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## Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LOOTING  
IN  
WAR.

TIMES (or, rather, circumstances) change. But, despite the well-known Latin saw, we don't all of us keep pace with the change. Some lag a little, some a long way, behind, like footsore infantry or jaded cavalry on a forced march. In war the pace of 'advanced' sentiment has, ever since the days when Christianity first left its impress on public life, been generally too furious for those whose leaden heels were trammelled by the chain and ball of older and rougher custom. Mrs. Grundy is still a power to be counted with, even by dashing general officers. Her code of propriety and respectability is the social echo—sometimes, indeed, a feeble and badly refracted echo—of the Christian sentiment which it has taken 18 centuries to create. And she will have nothing of looting and private plunder, much less of city-sacking, unless, indeed, it be done *sub rosa* and the war correspondents don't make a blowing-horn of it. For war is a business affair nowadays, with its ledgers and its assessment of material and moral damages. But it is, or rather is supposed to be, an eminently respectable and 'proper' line of business—for proclamations of 'no quarter' went out (on paper) in 1818, and the days of the plundering mercenary are as dead as the times of the Barmecides. We have neither leisure nor inclination to pound each others' brains out to the accompaniment of the flowing courtesies of the knights of chivalry. But from the serene heights of international codes we look down with complacent contempt on the bad old times of long ago, when the vanquished enemy's dead and wounded were stripped upon the field, when every city taken by assault was given over to plunder, and when some of them were razed to the ground as well, ploughed up, and salt sprinkled upon their sites. Nowadays private property of the enemy is, indeed, liable to seizure. But it is (nominally at least) the official seizure known as a requisition. Official receipts are supposed to be given to the owners, who are supposed to be recouped out of the indemnity payable by the losing party at the close of the struggle. The unauthorised seizure of the private property of the enemy for the private benefit of the soldier is against the spirit and the letter of modern wars, and a soldier caught in the act of plundering the dead or wounded is (on paper) supposed to have his anatomy riddled with bullets by a firing party, and that, too, without the formality of a trial. Such rules represent the 'advanced' sentiment regarding the rights of private property in war. But they denote an ideal to be attained by the modern warrior rather than actual achievements in the line of military conduct. As in many other matters, so here, Thomas Atkins, Esq., lags sadly behind the framers of the international code and the sentiments of the high-placed officers who are supposed to see to its observance.

During the course of the last Greco-Turkish war, the Porte was within an inch of seizing upon the property of all Greek merchants residing within the Sultan's dominions. Therein appeared the mind of the barbarian. Almost five centuries ago provision was made in the Magna Charta for the protection of the property of all foreign merchants whose countries might be at any time at war with England. Unfortunately the old traditions of plunder have not, thus far, disappeared from the armies of any of the fighting nations. Thus—not to go too far back—the wholesale plunder carried out by the French troops in the Peninsula War had two conspicuous offsets in the sacking of Badajoz and San Sebastian by the British soldiers. The story seems well authenticated that when Blucher visited London he looked out over the great wilderness of brick and stone from the dome of St. Paul's and exclaimed: 'Great heavens, what a city to sack!' The unchangeable East was, however, the place of all others where the phrase, 'the fortunes of war,' came to have a reality of meaning experienced, perhaps, in no part of the earth since the days of the conquest of Mexico and Peru. The Indian Mutiny

originated many a military fortune—and especially the sack of Delhi after its fall on September 21, 1857. Some two years later the victorious French and British troops entered Peking and set themselves to the best of their abilities to stripping the city of its valuables. The French had the first innings at looting and did their work remarkably well. But of the pickings they left, enough remained to add considerable wealth to the pockets of hundreds of British fighting men of all ranks. Looting was tolerably frequent during the American Civil War—the Irish regiments being, however, with some others, conspicuous and honourable exceptions in this matter. Thus, a Protestant Episcopalian clergyman tells the following story of Sherman's visit to Mecklenburg county. The mansion of this clergyman's brother was looted from attic to cellar, with the exception of the room in which the owner's wife lay ill.

She was (this clergyman writes) confined to her chamber, when it was suddenly threatened by an excited group of soldiers maddened with liquor. In vain did the physician who was in attendance remonstrate with the ruffians, who insisted on forcing the door in search of plunder. At this moment an Irish soldier came to the rescue, took his place as sentinel at the door, hurled back the crowd, and remained there for several hours the faithful guardian of that sick chamber, until the house was freed from its invaders. Every nook and corner was searched, everything plundered that could be taken away, every apartment rifled save that sheltered under the eyes of the brave-hearted Irish soldier.

All this recalls the story told by Maguire regarding a soldier of the Ninth Connecticut (Irish) Regiment who was placed as sentinel before a mansion in New Orleans which had been intended for the headquarters of General Butler. The family had apparently been driven out of the house at short notice and, probably, with the scant ceremony that is supposed to be appropriate to times of war. The sentry's monotonous pacing to and fro in front of the mansion was soon interrupted by the appearance of a smartly-dressed young lady who came out by the front door of the house and (says Maguire) 'with an air half timid and half coaxing said: "Sir, I suppose you will permit me to take these few toys in my apron? Surely General Butler has no children who require such things as these?" "Young woman," replied the sentry, in a sternly abrupt tone, that quite awed his petitioner, "my orders are peremptory—not a toy or thing of any kind can pass this door while I am here. But, Miss," added the inflexible guardian in quite a different tone, "if there is such a thing as another door, or a back window, you may take away as many toys as you can find, or whatever else you wish. I have no orders against it. And the more you take the better I'll be pleased, God knows." "The palpable hint," Maguire adds, 'was adopted, and it is to be hoped that something more than the toys was saved to the owners of the mansion.'

Readers of the history of the great Franco-German struggle of 1870-1 will readily recall the remorseless exactions of the Germans on the French population, and the free and easy but business-like completeness of the looting done by the invaders from beyond the Rhine. In his *Diary of a Besieged Resident*. Mr. Labouchere, M.P., thus refers to the matter:—

The Prussian army may have many excellent qualities, but chivalry is not among them. War with them is a business. When a nation is conquered there is to be no sentimental pity for it, but as much is to be made out of it as possible. Like the elephant, which can crush a tree and pick up a needle, they conquer a province and pick a pocket. As soon as a Prussian is quartered in a room, he sends for a box and some straw; then he carefully and methodically packs up the clock on the mantelpiece and all the stray ornaments which he can lay his hands on, and then, with a tear glistening in his eye for his absent family, directs them either to his mother or his wife or his lady-love. In vain the proprietor protests: the philosophical Prussian utters the most noble sentiments respecting the horrors of war; ponderously explains that the French do not sufficiently appreciate the benefits of peace; and that he is one of the humble instruments whose mission it is to make these blessings clear to them. Then he rings the bell and in a mild, gentle voice, orders his box of loot to be carried off by his military servant.

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Strangely enough, clocks and pianos, as well as the contents of the wine-cellar, formed the chief attraction for the soldier of the Fatherland when fighting for his country on the soil of France.

We have already dealt editorially with the scandalous and wholesale looting of churches, convents, and private houses in the Philippines by both the officers and men of a number of the American regiments that were on service in the islands. The Sudan campaigns of 1885 and 1898 did not offer a very promising field to Thomas Atkins when in search of booty. Nevertheless many of the soldiers returned home from both campaigns with tidy sums in their fobs. Two privates realised over £400 by loot taken during the military operations of 1885. From the letters published from time to time in the New Zealand dailies we learn that looting is by no means an unusual incident of the present campaign in South Africa. A London weekly now before us is responsible for the statement that two British privates swelled their purses by more than £100 each by plunder taken by them after the battle of Elandslaagte. A letter from the seat of war published some time ago in the *Otago Daily Times* states that the writer witnessed a British regular rifling the pockets of a prisoner. In the columns of the same paper a member of the New Zealand Contingent details how he and certain others of his party entered a private house in British territory and 'annexed' therein a watch, a roll of music, and—a bundle of love letters! The story is told with a serene and amazing unconsciousness of guilt. For the life of us we cannot see how, in the moral order, all this differs from shop-lifting or pocket-picking. Military precept—as expressed in international law—is still manifestly leagues in advance of military practice; and we are evidently still far off from the verification of Leone Levi's statement that an armed conflict between nation and nation is merely 'a duel between the military and naval forces of the States at war.'

A CABLE message in Monday's daily papers CONCERNING reads as follows: 'Twelve thousand shells BOMBARDMENTS. were thrown into Ladysmith. They did little damage, and killed only 35 persons and wounded 188.' A small result, in good truth, for such an amount of powder-blazing and shell-bursting and multitudinous and costly din! But it is the usual story of practically all later sieges which did not end in assault and capture. For instance, the Germans, under General von Werder, drew an iron cordon round Strassburg in the middle of August, 1870. On August 24 they started the bombardment of the city, and kept up a hurricane of shells at close range almost without cessation till its surrender on September 28. During that period they dropped no fewer than 103,722 shells into the famous old cathedral city. A good third of the city was battered into heaps of rubbish or set on fire. Some 10,000 people were driven out of the ruined or battered houses. But the accidents to life and limb were ridiculously out of proportion to the enormous expenditure of metal—the victims counting only some three hundred. Belfort was subjected to a searching bombardment from December 3, 1870, till, by direction of the French Government (then conducting the preliminaries of peace) its garrison surrendered with the honours of war on February 16, 1871. As many as 99,453 projectiles were dropped into the pleasant little town; but they accounted for the death of only sixty persons all told. Verdun was bombarded three times by the Germans. The first two were with field-guns, and Dr. Russell said that the investing force 'might just as well have bombarded Verdun with cherry-stones.' The third was performed with siege guns. The shells displaced great quantities of stone and brick and mortar and dug up sundry cavities in the earth. But the loss of human life was insignificant, and the surrender of Verdun was brought about by reasons that had no reference whatever to any punishment that the garrison may have received.

Paris and its surrounding forts and fortified villages offer further evidence of the relative harmlessness of bombardments to human life. Six hundred shells thrown into Fort Nogent on January 2, 1871, did no damage beyond displacing a few hatfulls of earth and barrow-loads of bricks and stones, and slightly 'barking' the cuticle of an incautious French soldier. The incident reminds one of the fierce bombardment of Matanzas (Cuba) by the American warships: the net result of all the din and uproar and the expenditure of tons of ammunition and of tens of thousands of dollars was the docking of the tail of one Spanish army-mule! Between December 27, 1870, and New Year's Day, 1871, the Germans poured as many as 25,000 projectiles into Forts Noisy, Rosny, and Nogent. 'Yet even two days later,' says a well-known historian of the war, 'only thirty men had been killed and a hundred wounded, and the walls had not been seriously injured.' And yet we are told that the German's shell-fire 'was astonishingly good.' Casemates, 'dug-outs' (as in Ladysmith and Kimberley) and a sharp lookout for shells—the

soldier will add the unknown element called 'luck'—account only in a small measure for the little loss of life that is caused by even the most terrific bombardment. The war correspondent of the *Times*, after a visit to Fort Rosny, said: 'The general opinion in the fort was that a bombardment, though it made a good deal of noise, and seemed very frightful to the uninitiated, did, in fact, but little harm. This, however, could only be true of buildings specially made to encounter such visitations. Bombs falling on the fragile roofs of ordinary houses, or exploding against windows, are enemies of a very terrific nature.' Only four persons were killed and ten wounded by 16,000 to 18,000 shells that fell in and about Fort Vanvres. Only 107 persons were killed or wounded by some 10,000 shells which the Germans threw into Paris during a bombardment which lasted 23 days. And as in Kimberley and Ladysmith, the Parisians, in the first novelty of the siege, 'scrambled' for the scattered fragments of the exploded shells. In a siege, hunger and disease are worse enemies than hurtling shells. Of this Ladysmith, like Paris, has had an abundant experience.

#### BULLETS AND THEIR BILLETS.

It is evident from all this that you are about as safe from the enemy's shells in a bombarded town as, in a thunderstorm, you would be from the electric fluid in a four-poster feather-bed. Perhaps it is the comparative bloodlessness of bombardments that has given rise to the legend that it takes a ton of metal to kill a man in war. In the siege of Paris—and we believe our estimate to be correct—it took about two hundred weight for every person *hit*; at Fort Vanvres, about four and a quarter tons for every man *killed*. The bombardment of Samoan villages by the British and American war-ships probably furnished an equally absurd disparity between effort and achievement. We don't know how much weight of metal it took to sever the partnership between the soul and body of one of Mataafa's warriors during those costal bombardments. But it took several broadsides from a British war-vessel and an expenditure of several thousand pounds sterling to kill a harmless Mataafa porker that was straying promiscuously about a deserted seaside village—it cost only £9000 worth of ammunition (5,681 projectiles) to send Admiral Montojo's fleet to the bottom of Manila Bay. It was confidently predicted that troops in the open would be pounded into mincemeat—a most magnificent and unexampled slaughter!—after the advent of quick-firing, long-range guns, high explosives, and Mauser, Krag-Jorgensen, Lebel, and Lee-Metford magazine rifles that sputter bullets with a pressure of nearly 18 tons to the square inch, and with an initial velocity of a mile a second. Here is one of those hot-brained estimates given by a 'military expert' a few years ago, before the recently improved Maxims and Lyddite were heard of:—

A regiment of 700 infantry armed with the Krag-Jorgensen rifle, a six-gun battery of small breech-loading cannon, and a couple of Gatling guns, open fire on an opposing force of 1500 men at a distance of 3000 yards. During the first minute's fire alone 36 shrapnel explode in the face of the enemy, hurling at them 10,800 messengers of death. The two Gatling guns fire 2000 shots, and 700 men discharge 14,000 bullets. Thus, within 60 seconds, the advancing ranks are swept by a hail of over 26,000 missiles, which will scarcely fail to lay 1000 men in the dust. Another such minute of havoc, and all that is left of an army is a mere handful of flying men.

In other words, 26 shots are to disable a man. But this supposes an altogether unusual coolness and accuracy of fire on the part of both gunners and riflemen. It is very doubtful if the improvement in accuracy of shooting has been at all commensurate with the improvement in the weapons that have been placed in Mr. Atkins's hands. In the British army there are many capital individual marksmen. But the shooting average is and long has been admittedly low, as it was also in the days of the Snider and Martini-Henry. A military writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* tells how, at the battle of Ulundi, the British troops blazed away solidly for twenty minutes at thousands of yelling Zulus that were attacking them in the open. When the crackling of the rifles was stilled it was found that only a few of the dark-skins had fallen, and that fourteen out of fifteen of the soldiers had been burning gunpowder for a third of an hour without doing any bodily damage to the enemy. When a 'bould soj-r boy' loses—or has not acquired—perfect steadiness he's a poor shot, and would as often miss as hit a haystack at ten yards off. In his *Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles* the noted war correspondent, Archibald Forbes, has the following in point:—

I remember standing with a German general before Metz watching a skirmish. The German battalion engaged happened to consist chiefly of young soldiers, and they were not very steady. The old general shrugged his shoulders and observed: 'Dey vant to be a little shot; dey vill do better next time.'

'All young soldiers,' Forbes adds, 'need to be "a little shot" before they become steady enough to fire coolly and tolerably straight when bullets are zipping and shells crashing about them. The first Napoleon expressed the same idea in

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characteristic fashion. 'Give me 100,000 men,' said he, 'and when one-third have been killed I shall have made soldiers of those who remain.' But this is not the least of the horrors of war, that until soldiers have been 'blooded' and acquired an easy familiarity with wounds and death, they will shoot wildly, and may, on occasion, be almost as dangerous to friends as foes. This—together with resort to cover, and the adoption of the open skirmishing order and the 'loose attack'—accounts in some degree for the fact that so many bullets never find their intended billets. For instance, in the Crimean War, the Russians fired about 910 shots for every man they slew; the British, 700; the French, 590. In the Franco-German war, the victors fired at a rate of 400 shots for every 'kill.' During the American Civil War the United States Ordnance Department served out 12,000 tons of gunpowder, 42,000 tons of lead, and 1022 million rounds of cartridge. How much of this remained unused at the close of the war we cannot say. But the vast bulk of powder and lead actually used accounted for the deaths of only 26,720 Southerners and the wounding of 101,843. The Spanish-American war was a singularly bloodless one. So—considering the numbers engaged—has been the South African campaign thus far. We have waded through too much war literature and hobnobbed with too many soldiers of various nationalities that have passed through big campaigns—like, for instance, that of 1870—to be much impressed by raw and gushing war correspondents' heated tales of 'hails of bullets,' 'storms of lead,' and the hourly miracles of skirmish or battle. Bloch's recent work, *Modern Warfare*, laid down the principle that the frontal attacks, so frequently resorted to by British officers in South Africa before Lord Roberts came upon the scene, would be impossible without immense loss and great numerical superiority on the part of the attacking force. It is quite true that the frontal attacks were, especially on the line of the Tugela, very generally repulsed. But by comparison with, say, Jena and Gravelotte and Leipzig and Sedan and Moscow and Wagram and Waterloo, the percentage of casualties was singularly inconsiderable. At the Modder river they were only 7½ per cent. The Boer—with all his reputation as a marksman—is, in the mass, evidently given to high and wild firing, even when his human game is crossing the open veldt. Despite the long range, low trajectory, and rapid fire of repeating rifles, every bullet is happily far from having its billet; and it is, on the whole, doubtful if the relative mortality from weapons of war is as great to-day in the combats of white men as it was in the days of the old Brown Bess, when soldiers set to work in close order, blazed away at the enemy at a hundred yards' range, and then 'sailed in' for a red and murderous *mêlée* with the bayonet.

RATS!

BACTERIOLOGISTS have sheeted home to the mosquito the charge of spreading the malaria by inoculation. They have also convicted the

rat, by evidence direct and circumstantial, of being the active agent in the propagation of the dread bubonic plague which now threatens New Zealand from Noumea and from several chief Australian ports. Our Government has waked up to a just conception of the dangers of the microscopic germs that those rodents may at any moment discharge upon our shores from beneath the sleek surface of their well-licked fur; and at Auckland and elsewhere traps are set in all sorts of likely and unlikely places to prevent the landing of those undesired and undesirable immigrants from the infected ports beyond the water. The passage of hordes of migrant rats has time and again alarmed the hamlets and villages along their track. But this is, perhaps, the first time in history that the *mus ratus* has given a genuine shock of fright to the nations and originated an anti-rat crusade by the health authorities of all the Continents. Hitherto the rat was regarded chiefly in the light of an assiduous and expert thief—a sort of four-footed Arifful Dodger—and his depredations were viewed with good-natured tolerance, or at worst, with a harmless peevishness that passed almost as quickly as it rose. Thus the rat-plague which arose in Birmingham early in 1898 on the closing of the old meat markets afforded a source of daily amusement to the inhabitants, who assembled to watch the fierce fighting of the starving rodents over such unconsidered trifles as a bit of orange-peel in the gutter. Some centuries ago the rats were summoned to appear before the court of Antun (France) to answer for the depredations which they were then committing in the grain-fields round about. Chassené was appointed their advocate, and the court went gaily through all the solemn tomfooleries of trying the absent nibblers. A conviction was not, however, secured, owing to the brilliant oratorical nonsense rattled off by Chassené. Even at Hamelin—in the tale of the Pied Piper—the poet makes merry over the varied and energetic mischief wrought by the rats:—

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

In China the rat is a culinary luxury. During the siege of Paris in 1870-71 he proved a real benefactor to the ironbound city. Pits were dug here and there and filled with a sweet glucose syrup which proved an irresistible tippie to the *gourmet* rodents. They were captured by the thousand in the midst of their feast, promptly turned into dead meat, and sold at a high price—sometimes under the euphemistic designation of 'young rabbit.' It is by no means clear that a rose by any other name is sweet, and we have it on the authority of a besieged resident that rat-pie with mushroom sauce is much more palatable when served up as rabbit. The rat's discreditable association with such bad company as the germs of the bubonic plague will discount his value as a table dainty even in a protracted siege. But our Governments will probably find it as 'sweaty work' to suppress the rat as to suppress that other prolific rodent, the rabbit.

While upon this subject we cannot do better than quote the following bit of practical wisdom which 'The Flâneur' 'gets off' under the guise of a fable in a recent issue of the *Sydney Freeman's Journal*:—

Concerning the bubonic plague, I have nothing scientific to say, but I have a short story with a very useful moral to relate. An Arab Sheik was riding along one day when he saw a poor old hag fainting at the foot of a tree. And getting off his horse he ministered to her wants, and taking her up behind him, pillion fashion, he carried her to the gates of Bagdad. There the hag alighted and said: 'I am the dread bubonic plague, but so great has been your kindness that I promise not to slay more than sixty persons in this city.' It so happened, however, that about 40,000 persons died, and the Sheik meeting the hag when the fearful trouble was over was about to split her in two with his sword when she said: 'Don't blame me! I kept my word. The plague killed no more than sixty people. *Fear, blind unreasoning fear, killed all the rest!*'

Should the Australian or New Caledonian rats succeed in giving the bubonic plague a local habitation in New Zealand, our Public Health Department might do worse than post up this useful little fable in public places as a tag or appendix to such other regulations as it may promulgate for the protection of Maorilanders from the new microscopic king of terrors which threatens us.

CARICATURES OF THE CHURCH.

THE TRUTH LAUGHINGLY TOLD.

At Birmingham England, recently Rev. J. McIntyre, D.D., of Oscott College, delivered an address which is well worth quoting. At the outset the speaker announced that his subject would be 'Looking Glasses.' He said in part:

'Now, looking glasses are of various kinds and qualities. Some looking glasses give back a reflection clear and precise and definite, and a man can know what he is like. Ladies never look at one, of course. But there are some other looking glasses which distort the figure they are supposed to reflect, and instead of a portrait give simply a caricature. Everybody knows what he looks like when he tries to see himself in a spoon.'

