the duelling contests, in which such redoubtable knights of the hair-trigger as 'Bully' Egan figured of a frosty morning. But people with little taste for the gladiatorial side of life will welcome the peace and order and decorum which the ballot has thrown around this exercise of a grave citizen right and duty.

The last open-vote election in Ireland-perhaps in the British Isles-was 'the Kerry election of Home Rule.' It took place on February 9, 1872, and resolved itself into a trial of strength between the spirit of Nationalism that was stirring in the hearts of the people, and the might of the landlord party, who made a last desperate effort to drive their tenants to the polls, in the old way, like so many head of cattle driven to fair or market. And the power of rackrenting, eviction, and confiscation of tenant-property that still rested with the landlords made opposition to their plans a rather risky piece of amusement. The rival candidates were Blennerhassett (a young Protestant Home Ruler), and Dease, the landlord and Tory nominee. The description of the contest forms one of the most enlivening chapters in A. M. Sullivan's New Ireland. Troops—horse and foot—were poured into Kerry county for the contest. 'The landlords,' says Sullivan, who was an eye-witness, 'hired vacant buildings, courts, or yards, in which to secure their tenants the night before the poll. In virtue of their powers as magistrates, they requisitioned detachments of foot and lancers for the purpose of escorting" those voters to the booths. The streets of Tralee rang with the bugles or echoed to the drums of military arriving by train or departing for Dingle, Listowel, Cachirciveen, Castleisland, etc. All this intensified the prevailing excitement.'

Here is an incident of this historic election which is worth transcribing as a fair sample of the methods that were followed in dealing with voters as 'dumb, driven cattle':

'From Dingle, distant some twenty miles, a great avalanche was to have overwhelmed us. The story of "the Dingle contingent" was told me in great delight. Mr. De Moleyns, it seems, had gathered as many conveyances as would transport a small army corps, and quite a formidable body of cavalry had proceeded to Dingle to escort the cavalcade. When it started for Tralee it was fully a quarter of a mile in length; Mr. De Moleyns riding proudly at its head. After it had gone some miles he turned back to make some inquiry at the rear of the procession. Great was his dismay to behold the last five or six cars empty. "Where are the voters who were on these cars?" he stormily shouted at the drivers.

"The wothers, Captain? Some of them slipped down there to walk a bit of the road, and faix we're thinking that they're not coming at all."

"Halt! halt!" he cried; and, full of rage, galloped to the head of the cavalcade. He called on the officer in command of the cavalry to halt for a while, and detail a portion of his men for duty in the rear; when, lo! he now noticed that half a dozen cars at the front had, in his brief absence, totally lost their occupants. According to my informants, Mr. De Moleyns, losing all temper, more forcibly than politely accused the officer of want of vigilance and neglect of duty; whereupon the latter sharply replied:

sharply replied:

""What, sir! do you think I and my men have come here to be your bailiffs? I am here to protect these men, if they want protection; not to treat them as prisoners. And now, sir, I give you notice I will halt my men no more. Ready,

men! Forward! March!"

' By this time fully a third of the voters had escaped. There was nothing for it but to push on. At the village of Castlegregory, however, the severest ordeal awaited them. Here they found the entire population of the place-men, women, and children-occupying the road; the old parish priest standing in the middle of the highway, his grey hair floating in the wind. The villagers, chiefly the women, well knowing how the voters felt, poured out to them adjurations and appeals. in a few brief sentences, reached every heart. "Ah, sons of Kerry," said he, "where is your pride and manhood, to be dragged like prisoners or carted like cattle in this way? And for what? That you may give the lie to your own conscience, and give a stab to your country, poor Ireland!" With one wild shout the voters sprang from the cars and disappeared in the body of the crowd. The grand "Dingle cavalcade" was a wreck, and Mr. De Moleyns, sad at heart, rode into Tralee at the head of an immense array of empty cars.'

That was the last open-vote election in Ireland. The popular candidate (Blennerhassett) won the day. Five months later—on July 13, 1872—the Ballot Act received the royal signature. 'That Act,' says our author, 'gave a death-blow to electoral intimidation from whatever quarter directed, and delivered the reality of political power at the polls, for the first time, into the hands of the people themselves.'

ANGLICAN ORDERS

THE QUESTION OF THEIR VALIDITY

To the Editor, N.Z. Tablet.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—I have to thank both you and the Rev. Father Goggan for the trouble you have taken to reply to my queries on the above subject. In seeking for light I did not intend to enter into controversy, but if it is not trespassing too much on your space I should like to discuss some of the points raised by Father Goggan in his interesting, exhaustive, and impartial commentary in your issue of the 22nd ult.

1. With respect to the impotency of Barlow, one of Parker's consecrators. It has been sought to prove that Barlow was no true bishop, and that he was not consecrated either on his appointment to St. Asaph's or St. David's in 1536, simply because he expressed contempt for his own orders. The consequences such a supposition involve are peculiar, not to say, incomprehensible. It means that a man appointed bishop by the king could induce those who ought to have consecrated him to omit the ceremony, and thus subject themselves to the penalties contained in the Statute of Praemunire under Act 25, Henry VIII., c. 20; it also means that he could sit among the bishops and vote both in the House of Lords and in Convocation without being challenged; it further means that he could carry on a long lawsuit with his chapter at St. David's which he must have

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