'Now, the Catholic Church is a great factor in the public life of the world. The Catholic Church has her own features, and her own figure, but those features and that figure vary upon mirrors of different kinds, and we know how distorted is the picture which is painted of the Catholic Church when she is supposed to be reflected from minds that are not Catholic. When we read the public Press, when we read the periodicals that are poured out in countless numbers, what grotesque caricatures do we find of that great, that noble, that divine institution which we know the Catholic Church to be. To-night I propose to set before you some half-dozen of the caricatures of the Catholic Church, which in the world outside sometimes stand for true authentic portraits. I am going to look at a number of mirrors—non-Catholic mirrors—and see what picture of the Catholic Church is drawn on them.'

THE BENEVOLENT OLD LADY.

'The first, I think, will be that of the benevolent old lady. She is brought up in the old orthodox school. She reads no book that was not a hundred years of age when she was a child. Her thoughts live in the distant past. She scarcely knows anything of Catholic Emancipation, and perhaps never even heard of Home Rule. She lives in a little world of her own, yet she is large-hearted, very sympathetic. She subscribes generously to those numberless institutions that are formed in this practical country of England, to send out to the blacks of Africa or the Equator trowsers which they do not want and moral pocket handkerchiefs which they cannot read. She subscribes, I say, generously to all these things, but what she delights in most is in tract distributing. She is a thorough believer in tracts. She thinks "those poor benighted Papists only want a little of the illumination of divine truth in order to be converted in shoals, and she lays in a large supply of tracts. These have wonderful titles, these tracts, if you have ever seen any of them. There is "The Wooden-legged Sailor, or Virtue Triumphant." Another will be "The Pious Washerwoman of Finchley Common." Well, the old lady is fond of going about and leaving these tracts in the waiting-rooms at railway stations, in omnibuses, and anywhere where she hopes some casual passer-by—a Catholic—will take it up and be enlightened. On foggy nights, perhaps, she may be observed stealing along some quiet Catholic street pushing a tract under the door, and her face beams even

through the fog with a glory of heavenly delight as of one who has been performing a most apostolic action. Well, the old lady's face beams because she thinks that every tract is like a pinch of salt which she has cleverly put on the tail of the simple Catholic bird.

#### THE MORAL DON QUIXOTE.

'The next mirror that would come before us might be described as a mirror of the moral Don Quixote. The moral Don Quixote is generally a half-pay officer who has come back from abroad with a shattered liver, and, in consequence, he is very fiery, very ill-tempered, and exceedingly peppery. Shattered in health, all his vices have left him, and he is under the impression that he has left his vices, and in consequence he suffers from a deal of moral exaltation. He is a great hero for "the pure Word of God." He may be found very frequently at Bible meetings, thundering out the terrors of the prophets against "the Scarlet Woman of Rome." He is terrific on enlightenment, on the open Bible, on freedom and liberty. He can describe as no one else can describe all the dread horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. You get the dark dungeons and the clanking chains, but he will stand forward as the modern hero in defence of freedom of religion and of the Church as by law established. To hear him talk you would imagine that the Inquisition had a branch establishment just round the corner, but that he has got his eye on it. He talks as familiarly of the Scarlet Woman, of her thoughts and of her doings, that sometimes I have suspected that she was once an old flame of his, and that now he is so fiercely talking against her because she jilted him. For such a one we can pray that the Scarlet Woman may not catch hold of him at last.

#### THE HARMLESS LUNATIC.

'The next portrait—I have taken them up casually without very much thought—that comes before us is that very common specimen which I may call the harmless lunatic. He is generally created by the fiery denunciations of the half-pay officer. He has heard this respectable member of society thundering so much about the horrors of the Church of Rome that it has seized the poor man's brain and nerves, and he goes about in a constant state of fancies, fears, and alarms. Before he goes to bed at night he is half afraid that he will find the Pope lurking in some dark corner waiting to throttle him when he is asleep. If he sees a priest coming along the road he slips round a corner immediately for fear of being bewitched. Every morning he is half afraid that some secret hand has been pouring holy water into his coffee. Not only is he full of alarms himself, but he tries to fill everybody else with the same fears that have taken possession of him. The image of "Popish ascendancy" is always hovering round him, and he is half afraid that any morning he may awake to find that his hair has been cropped close, and that for the rest of his days he must go about in wide trousers and wooden shoes. If we could get really at the back of his brain I think we should find a constant impression there is a modern Guy Fawkes with a barrel of gunpowder, and that every policeman—the harmless necessary policeman—is a Jesuit in disguise. He is very fond of asking darkly significant, blood-curdling questions. "What does it all mean? I am told," he says, "that the Queen goes to France every year. What does she do it for? Why does she go to France? Is it to make her annual confession, and to perform her Easter duty?" He is quite convinced that her Majesty has been converted, and sneaks off to France for fear the British public should notice what she is doing. This man is quite persuaded that a good majority of the House of Commons is in the pay of the Vatican, and he tells how "Home Rule means Rome rule," and that the Home Rule members were bought with Vatican gold. He knows—he has been told on the most respectable authority—that at the present moment a Roman Catholic in disguise is acting as cook to Lord Salisbury, and that they are arranging the terms and the price for which Lord Salisbury is going to sell England to Rome.

#### THE MAN WHO "KNOWS A THING OR TWO"

'The next specimen of the non-Catholic looking-glass or mirror is the man who knows a thing or two. He has read a sixpenny book on science or a sixpenny book on history. To him the creation of the universe is as plain and simple as the making of an apple dumpling. You cannot "take him in." He knows what is what, and when his gigantic intellect has been well fed with its sixpenny stock of scientific oil it throws out that vast, that piercing, that overwhelming electric light on the Romish system, and you see all its errors melting away. He is a man who talks very largely about "effete superstitions." He talks very loudly about the progress of science, and he talks about clearing people out of the way, and not standing in the way of progress, but has his advice to offer us, and it is thus that we were convinced that we were completely played out, and he thinks we ought to turn our attention seriously how to die decently.

#### THE PAID ROGUE.

'The fifth specimen is a sad one. He is what I may call "the paid rogue." He is the man who drops letters from a balloon down the chimney of a convent, and some poor unhappy nun inside finds it and reads it, and by some way not explained or accounted for, she manages to send him a letter back in reply. And then there come the glorious scene of the rescuer. All the penny dreadfuls rolled into one are plain prose compared with the deeds that he has performed as he rescues some unhappy girl. He rushes through fire with her hanging over his arm. He bursts through iron doors. He pulls down stone walls, and with a sword he terrifies some mother superior. These things happen in places never named. The geography is most indefinite, but occasionally awkward questions are asked, and he is asked to specify the country, the village, and the convent. If ever he specifies any place he is gone before the refutation can come—indeed, he always takes good care to be a couple of days in advance of the refutation. We bear such a man no malice. The money he earns he earns hard, and he gets the money of none but those who richly deserve to lose it.

#### THE GEM OF THE COLLECTION.

'The sixth, and the last, is rather the plum of the whole collection. He is the choice gem of all. One hardly knows what name to give him, but perhaps the best would be "the Arabian Nights' Entertainer." He is exceedingly moral. He always bears about him a sort of religious halo—the sort of glow that you find on a bad oyster in the dark. He is the man who converted a whole village in Spain. He was travelling in Spain, and he happened to meet a poor carpenter, and he spoke to the carpenter and said, "Do you know Christ?" The carpenter, being a Catholic, of course, had never heard who Christ was, so he takes good care to instruct him. The tears of gratitude flow down the cheeks of that enlightened carpenter, so he presents him with a New Testament. Of course the carpenter cannot read it, but he generally takes it to the village schoolmaster, and when the village schoolmaster has read a page or two he says: "This is a dangerous book; we must take it to the priest." So after the village schoolmaster takes the New Testament to the priest then comes the tragic touch. The priest, instead of being furiously indignant at the schoolmaster—with a view to a continuance in office expected—instead of being furiously indignant, the priest is melted straight away, and, carried along in a stream of religious ecstasy, "I did not know," he says, "that such a book existed." Of course then there is the embrace between the moral character and the priest, and the priest undertakes to read a bit of the New Testament to his congregation every Sunday. The story finishes with the hope that the poor man will not fall into the hands of the Inquisition. It is the same man who describes with carefulness of detail his interview with her Majesty the Queen. He is the man upon whose head her Majesty laid her hands and said, "Yes, I know that the greatness of England depends on the fact that my subjects read the Bible, and this I know and this I feel, that my throne and the British Empire are safe so long as there is only one moral man like you in my dominions."

#### HE 'SEES THE POPE.

'But the Arabian Nights' Entertainer goes on to speak further. Sometimes he has had an interview with our Holy Father the Pope. How the interview came about we do not know, but he knows everything that passes between the Pope and the Cardinals, as though himself had been born and bred in the Vatican. What the Cardinal whispered to the Pope and what the Pope whispered back to the Cardinal he knows perfectly well, but one day he got a chance of saying a few serious words to the Pope about the state of his soul. He said to the Holy Father, "Do you feel that everything is right between you and God?" and he describes how the Holy Father called him his benefactor, his saviour, his eye-opener. The pure morality of the Gospel had been a sealed book, and we get that last petition of the Holy Father to this man. "Pray for me. I know you are right, but what can I do? If I venture to call myself a Christian the Cardinals would poison me, but you, when you go back to England, tell all my friends that I am right at heart. Ask them, too, to pray that I may have courage to declare myself." And the man firmly believes that before the Pope dies he will "declare" himself and die repentant.

'Well, these are just some half-dozen specimens taken haphazard of those mirrors that any one can find in any large English town. You can take up those mirrors and see what the Catholic Church is like, but we have been Catholics all our lives, and sometimes we scarcely recognise our portrait. But there is one great consolation in it. I often amuse myself by jotting down things of this kind, and there is one great consolation, which is that as long as the Catholic Church is opposed by forces like that the world may just as well think of lifting the sun out of the heavens as lifting the Catholic Church from the face of the earth.'

#### THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

##### A VICTORIAN OFFICER WOUNDED.

Lieutenant McInerney, of St. Kilda, was amongst the wounded recently at Maider's Farm, near Colesburg. Lieutenant McInerney is brother to the well-known Melbourne medico, Dr. McInerney and the Rev. Father McInerney, S.J., Sydney.

##### MAJOR-GENERAL FRENCH.

Major-General French is a Roscommon man. In the notice in *Who's Who*, supplied by himself, he states that he was born in Roscommon on June 19, 1841. He is the son of John French, of Mornington Park, County Dublin, and was educated at Sandhurst and at Woolwich. He joined the Royal Artillery in 1860, and served in Canada between 1862 and 1866, qualifying as a First-Class Gunnery Instructor in 1867. He was Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Queensland from 1883 to 1891, and in 1896 was given the command of the New South Wales forces. He also served in Bombay, and was decorated for services in Canada.

##### THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND HIS SON.

The Lord Chief Justice went to Southampton on Wednesday, January 3, to see off his youngest son, Lieutenant Bertrand Russell, sailing for South Africa on board the steamer Kildonan Castle. Free for once from all danger of committal for contempt of Court, the reporter of a morning paper kept his eye and his ear upon Lord Russell, with results in print of which this may be quoted as a specimen: "The parting, although father and son evidently both felt it keenly, was not without its humorous side. When the siren had hoarsely ordered "All ashore," Lord Russell of Killowen from the quay-side did his best to attract his son's attention, but in vain. Growing desperate, the Lord Chief Justice placed two fingers in his mouth and blew a shrill whistle, with an ease which a telegraph boy might have envied. Lieutenant Russell, recognizing the signal, came to the taffrail smiling."

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THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE AND THE WAR.

The glamour of the so-called 'glorious war' (says the Edinburgh correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times*) has now departed from the fierce struggle going on in South Africa, and while there is no faltering in the resolution to carry it on to the end, the Scottish people generally would be profoundly thankful if a righteous and lasting peace could be established. The losses of Scottish troops have been exceptionally great, owing to some of the hardest fighting having fallen to their lot. The death at Magersfontein of General Wauchope, who commanded the Highland Brigade, has called forth special lamentation. References were made to him in hundreds of pulpits, and in Midlothian in particular, where he was best known, and therefore most beloved, the mourning was fitly compared by an Edinburgh preacher to that which followed the Scottish disaster on Flodden field.

ADVICE THAT WAS NOT TAKEN.

Says the *Leeds Mercury*: General Butler will be the subject of a character-sketch in the new number of the *Review of Reviews*, which will be specially interesting on account of the revelations it contains proving that the Government was repeatedly and emphatically warned as to the nature of the Boer armaments, their extent, and the gigantic nature of the war upon which Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues have embarked without any adequate preparation. No one did more to warn her Majesty's ministers than the late Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, whose advice was flouted by those in authority, and with what disastrous results we now know only too well. Among the things mentioned in the forthcoming article in the *Review of Reviews* is the interesting fact that whilst Sir William Butler maintained that preparations should be made for the despatch of 100,000 men to South Africa, Mr. Chamberlain believed that 10,000 British troops would be sufficient to bring Mr. Kruger to his knees. The counsel of the brave Irish general, who knew the situation thoroughly, was set aside. The view of the Colonial Secretary and Sir Alfred Milner prevailed, and it is to be hoped these two eminent statesmen appreciate the consequence of their superior knowledge and wisdom.

PREPARING FOR DEATH.

A war correspondent of a London paper, the *Morning Leader*, visited the battlefield of Nicholson's Nek under the guidance of two Boers. The British dead were still lying unburied, and in one small area he counted 30 dead bodies. He says: 'By the side of each man was a heap of expended ammunition, showing that he had not given in without firing a shot. By the side of each man, too, were the remnants of an unfinished meal. By the side of one poor fellow of the Irish Fusiliers I picked up several pages of a 'Preparation for Confession.' Most of the relics of this battlefield were so sad that I could not touch them, but as the Boer would say it was "not sacrilege" when we divided those pages between Mr. Macpherson, a Catholic Boer who had joined us, and myself." The thought of this poor Irish Catholic soldier, wounded to death, and while lying unattended during the long hours his life was ebbing away, devoting his last thoughts to a devout preparation for death, is one which will touch a responsive chord in every Catholic heart. We may be sure that those few pages carefully treasured during the weary night march and the many hours of battle brought consolation and relief to the gallant soldier's heart when earthly aid had failed him. 'May God rest his soul!' will be the prayer of all fellow-Catholics who read the account of the manner in which this brave soldier prepared to meet the death he had met in the service of his country.

A REMINISCENCE.

The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, Sir Peter O'Brien, writing to a Dublin paper, says:—The great valour exhibited by the Royal Dublin Fusiliers when storming Talana Hill at the recent battle at Glencoe in Natal recalls one of the most striking passages in Napier's *History of the Peninsula War*. At Albuera, as well as at Glencoe, there was a hill which was the key of the position. The brigade of Fusiliers, which formed part of the British Army at Albuera, was led up this hill by General Cole in person. Describing the most critical stage of the battle, when victory and, indeed, the fate of the British forces in the Peninsula, hung in the balance, Sir William Napier says: 'Myers was killed; Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blacken, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the Fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soutz by voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field. In vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately on friends and foes, while horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order. Their flashing eyes were bent upon the dark columns in their front, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd as foot by foot and with a horrid carnage it was driven by the incessant vigour of attack to the furthest edge of the hill. In vain did French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and 1500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill.' Such was the spirit of the Fusiliers in the days of the Peninsula War. I think you will agree with me that that intrepid spirit still lives on. Every British subject, no matter where he may be, all the world over, must feel proud of those gallant soldiers who stood triumphant on Talana Hill.—Sir Peter O'Brien enclosed a cheque for £21 for the fund opened by the *Irish Times*.

WHAT WILL THE REGULARS THINK OF IT?

An Army Order issued on January 11 states that the Queen has been graciously pleased to approve of the Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers being permitted to adopt and inscribe on its colours the motto, 'Faugh-a-Ballagh.' The Royal Irish Fusiliers are a militia regiment, and must not be confused with the Royal Irish Rifles, whose watchword is also 'Faugh-a-Ballagh.' When the Rifles were surrounded and in sore straits at Nicholson's Nek the pass-word went round, 'Faugh-a-Ballagh, fix bayonets, and die like men,' and the surrender was not their fault.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Brompton Oratory, London, on Tuesday morning, January 16, for the repose of the souls of the soldiers and sailors who had fallen in the Transvaal war. There was a large congregation, all in mourning attire. Cardinal Vaughan, who was attended by Fathers Morris and Best, occupied the archiepiscopal throne, and assisted pontifically. A catafalque arranged under the dome of the church was covered by the velvet and gold pall used on such occasions, this being in turn covered by the Union Jack. Around the catafalque were six lighted tapers. An interesting feature of the service was to be found in the fact that the celebrant, Father Sebastian Bowden, the deacon, Father Corry, and the sub-deacon, Father Hoole, were each of them officers in the army before they took Holy Orders. The service was of a peculiarly solemn and impressive character, and at its conclusion a collection was made for the widows' and orphans' fund. In all the London Catholic churches on the preceding Sunday the *Miserere* and *De Profundis* were recited after each Mass for those who have fallen in battle.

THE LIVERPOOL IRISH VOLUNTEERS AND THE WAR.

The 5th Irish Volunteer Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment (says the *Liverpool Daily Post*) having been selected to furnish a company for service in South Africa, Lieut.-Colonel R. Carruthers, the commanding officer, ordered a special parade of the members to take place at the headquarters of the corps, Everton. The members of the regiment turned up in considerable numbers, and an open-air meeting, which was held in the parade ground, was most enthusiastic, the band of the regiment, under the direction of Mr. Farrell, playing a number of patriotic tunes. Among the officers present were Colonel R. Carruthers, Major Emmett, Captain and Acting-Major M. E. Byrne, Captains Taylor, Ruddin, Morrow, and Warwick-Williams; Lieutenants H. E. Morrow, A. E. Pollexfen, J. A. Cooney, J. Goffey, E. E. Simpson, and J. H. Grindley; Second-Lieutenant Woodville, Captain and Adjutant R. N. S. Lewin, Surgeon-Captain J. J. O'Hagan, Lieutenant and Quartermaster T. A. Blake, and the Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent (hon. chaplain).

Colonel Carruthers said that the 5th Irish Volunteer Battalion was one out of two regiments in the whole of the United Kingdom which had been asked to send a whole company to the front. Up till the present 180 names had been received from members who were willing to go out. Three of the officers had volunteered for active service, Captain T. Warwick-Williams, Lieutenant J. H. Grindley, and Lieutenant J. A. Goffey. Having announced the conditions of service and rates of pay, Colonel Carruthers added that they all felt the honour which had been bestowed upon them. He felt sure that the 5th Irish would not disgrace themselves. They would send a whole company to the front on that occasion.

Captain and Adjutant R. N. S. Lewin said that if it was necessary they could raise a second and even a third company for active service. The 5th Irish Brigade had been specially honoured in being called upon to provide a full company inasmuch as other Volunteer battalions, with one exception, were only allowed to send out about twenty men each. He was sure the men who went out from that corps would notably do their duty.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent, who was loudly cheered, said that as the oldest officer connected with the corps, he felt more than usually pleased in being present that evening. He rejoiced to have stood firm to that corps through a long life. The work which they were now called upon to do was such as would reflect credit upon every man who had in any way been connected with the regiment. They were called upon to show their patriotism, and the interest that they took in their country. Whenever their people had been called upon they had answered. They had answered and acted with heroism and undaunted bravery, and, when occasion required, at the sacrifice of their lives. He trusted that the 5th Irish would not be satisfied with sending out one company. They had a large number of brave and earnest men, and he was convinced there would be no difficulty in forming a second company. He trusted that the men who went forward would remember that they had not only the honour of their country to maintain, but the honour of their race. The record of the Irishmen during this recent struggle had been as true and as honourable as it had been in the past. He would encourage them most earnestly to make up a second company, and show that the corps had amongst them a number of sterling men who were true to their walk in life, a credit to the corps itself, and to the country from which they sprang. Let the banner which was unfurled bear the words 'Temperance and Sobriety,' and they would show to their fellow citizens in Liverpool, whose honour they were going to defend, that they were true to its best interests. The company going out must have a good send-off, not only a military one, but he thought they must have some religious celebration as well. He would address them on another occasion, and say something much more encouraging to them. He wished God speed.

Colonel Carruthers announced that the corps would insure the lives of the married men who went out for £100.

At the close of the speeches the band played a popular Irish air, the members raising loud cheers.

## Diocesan News.

### ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

March 3.

The Very Rev. Dr. Pestre, S.M., has returned from the south and is residing at the presbytery in Te Aro.

Under the auspices of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association the members are to stage the 'Colleen Bawn' in the Opera House on March 28, in aid of the school fund.

Owing to the recent successes of the British forces in South Africa the children attending all the local Catholic schools were granted a holiday on Wednesday.

A token of the respect in which Miss Beveridge is held by the Children of Mary was given her on the occasion of her marriage last week, when a beautiful morocco-bound prayer book was presented to her by the confraternity.

The amateurs who staged 'Conn the Shaughraun' some months ago have in active rehearsal the 'Wearing of the Green,' which is to be produced at Masterton on the 15th and 16th of this month in aid of St. Bride's Convent in that town.

Signor Borzoni arrived from the south on Wednesday. Children of both parishes have been chosen to take part in some of the numerous dances which are to be given during the time of the carnival. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy has placed St. Patrick's Hall for three afternoons weekly at the disposal of the committee for rehearsal purposes, and for the adult performers the Sisters have offered the use of the Dixon Street School for the same purpose.

On Tuesday evening an entertainment was given in the Goring street Hall in aid of the furnishing fund of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. The stage was tastefully decorated with pot plants and ferns. The following programme of vocal music was contributed:—'O hear the wild winds blow,' Mr. Meredith; 'The valley by the sea,' Miss Flanagan; 'Because of thee,' Miss N. Driscoll; 'The swallows,' Miss Twohill; 'Because I love you,' Miss Sullivan. Miss Flynn, of Hawera, made an efficient accompanist, and contributed a piano solo towards the programme.

Sunday last being Exposition Day at St. Joseph's Church the congregation attended in great numbers for adoration. A Missa Cantata was sung by Rev. Father Mahoney, of St. Patrick's College, the music being exceedingly fine at both morning and evening services. The Rev. Father Goggan preached a most instructive sermon at Vespers. The procession was one of the largest held in the church, owing no doubt to the congregation's desire to make reparation to Our Divine Lord for the injuries and insults quite recently offered to Him in this city.

News has been received here by the last mail of the death in Paris of Rev. Father Chareyre. He was well known on the West Coast of the South Island and was for some time parish priest at Waimea, where he built the church and presbytery. He also spent some time in Nelson and Christchurch, being predecessor to the Very Rev. Father Ginaty in the Cathedral City. When Archbishop Croke left for home he was nominated as Bishop of Auckland, but declined the nomination. His many friends will regret to hear of his demise.—*R.I.P.*

### HAWERA.

(From our own correspondent.)

The Rev. Father T. McKenna, so gratefully remembered here, was a guest at the presbytery for some days last week.

The ladies are making active preparations for an entertainment to be held on March 19 to celebrate the feast of the national Apostle of Ireland.

The parish priest is everywhere urging upon the people of the district the duty of subscribing to the TABLET, which is one of the best written Catholic papers of the day.

The presbytery which is being built for Father Johnston at Stratford, and now nearing completion, will be the finest in the North Island portion of the archdiocese.

I hear that the Very Rev. Dean McKenna, of New Plymouth, contemplates taking a trip to the Old Country very soon. The New Plymouth people, who love the Dean, are taking steps to give him a token of their esteem and of his sterling qualities.

The marriage of Mr. Frank Quin and Miss Mary McGovern was an event of great interest in Eltham. Mr. McGovern has been always the life and soul of every movement connected with the Church in this district, while Mr. Quin and his brother contributed about one half the cost of the beautiful little Church of the Holy Rosary. The usual speeches were made by the Very Rev. Father Power, Mr. Quin, Mr. McGovern, and Mr. McKenna, the Mayor of Patea, and brother-in-law of the bridegroom. Your correspondent, who was one of the invited guests, considers it to have been the most enjoyable wedding feast he has witnessed in New Zealand.

Since my last letter not much of importance has occurred in Hawera, except, of course, the opening of our new school, which is of importance to ourselves locally. The occasional speech was made by the Very Rev. Father Ginisty, of Sydney, and was a great treat, full of wit and wisdom. It opened the purses of the audience, and instilled into the minds of all the true principles on which Christian education is founded. The Very Rev. Dean Kirk and the Very Rev. Dean McKenna also spoke very feelingly and effectively, reviewing the history of the church in Hawera, and praising the generosity of the people—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—who had enabled Father Power to declare the school opened free of debt—a rare achievement in New Zealand. A very neat speech in good taste and in elegant language was made by Mr.

Bunting, thanking all on behalf of the parishioners. The parish priest on his own behalf thanked the audience, the subscribers, the very reverend clergy who were present, and the musicians, who had so gracefully introduced 'sweet music and her sister, song.' He expressed the great delight with which the visiting clergy and himself had listened to Mr. Higham's orchestra, which is a credit to Hawera.

### DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND.

(By telegraph from our own correspondent.)

March 5.

A collection was taken up at the churches throughout the diocese on last Sunday. The amount received will be handed to his Lordship Bishop Lenihan on his arrival from Europe.

The Hon. J. G. Ward attended early Mass at St. Patrick's on last Sunday, and subsequently called on the Very Rev. Dean O'Reilly at the presbytery.

The erection of a wall and iron railing around St. Benedict's is completed—an improvement much needed. It will considerably enhance the appearance of the church and grounds.

The Lenten devotions, inaugurated on Ash Wednesday, and continued every evening since, have been largely attended. The Rev. Father Kehoe, of Parnell, also commenced a series of Lenten discourses last Wednesday evening.

Misses May McGuire and Ivy Ansley, of St. Mary's Convent High School, and Masters John Mahoney and Wm. Dervan, of the Marists Brothers' High School, passed the Junior Civil Service examination. The indefatigable Sisters and Brothers are to be congratulated on the success of their pupils.

At the Hibernian Society's annual district meeting last Wednesday evening the president, Bro. Patterson, occupied the chair. The funds showed the society to be in a prosperous condition. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—President, Bro. Daniel O'Sullivan; vice-president, Bro. Michael O'Sullivan; secretary, Bro. William Kane; treasurer, Bro. M. J. Sheahan. The business was expeditiously got through.

### DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

March 5.

The Very Rev. Dr. Pestre, S.M., provincial of the Marist Fathers, who has for some time been in the South Island, visiting the various houses of the Order, returned north on Tuesday last.

The Very Rev. Dean Grogan, S.M., parish priest of Napier, passed through Christchurch on Wednesday last on a visit to the southern capital.

His Lordship the Bishop commenced in the Pro-Cathedral on Sunday last at Vespers a series of Lenten lectures to a crowded congregation on the subject of the Ten Commandments.

During the stay of the French man-of-war 'Eure' in port the ship's company attended Mass at St. Joseph's Church, Lyttelton. The captain and officers paid their respects to the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, and were entertained by his Lordship.

A well-attended meeting of the Cathedral building committee was held on Tuesday evening last, presided over by his Lordship the Bishop, when various matters requiring attention were considered. On the Thursday afternoon following the ladies' committee met and transacted a considerable amount of business.

The prayers of the Pro-Cathedral congregation were asked on Sunday for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Father Chareyre, S.M., parish priest of Christchurch between the years 1874 and 1877, who died recently in Paris. Father Chareyre was, after the departure of Bishop (now Archbishop) Croke from Auckland, nominated to the vacant See, but prevailed upon the Holy See to allow the nomination to be withdrawn, his great humility forbidding him to accept it.

### TIMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

March 5.

The Marist Brothers' school is at present undergoing a thorough overhaul.

A meeting was held last evening in St. John's Hall, by the members of the Aloysian Society and others, when Mr. Rissel was made the recipient of some useful articles as a token of the esteem in which he was held by the members of the Society. Mr. Rissel is leaving Timaru for Wellington, where he is to fill the position of electrician in one of the Government departments. The Rev. Father Tubman, who was in the chair, made the presentation, and spoke in very complimentary terms of Mr. Rissel's work in connection with the Society.

A meeting of ladies, convened by Mrs. Hole, was held on Wednesday afternoon in the Borough Council Chambers, to consider the best means of helping the St. Patrick's Day Sports Association. Among those present were Mesdames Hole, Lindsay, Mahoney, Laing-Meaon, Grahams, O'Dowd, Mullin, and P. Reilly, and Misses Priest and Wilkinson. Mrs. Hole was voted to the chair, and Miss Wilkinson was appointed secretary and treasurer. Apologies were received from Mesdames Egan and Burns. It was unanimously agreed to give trophies to the volunteer corps, giving various exercises; also, to enlist the services of young ladies to sell button holes. It was also decided to provide refreshments for the social, most of those present promising subscriptions for that purpose. Miss Priest kindly offered to fit up the stage for the concert.

## Friends at Court.

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

(Written for the N.Z. TABLET.)

- March 11, Sunday.—Second Sunday in Lent.
- " 12, Monday.—St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.
- " 13, Tuesday.—St. Hilary, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- " 14, Wednesday.—St. Cyril, of Alexandria, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.
- " 15, Thursday.—St. Zacharias, Pope and Confessor.
- " 16, Friday.—The Winding Sheet of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
- " 17, Saturday.—St. Patrick, Bishop and Confessor, Patron of Ireland.

ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

THE arms of proud Imperial Rome, which laid the world prostrate at the feet of the Caesars, were never able to penetrate Ireland. Her sons were never dragged after the chariot wheels of her victorious generals, or sold as slaves in her markets. Their blood was never shed in the gladiatorial arena to grace a Roman holiday, nor upon her altars to consecrate pagan rites and sacrifices. But Rome, Christian and Apostolic, was destined to extend the sceptre of the cross where its eagles were never unfurled. The Apostles of Rome and their disciples, spreading Christianity and civilisation in their paths, penetrated where her proudest armies dared not set foot, and gained victories nobler far than those achieved by her great generals. Among this saintly cohort of Christian soldiers there is not one whose name stands higher or purer than that of St. Patrick the Apostle of Ireland.

Keating, in his *History of Ireland*, says: 'I have read in an ancient Irish manuscript, whose authority I cannot dispute, that St. Patrick and his two sisters were brought captive into Ireland from Armorica, or Brittany, in the kingdom of France.' which is sustained by O'Flaherty in his history. All the circumstances connected with his early life confirm this supposition. His family resided in Gaul—there the events of his early life took place—there he was taken prisoner in his early youth. These circumstances, combined with his own confession, leave no doubt as to his place of birth. On being brought to Ireland, he was obliged to serve four different masters, who were most likely brothers. At the end of six years he obtained his release in the following manner, as related by himself. While asleep one night he heard a voice say to him: 'Thou fastest well, and art soon to go to thine own country.' Again the voice announced to him: 'Behold a ship is ready for you.' He tells us that the ship was about two hundred miles away, where he had never been. But strong in his faith in the Lord, whom he felt had destined him for some wise ends of His own, he left his master and travelled towards Benum. (Benum, which was distant two hundred miles from Antrim, must be somewhere in the south of Ireland; most probably it is Bantry, which signifies the coast of Ben—that is, Bentraighe.) St. Patrick reached home, where he was joyfully received by his family and friends, about the year 409, when in his twenty-second year. He soon after retired to the monastery of St. Martin of Tours, where, though that great prelate was dead some years, he was most kindly received, and earnestly devoted himself to study and ecclesiastical learning. At the end of four years he went back among his relatives, and continued to practise works of piety and charity. About this time he had many visions, one of which he describes as follows: 'And there in the midst of the night I saw a man coming as if from Hibernia, whose name was Victricius, with innumerable letters, one of which he handed me. On reading the beginning of the letter I found it contained these peculiar words: 'The voice of the Irish.' And while I was reading the letter I thought I heard at the same moment the voices of persons from near the wood of Foclut, which is near the Western Sea, and they cried out as if with one voice: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still among us.' Thus urged by the Holy Spirit, and believing that he was called as the servant of God to fulfil His wide purposes, he took an affectionate leave of his family and friends, and placed himself under the guidance of St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre. This took place about the year 418.

St. Germanus, knowing St. Patrick's fitness for the Irish mission, broached the subject to him, and he entered eagerly into the project; so that early in the year 431 he went to Rome to obtain the Papal blessing before departing on his journey to Ireland. He landed there in the year 432, the first year of the pontificate of St. Sixtus III., the successor of Celestine.

During the 28 years of his apostolate our saint penetrated into almost every part of Ireland, and has everywhere left memorials of his presence in the traditions of the people. Wherever he went he erected churches and monasteries and ordained priests and bishops to minister to the wants of his people. He established his Episcopal See at Armagh, where he had built a monastery, and where the Primacy has always remained in honour of Ireland's Apostle. So successful were the labours of this great saint that he not only converted during his lifetime the whole of the island, rendering it a fruitful garden of saints, but he implanted the seed of Faith so deeply in the hearts of the people that no storm of persecution nor artifice of man has ever been able to eradicate it. Admonished by his guardian angel that his life was drawing to a close, he fortified himself with the Divine Mysteries, from the hand of Bishop Tassach, and then raising his hands and blessing his people he passed forth from this world, from transitory pain to eternal glory, in the year A.D. 460, and was buried in Down in Ulster.

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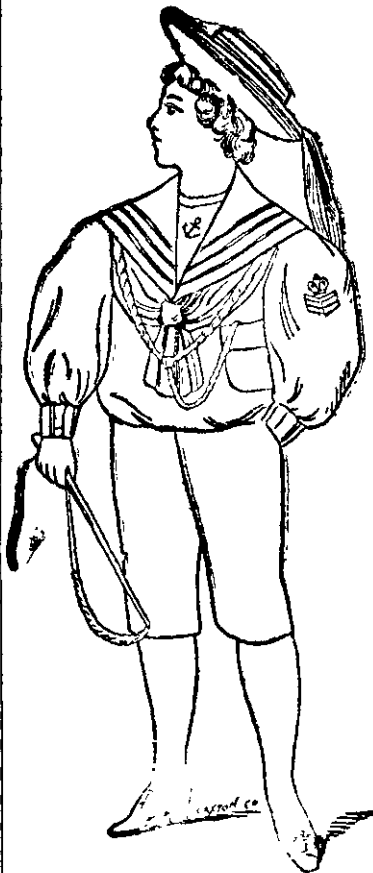
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## Irish News.

**ARMAGH.—The Cathedral Fund.**—The indefatigable efforts that are being made on the part of his Eminence Cardinal Logue for the completion of the National Cathedral of the primate see of Armagh are receiving practical sympathy, not only from Ireland and the sister Kingdom, but from every part of the world where the Irish Gael has found a home. Generous donations are coming in from America, South Africa, and the distant colonies of the Empire. The most recent list of contributions to the Cathedral Fund include donations from Cardinal Vaughan, £25; his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, £100; his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, £20; while the names of the Bishops of Cloyne, Arlough, Kilmore, Elphin, and Capetown appear as contributing handsomely to the noble work which the Cardinal Primate of all Ireland has so zealously at heart.

**CORK.—Proposed Memorial to a Priest.**—The movement to erect a suitable memorial to Rev. Father Peter O'Neill is proceeding with gratifying success in Ballymacode, the parish over which the brave priest ruled. Meetings have been held all over East Cork, with the result that those in charge of the project are already assured that the memorial will be as splendid as the occasion deserves.

**DUBLIN.—Death of a Christian Brother.**—The death is reported of Brother Francis Luke Holland, Director of the Mother House of the Institute of Christian Brothers, Clontarf, Dublin. The deceased had attained the age of 61 years, and was in the 47th of his religious life. He was one of the most distinguished, best known, and esteemed members of the great teaching Community with which he was so long associated. He was a native of Galway and belonged to a leading Catholic family. By his death the Community has lost one of its most distinguished members and the country a teacher of rare ability. The remains were interred in the pretty little cemetery in the grounds attached to the institution.

**An Extraordinary Law Case.**—The ending of an extraordinary law case extending over a century's time (says the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*) is announced. It is that of the bankruptcy of Mr Robert Smyth, of King's County, who, as a brewer in that ancient Dublin landmark, Smockalloy, failed in the year 1797. His affairs were thrown into bankruptcy, and a substantial dividend paid, but the estate would not yield enough then or since to pay the full 20s in the pound. Four generations of the creditors have in turn spent the intervening century in seeking it. Their experience, or rather that of the survivors of them, is happily now the converse of that of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce; for a small sum invested at the time by the court, too trifling for distribution, has, by the accumulation of compound interest in a hundred odd years, developed into four figures—enough to pay off all the old debts plus law costs. Strange to say there is a claimant for every penny due in 1797, and in a short time Mr H. F. Gibson, the Bankruptcy Deputy Registrar-General, will have to perform the delicate task of distributing a few thousand pounds amongst the inheritors of the bankrupt brewer's debts.

**Death of a Journalist.**—Mr Edmund T. Murray, of the *Irish Times*, died on January 8, after a short illness. Mr Murray joined the staff of the *Irish Times* as a reporter over thirty years ago, and was ever since connected with that paper. He filled several responsible positions both in the managerial and literary departments of the paper, and was held in the highest esteem and affection by all who knew him. He was an intimate personal friend of the late Sir John Arnott, and was also in the closest touch with the present baronet. Mr Murray's death will be deeply regretted, not only by the members of the Dublin Press, but by a wide circle of friends throughout Ireland.

**Extending the Lighting of the City.**—The Dublin Corporation is about to expend the additional sum of £250,000 in extending the lighting of the streets of the city by electricity, 412 new lamps are being put up.

**The late Sir John Gilbert's library.**—There is a probability of the unique library of the late Sir John Gilbert being acquired by the Dublin Corporation. It is to be hoped that the probability will become a reality, as it would be an irreparable loss to the city if this splendid collection of books and manuscripts were to be scattered broadcast here and abroad, or bought by any institution outside Ireland. As might have been expected from so diligent and erudite a collector, the library is rich in rare and curious Irish volumes. It is believed that many of them are quite unprocurable, and even were they still to be occasionally bought, the copious annotations of so learned an editor as Gilbert render even the commonest books of great value to Irish readers.

**GALWAY.—The Gort Industries.**—Among the most generous of the many benefactors of the admirable industries under the auspices of the nuns of the Gort Convent are Viscount and Viscountess Gough. Some time ago the Viscountess sent from Munich several exquisite samples of drawn thread work to be used as patterns in the workrooms, and the Viscount having heard that the Galway County Council had voted the sum of £2000 for new buildings, immediately wired congratulating the Superioress, and adding that he would be happy to give the site at a nominal rent.

**KILDARE.—A Popular Nobleman.**—The young Earl Clonmell, Bishops court, Kili, North Kildare, who has (writes a correspondent) won golden opinions since he took up residence in Ireland, after coming to his majority last year, gave an example of exceptional charity at Christmas time. He had distributed amongst his labourers and all hands at Bishops court a carcase of prime beef

and sums of money, and even the surrounding poor were considered in a large-hearted spirit. His Lordship visited the respected parish priest of Kill (Dr. Gowing), and left him a donation of £5 for the Catholic church.

**LONGFORD.—Sensible Talk by the Hon. Edward Blake.**—In the course of a speech to his constituents at Longford the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., said that the Local Government Act was not in his opinion a bar to the progress of the Home Rule movement; it was rather a further and striking proof of the incompetency of the Imperial Parliament to legislate for Ireland, and so of the need of Home Rule. But Home Rule could not be won with disunited forces, and Irish strength and credit had been shattered in wretched quarrels and dissensions. He then went on to enforce the lesson that the agitation must be peaceable and constitutional, and the following declaration should go far to silence those who have indulged in wild talk of an Irish-American invasion of Canada: 'There are limitations to the supreme right of resistance. First, after exhaustion of all efforts, it should be manifest that there is no hope of peaceful redress; and next, there should appear at any rate some desperate hope of national advantage from the stroke. Neither of these conditions exists with you to-day. As to the second, no one seriously suggests even the possibility of armed resistance. In her present strain, while almost friendless in Europe, Britain rightly feels quite safe in sending the bulk of her troops out of Ireland into Africa. And it is a chief boast of the United Irish League that it is a crimeless and crime-averting organisation. I notice, indeed, reports that some Irish-Americans propose to accomplish Home Rule for Ireland by invading Canada; and that one of their objectives is Toronto, which I call home. Doubtless the policy of these persons is governed by far higher considerations. But it does seem rather an odd way of stimulating the sympathy of Canadians with the Irish cause to threaten with war and devastation a country whose House of Commons has on three occasions, by overwhelming majorities, given its support to Irish Home Rule, and a people which, up to the very last, years after America and Australasia had closed their purses, after you yourself had stopped payment, continued to subscribe liberally to the cause. Why, that very city of Toronto, only a couple of years ago, gave me a thousand pounds for Ireland! If I thought these threats serious and capable of substantial execution, why, gentlemen, I should not have been here to-day. I should have borrowed a Mauser from someone who seems to have plenty to spare, learned the new rifle practice (for mine is fifty years old), and taken passage to help defend my wife and children and grandchildren from my brother Home Rulers. But as you see, I have not borrowed a rifle or taken my passage. I have no doubt that, if any such attempt were made, my townsmen would give a good account of themselves, and would need no old man's help. But I think that the threats are not serious, that they are only bravado, or at most an obvious ruse. They do not at all disturb such a robust Home Ruler as myself. I stand exactly where I have always stood. But you can well understand that, with the masses of the Canadian people, even those of Irish descent and still more with those of other blood, whose sympathies are, of course, less fervent, nothing is more calculated to chill zeal than threats like these. And so the harm that a few persons may by such threats inflict on a constitutional agitation like ours, in which one important factor is a world-wide sympathy, may be greater than at first sight appears.'

**MEATH.—A Memorial to the Late Bishop Nulty.**—After the anniversary Office and High Mass celebrated recently in St. Mary's Cathedral, Mullingar, for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop Nulty, a public meeting of the clergy and laity was held in connection with the proposed memorial to the late prelate. At a meeting held early last year it was decided that a memorial should be erected, and on that occasion a subscription list was opened and a committee appointed to confer with the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty's successor as to the form the memorial should take. From the statement which was read by the Rev. P. Daly, it appeared that up to the present a sum of £164 10s had been subscribed, while promises of considerable further support had been received. The Most Rev. Dr. Gaffney said that, in his opinion, one of the best forms which a memorial could take was the establishment of a house of industry in Mullingar, to be called the Nulty Institute. What led him to think of that was that Dr. Nulty was inclined that way himself; and there was no more practical necessity of the time than to have some institute where farmers' daughters and others could be received and be trained in those different departments that would give them a decent livelihood hereafter. It was a universal complaint that people could not get good servants competent to do their work. That complaint is not local, it is universal; and he thought if there was such an institute built of this description, and under the charge of the nuns, and if they had the training of the servants in it, it would be a great boon for the public. His Lordship also announced that at no distant date the task would have to be undertaken of building a new cathedral at Mullingar to take the place of the present sacred edifice, and stated that after consultation with the Vicar-General and others, he had come to the conclusion that the memorial to the late Bishop should take the form of a Virgin's Chapel and Virgin's Altar, properly equipped and decorated, and forming part of the proposed new Cathedral. This happy suggestion found instant favour with the meeting, and was at once adopted.

**WEXFORD.—Death of a Nun.**—The announcement of the death of Sister Mary Xavier Richards, of the Convent of Mercy, Wexford, which took place in the early part of January, was received with deepest regret. Sister Xavier had spent 46 years in the convent, and during that lengthened period had applied herself with zeal and earnestness to establishing the success of the many charitable works undertaken by the institution. For a considerable time she had been in charge of the servants' registry office attached to the convent, and had been the means of obtaining during the past

year situations for over a hundred servant girls in England, and elsewhere. She fell a victim to the prevailing epidemic of influenza, on Christmas Day and passed peacefully away, after a severe illness. She was the daughter of the late Captain Loftus Richards, of Clonard, an officer in the 4th Regiment, who distinguished himself in the Peninsula War.

### GENERAL.

**The Queen Patronising Irish Industries.**—The Queen, who has been a liberal patron of work done by the Irish peasantry, sent recently to Viscountess Duncannon for a box of her Garry Hill work, from which to choose Christmas presents. Her Majesty purchased several dozen of doyleys, handkerchiefs, tea cloths, etc., for which the schools formed by Lady Duncannon have become famous.

**County Council Seals.**—At a recent meeting of the Wexford County Council the chairman (Sir Thos. H. Grattan Esmonde, M.P.) presented the Council with a grand seal, which he said was a specimen of engraving that reflected the highest credit on the skill of Irish workmen. The seal comprised the seals of the towns of Wexford, Enniscorthy, New Ross, and Gorey. It contained many popular Irish emblems. The New Ross seal had a representation of the Irish wolf-dog, the Gorey seal, of the Irish cross; the Enniscorthy seal, of the round tower; and on the Wexford seal they had the national colours, green and gold.

**Progress of Irish Art.**—It is a gratifying evidence of the successful development of ecclesiastical art in Ireland (writes a correspondent of the *New Era*) to find that works in marble, metal work, stained glass and embroidery, are having a demand outside the country. The artistic genius of the Irish craftsman is a noble heritage of the race to which he belongs, for there are few countries in Europe that can point to more striking proofs of the high attainments of its people in the art-world of a thousand years ago than Ireland. The examples that remain to us which not only add interest to the collections that fill our national museums, but to the scattered memorials of religion throughout the country have in latter times been a source of admiration to strangers visiting Ireland from every part of the world. The revival, then, of this spirit of native art which is having such an appreciable development, and is fast becoming a source of practical benefit in an industrial sense to the country is gratifying in the extreme. One of the latest instances of the bestowal of foreign patronage on Irish manufacture is that of the Passionist Fathers of Buenos Ayres, who have favoured a Dublin firm of glass painters (Messrs. Earley and Company) with an order for 18 stained windows of considerable dimensions. This beautiful church is usually styled the *Iglesia Irlandesa* and is one of the finest in the Argentine. Of the 18 windows, the subjects of 12 are Irish saints, the others being devoted to representations of Our Lady, St. Francis of Assisi and saints of the Passionist Order. A large portion of the commission is ready for shipment and reflects the highest credit on the artists both in conception and treatment, the excellence of drawing and beauty of colouring.

**Dublin since the Union.**—The history of the capital of Ireland since the opening of the century now drawing to a close is a story of departed grandeur. With the closing of the old Senate House in famous College Green, in which the Lords and Commons of Ireland deliberated for the greater part of each year, social life departed from the metropolis, wealth fled from her shores, business languished, and industries, once fostered by a native Legislature, soon became extinct. Everywhere one turns (says an exchange), whether to the slums or the squares, reminders of the greatness of Dublin in pre-Union times are to be met with. Quite recently a legal case was heard before Judge Boyd, from which it appeared that Mr Duveen, of Bond street, London, a famous dealer, purchased two carved chimney pieces of wondrous beauty from a Dublin dealer for £1000. They were torn from the premises of the defunct National Club in Rutherford square. In many tenement houses formerly the town residences of the Irish nobility, but now occupied by the very poorest classes in the city, specimens of Irish art and handicraft exist, which for beauty of design and excellence of execution are unsurpassed the world over. Space will not permit a list of the magnificent mansions which were erected in Dublin while Ireland was yet a self-governed country, none of which are now devoted to the purposes for which they were originally built. The number of similar buildings erected since the Union are infinitesimal. Instead we have jerry-built structures springing up all round, fit nurseries for the propagation of typhoid and microbes of every description, as proved by recent statistics. Could the nobility, the gentry, the commercial men, the tradesmen, who lived in Dublin at the beginning of the century now visit it, what changes they would behold, and, with few exceptions, for the worse. Sad, indeed, is the story of Dublin since the Union.

**Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's Gift to the Irish Literary Society.**—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has now caused to be issued a catalogue of those literary relics and curios of his, which he has presented to the Irish Literary Society for the benefit of the movement to disseminate Irish literature amongst the people, and is anxious that the matter should receive all possible publicity, in order that the items may be purchased individually or collectively by those interested in autographs and other memorials of the most famous Irishmen of the last fifty years. The chief item is a vast album containing portraits and autograph letters of about a hundred and fifty very eminent Irishmen, chiefly contemporaries of the donor of the collection. There are also innumerable separate items.

**Death of Lord Dufferin's Eldest Son.**—The news of the death of Lord Dufferin's eldest son, Lord Ava (writes the correspondent of the *New Era*) has been received in Ireland with widespread regret and sympathy for his father. Lord Dufferin and his family

have always been proud of their Irish blood, of their relationship with the brilliant Sheridan connexion, and with the author of 'The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.' In his younger days the great diplomatist did good work by his writings for the popular cause of his country. His son, who has met his death in Ladysmith, evidently resembled his father in these respects. He was a member of Lord Aberdeen's staff while the latter was Governor-General of Canada, and he had the art of attracting friends wherever he went. Archibald James Leofric Temple, Earl of Ava, was the eldest son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and was born on July 23, 1863. He was educated at Eton, and joined the 17th Lancers in which, as Lord Clandeboye, he served for some years in India as a lieutenant during his father's term of office as Viceroy. Later on he retired from the Army. When the war broke out he was anxious to go to the front, and went out to South Africa as a war correspondent. His younger brother, Lord Basil Blackwood, also proceeded to South Africa some time ago. Lord Ava was unmarried, and Lord Terence Blackwood, clerk in the Foreign Office, who was born in 1886, now becomes Lord Dufferin's heir.

### CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON CATHOLIC DISABILITIES.

#### ENGLAND SHOULD REMEDY DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

THE Catholics of Birmingham held their annual re-union on Monday evening, January 15, when the Bishop of Limerick, the Bishop of Southwark, and the Bishop of Clifton delivered addresses, and a resolution was passed calling on the Government to adopt prompt measures to redress the grievous disabilities under which the Catholics of Ireland labour. A letter was read at the meeting from his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, in which some plain truths regarding the duty of English statesmen to Ireland were expressed. His Eminence said:—

I am in sympathy with the claim that will be urged by the Bishop of Limerick—the claim of the Catholic population of Ireland to have an Irish University that shall be in harmony with their conscience. I am glad that the claim is being boldly pressed from Ireland in our great English centres of public life. Last year it was in Manchester; this year it is in Birmingham; later on, I hope, it will be in London that the eloquent voices will be heard. Prejudice is slowly yielding to the pressure of justice. The Church of England, represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates, acknowledges the legitimacy and force of the claim put forward by Irish Catholics. It is the less enlightened section of English Protestants, some Dissenting bodies, who have yet to learn that

#### IT WAS WRONG AND TYRANNICAL

to force upon the Irish people the principles and prejudices that govern certain classes of English Protestants. They will learn in time that it is not by violence of this kind that Ireland can be successfully governed or England be made a type of popular liberties. Two considerations present themselves. The first is that the policy pursued by the earnest Dissenters towards the educational claim of Ireland is the same that they are steadily pursuing towards the elementary schools of Anglicans and Catholics in this country. They hope to obtain a political majority in order to supplant our schools by universal Board schools. Failing this, they keep our denominational schools in a position of inferiority by a process of financial starvation, in the hope of forcing them to surrender through exhaustion. The same blind prejudice, the same disregard of others, the same one-sided view of liberty, and the same spirit of religious rancour run through the policy that combats denominational schools in England and the policy that blocks University education in Ireland. But there are already signs of a change of feeling among many of the more sober-minded Liberal Nonconformists. Such meetings as you are holding in Birmingham will help forward this change. There is another consideration which I, as an Englishman anxious for the maintenance of the British Empire among the nations of the world, have a right to insist on, and it is this: The present time of conflict abroad is

#### AN INVITATION AND A WARNING TO ENGLAND

to close up domestic strifes and dissensions, not to perpetuate and enlarge them; to unite the governing races of the Empire, the peoples of these two islands, in mutual confidence and good-will; in a word, to make the Empire strong by concord within such as can be attained only by treating all great sections of these kingdoms with becoming respect and dignity. It is not the time, while Irishmen are generously pouring out their blood in defence of the Empire, for groups of English Nonconformists to occupy themselves at home in rejecting the claim and thwarting the conscience of the Irish people, continuing to hold them down to a position of educational inferiority. I say without hesitation that an Englishman who conducts himself after this fashion is unpatriotic. He subordinates the welfare of the Empire to his own narrow prejudices, and is *de facto*, an enemy to his country's good. It is not thus that the chief leaders of the two great constitutional parties comport themselves. They have declared that the educational demand of Ireland is just and ought to be conceded. Why do their followers still hesitate? Are they waiting for sorrows to come upon them, or for what? Let us hope that the lessons of the present anxiety and the common desire to maintain the integrity of the Empire may teach us to extinguish just causes for discontent at home. The blessings of liberty and education must be dealt out equally. Important minorities must be recognised, not crushed. Educational disabilities on account of religion must be swept away both in Ireland and England. It is only by equality that we can be a really strong and united people.

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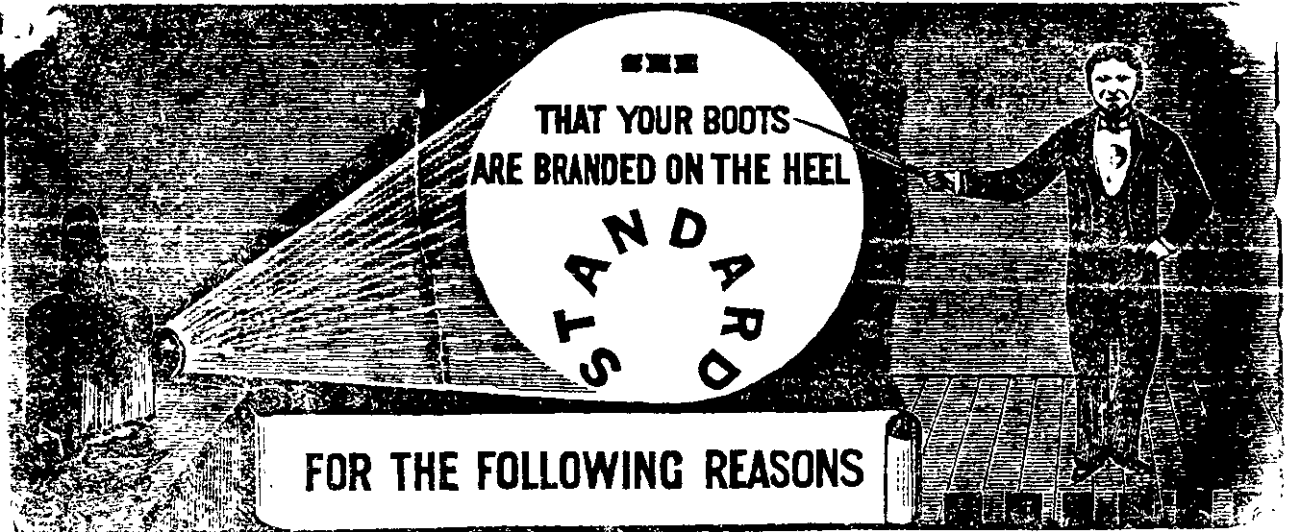
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Farmers, Miners, and all who want to keep their feet dry, try this Brand.

**FIFTH.**  
The "STANDARD" Brand Boots and Shoes are known from Auckland to the Bluff for sterling quality.

## Commercial.

(For week ending March 7).

**MR. J. A. CHAPMAN**, Sharebroker, Dunedin, reports as follows:  
**BANKS.**—National, from 2/17/6 to 3/0/0; New South Wales, from 39/0/0 to 40/0/0; Union of Australia, Ltd., 34/10/0 to 35/0/0; Bank of Australasia, 65/0/0 to 65/10/0.

**INSURANCE.**—National, from 16/3 to 17/0; New Zealand, 3/0/0 to 3/1/0; South British, 2/14/0 to 2/16/0; Standard, 14/0 to 14/6.

**SHIPPING.**—New Zealand Shipping, from 4/14/0 to 4/15/0; Union Steam, 10/9/ to 10/10/0.

**COAL.**—Westport from 3/5/0 to 3/6/0.

**LOAN AND AGENCY.**—Commercial Property and Finance Company, from 5/0 to 5/6; National Mortgage, 28/0 to 30/0; Perpetual Trustees, 12/6 to 13/0; Trustees and Executors, 29/6 to 30/6.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Kaiapoi Woollen Co., from 6/5/0 to 6/6/0; Mornington Tramway, 16/0 to 16/6; Mosgiel Woollen, 4/0/0 to 4/2/0; New Zealand Drug, 2/12/0 to 2/13/0; New Zealand Drug, new issue, 1/18/6 to 1/19/0; Milburn Lime and Cement, 2/0/0 to 2/2/0; do., new issue, 1/0/0 to 1/0/6 (30/- paid); Otago Daily Times, 13/4/0 to 13/5/6; Emu Bay Railway, 7/6 to 8/6; Wellington Woollen, 5/0/0 to 5/2/6; Silverton Tram, 4/14/0 to 4/16/0; New Zealand Refrigerating, 1/10/0 to 1/11/0; Roslyn Tramway, 5/3 to 5/9.

**GOLDFIELDS.**—Reefton: Big River Extended, from 7/0 to 8/0; Keep-it-Dark, 25/0 to 26/0; Alpine Extended, 2/3 to 2/0; Croesus (Paparoa), 4/0 to 4/9.

**DREDGING COMPANIES.**—Chatto Creek, 58/0 to 60/0; Clyde, 65/0 to 67/0; Dunedin, 11/6 to 12/6; Empire, 4/5/0 to 4/15/0; Enterprise, 85/0 to 90/0; Evan's Flat, 31/0 to 32/0; Ettrick, 3/6 to 3/9; Golden Gate, 145/0 to 150/0; Golden Beach, 53/0 to 57/6; Golden Point, 31/0 to 34/0; Tuapeka, 34/0 to 36/0; Vincent, 46/0 to 47/0; Hartley and Riley, 12/18/0 to 13/0/0; Jutland Flat, 4/0 to 4/3 (contrib); Macrae's Flat, 4/0 to 5/0; Golden Run, 60/0 to 62/0; Golden Terrace, 12/0 to 14/0; Magnetic, 7/0 to 7/5/0; Matau, 115/0 to 118/0; Molyneux Hydraulic (B), 30/0 to 32/0; Nevis, 27/6 to 28/0; Otago, 39/0 to 41/0; Upper Waipori, 2/3 to 2/9; Waimumu, 32/0 to 33/0; Sunlight, 28/0 to 32/0; Cromwell, 69/6 to 71/0 (prem); Riverbank, 7/0 to 8/6; Nil Desperandum, 33/0 to 36/0; Klondyke, 32/0 to 34/0; Waikaka Forks, 2/6 to 3/6 (prem); Dunstan Leads, 16/0 to 17/0; Ophir, 3/6 to 4/0; Golden Gravel, 2/3 to 3/0; Dunstan Pioneer, 3/3 to 3/9; Golden Reward, 1/0 to 1/6; Halfway House, 18/0 to 19/0.

**SLUICING COMPANIES.**—Moonlight (contrib.), 13/0 to 14/0; Roxburgh Amalgamated (contrib.), 6/9 to 7/0; Deep Stream, 22/0; Central Electric, 95/0 97/6.

### PRODUCE.

London, February 27.—Wheat quotations for the week at Mark Lane are lower.

The total quantity of wheat and flour afloat for the United Kingdom is 2 620,000 quarters, and for the Continent 1,005,000 quarters.

London, February 28.—Ten thousand quarters of Victorian wheat (February and March shipments) have been sold at 29s.

The American visible wheat supply is estimated at 85,093,000 quarters.

Messrs. Nelson Bros. have received the following cable from the C.C. and D. Company, London:—There is an advance in prices in the frozen meat market. To-day's quotations are: Best Canterbury, 3½d; Dunedin and Southland, 3d; Napier and North Island, 2½d. Lamb: First quality, 4½d; second do, 3½d.

London, March 2.—The wheat market is quiet and steady. American is a shade lower; South Australian (October shipment), 31s; Victorian (February and March shipments), 29s; parcels, 28s 9d.

Butter: Quiet. Heavy supplies are checking the demand. Prices have a slightly easier tendency.

Cheese: Very firm. New Zealand, 60s to 61s; Canadian, 61s 6d to 62s.

London, March 4.—Frozen mutton: Crossbred wethers and maiden ewes—Canterbury, 3½; Dunedin and Southland, 3d; North Island, 2½d. Lamb: Prime Canterbury is not quoted; fair average, including Dunedin, Southland, Wellington, and secondary Canterbury Heads, 4½d. River Plate crossbred or merino wethers—heavy, 2½d; light, 3d.

Wellington, March 5.—The Agent-General cables: 'Butter, 98s. Heavy supplies on hand. There is a good demand for cheese. The Rakaiia's and Delphic's cheese arrived in good condition, and is quoted at 61s.'

### AUSTRALIAN COMMERCIAL.

Sydney, February 28.—Wheat: Chick, 2s 2d to 2s 4d; milling, 2s 9d. Flour: L6 5s to L6 10s; Manitoban, L9 10s. Oats (scarce): Prime New Zealand, 2s 8d; Tasmanian feeding, 2s 6d. Maize: Best, 2s 6d to 2s 8d. Barley: Cape, 2s to 2s 6d. Bran, 7½d to 7¾d. Pollard, 8½d to 8¾d. Potatoes: Victorian, L2 5s to L2 10s; Circular Heads, L2 15s to L3. Onions: Prime Victorian, L1. Butter: Dairy, 6d to 7d; factory creamery, 8½d. Cheese: Medium, 4d; choice, 6d. Bacon, 4½d to 6d.

[The above quotations are those ruling between merchant and retailer, and do not represent the slightly lower values obtained by the recognised broker.]

Melbourne, February 28.—Wheat, 2s 7½d to 2s 9½d. Flour, L6 12s 6d. Oats, 2s 3½d to 2s 5d. Barley and maize, 2s 7d to 2s 9½d. Bran, 8½d. Pollard, 10½d. Potatoes (local), L2 2s 6d. Onions, L2 15s to L3.

Adelaide, February 28.—Wheat firm, but buyers are not willing to operate extensively. There is good distributing work in flour, and more mills are working than for years past. Bran, 9d. Pollard, 10d. Barley, 2s 3d. Potatoes, L3.

Messrs Donald Reid and Co. report as follows:—

**OATS.**—The demand for medium to good feed, which was the only class catalogued by us to-day, was limited, but for prime feed there is steady demand for export. We sold good feed at 1s 11d to 2s; and quote prime to 2s 0½d; medium, 1s 10d to 1s 11d; inferior, 1s 9d to 1s 9½d per bushel (sacks extra).

**WHEAT.**—We offered several lines of fowl wheat, which met with fair competition, and were quitted at 2s to 2s 1d per bushel. Prime milling is the only other class meeting any demand, and is saleable at 2s 5d to 2s 6d per bushel (sacks in).

**POTATOES.**—The market is over-supplied, and consignments on hand are difficult to place. We quote: Best kidneys, L2; others, L1 15s to L1 17s 6d per ton (sacks in).

**CHAFF.**—The demand is confined to prime quality, with which the market is moderately supplied. Other sorts are not in request. We quote: Best oaten sheaf, L2 12s 6d to L3; medium to good, L2 to L2 10s per ton (bags extra).

Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris report as follows:—

**WHEAT.**—Prime milling continues in fair demand, but other sorts are neglected. Prime milling velvet, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 4d; fowl wheat, 2s to 2s 1d; do broken, 1s 9d to 1s 11d per bushel (sacks in).

**OATS.**—In fair demand. Prime milling, 2s 1d; good to best feed, 2s to 2s 0½d; medium, 1s 10½d to 1s 11½d per bushel (sacks extra).

**CHAFF.**—Prime oaten sheaf is readily placed at L2 15s to L3, but medium quality is very dull of sale at L2 2s 6d to L2 10s per ton (bags extra).

**POTATOES.**—Market glutted. Best kidneys, L2 to L2 5s per ton (bags in).

**"Tested Seeds." New Supplies.**

**H OWDEN AND MONRIEFF,**  
SEEDSMEN AND NURSERYMEN,  
51 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

**Grass Seeds** — Ryegrasses, machine dressed, off old pasture. Italian Ryegrass. Cooksfoot. Chewing's Fescue Timothy.

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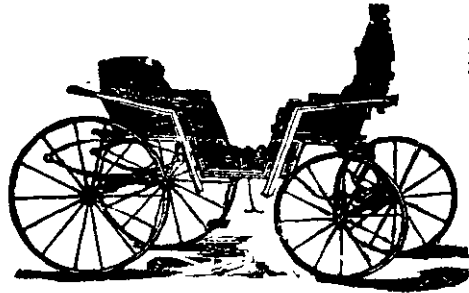
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Princes street South, Dunedin.

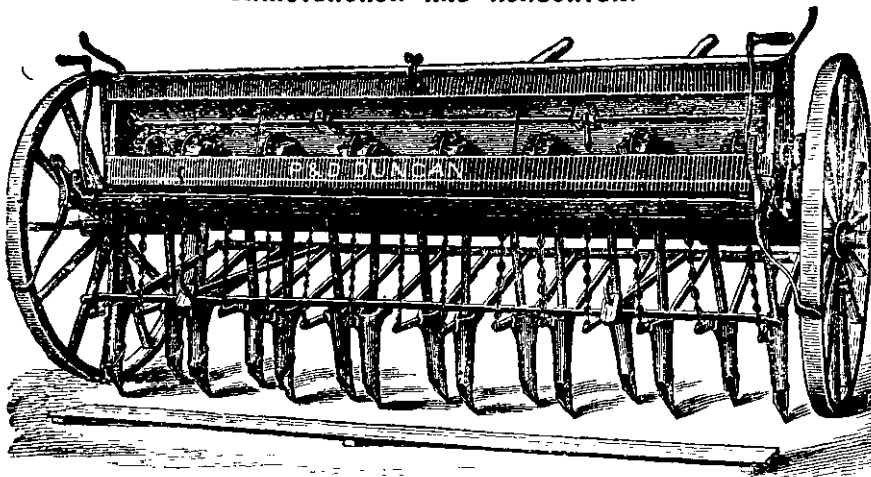
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**LIGHT - RUNNING PLANO  
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COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND  
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Steamers will be despatched as under (weather and other circumstances permitting):

**LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—**  
Mokoia Thurs., Mch. 8 2.30 p.m. tr'n  
Te Anau Fri., Mch. 9 3 p.m. D'din  
Flora Fri., Mch. 16 3 p.m. D'din

**NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND—**  
Te Anau Fri., Mch. 9 3 p.m. D'din

**SYDNEY via WELLINGTON—**  
Mokoia Thurs., Mch. 8 2.30 p.m. tr'n  
Talune Thurs., Mch. 22 2.30 p.m. tr'n

**SYDNEY via AUCKLAND—**  
Mararoa Tues., Mch. 20 2.30 p.m. tr'n  
Waihora Tues., Apl. 3 3 p.m. D'din

**MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART—**  
Monowai Mon., Mch. 12 3.35 p.m. tr'n  
Waikare Mon., Mch. 19 2.30 p.m. tr'n

**WESTPORT via TIMARU, AKAROA,  
LYTTELTON, and WELLINGTON.**  
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Cargo only.

Taupo Thurs., Mch. 8 4 p.m. D'din

**TAHITI and RARATONGA—**  
Ovalau Tues., Mch. 13 From Auckland

**FIJI (SUVA and LEVUKA)—**  
Taviuni Wed., Mch. 28 From Auckland  
**FOR TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI & SYDNEY**  
(From Auckland).

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Orders by post receive special attention. For Xmas Presents of Perfumery, Sachets, Hair Brushes, Perfume Sprays, Toilet Soaps, etc., we have a large assortment to choose from.

WILKINSON & SON, CHEMISTS,  
Medical Hall, Princes Street, Dunedin.

**"DEAR ME!** I've forgotten that **SYMINGTON COFFEE ESSENCE**, whatever shall I do! Call at the next Store you pass; they All Keep it."

Mr. F. MEENAN, King street, reports :—Wholesale price only—  
Oats: Quiet demand. Feeding, 1s 10d to 2s; milling, 2s 1d.  
Wheat: milling, 2s 6d; fowls' wheat, 1s 9d to 2s 1d. Hay:  
ryegrass and clover, best, L3. Straw: pressed, 26s; loose, 23s.  
Bran: L2 15s. Pollard: L3 10s. Flour: L6 10s to L7. Butter: best  
brands factory, 10d to 11d; dairy, 6d to 8d. Oatmeal: L11.  
Chaff: fair demand; L2 15s to L3. New potatoes: Local, L1 15s,  
kidneys, best; Derwents, 40s to 45s. Market glutted. Eggs, 1s 1d.

**WOOL, SKINS, TALLOW, ETC.**

London, February 27.—The arrivals of wool to date are 280,500  
bales, and there have been sent forward 81,500 bales. With the  
quantity held over from the last sale there are 237,000 bales avail-  
able for the ensuing sales.

The tallow market is unchanged.

London, March 2.—Wool: The Bradford market is lifeless,  
awaiting the London opening, and is anticipating a 10 per cent.  
decline.

Tallow: Stock, 11,070 casks; imports, 4369; deliveries, 7560.

Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris report as follows :—

**RABBITSKINS**—There are vrry few coming forward, but all  
offering meet with a good demand. Winters, 15d to 16½d;  
summers, 5d to 8d; springs, 9d to 12d; blacks, 1s to 1s 8d per lb.

**SHEEPSKINS**—Market firm. Best dry merinos, 6s to 7s 6d; do  
half breeds, 5s 6d to 6s 6d; do crossbreeds, 5s to 6s.

**HIDES**—Market firm. Prime heavy ox, 4d to 4½d; medium,  
3½d to 3¾d; light and inferior, 2d to 3d per lb.

**TALLOW**—Market very firm and prices advanced. Best ren-  
dered mutton, 19s to 21s; medium, 16s 6d to 18s; inferior, 14s 6d  
ro 16s; rough fat 11s to 14s per cwt.

**LIVE STOCK.**

**ADDINGTON STOCK MARKET.**

The entries at Addington comprised 2049 fat sheep, about 1000  
fat lambs, 14,700 store sheep, 542 cattle, 229 pigs.

**FAT CATTLE**—The 159 fat cattle were mostly cows and heifers,  
steers being very short. Bidding was slack, and there was a further  
decline in prices. Good to prime beef realised 16s to 18s per 100lb,  
and secondary down to 13s. Best steers brought L7 10s to L9;  
others, L5 12s 6d to L7; extra good heifers, L6 10s to L7 12s 6d;  
others, down to L4; cows, L3 15s to L6 12 6d.

**STORE CATTLE**—There was a very good entry of store cattle,  
including some nice lines of two and three-year-olds. Holders  
declined to take the prices offered, and very little business was done  
at auction.

**FAT SHEEP**—These were a very mixed entry, including some  
poor lots from the North of Canterbury. A few extra heavy wethers  
were taken by butchers at 16s to 17s 6d. Freezing quality (scarce)  
sold at from 14s 6d to 15s 9d; lighter and inferior, 12s to 14s.  
Really good trade ewes covered the drop of last week, and sold at  
13s 6d to 15s 6d, but there were too many aged and inferior, which  
were hard to quit at 10s to 13s. Merino wethers fetched 10s to  
13s 9d; ewes, 5s to 8s.

**FAT LAMBS**—There was a mixed yarding of fat lambs, which  
sold well, best bringing up to 14s 7d. Freezers sold at 12s to 13s 6d;  
lighter and unfinished sorts 10s 7d to 11s 6d.

**STORE SHEEP**—The heaviest yarding of the season, containing  
a lot of inferior sorts from the Chatham Islands, the North Island,  
and Marlborough. Canterbury sheep held their own well, but  
inferior sorts were rather neglected owing in a great measure to the  
dry weather experienced. Good Canterbury turnip wethers brought  
13s 1d to 13s 6d; backward sorts, 11s 10d to 12s 7d, whilst 1500  
from Marlborough brought 10s to 11s 10d, and 1000 from the  
Chatham Islands 9s 2d to 9s 5d. Canterbury mixed two-tooths  
breeding ewes 12s 1d to 12s 9d; two, four, and six-tooth do, 10s 1d  
to 11s 11d; four, six, and eight-tooth do, 10s 10d to 12s; good six  
and eight-tooth do, 13s 3d; inferior and imported, 7s 6d to 9s 2d;  
forward lambs, 10s to 10s 11d; backward and weedy sorts, 7s 8d to  
9s 9d.

**PIGS**—There was a small yarding of pigs, and a rather better  
sale. Baconers fetched 30s to 35s, or 3½d to 3¾d per lb; porkers,  
28s to 32s 6d, or 3½d to 4d; stores, 16s to 20s; suckers and weaners,  
6s to 10s.

**DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.**

Messrs. Wright, Stephenson, and Co. report as follows :—

For this week's sale a fair number of horses came forward, in-  
cluding 15 held over from last week, most of which were sold at  
advanced rates. Business, on the whole, was very fair considering  
that there was not a decent draught horse in the yard. The only  
specimens of this class forward were aged and inferior, but even  
these were sold at satisfactory prices. There is an excellent demand  
in this market for young, first-class draughts, but seldom of late do  
these come forward, owing no doubt to the fact that farmers are  
busy with the harvesting. There was a poor yarding, too, of good  
spring van and spring cart horses. A good inquiry exists at present  
for these, and buyers appear to be much disappointed at the num-  
bers coming forward. We would strongly advise anyone with these  
on hand to try our market, and we are sure that the result will be  
more than satisfactory. Good hacks are also selling well, and ven-  
dors are well satisfied with the prices realised. We quote :—  
Superior young draught geldings, L40 to L45; extra good,  
prize horses, L46 to L50; medium draught mares and geld-  
ings, L30 to L38; aged do, L20 to L27; upstanding carriage  
horses, L25 to L30; well-matched carriage pairs, L50 to L60; strong  
spring van horses, L22 to L28; milk cart and butchers' order cart  
horses, L15 to L20; tram horses, L8 to L12; light hacks, L6 to  
L10; extra good do, L15 to L25; weedy and aged hacks and  
harness horses, L2 to L5.

**THE WEEK'S DREDGING RETURNS.**

During the week ended Monday, 5th inst. (says the *Otago  
Daily Times*), returns were reported from the following 34 dredges,  
the total yield being 9750z 0dwt 7gr, or an average of 28oz per  
dredge :—

Junction Electric No 2 (Cromwell), 89oz; Matau (Clyde), 68oz;  
Electric (Cromwell), 136 hours, 62oz; Perseverance (Alexandra),  
136 hours, 54oz 15dwt; Earnscleugh No 2 (Alexandra), 53oz 19dwt  
12gr; Clyde (Alexandra), 52oz; Hartley and Riley (Cromwell),  
49oz 13dwt; Empire (Waipori), 40oz 8dwt 10gr; Magnetic (Crom-  
well), 5 days 21 hours, 39oz; Golden Gate (Island Block), 5 days,  
33oz 2dwt, Success (Waipori), 32oz 2dwt; Waimumu (near Gore),  
138 hours, 30oz; Vincent (Clyde) 138 hours, 29oz 6dwt; Golden  
Treasure (Miller's Flat), 25oz 16dwt; Evans Flat (Tuapeka), 24oz  
17dwt; Lawrence (Tuapeka Flat), 22oz 6dwt 12gr; Manorburn  
(Manuherikia), 22oz; Jutland Flat (Waipori), 137 hours, 21oz  
13dwt; Chicago (Alexandra), 132 hours, 19oz 11dwt 15gr; Enter-  
prise (Alexandra), 18oz 15dwt; Inch Valley (near Palmerston), 108  
hours, 17oz; Otago (Miller's Flat), 16oz; Nil Desperandum (Manu-  
herikia), 15oz 11dwt; Golden Point (Alexandra), 5 days, 15oz 9dwt;  
Morning Star (Manuherikia), 129 hours, 15oz 2dwt; Nevis (Nevis  
River) 93 hours, 15oz 1dwt; Maori (Loburn, Clutha), 5 days, 15oz;  
Tuapeka (Tuapeka Flat), 14oz 10dwt; Alpine (Riley's Beach,  
Cromwell), 128 hours, 13oz 10dwt; Junction, Electric No 1 (Crom-  
well), 12oz 17dwt; Charlton Creek (near Gore), 130 hours, 12oz  
10dwt 12gr; Dunedin (Roxburgh), 9oz 2dwt 11gr; Upper Waipori  
(Waipori), 57 hours, 8oz 15dwt; Golden Terrace (Lower Shotover),  
6oz 7dwt 7gr. Total, 9750z 0dwt 7gr.

**LATE BURNSIDE STOCK REPORT.**

(Per special favour Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris.)

Wednesday, 5 p.m.

**FAT CATTLE**—174 yarded. Prices ruled about the same as last  
week. Best bullocks, L8 to L9 2s 6d; medium, L6 10s to L7 15s.  
Best cows, L5 to L6 15s; medium, L4 to L4 15s.

**SHEEP**—1581 penned, prices ruling slightly firmer than at last  
sale. Best crossbred wethers, 15s to 16s; medium, 13s 6d to 14s 9d.  
Best ewes, 14s to 14s 6d; medium, 12s 6d to 13s 9d.

**LAMBS**—635 penned, all meeting with a good demand. Best  
lambs, 11s to 11s 9d; medium, 10s to 10s 9d.

**PIGS**—90 forward, all kinds, with the exception of suckers,  
meeting with a good demand. Suckers, 5s 6d to 11s; slips, 13s to  
18s; stores, 19s to 21s; porkers, 26s to 39s; baconers, 40s to 48s.

The Premier of New South Wales states that Mr. C. G. Heydon,  
Q.C., has accepted the position of District Court Judge which was  
offered to him. One of the conditions of the appointment, however,  
is that the office will not carry an appointment with it for the first  
12 months. Mr. Heydon is a Catholic.

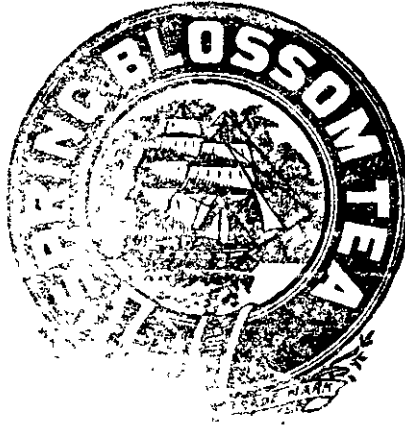
Amongst the officers to go the front with the Australian Bush  
Contingent is Lieutenant Thomas Lane Mullins, son of the late Mr.  
James Mullins. Lieutenant Mullins, who is a Stonyhurst boy, has  
all the qualities which go the promise of a fine soldier. He is a  
capital shot, a dashing cross-country rider, a good all-round athlete,  
and has already not a little military experience.

The Rev. Father Malone, of the Sacred Heart parish, Darling-  
hurst, chaplain of St. Vincent's Hospital and St. Vincent's College,  
has left Sydney for a twelve months' holiday, for the benefit of his  
health, in Ireland. He was presented with beautiful addresses by  
the pupils of St. Vincent's and by his admirers in the Sacred  
Heart parish. A presentation was also made by his fellow-priests.

Three cases of bubonic plague have occurred in Sydney during  
the week, one of which ended fatally. It is supposed that the  
plague was brought by rats, which escaped from some vessel that  
had been at Noumea. The man Dudley who died had personally  
removed a number of dead rats from his premises prior to being  
taken ill. There has been a great mortality of rats in the neigh-  
bourhood of the wharves. The Government of New South Wales  
are taking every precaution to prevent the plague spreading, and  
strict measures are being enforced to stamp it out. The New  
Zealand Government have given orders for a more rigid examina-  
tion of all vessels arriving in this Colony from Sydney.

The Very Rev. Father Timoney, who is chaplain to the Aus-  
tralian Bushmen's Contingent, is one of the best known priests in the  
archdiocese of Sydney. He was born in 1857, near Inniskillen,  
County Fermanagh, and received his early education at Portoria,  
then among the first schools in Ireland, conducted by a Protestant  
clergyman, Dr. Steel. He then went to the north of France, and  
studied classics and philosophy at Santo Omer, where O'Connell  
was educated. He was ordained by the famous Cardinal Meighan,  
who distinguished himself in the Franco-German war by jumping  
on an engine on which the fireman and driver had been shot and  
taking the train beyond the reach of the Prussians. After his  
ordination Father Timoney remained two years in France. He is,  
therefore, almost as much a Frenchman as an Irishman, and speaks  
the language like a native, and is thoroughly acquainted with  
French thought and literature. He was recalled to Ireland by the  
late Bishop Donnelly to take charge of the classes for the inter-  
mediate examinations at Monaghan. Then as private secretary to  
the Bishop he travelled all over Europe, and during the tour they  
spent £10,000 in providing furniture for St. Macarten's Cathedral.  
Eleven years ago Father Timoney came to Australia, and has been  
nearly all that time at St. Benedict's, seven years as administrator  
and three as inspector of schools, living with his Lordship Bishop  
Higgins. During the past 12 months he has been in charge of the  
parish of Mosman and Neutral Bay.

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(Sectare Fidem.)

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V.



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Further acknowledgments will be made in next and following issues of the N.Z. TABLET.

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By Order.

**D**EATH.

**GAFFANY.**—Thomas John, eldest son of Mr. Michael Gaffany, Arowhenua, at the early age of 28 years. He died at Dr. De Renzie's private hospital, Christchurch, after about 12 months' illness. His end was peaceful.—*B.I.P.*

**A**NSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

**RANFURLY.**—Maynooth College was established in 1795 by an Act of the Irish Parliament during Pitt's ministry. The original endowment was an annual parliamentary grant of £8928. It was continued, though with much opposition from Orangemen and other ultra-Protestants, till 1816. In that year it was increased, under the Peel ministry, to £26,000 a year. In 1863, by the Irish Church Act, the endowment was withdrawn, a capital sum of fourteen times the amount being granted to the trustees for the discharge of existing interests. The College has got no grant since 1869. In 1868, the year before Disestablishment, the annual revenue of the Established Church in Ireland was £616,810 (*Irish Church Directory for 1870, p. 115*).

**The New Zealand Tablet.**

FIAT JUSTITIA.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1900.

'PRO-BOERS' AND 'TRAITORS.'



M. LLE. D' AUMALE once said of Madame DE MAINTENON, wife of LOUIS XIV.: 'I have seen her divert the king by a thousand inventions for four hours together, without repetition, yawning, or slander.' No doubt it was a task—and she said it was—to amuse a man who was no longer amiable. For the King was old and crusty and a trifle sour, and the Madame was no longer young. But to tickle the dulled fancy of senile royalty for hours at a stretch, and

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to do so without a breath of slander—well, that was an uncommon feat even for the days of the LOUIS the Great. A task almost as ticklish falls to the lot of the editors of the daily Press who have to while away the leisure hours of the somewhat finicky and exacting LOUIS QUATORZE of our day—King Demos. He finds repetition a weariness of spirit, dulness the capital crime; but he winks benevolently at a seasonable bit of slander. In the circumstances it is no easy task for the editor—or his staff—to, day after day, avoid unwarranted reflections against somebody's fair fame, when, in the words of LEWIS CARROLL'S Walrus, he has

To talk of many things:  
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,  
Of cabbages and kings,  
And why the sea is boiling hot,  
And whether pigs have wings,

and the thousand and one other wise and foolish themes that go to make up the modern daily. Just now the fleeting fancy of our local King Public demands of the editor an exuberant expression of loyalty—not of the quiet and steady kind that, like true bravery, prefers to speak by deeds; but of the vociferous, evanescent, jingle-jangle order that had its origin during the Turco-Russian war amidst the garish surroundings of a music-hall stage in London.

It is no easy task to editorially tickle readers' fancy time after time with so paltry a presentation of so grand a theme—a presentation of it, too, that sternly demands the suppression of every unpleasant fact, the publication of all sorts of noisy fiction, and the substitution of sounding nonsense for sober and dignified comment. In such circumstances there often lies a strong temptation to enhance one's own reputation for loyalty, and at the same time vary the monotony of eternally harping upon the same strident note, by casting unmerited aspersions upon the loyalty of others. British journalists are singularly free from such squalid folly. Adverse opinions as to the origin and conduct of the war find the freest and fullest expression in the editorial columns of British newspapers of repute—in fact, in the whole Liberal Press of Great Britain. And nobody is scandalised. British pulpits deplore the war: Scottish Presbyterian clergy cry aloud for its discontinuance. And nobody is on fire. Such tolerance is, however, not to be found in the British colonies that lie south of the line. In New Zealand reputable journalists denounce the great and progressive Liberal Party as pro-Boers. They attack or permit attacks upon, our Agent-General for the crime of forwarding war news which was then and subsequently admitted to be correct. And in the epidemic of suspicion there have been some who ventured to impeach the loyalty of the Irish nation, and even to make sneaking insinuations against the fidelity of the Irish soldiers that are doing what has been termed 'the height of the fightin'' in the present South African campaign. An editor does well to keep his feet warm. He does better still to keep his head cool. And an ice-bag would be a useful adjunct to several editorial sanctums in this Colony just now. For there probably lies at the bottom of all this fanaticism of suspicion somewhat of the political brain-fever which is frequently coincident with serious crises in a protracted war. The 'we-are-betrayed' mania that followed Sedan, and the 'Prussian spy' mania that marked the early days of the siege of Paris, were conspicuous instances in point. Both passed away. But before the 'spy' epidemic was spent it had resulted in the violent death of a number of respectable Frenchmen and foreigners who had no more communication with the German enemy than they had with the builders of the Pyramids of Egypt. We are pleased to regard the Parisian population as fickle and too much tyrannised by feeling. But our own pet 'pro-Boer' and 'traitor' mania is in its way as unreasoning and intolerant, even in the day of rushing victory, as was the wild and agonising cry of 'treason' that went up in the streets of Paris after the crowning disaster of Sedan.

The pagan priests of ancient Rome had, in their solemn functions, an attendant to remind them of their mortality. And in times of ferment such as the present our public, too, require certain things to be brought home to them, 'lest they forget, lest they forget.' One useful reminder at the present juncture is this: that the Irish fighting man has been all through the present century, and is still, a chief

mainstay of the Empire. And another is this: that he has been ever true to his salt. Irish brains have directed, and Irish muscle has aided, the best British military achievements of the past hundred years. The two great British Commanders-in-Chief of the nineteenth century were the Duke of Wellington and Lord WOLSELEY—both Irishmen. Mr. STEAD says of Lord WOLSELEY that 'he is Irish through and through.' 'He is,' adds Mr. STEAD 'one of the long roll of distinguished Irishmen by whose aid we have built up and defended our Empire.' Among the other notable empire-builders of Irish nationality were Lord GOUGH, Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, and Sir EYRE COOTE. Most of the prominent military leaders of Great Britain at the present time owe their birth or parentage to 'the emerald gem of the western world.' Lord WOLSELEY has been already mentioned. Lord ROBERTS was born in Cawnpore of Irish parents. He glories in his Irish nationality, and has probably more of the pride of race than any officer in the British service. Lord KITCHENER, Generals Sir WILLIAM BUTLER and Sir BINDON BLOOD, and Generals WHITE FRENCH, CLERY, and KELLY-KENNY are all Irishmen. So is Lord BERESFORD—'Irish to the back-bone and spinal marrow,' as somebody has described him. According to a recent Blue Book, at the close of 1898, 165,038 non-commissioned officers and men in the British army were English, 28,358 Irish, and 17,285 Scottish. In his *Dictionary of Statistics for 1899* MULHALL says: 'Compared with population, we find that England produces five soldiers per thousand inhabitants, Scotland four, and Ireland six.' In other words, in proportion to her population, Ireland furnishes the regular army—that is, the fighting line—with 20 per cent. more troops than England and 50 per cent. more than 'Bonnie Scotland.' Other things being equal, we may legitimately conclude that the Green Isle suffers proportionately when the cannons roar and the rifle-fire crackles over the field of battle and the blood begins to flow.

But it would seem to be the settled tradition of the British army, ever since the well-tried days of the Peninsula, that the brunt of the fighting shall fall to the Irish and the Scottish regiments in every place where 'England's far-flung battle line' is to be seen. There is ever 'the gap of danger,' and, in the words of an American writer, 'they get more than the lion's share when the tail-twisting fairly begins.' The present war in South Africa is no exception to what seems to be the well-established rule. Nobody needs to be told how the gallant Scottish troops suffered, through somebody's blundering, at the Modder. The first bayonet charge at the Boers, and the first hill-capture in the present campaign were the work of the Irish troops. The Dublin Fusiliers, the Scottish Borderers, and the Connaught Rangers were the first to gain a footing on the north bank of the Tugela, amidst a murderous concentrated fire from the Boer trenches. The actions at Dundee, Elandslaagte, Nicholson's Nek, Grobler's Kloof, Frere, Langverwacht Spruit, Pieter's Hill, and at various points along the line of the Tugela, will ever be associated with the gallant dash and fierce *elan* of the Irish troops. At what is called by some 'the battle of the Tugela' the Irish troops constituted only 20 per cent. of the British forces engaged. They had 70 per cent. of the total number killed in the engagement. The Dublin Fusiliers showed their gallantry even on the verge of their great disaster of October 20. 'Let us make a name for ourselves,' was their cry. 'Fix bay'nets, boys, an' let us die like men!' The generals who conducted the relief of Kimberley were Lord ROBERTS, Lord KITCHENER, and Generals KELLY-KENNY and FRENCH—Irishmen all. FRENCH it was who, just in the nick of time, completed the circle around CRONJE after a rapid march from Kimberley. General WHITE, who, in the face of disease and hunger, held an unrelaxed grip upon beleaguered Ladysmith, is a County Antrim man. And, according to the cable messages, another Irishman, Lord KITCHENER, bore the brunt of the heavy fighting which led to the relief of the pent-up and suffering garrison at a moment when it had only four days' provisions left. This gallantry and fidelity of the Irish officers and soldiers is no mere isolated instance. It is one of the most conspicuous and constant facts of British military history. 'I never read an account of a British battle,' said MAX O'RELL, 'without seeing mention made of the gallantry of the Irish

troops.' And in hotly defending his countrymen against such cowardly insinuations as have been referred to in the second paragraph of this article, Lord ROBERTS recently said that they 'have ever been among the first to lay down their lives, whether against the Boers or against any other nationality.'

We cannot find in the history of any nation or empire that ever existed an instance in which a conquered country rendered such conspicuous and faithful military service to its conqueror. And that service is steadily and loyally rendered despite the fact that, through all those years, the Irish people have been subjected to galling political disabilities which forbid any claim upon them for such sacrifice and fidelity by those who guide the destinies of the Empire. On the very day that the Connaught Rangers fought like furies under Buller at the Tugela River, '22 Connaught Catholics,' says a Scottish paper, 'were ordered by a Dublin Castle emissary to stand by, and forbidden to take any part in the trial of one of their co-religionists, whose fate was left to the consideration of 12 picked Protestants' whose sympathies were notoriously anti-Catholic. To this hour jury-packing is the scandal of successive British administrations in Ireland. Judges are appointed solely with references to their political leanings. Despite emancipation, Catholic religious Orders are to this day in Ireland illegal associations. Till 1893, no Irish farmer could safely take an interest in land. Even in this year of grace evictions are carried out and property created by the tenant farmers is ruthlessly confiscated—a state of things which would create a revolution in New Zealand in 48 hours. A Royal Commission showed a few years ago that over £100,000,000 had been in 50 years extorted from that poverty-stricken country by her wealthy neighbour—or at the rate of about £2,750,000 annually beyond Ireland's fair contribution to the Imperial revenue. And the population of that unhappy Cinderella of the nations has melted away from some 9,000,000 in 1815 to 4,704,750 in 1891. And still the people continue to fly from a land that has been visited by the worst of all the varied curses of class legislation. And mark ye, good masters all: This unhappy course of legislation is driving the chief stream of emigration to other flags, and giving them the benefit of brawn and brain that, under happier circumstances, might have been retained for the defence of the British Empire. That blunder was committed twice before on a vast scale, and with calamitous results: (1) in the days that followed the fall of Limerick, when the flower of Ireland's chivalry took service on the Continent of Europe; and (2) after the destruction of Irish industries in the supposed interests of British manufacturers, when great numbers of sturdy farmers and artisans were forced to seek a home beyond the Atlantic. In both instances, the Irish emigrants and their descendants were to the lands of their adoption as true as the needle to the pole. As a result of the first blunder, Irish troops, that, under a wise and enlightened policy, might have been used to safeguard British interests, were forced to take service under other flags. They were pitted against England at Fontenoy, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and on many another hard-fought field; and the blunder of statesmen made an English king exclaim in the bitterness of his soul: 'Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!' It is the story of the ubiquitous 'KELLY and BURKE and SHEA' over again:—

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,  
Said 'We were at Ramillies,  
We left our bones at Fontenoy  
And up in the Pyrenees,  
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,  
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,  
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,  
Wherever they pitched a tent.  
We've died for England from Waterloo  
To Egypt and Dargai:  
And still there's enough for a corps or crew  
Of Kelly and Burke and Shea.'  
Well 'Here's to good, honest fightin' blood,'  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

In the other case, a good half of Washington's army of independence was composed of Irishmen and the descendants of the Irishmen who had been compelled by tinkering politicians to cross the Atlantic to find a living that had been refused them in the land of their birth. The same short-sighted policy is being followed to this hour. British Ministries—and especially those of the Tory Party—still

persist in keeping up a little Poland within a few hours' journey from the heart of the Empire. Their policy towards the Irish nation not only deprives the British Dominions of the services of splendid fighting material in the day of her need; but it is sending it abroad in every ship to swell the military strength of nations with which England may at any time be engaged in a deadly struggle.

THE SLATTERY ANTIDOTE.

OUR PINK PAMPHLETS.

We have on hands a full stock of our two Pink Pamphlets on the Slattery pair, who are now engaged in an endeavour to arouse and profit financially by sectarian passion against the Catholic body in this Colony. The first is entitled *Joseph Slattery: The Romance of an Unfrocked Priest*. It consists of 28 pages, chiefly of reprint from the N.Z. TABLET, with additions, and is the most withering exposure of the man yet published. It is published at this office at the small charge of 2d per copy, and 8s 4d per 100, carriage extra. The other (now ready) is entitled *Mrs Slattery: The Romance of a Sham Nun*, and is published at the same price. We strongly urge the Very Rev. and Rev. clergy and the laity to purchase these pamphlets well in advance of the Slaterrys' visits and, at the proper time, to scatter them broad-cast by the thousand. These pamphlets have everywhere proved themselves the best antidotes for the Slattery plague.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN.

The Very Rev. Father Corcoran, of Morpeth, diocese of Maitland, who had been on a visit to New Zealand, left Dunedin on Tuesday via the Bluff for Melbourne.

The Very Rev. Dean Grogan, of Napier, who had been on a visit to Dunedin, left on Monday by the Talune for the Bluff, from whence he will go north by steamer.

A start has been made with the furnishing of the new Seminary at Mosgiel. A number of beds and other furniture made specially to order have been delivered on the premises.

Donations of Catholic literature and healthy reading matter for the Contingent to leave for South Africa shortly are earnestly requested, and will be received by the Rev. Father Coffey, South Dunedin, or at this office.

Our readers are again reminded of the Irish National Concert to be given in the Garrison Hall on the night of Friday, March 16. An excellent programme has been prepared, and as some of the leading musical talent in Dunedin are to assist, patrons may rest assured of a first class entertainment.

A meeting of the general committee of the Bishop Verdon Testimonial was held in St. Joseph's Hall on Friday evening. It was stated that his Lordship the Bishop was expected to arrive in Dunedin on or about April 3. It is intended to present Bishop Verdon with an address on behalf of the clergy and laity, and a sub-committee was appointed to prepare it. The address is to be presented by the Very Rev. Dean Mackay, Administrator of the Diocese. It was reported that subscriptions towards the proposed testimonial fund were coming in freely.

On Tuesday evening the quarterly meeting of the H.A.C.B.S. was held in the Christian Brothers' School. The President, Bro. J. O'Neill, was in the chair, and there was a good attendance of members. During the proceedings Fathers Murphy, O'Donnell, and Cleary entered the meeting and were cordially welcomed by the members. The members will approach Holy Communion in a body at the Basilica, South Dunedin, on Sunday, March 18. It is anticipated that the Catholic members of the Otago Contingent will also approach the Holy Table in a body on the same occasion.

*Evening Star*, June 22, 1889, says:—"Messrs W. Gawne and Co of George Street, have sent us a sample of Worcestershire Sauce manufactured by them, which is in no respect inferior to the imported article, so long celebrated for flavouring sauces and as an agreeable addition to grills, fish, and steaks. We can safely recommend it as a valuable addition to our rapidly developing local manufactures. The bottles are neatly labelled and ornamental, not only for home use, but for exportation; and we hope the manufacturers will realise a demand equal to the merits of the savoury article they have produced."—\*.\*

The travelling public and the many friends of Messrs. Connor and Harris will be pleased to know that they have purchased the well-known Criterion Hotel, Princes street, Dunedin, so ably conducted for many years by Mr. James Liston. Messrs. Connor and Harris assure their friends and patrons that neither trouble nor expense will be spared in catering for their comfort. The Criterion is situated in the best part of the city, close to the wharf, the railway station, the post office, and the banks, and is therefore most convenient for the travelling public and business people generally. No word of ours is needed to recommend the Criterion to our readers, as the new proprietors are too favourably known to require any such commendation. Mr. Liston, who, we regret, is compelled to retire from active business owing to ill-health, whilst thanking his many friends for the liberal patronage accorded him for years, bespeaks a continuance of the same generous support for his esteemed successors, who, he feels sure, will make the Criterion Hotel one of the best houses in the Colony.—\*.\*

## NEW ZEALAND : GENERAL.

The seven nursing sisters selected by the Otago Committee left Dunedin on Monday for South Africa by way of Melbourne.

We understand that the sum of £850 was netted at the recent bazaar in Timaru in aid of the fund for the erection of a new Catholic church.

All Government railway workshops are working overtime constructing rolling stock to overtake the pressing demands of a plentiful harvest.

Speaking at the turning of the first sod of the Paeroa-Wairua railway last week the Premier said that last year New Zealand, with a population of 800,000, exported over 11 million pounds' worth. No other British colony could show such a record.

The date of the sailing of the Gymeric with portion of the fourth contingent has been deferred until about the 24th inst. She will sail from Dunedin, and will take about 250 men and 300 horses. It is not yet decided how the remainder of the contingent will be shipped.

MR F. W. PETRE, architect, Dunedin, has received instructions from the Rev. Father Regnault, S.M., to prepare plans for the enlargement of St. Patrick's Church, Waimate. The additions include transcripts and side chapels, which will double the seating accommodation at present provided.

SERGEANT MITCHELL, of Napier, who has been promoted to the position of Sub-Inspector at Wellington, has left for his new sphere of duties. His many friends will learn with pleasure of Sergeant Mitchell's promotion, which was fully deserved, as there is no more courteous and efficient officer in the force.

MR. R. A. LOUGHNAN and Mrs. Loughnan arrived in Wellington last week from Australia, where they had been for the last three or four years. Mr. Loughnan, as a journalist, is well known all over the Colony, having been for many years editor of the *Lyttelton Times*, and later of the *New Zealand Times*.

In the course of a speech delivered at Auckland on Saturday in connection with a presentation to the Minister of Railways, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon said that as regards finance and the present position of the Colony that after meeting the charges of the contingents there would still be a surplus of £300,000. Four months ago the Ministry saw there was going to be trouble, and that money would be dear, so they made arrangements for public works finance for 10 months' ahead, or, in other words, for a million of money. In respect to money for the purchase of lands, they had obtained £300,000 at 100%, while only a week before New South Wales has offered 1 per cent debentures at 99%. As to the defences of the Colony, he could say emphatically that there was no cause whatever for apprehension.

THE Hon. J. G. Ward, Minister of Railways, was on Saturday afternoon the recipient of a handsome presentation from the Liberals of Auckland in celebration of his rejoining the Ministry. The presentation consisted of a beautifully-finished gold medal with a gold sovereign case attached, enclosed in a silver casket. The medal is a massive gold one, with two clasps bearing the dates 1891 and 1899. Mr. Ward, in acknowledging the presentation, said he was deeply indebted to them for their mark of appreciation. Although there had been many able men in the ranks of former Governments, it had fallen to the lot of the present Administration to put on record legislation which was regarded as being in the van of progress. It had been a special pleasure to know that he was asked to rejoin the Ministry without making any request to any of his former colleagues that he should be considered in the matter. He was also glad to know that it had been done with the sanction of the great majority of the people.

It is expected that there will be a very large influx of visitors into Dunedin from country districts for the purpose of witnessing the departure of the contingent for South Africa. It was computed that on the occasion of the departure of the first contingent from Wellington upwards of 500 persons had to walk the streets during the preceding night for want of accommodation. In order to provide against such a contingency in Dunedin the local committee have requested Messrs. Baker Brothers, Colonial Bank Buildings to compile an official list of available residential accommodation for visitors. Messrs. Baker Brothers are acting gratuitously in this matter, and during the week preceding the departure of the contingent their office will be open every evening until 10 o'clock in connection with the matter. Intending visitors, who are unable to secure hotel accommodation, should communicate without delay with the firm.

At the last meeting of the Ashburton Catholic Literary Society the members took the opportunity of the approaching departure of the hon. treasurer and one of the founders of the society—Mr. Moison—for France to present him with a token of their esteem in the shape of a handsome dressing case. Speeches were delivered during the evening by Mr. L. Hanrahan (president), Mr. Cooper (ex-president), Mr. R. J. Henry (vice-president), and others, in which reference was made to the great interest taken by Mr. Moison in the society since its foundation. In replying Mr. Moison thanked the speakers for the kind remarks made regarding his services. His great object in the society was to make himself worthy of their company, and judging by their present and their kind remarks towards him that evening he had gained his object. The society was the only successful one of its kind in Ashburton, and was no doubt a credit to the Catholic young men and their elders. As regards his visit to Paris, he was pleased to state that it would only be a short one, and the members could rely on him to do all he could in the way of furthering their interests. Speaking personally, he considered the society had been a great benefit to him in various ways, and he was sorry that he had not its aid many years ago. Mr. Moison, in conclusion, heartily thanked the members for the handsome present given him.

AFTER a concert given about the middle of January by the pupils and employees of the Foxford Technical School, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, an encouraging address was delivered by the Right Rev. Dr. Leihlan, Bishop of Auckland, on 'Native Music and Home Industries.' The Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Bishop of Achnony, presided. In the course of his speech the Bishop of Auckland said:—Looking at your district, one carries away the conviction that the rains you experience give you altogether too noble an expanse of water, that your farms must suffer considerably, and that if you content yourselves with simply looking to the soil for your support, poverty and suffering must be your portion. Such being the case, the Sisters of Charity have come into your midst and have erected these looms which are acquiring a world-wide reputation, and I trust that this industry, still in its infancy, is but the forerunner of the comforts and comparative affluence you are one day to enjoy. Much has been done for the district by the establishment of this factory, but much more remains to be done, and you yourselves must help in every way, so that you may ensure for yourselves peaceful possession of your homes, and that your sons and daughters may remain at home to comfort and console you. What is to be your work so as to secure contentment? The Sisters have shown you what they are ready to do on your behalf. They want now to retain you in your own country. They want to see you able to earn your own livelihood at home, so that no necessity will arise for you and your sons to go across the sea to find money for rent during the harvesting season, and that your daughters may have means at hand to deter them from seeking service in the employ of others. For this reason they propose to establish home industries, so that your hands need never be idle. Woollen goods of every imaginable description could be made, and they are ready to supply the wool and teach your children to occupy their leisure hours of the long winter evenings in some rational pursuit.

## OBITUARY.

MR. ANTHONY O'CONNELL, NASEBY.

On Monday evening the sad news was received in Dunedin that a well-known settler of Naseby, and a strong supporter and friend of the N.Z. TABLET from its first issue, Mr. Anthony O'Connell, had died suddenly that morning. The deceased was a highly esteemed resident of the district, and a practical Catholic, always ready to assist in any good cause, and never shirking his duty to his Church or country.—R.I.P.

MR. JOHN J. BROSNAHAN, AROWHENUA.

General regret was felt in Temuka when it was reported that Mr. John Joseph Brosnahan, youngest son of Mr. John Brosnahan, Arowhenua, had died at Amberley on Friday last. The deceased, who had only attained the age of 15 years, was very popular in the district. The remains were brought to Temuka on the 5th, and (writes our local correspondent) were interred on the following day. The cortege was very long, the attendance showing the great sympathy felt for the deceased's family.—R.I.P.

MR. THOMAS J. GAFFANY, AROWHENUA.

It is with sincere regret (writes our Temuka correspondent) that I record the death of Mr. Thomas J. Gaffany, eldest son of Mr. Michael Gaffany, of Arowhenua, which occurred at Christchurch, where he had been under medical treatment, on March 1, at the age of 28. Until a few months ago the deceased was in robust health, and certainly hard to excel on the football field; he was a prominent member of the famous team of some years ago of St. Patrick's College. In all weathers his place in the church was always filled, and his duties were never neglected. Since his illness (which he bore with Christian patience) came upon him he was resigned to the inevitable and died an edifying death, being attended by the Very Rev. Father Le Monant des Cheneais. The remains were brought to Temuka on the following day, and the funeral was the largest ever witnessed there, the Rev. Father Galerne delivering a feeling discourse at the cemetery. Great sympathy is felt with the family in their loss of one who has been esteemed by all.—R.I.P.

## THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Immediately following the defeat of the Boer forces under General Cronje came the news of the relief of Ladysmith. The Earl of Dundonald, commander of the cavalry portion of General Buller's army, entered Ladysmith on Wednesday night of last week at the head of the Natal Carabineers and the composite regiment of British regulars—1st Royal Dragoons, two squadrons of the 13th Lancers, and two squadrons of the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons.

Later advices from Natal report the entrance of General Buller and the main body of his troops to Ladysmith. The garrison had been reduced to living on the flesh of the horses and mules, with an allowance of half a pound of meal per day.

The news of the relief of the town was received in New Zealand early on Friday morning, and it is needless to say that the rejoicing here was as enthusiastic as in any other part of the Empire. The siege of Ladysmith lasted for 120 days. The besieged lost 30 officers and 513 men killed or died by disease, 70 officers and 520 men wounded, exclusive of civilians and natives. Eight thousand soldiers passed through the hospital. The garrison suffered great privations. Since the middle of January rations were reduced after each of General Buller's rebuffs. Finally the allowance was half a pound of horse flesh, half a pound of biscuit, an ounce of sugar, and one-third of an ounce of tea daily. The garrison were pale and listless, and unable to join in the pursuit of the Boers. Most of the horses belonging to the field batteries were converted into soup and sausages. Twelve thousand shells were thrown into the town. They did little damage, and only killed 35 and wounded 188. There were only four days' rations in Ladysmith when it was relieved.

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For every OPEN-AIR WORKER and all employed in Shops, Mills, Manufactories, and Mines.  
**IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.**  
Agents Wanted.  
One bottle makes 4 gallons. Of all Chemists & Grocers.  
Sample Bottle Free 9 Stamps. 2 for 12 Stamps.  
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N.Z. Price: 8d. per Bottle.  
**MASON'S WINE ESSENCE.**  
1d. per Bottle.

Send 1/- in Stamps for Sample. Post Free.  
**AGENTS WANTED.**

**SOLE AGENT—**  
**C. J. BADHAM**  
**CHRISTCHURCH.**



**MASON'S WINE ESSENCES**  
**NON-INTOXICATING.**  
A Bottle will make a Gallon of delicious Wine. Sample bottle post free for stamps.  
*A Laborer's Friend.* The hot of Ginger Wine essence make several bottles of most delicious wine.  
**NEWBALL & MASON NOTTINGHAM**  
Mason's Extract of Herbs for making delicious non-intoxicating beer. A bottle makes 4 gallons of simple hot. 9 stamps or a sample of both Wine Essence and Extract of Herbs, post free, for 15 stamps. Agents wanted.

**IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED**

**HUGH GOURLEY**  
desires to inform the public he still continues the Undertaking Business as formerly at the Establishment, corner Clarke and MacLaggan streets, Dunedin.  
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**SANITARY PIPE**  
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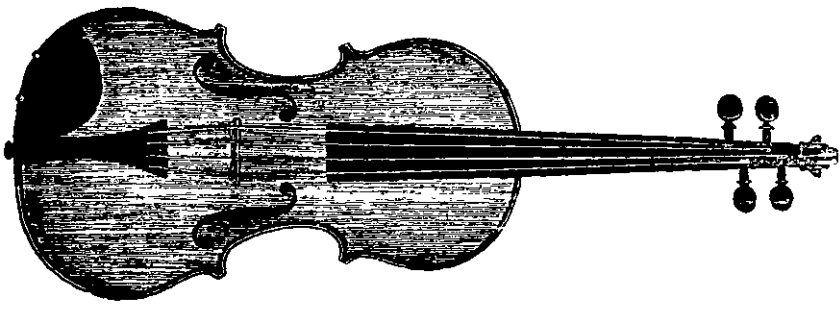
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Visitors to Dunedin are respectfully invited to call and inspect.



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AGENT.—W. F. WARNER,  
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# The Storyteller.

## THE STORY OF A RUIN.

THIS is a story told in prose, for want of the skill to tell it in verse.

Behind the ruins of a sheer cliff, crowned with a plume of pines, touching the feet of this cliff a broad dark lake with one dim islet resting on its waters; in front, and beyond the lake, a shallow plain cut off by a chain of lofty peaks, to the left, low mountains; to the right, a comb of ragged hills; and over all the cool grey twilight of a summer night, spangled with the everlasting stars.

The lake of Inisard is a thousand feet above the level of the sea. It rests between the topmost spears of four converging systems of mountains. Its waters are always cold and still, and never vary an inch in height. No stream feeds it, yet from the western angle there is a continuous outflow, both winter and summer. The people who dwell near the lake regard this circumstance with superstitious awe, and those who would explain the phenomenon out of the handbooks of science are at a loss to assign a situation to the reservoirs which feed it, for there are no higher mountains than those around it in a radius of twenty miles.

The only path leading from the valley to Inisard is by the stream which falls from the western lip of the lake. Upon gaining the level of the lake the path bends slightly to the right, gradually narrows until it is no broader than a man's back, and finally, after going a hundred yards, expands into an open piece of level ground. Along this path, and backing the open ground to which it leads, is a perpendicular cliff, varying in height from fifty to eighty feet. Thus, there is no means of gaining this patch of level land save by the narrow causeway under the cliff.

Many centuries ago there stood upon this isolated patch a little cottage inhabited by Thomas Flynn. Thomas had a wife named Brigid, and a daughter Mary; and here the three dwelt happily and contentedly, holding slight intercourse with the world below. Thomas wove baskets from willows growing upon the opposite shore of the lake. Occasionally strangers came to Inisard to enjoy the clear air and solitude of the lake. Thomas had a boat, and rowed the visitors hither and thither, and so in summer considerably supplemented the profits of his basket-making. His wife was well skilled in spinning and knitting, and when Tom went with his baskets down the hills he always had some serviceable stockings and hanks of stout yarn to sell too.

Now, it so happened that when strangers came down into the valley from Inisard the most vivid memory they brought with them was that of Mary Flynn. They said she was no great beauty, but only the sweetest mountain maid eye ever saw. Her voice and her eyes seemed to haunt them continually, and when they advised their friends to climb the hills they always said 'You ought to go and see Mary of Inisard,' not Inisard itself. So, as time went on, her name crept gradually down the mountains until it spread over the valley, and reached the village of Kilfane.

From the village of Kilfane to the top of Inisard, and as far as the eye could see from the heights above the lake, lay the land of O'Neil. The district was always spoken of by those who lived in it as 'O'Neil's country.' At the time this story opens the lord of the vast tract was away in foreign lands, and he had left during his absence full power with Timothy Davin. O'Neil was not more than three-and-twenty. His father had died but a year before. Davin had acted under the former O'Neil. He was still short of 30 years old. Davin, in the absence of O'Neil, lived in Kilfane Castle, hard by the village of Kilfane.

The fame of Mary's loveliness in time came to the ears of Davin. His curiosity was excited, and one bright, clear, hearty spring day he climbed the mountains and called upon Tom.

The basket-maker showed all due hospitality and respect to the representative of the great O'Neil. He entertained him as best he could. He rowed him all over the lake in his boat, and set before him the best of the simple fare his cottage afforded. Tom's wife let no opportunity slip of trying to do honour to their guest, and Mary moved hither and thither, and waited upon them, to the music of her own laughter and the rhythm of her simple songs; for she, like the birds, sang sweetly; not with diffidence, not as an art, but as a natural expression of her varying moods.

The visitor was fascinated. He had never before seen anything like this simple maiden of the lake. Her pure, unconscious blue eyes, her clear, sympathetic voice, her simple grace subdued and elevated him. He had been in the great city, 50 miles from Kilfane; he had travelled through the valley below, and never felt so touched before. He talked of getting Tom a better place—perhaps land down below. He asked her if she would not like to live in Kilfane. But she said no. She loved to be near the blue sky and the blue lake and the purple heather.

The day wore into evening and the evening into night. He could not leave the place. He told Tom he should stay till morning. Tom was overjoyed, for the friendly notice of the deputy meant good to him. The basket-weaver said that as the cottage was very small he should himself sleep in a shed without and give up his little room to Davin. But the other would not hear of such a thing, and, when Tom pressed, declared that he would rather start for Kilfane, late as it was, than disturb a member of the family; so the visitor was accommodated in the shed, and had for a couch a bundle of dry aromatic rushes.

He was not a man accustomed to endure disappointment or delay. His temper was violent and his nature undisciplined. He was prosperous, and far above the poor basket-maker in social position. He could make or mar the fortunes of anyone on O'Neil's land. Before he rose the next morning he had sworn to himself

that he would make Mary his wife. His passions were headlong and tempestuous, and those who knew him well had often seen that once he set an object before his eyes he did not allow an ordinary obstacle to bar the way.

He slept badly, and day was just dawning when he rose. He went forth, and paced up and down the little patch of level land. As the day broadened in the east, the plover began to cry to one another, and the crows sailed over the pines above his head, cawing and wheeling before drifting down through the blue air to seek food in the valley.

They were early risers in the cottage, and before the sun had climbed above the rugged hills to the right he heard sounds indicating that the family of the basket-maker were astir. Presently he paused, threw up his head, and listened eagerly. Mary was humming some old tune. In a little while the humming ceased, and she sang in a clear, soft voice, which seemed like the hymn of early day, breathed by the morning wind to the purple heath.

When the song was finished, Davin stood a while pondering. Then he muttered in a tone of dissatisfaction: 'Only a song she picked up somewhere. Yet,' he added, after another little while, 'it is wonderfully true of her position.'

That day wore away into evening, and Davin signified his intention of using the bed of rushes in the shed a second time. Upon the third day he called the old man aside and spoke to him. He told him that he was rich. He had a house upon O'Neil's demesne—there was no farmer on the whole lands of Kilfane as well off as he. Mary was a poor, portionless girl. He could have the daughter of any man on the lands, with a dowry of cattle, and sheep, and money, too; but he could afford to choose, and his choice was Mary.

Flynn was overwhelmed with astonishment. If the O'Neil himself had come and asked for the girl he could scarcely have been more amazed. After some talk, Flynn said he would consult with his wife and speak to his daughter.

The basket-maker moved away, leaving Davin wondering what need there could be for consultation or reflection, when he had made such an offer. There was not a father in all the valley would not eagerly embrace his proposal. Davin never thought at all of Mary herself in the matter. Her compliance was a matter of course. What girl could resist the fascinations of his figure, the allurements of his position? He walked up and down for some minutes nursing the ill-humour born of Flynn's deliberate manner of treating his contemplated sacrifice. As time went on his ill humour changed to anger, and when, at the end of half an hour, the basket-maker did not appear, his anger rose to rage. He was not accustomed to delay or denial; how dare this low pauper hesitate? How dare he keep him waiting? His steps grew hasty, his eyes flashed; he was already half regretting the act which had subjected him to the indignity of allowing consideration for anyone or anything to come between him and his object. 'Why did I speak to that old fool at all?' he exclaimed, angrily stamping the grass. 'Why did I not speak to the girl herself? She would have taken no time for consideration.' He surveyed the reflection of himself in the placid lake.

As he stood there the door of the cottage opened, and the father came forth and approached the deputy with bent head, apprehensive glance, and uncertain steps.

Davin turned sharply as Flynn drew near.

'Well,' he demanded, savagely.

Flynn started as he began.

'I have spoken to my wife.'

'Well,' reiterated the other, harshly.

'And, Mr. Davin, she said what I say, that your offer is an honour—an honour which we could neither deserve nor look for.'

'Well'—The tone was as brutal as ever.

'But——' He paused, horrified by the expression which passed across the man's face. 'But, Mary—Mr. Davin—you musn't mind.'

'Go on, you idiot. What did she say?'

'You musn't mind her, sir; she's very young, and young girls——'

'Are you going to stand preaching there all day? Do you think I'm here to listen to you until sundown? Out with it, I say or I won't answer for keeping my hands off you.' He turned white and shook his fist in the old man's face.

'She says she'll never marry, Mr. Davin.'

'Did you tell her it was I—I, Timothy Davin, asked her?' He was livid now.

'Yes.' The old man trembled with fear.

'Then as sure as that sun is shining on your cottage, it will shine through the roof before the year is out.'

Davin had the power to make his threat good—and he used it. During the absence of O'Neill there was no one to dispute his will or question his acts. He ruled absolutely over the land of Kilfane. The lord of the soil was not expected back for months, so there was plenty of time to look for a pretext. Although Davin exercised full control he did not like to do any act which might possibly give rise to an unpleasant inquiry hereafter; consequently he sought for an excuse, good or bad. Failing, after every search, to discover anything, he became solicitous about the game upon the hills. It was badly preserved. Birds and hares—aye, and deer—were continually destroyed by idle vagabonds and professional poachers. It was absolutely necessary, in the interest of his master, that this state of things should be remedied. Some one should be appointed to preserve the game. The keeper's house ought to be in a good central position. What better situation could be selected than Inisard? Of course there was only one house in the district, but, much as it went against his feelings, he found it incumbent upon him to give Flynn warning, in order that he might install the gamekeeper in the cottage.

Such was the explanation given by him to the people with whom he spoke. At that time game was taken small heed of, and

upland game was comparatively disregarded. The people heard him in silence. He was too powerful and arbitrary to permit expostulation or suggestion. In time, when the story of his proposal got abroad, the people saw through the whole scheme, but held their peace. The act only went to show how dangerous it would be to cross such a man as Timothy Davin.

Two months after Davin's visit to the cottage, word came to Flynn that he should be out of the place by the 15th of December.

The deputy was too cunning to display vindictive haste. He wanted to accomplish his object without needless risk. He wanted to ruin the basket-maker without injuring himself. Like most business men, he was a coward; like most tyrants, he strove to avoid acquiring the name of one. He gave a long day, but he selected a season when the family of the unhappy Flynn would feel his cruelty the most keenly. 'They will take the last day,' he calculated. 'They will not stir from the old hearth until they are forced, and when at length they have no choice but to go, they will find snow upon the mountains, and maybe a grave before they reach the valley.'

In the meantime, he let fall certain apparently careless words, which had the force of law in Kilfane. 'I hope,' he said to Hugh Garrett, 'that Flynn won't try to settle on any other part of O'Neil's land, for he is an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and anyone that would be such a fool as to give him or his family a night's lodging would be only keeping a pest on the land.'

The people grew afraid even to mention Flynn's name; for it never was spoken in his presence that the swarthy face of the deputy did not flush, and a certain angry flush dart from his eyes.

As the winter drew nigh, the heart of the basket-maker sank within him. He had tried, over and over again, to find some little cottage or cabin into which he might creep when the day of departure arrived. He was in despair as the winter approached. He felt too old and too heartbroken to think of adventuring into the distant city, and every door in Kilfane seemed shut against him. One hope buoyed him up. Perhaps, after all, Davin would not persist. He might be moved by entreaties. He might, at the last moment, relent. Surely when he heard that no cottage, no roof, no shelter could be found in Kilfane, he would not carry out his cruel threat.

Towards the end of November another sorrow was added to his burden. His wife fell ill. Day after day she sank under the malign influence of a wasting disease. At first she had only to give up going to Kilfane for the few necessities required by the cottage—now she was barely able to cross from one side of the room to the other. When December came she could no longer rise, and all through the long, bleak days and the cold, dreary nights Mary sat by her ministering to her—now singing softly some soothing, simple song, not bathing the aching head, now moistening the feeble, bloodless lips.

As the dreaded 15th approached, the basket-maker felt his hope revive. Nothing direct or indirect had come from Davin to show that he intended carrying out his threat. Mrs. Flynn was slowly sinking. Upon the morning of the 15th she could not raise her hand to her head. It was bitterly cold. Overhead, black snow-clouds hung in sullen, ominous masses. Below, a faint, bitter north wind rustled in the frozen heath. There was a thin skin of ice upon the lake. Towards noon gentle, feathery flakes of snow began to fall silently and softly. All within the cottage was silent. The old man sat opposite the bed upon which his dying wife lay. Mary had fallen asleep on the stool by the turf fire. There was no sound abroad, save the low, bitter whisper of the wind in the brittle heather.

'They will not come to-day,' said the old man to himself, for the snow, the first snow of the year, is falling, and no one would face these hills in a snow-drift.

Mrs. Flynn seemed easier. She closed her eyes in sleep. Her husband rose, and, going to the fire, brushed away the ashes and drew the turf together. 'They won't come to-day,' he repeated, taking comfort of the thought, and sitting opposite his sleeping daughter. They had been awake all night with the suffering woman.

In an hour the wind had fallen, and no sound broke the solitude of the mountain heights. The snow had ceased, but still overhead hung the dark clouds. The blue sky was nowhere visible, and the whole scene had that hideous, unnatural appearance observed when the light appears to come from the earth and not the sky.

Almost another hour passed before the stillness was broken; then voices could have been heard from the cottage; and presently the figures of three men emerged from the dip in the glen, and took the narrow pathway to the house. They knocked and entered without speaking.

Davin had kept his word.

Let us from the outside see what followed the entrance of the three men.

After the lapse of half an hour old Flynn, assisted by the three men, appeared, carrying a low board, upon which lay a figure, concealed under covering. They bore their burden into the shed at the side of the house. Then the four, assisted by Mary, proceeded to remove all the furniture of the cottage into the shed. When this was done one of the men climbed to the roof of the cottage, tied a rope to a rafter, and descended. The three men then pulled with all their might at the rope, until the roof shook, tottered, and finally collapsed within the four bare walls.

As the roof fell, old Flynn appeared from the shed, and threw up his hands towards Heaven with a gesture of despair. The three men turned, and moved away along the narrow causeway by the lake's side. The basket-maker sat down on a low wall and buried his face in his hands. The men had not walked more than half the length of the causeway when one of them stopped and beckoned the other two to halt. They stood a moment speaking together; then each man put his hand into his pocket and drew forth something. The man who had beckoned them to stop opened his hand, and the others each placed something in it. Then he went back to

where old Flynn sat, bent over him, and slipped what he held in his hand into the hand of the basket-maker. The latter rose to his feet; but the man pushed him into a sitting posture again, patted him on the back, and ran back to his companions. In a moment the three strangers disappeared.

The old man sat in the gathering twilight, with his face turned towards the ruins of his old home. Half an hour more passed. Now Mary came out of the shed, and, going to her father, sat down beside him and drew his head to her and rested it upon her shoulder, and smoothed his grey hair, and kissed his wrinkled forehead, and soothed his cold, hard hands with her own. After a while the two rose and re-entered the shed, she still clinging to him, and supporting him, and crossing his cold, worn hands.

Then in a little while it was night. Abroad lay the thin sheets of snow, jagged and torn here and there where large masses touched the wind. Above, upon the dark, rode the portentous clouds at anchor, like huge ships of battle awaiting the signal to destroy. The giant hills, conscious of their strength, slept and took no care. As the night deepened the little stream at the western end of the lake took courage, and began whispering timidly in the sulky shadows of the overhanging rocks and stones. No light, save the hatful low groundlight of the snow; no sound but the murmur of the little fearful stream; no hope on earth. But, beyond the embattled clouds, beyond the glittering concave of the stars, beyond the realms of the remotest sun, Hope—the hope of simple faith.

It was Christmas Eve in Kilfane. Over all the landscape spread a thick sheet of snow. In the lowland it was three feet thick; on the windward side of the hills it was thin and frozen; but to leeward, and in the glens and gorges, it lay in vast billows, reaching half-way up to the feathery plumes of the pines.

But the courtyard of Kilfane Castle was clear of snow, and full of men. Huge fires were kindled here and there, and the followers of O'Neil wandered hither and thither. Lights flamed in the halls and flickered through corridors, for the young Lord of Kilfane had come back to his own from foreign lands; and those who loved him had gathered to give him welcome, and wish him a happy Christmas under his own roof.

The O'Neil sat in the great hall. At his feet slept three huge hounds. Around him thronged the chief men of Kilfane. Behind him the florid face of Davin, the deputy, shone against the dark. Upon the right of O'Neil sat a bent, venerable-looking man, the priest of Kilfane; his hand shook with the palsy, and his grey hair trembled when it moved.

As the night wore on and the festivity deepened, O'Neil came down from the dais and mingled freely with those in the hall. As soon as the singing and dancing commenced the Lord of Kilfane moved to where the old priest was placed, and, sitting down beside the old man, entered into conversation with him. They had not been long talking when a marked change came over the face of O'Neil. Suddenly the smile left his face, and was succeeded by a flush. Then his brow contracted, and he darted an angry glance at Davin. In a few moments he sprang hastily to his feet, and, making a gesture to the harper to stop, motioned all the men in the hall around to approach. He spoke to the men for a few minutes. At first they smiled and waved their hands, but as he went on cheer rose upon cheer, until the lights of the torches flickered, and great clanging echoes gathered behind the brazen shields which hung upon the walls. Upon the first shout of joy and approval Davin slunk away from the place like an evil spirit that bears the cock crow before it is light.

O'Neil had no sooner finished speaking than the castle hall became a scene of the most tumultuous confusion of preparation. Litters and torches and ropes were brought and piled up in the courtyard. Men shouldered shovels and long poles, and slung shafts of torches over their shoulders. Bottles of wine and squabs were wound into a thick bundle of warm woollen wrappers. It was close upon nine o'clock when the men thrust their torches into the wood fires in the courtyard, and headed by the O'Neil, carrying a coil of rope and a long pole, marched quickly, in a long line, towards the snow-clad hills of Inisard.

The chill dawn of Christmas Day had come into the east before O'Neil and his followers returned from the hills. Two litters were borne on the shoulders of some of the men, and the faces of all were sad. The Lord of Kilfane walked beside one of the litters, and now and then it was lowered for a moment. All anxiety was evidently respecting the burden of the second, for the men only altered their position when it changed bearers. Full daylight filled the great hall of Kilfane Castle as the bearers laid down the litters and turned to leave.

The covering was removed from the one by which O'Neil walked, and there, emaciated and pale, seeming almost dead, lay the young girl. She was only half-conscious, her eyes were wide open, her hands clasped.

They had found the daughter and the body of the mother in the shed. It was afterwards learned, when Mary recovered, that the basket-maker had attempted to cross the ice of the lake through the snow, and, as his body was never found, the supposition prevailed that he had perished in the attempt, and that upon the breaking up of the frost his body sank into the mysterious depths of the lake.

It was May before Mary had fully recovered from the effects of that dreadful December time. She had from the night of her rescue remained at the castle. O'Neil said that all he could do should be done to wipe out the crime his deputy had done in his name. He had placed her under the charge of the aged priest who had first told him of her peril. He had given orders that she should be treated with the utmost consideration. He had considered it first a duty, then a privilege, and finally a delight to visit her daily; and before the cowslips were yellow in the meadows the sweet, pale face, and the large, gentle eyes, and the tender, clinging voice haunted him day and night, and the Lord of Kilfane proved



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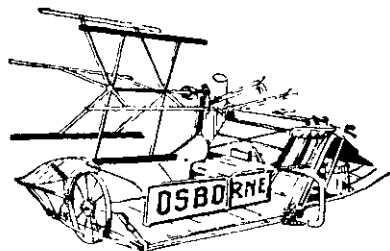
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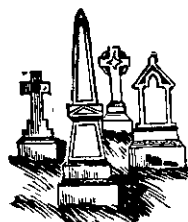
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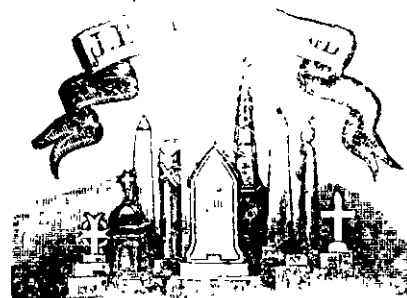
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IN reference to the above announcement by MESSRS. CONNOR AND HARRIS, I regret that, owing to ill-health, I am compelled to retire from active business and have sold them my interest in the CRITERION. I have to thank all my Friends for the liberal support I have received in this favourite house, and now bespeak a continuance of this support for my esteemed successors, who, I feel sure, will make the CRITERION HOTEL one of the best houses in the Colony.

JAMES LISTON.

no stronger than his deputy, though he possessed the wider experience.

One evening in June, as O'Neil was walking in the fields around the castle he came upon Mary. Her back was turned towards him as he approached. Her old habit of singing to herself had returned with health, and she was humming in a low voice.

He called her name softly, and went to her and took her hand. All through the changing twilight till the dusk they wandered in the fields. As he told her his story her face grew sad, and the words she spoke were tender and soothing. He showed her the lands of Kilfane, he pointed out the castle; he told her of his love. All, all were hers. Would she not, could she not say that perhaps in a month, a year, her mind might change? Why had she, so young, so lovely, resolved never to marry?

It was dark when they returned. That very night the Lord of Kilfane left his own home for foreign lands once more and never returned again.

She kept the vow she had made by the shores of Inisard, and before the winter came entered the convent in the city, 50 miles away from Kilfane.

In time word came from O'Neil, and builders were set to work upon the narrow strip of flat ground by the lake, and by-and-by a stately pile rose in the shadow of the cliff. When it was finished a letter came all the way from Rome for one of the good nuns in the city. He did not know what name she had taken; but this house and the townland of Gaulteer were a Christmas gift from the Lord of Kilfane to her who had been known as Mary of Inisard.

When 50 summers more had burned, and 50 winters bleached the heather heights, the first lady superior of the Convent of Inisard was laid to rest by the shore of the quiet lake where she had first opened her eyes, where she had learned to look up towards the blue skies and the stars for comfort and peace, rather than down into the fretful valley beneath.

The ruins of the convent still remain, but there is no means of determining where she lies buried. The people say it is in the little angle by the rock, the only place where the violets blow, the last spot upon which the sunset lingers.—R. DOWLING in *Catholic Opinion*.

## The Catholic World.

**BELGIUM.—An Agricultural College at Louvain.**—An interesting light is thrown upon one of the methods by which the Church in Belgium is succeeding in keeping her hold upon the people, in an article in the January number of the *Democratic Christian*, published at Lille. It describes the splendidly equipped Agricultural College at Louvain, affiliated to the University, which has a roll-call of 150 students, and a course of study extending over three years. 'Every year,' we are told, 'the Belgian bishops send one or two young priests to follow the agricultural course.' When their college studies are completed these ecclesiastics not only give lectures on science and agriculture in the episcopal establishments, but they also give conferences in rural districts on technical and economic subjects, and in concert with the parochial clergy they help to found agricultural associations. 'These Associations founded on sound co-operative principles, and carried on under Catholic auspices, are proving one of the most successful means of developing the material and moral welfare of the Belgian peasantry, and are being organised all over the country. They are easily established among the resident population of a rural district, and it stands to reason that a young priest with a practical knowledge of agriculture may render invaluable services to his flock, and may enter into their daily lives in a manner to which the strictly seminary-bred ecclesiastic could never attain.

**CANADA.—Proposed Monument to a Jesuit in Dawson City.**—A granite monument is to be erected in the Yukon metropolis to Father Judge, the Jesuit missionary and martyr. Father Judge was a pioneer in the work of evangelising the Indians, and, on coming to Dawson, he founded a hospital and looked after the spiritual welfare of his flock. During the early existence of Dawson (says a contemporary) malaria and typhoid fever were rampant, and during the week the kindly old servant of God was ever to be found looking after the sick in body, ministering to their physical care, and devoting his whole existence to the cause of humanity and in the service of the Divine Master. There is no doubt that Father Judge was badly over-worked and his otherwise strong constitution wore down until finally he succumbed to the dreaded disease, and was rapidly borne by the wings of death to his spiritual home.

**CEYLON.—Return of the Delegate-Apostolic.**—The Delegate-Apostolic, when recently returning to Ceylon after a trip to Rome, wrote deprecating anything like a formal reception. 'Such receptions,' he said, 'are simply a waste of public money. I am already an old citizen of Ceylon, I well know the attachment of the citizens of Ceylon to the Holy See to my humble person, and I think that the Ceylonese, too, do not doubt of my deep love to them, so that between us there is no need of public demonstrations.'

**ENGLAND.—Death of a Vice-Consul.**—Mr. James O'Donovan, the Argentine Vice-Consul at Swansea, died on January 5 at the age of 77. Mr. O'Donovan, who lived for many years at Swansea, where he was much respected, was a brother of the late Rev. Daniel O'Donovan, for many years Catholic chaplain to the forces at Malta, of Dr. Cornelius O'Donovan, of Buenos Ayres, and of the Rev. Patrick O'Donovan, whose name will long be remembered in the history of Ireland as one of the most philanthropic and earnest workers among the suffering during the great famine there.

**FRANCE.—The Bishop of Pekin in Paris.**—The Vicar-Apostolic of Pekin, Mgr. Favier, a Vincentian or Lazarist, has attracted much attention (says a correspondent) during his passage through Paris. He has been nearly 40 years in China, where he wears the dress and red button of a Mandarin of the first rank. He was born in Dijon 63 years since and went out as a missionary to Pekin.

**A Brave Priest.**—The Abbé Vaillant, who is curé at Equihen, a little fishing village a few miles from Boulogne-sur-mer, is valiant by nature as well as by name. A short time ago, a fishing smack, which like most of those owned by French followers of St. Peter's original calling, had a religious name—the *Jésus Flagelle*—was wrecked on the sands at Equihen during a terrific storm. Abbé Vaillant, although he had only just recovered from an attack of influenza, courageously waded into the sea and saved the lives of the skipper of the smack and of another man. Unfortunately the rest of the crew were washed away by a heavy ground swell. The inhabitants of the district are enthusiastic in their praise of the heroic conduct of the Curé.

**GERMANY.—Socialism and the Church.**—The Mecklenburg Catholics have no legal rights whatever, and intolerance towards them is preached openly. The official Government paper recently proclaimed war on the part of all German Protestants against 'Catholics and Democrats' to maintain 'the Protestant German Empire.' There is, however, no Protestant German Empire. The German Emperor himself and his family are free to become Catholics. Of the 2½ million German Socialists only about 100,000 are from Catholic families. Socialism recruits itself almost exclusively from Protestant provinces and families. The German Catholic working-men's associations have above 80,000 members. The Christian working-men's associations, comprising Catholics and Protestants, have 114,000 members. The Evangelical working-men's associations have only about 50,000 members. In Saxony, the chief industrial country with the great labour centres, the Evangelical working-men's associations have only about 6000 members. The clergy of the Protestant Alliance in Saxony devote their care to the *Culturkampf* against Catholics rather than to the work of social reform. It is much easier work, after all.

**ITALY.—Destruction of a Monastery.**—The Capuchin monastery, which was destroyed in the recent terrible disaster at Amalfi, a popular resort of the Gulf of Salerno, was famous throughout Christendom. The disaster, it will be remembered, was caused by the sliding of an enormous rock into the sea. The monastery had stood on that rock for more than 700 years, and there is no mention in any of the accounts of the place that it was ever considered unsafe. It was founded by the Cistercians in 1212, but came into possession of the Capuchins in 1583. The building was as it was made in the beginning, so far as the exterior was concerned, for no attempt was made to modernize it. It would appear that the cathedral, which was below the old monastery, also suffered. It is a structure that dates back to the eleventh century. Its bronze doors were executed by Byzantine masters of that time. In it were many sculptures and a magnificent sarcophagus, in which the body of St. Andrew is said to have rested since the thirteenth century.

**ROME.—The Secular Press and the next Pope.**—The new year is scarcely advanced a number when the energetic secular Press announces the very latest and up-to-date Cardinal who will succeed to the Papacy (says the *Pittsburg Catholic*). The present Pope is made to name him. The next Pope will be named by the Conclave, and no man living can even reasonably surmise who its choice will be.

**Presentation by the Sisters of Charity to the Pope.**—The magnificent white cope which the Holy Father wore at the ceremony of the opening of the Porta Santa was a splendid specimen of embroidery. It was produced by Taffani, who is noted for the excellence of his works in this department. It is the gift of the Sisters of Charity in Rome to his Holiness. The style of its gold embroidery is that of the Renaissance, and is deemed a genuine work of art. One notable feature in the embroidery is the abundance of small pearls and tiny jewels wrought into it; and yet it is quite light in weight considering its ample size. Altogether it weighs six Roman pounds; the one heretofore in use was nineteen Roman pounds in weight.

**UNITED STATES.—A Tribute to the Sisters of Charity.**—Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York, pays this tribute to the Sisters of Charity: 'I should be more thankful than I am if I had the simple faith and reverence and the noble works to my credit in the book of doom of those devoted Sisters of Charity of the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, whose jubilee I attended last Sunday.'

**Death of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn.**—The Rev. Dr. McGlynn, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Newburgh, New York, died at the rectory on Sunday, January 7, after an illness of several weeks' duration of heart failure. No priest was better known than he; none more beloved and admired by those who knew him intimately. He was a scholar of rare attainments, a theologian, an orator of fascinating power, and what was to him more important than all, a devout, hard-working, sympathetic, charitable priest, whose heart went out to the poor and afflicted. He was known to the general public as an orator and writer who recognised the unfavourable conditions of the working people and laboured to improve them. But those who knew him as the priest engaged in his pastoral labours know that the great work of his life was among the poor, the afflicted, who most needed the generous hand, the kindly and sympathetic word of encouragement and hope, the fatherly advice. Dr. McGlynn supported Henry George during the mayoralty canvass of 1886, and his remarks from public platforms in favour of Mr. George's theories resulted in his being severely censured by

his ecclesiastical superior, the Archbishop. He persisted, and the matter was referred to Rome. Again he ignored the demands of his superior and the call to Rome, and was excommunicated. In 1892 Cardinal Satolli was commissioned to act in the case, and soon after Father McGlynn was absolved and had restored to him his priestly functions. Archbishop Corrigan reinstated him as rector of a church in the New York diocese. He was appointed rector of St. Mary's, Newburgh. The funeral services were held in St. Stephen's Church, New York City, and were the occasion of a great manifestation of popular affection, upwards of 40,000 persons having visited the church for the purpose of praying for the soul of the deceased priest, and looking for the last time on the face of one who took such a deep interest in the welfare of the masses.

**Religious Statistics**—Our Protestant contemporary, the *Independent* (says *Church Progress*) has just given its annual religious statistics for the United States. It yields the palm for the largest membership to the Catholic Church. The figures are 8,446,301, and though they are far below the actual membership, yet they are nearly 3,000,000 in advance of those of any other church. It is interesting to compare the number of priests and churches in the Catholic Church with those of the Protestant denominations. The Methodists, with less than 6,000,000 members, have three times the number of ministers and four times the number of churches reported by the Catholics with more than 8,000,000 members; the Baptists, with about half as many members as the Catholics, have three times the number of ministers and more than four times the number of churches, while the Presbyterians, with less than one-fifth the membership, have more ministers and more churches. It is clear even from these figures that the Catholic priest must have three or four times as much work to do as the Protestant minister. As an actual fact, the former has about ten times as much. In the first place millions of those claimed by the Protestant denominations are in reality not members, as they are not churchgoers. Then, again, the average minister considers that he has performed his duty to the members of his congregation when he preaches a weekly sermon to them. The Sunday sermon is but a small item of the weekly labours of the Catholic priest.

**Declines a formal Celebration**.—The Right Rev. Bishop Curtis, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Baltimore, recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of his ordination. He left the city a few days previous to the anniversary for the purpose of avoiding a formal celebration of the occasion. Bishop Curtis was appointed Vicar-General of Baltimore by Cardinal Gibbons on May 29, 1898, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mgr Edward Colgan. Bishop Curtis is a convert, having been reared a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was for 10 years head of the Wilmington diocese. In 1896 he sent his resignation to Rome, and at his earnest solicitation it was accepted.

Mr. P. LUNDON, Phoenix Chambers, Wanganui, is still busy putting people on the soil. He has also hotels in town and country For Sale and To Lease. Write to him.—\*.\*

In connection with the Dunedin Autumn Races on the 21st, 23rd, and 24th inst., the railway authorities notify that holiday excursion tickets will be issued to Dunedin from any station on the Hurunui-Bluff section from 19th to 23rd March, available for return till March 28.—\*.\*

Massey-Harris riders scored well at the recent Sydney Electric Light meetings, putting nine firsts, eleven seconds, and five thirds to their credit. At the L.V.V. Patriotic meeting on the Cricket Ground on Saturday, the 17th ult., Beauchamp, the Massey-Harris crack, won the Patriotic Plate, a two mile handicap, from scratch.—\*.\*

Messrs. Dwan Bros., hotel brokers, of Willis-street, Wellington, report the sale of the following hotel properties:—Mrs. Laura Ross's interest in the lease and furniture of the Occidental Hotel, Masterton, to Mr. Charles Cress, late of the Masonic Hotel, Wellington; the lease and goodwill of the Foresters' Arms Hotel, Greytown, to Mrs. Mary Moynihan, late of Barrett's Hotel, Wellington; Mr. John Maine's interest in the Commercial Hotel, Blenheim, to Captain W. G. North, late of the Terminus Hotel, Picton; Mr. Frank L. Garland's interest in the freehold of the Levin Hotel, Levin, to Mr. Daniel Hannan; the lease and furniture of the leading hotel in Invercargill, viz., the Southland Club Hotel, to Mr. Harry G. Keith, formerly of the Rutland Hotel, Wanganui, and late of the Criterion Hotel, New Plymouth; Mr. Patrick Maher's interest in the freehold and furniture of the Empire Hotel, Blenheim, to a local resident; Mrs. Annie Ryan's interest in the lease and furniture of the Tramway Hotel, Newtown, to Mr. John Beauchamp, late of the White Swan Hotel, Wellington; Mr. Thomas Avery's interest in the freehold and furniture of the Royal Hotel, Blenheim, to Mr. William Farquhar, late of Kaponga, Taranaki; Mr. James Dillon's interest in the Royal Hotel, Bunnythorpe, to Mr. Halville, late of the Travellers' Rest Hotel, Palmerston North; the freehold of the Club Hotel, Palmerston North, on account of Messrs. Richter, Nannestad and Co.; also Mr. C. C. Miles's estate's interest in the lease and furniture to Mr. H. B. Tucker, late of the Marquis of Normanby Hotel, Carterton; Mr. Edwin Hodren's interest in the Kilbirnie Hotel, Kilbirnie, to Mr. John Innes, late of Apiti, Feilding; Mr. Walter King's interest in the lease and furniture of the Metropolitan Hotel, Wellington, to Mrs. Legg and Mr. William M'Leod, late of the s. s. Rotomahana; Mr. James Wood's interest in the lease and furniture of the White Horse Hotel, Ngahauranga, to Mr. John Hunter, late of the Central Hotel, Otaki; also Mr. Michael Ryan's interest in the lease and furniture of the Oriental Hotel, Wellington, to Mrs. Watson, late of the Orient Dining Rooms, Wellington.—\*.\*

## THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT.

THE 40 days' fast which we call Lent (says the *Catholic Church Calendar*) is the Church's preparation for Easter, and was instituted at the very commencement of Christianity. Our Blessed Lord sanctioned it by His fasting 40 days and 40 nights in the desert, showing by His example that fasting, which God had so frequently ordered in the Old Law, was to be also practised by the children of the New.

Very little reference appears to have been made to Lent by writers of the first century. In the second century, as St. Irenaeus says, it was the custom of several congregations to prepare themselves for Easter by mortification and fasting.

By the time of the Council of Nice (325 A.D.) it had been extended to 40 days, with the exception of the included Sundays, which were never included as fasts. Gregory the Great in 590 directed that the season should begin on the sixth Sunday before Easter, and that on all the intervening week days fasting should be practised. Afterwards, either by him or Gregory II., four days of the preceding week were added to make the whole fast 40 days. The Council of Laodicea (held in the fourth century) allowed only 'dry food,' that is, bread and water, and forbade the celebration of the festivals of martyrs, marriages and birthdays during the whole of Lent. St. John Chrysostom, whose life extended from 347 to 407, says that 'as many persons used to come to Communion thoughtlessly, especially at the time of the year when Christ first gave it to His disciples, our forefathers appointed 40 days for fasting, prayer, preaching, and holy assemblies, that all men being purified by prayer, alms-deeds, fasting, watching, tears, and confession might come with a pure conscience to the holy table.' After a time fasting ceased to be a voluntary exercise. Laws enforcing it were passed in the sixth century by the Council of Orleans, and in the seventh century by the Eighth Council of Toledo.

### THE MYSTERY OF LENT.

Lent is rich in mysteries. \* \* \* During Septuagesima we had the number seventy, which reminded us of those seventy years of captivity in Babylon, after which God's chosen people, being purified from idolatry, were to return to Jerusalem and celebrate the Pasch.

It is the number forty that the Church now brings before us—a number, as St. Jerome observes, which denotes punishment and affliction. Let us remember the forty days and forty nights of the deluge, sent by God in His anger, when he repented that He had made man and destroyed the whole human race with the exception of one family. Let us consider how the Hebrew people, in punishment for their ingratitude, wandered forty years in the desert before they were permitted to enter the Promised Land. Let us listen to our God commanding the prophet Ezechiel to lie forty days on his right side, as a figure of the siege which was to bring destruction on Jerusalem. There are two in the Old Testament who represent in their own persons the two manifestations of God: Moses, who typifies the law, and Elias, who is the figure of the prophets. Both of these are permitted to approach God—the first on Sinai, the second on Horeb—but both of them have to prepare for the great favour by an expiatory fast of 40 days.

With these mysterious facts before us, we can understand why it was that the Son of God, having become man for our salvation, and wishing to subject Himself to the pain of fasting, chose the number of 40 days. The institution of Lent is thus brought before us with everything that can impress the mind with its solemn character and with its power of appeasing God and purifying our souls. Let us, therefore, look beyond the little world which surrounds us and see how the whole Christian universe is at this very time offering this 40 days' penance as a sacrifice of propitiation to the offended majesty of God; and let us hope that as in the case of the Ninivites, He will mercifully accept this year's offering of our atonement and pardon us our sins.

### ASH WEDNESDAY.

Ash Wednesday is so called from the services of the day, when the Church through her priests signs the forehead of her children with ashes, whilst saying to them those awful words wherewith God sentenced us to death: 'Remember, O man, that thou art but dust, and into dust thou shalt return!'

The making use of ashes as a symbol of humiliation and penance is of a very early date. We find frequent mention of it in the Old Testament. Job, though a Gentile, sprinkled his flesh with ashes, that thus humbled he might propitiate the divine mercy. (I. Job xvi., 16.) The Royal Prophet tells us of himself, that he mingled ashes with his bread because of the divine anger and indignation.

It is probable that when this ceremony of Ash Wednesday was first instituted it was not intended for all the faithful, but only for such as had committed any of those crimes for which the Church inflicted a public penance, and these alone received the ashes, but dating from the eleventh century the discipline of public penance began to fall into disuse and the holy rite of putting the ashes on the heads of all the faithful indiscriminately became so general that at length it was considered as forming an essential part of the Roman liturgy. Formerly it was the practice to approach barefooted to receive this solemn memento of our nothingness. The Church no longer requires this exterior penance, but she is as anxious as ever that the holy ceremony should produce in the sentiments she intended to convey by it when she first instituted it. The ashes are made from the palms which were blessed the previous Palm Sunday. The blessing they now receive in this their new form is given in order that they may be made more worthy of that mystery of contrition and humility which they are intended to symbolize.

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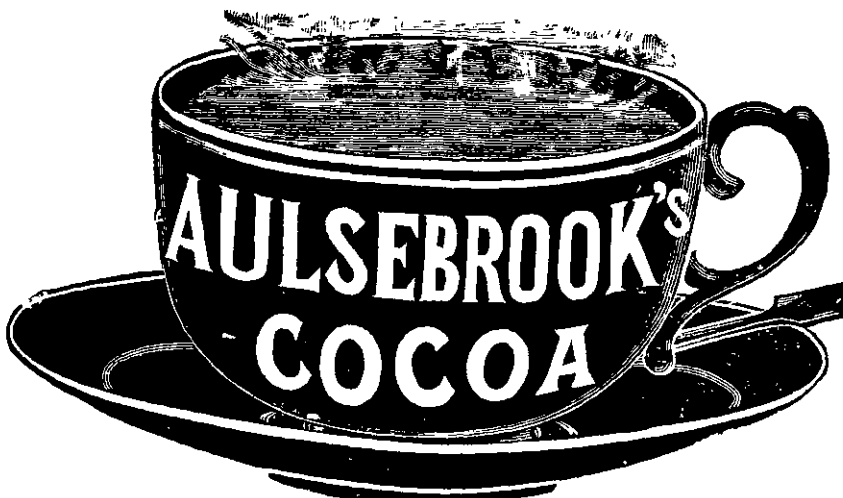
Our First Sale will be held on THURSDAY, 21st December, 1899  
Second Sale will be held on FRIDAY, 12th January, 1900  
Third Sale will be held on FRIDAY, 2nd February, 1900  
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## People We Hear About.

Mr. Benjamin Hoare, one of the best known Catholic journalists in Australia, has a good chance of being made editor of the Melbourne *Age*, of which he is the principal leader writer. Mr Windsor, the present editor is in feeble health, and is now taking a holiday.

Her Majesty the Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. James Tisdall Woodroffe to be Advocate-General at Calcutta in succession to Sir C. C. Paul. Mr. Woodroffe, who was received into the Church many years ago, has long been the leader of the bar in India, where the greater portion of each year has been spent.

Herr Schoenerer, the *Los von Rom* man, who is every year looking in vain for converts, is said to have struck out for himself a new religion. He finds Protestantism too 'clerical,' so he is organising a cult in which Luther is to be chief prophet, assisted by the God Wotan, Prince von Bismarck, William I. and Frederick Barbarossa.

Sir Thomas Esmonde's ancestor, Dr. Esmonde, (says the London *Universer*) was hanged in Dublin as a rebel in 1798. His body was thrown into the 'Croppies' Hole,' a great public ashpit, into which the filth and rubbish of the west end of Dublin used to be dumped. The bodies of all 'Papish rebels' done to death by flogging or hanging in the metropolis, were cast, as a last dishonour, into the 'Croppies' Hole.

Among those who have joined the special Dublin company of the Imperial Yeomanry is the Earl of Fingall, Captain Lord Fingall, who is a Catholic, was born in 1859, and was formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Meath Militia. He is the eleventh Earl, the title dating from 1628. He succeeded in 1881, and in 1883 married Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Mr. George Burke. The heir to the Earldom is his son, Lord Killeen, who was born in 1896.

Mr Hugh Charles Clifford, who has been appointed Governor of British North Borneo, and is a son of the late General Sir Henry Clifford, V.C., and cousin of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, entered Malay Straits Civil Service at the age of 17, and steadily rose until he received an important appointment as British Resident in Pahang. Mr Clifford, who has written numerous valuable works on Malaya and its people, is now called upon to rule a territory some 31,000 square miles in extent.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, who still makes his home at Westgate, on the Kentish Coast (says the *New Era*) has not been very well during part of the winter. He is now, however, able to work steadily on the completion of his *History of the Four Georges*. The first two volumes appeared some years ago, the other two we are to get during the coming year. When they are ready we shall have an historical account, by Mr. McCarthy of this country from the accession of George I. to the present day, with one gap—the reign of William IV. It is to be hoped that Mr. McCarthy may one day write of that period also.

Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan) has undertaken to edit and compile for Messrs. Blackie and Co a new edition of *The Cabinet of Irish Literature*, a vast compilation of prose and verse by Irish writers of the last three centuries. The work was originally edited by a Sligo man named Charles Anderson Read, who only lived to complete three volumes, the fourth being edited by T. P. O'Connor.

Mrs. Hinkson intends to bring the work up to date by eliminating a good deal of dull and uninteresting matter, and the introduction of a number of new writers, who have either risen to prominence since the first edition of the book, or escaped the notice of the original editors.

Cardinal Gotti, whose name has been mentioned recently by correspondents of the secular Press as a likely successor to the present Pontiff, is a man of great piety and modesty. Now about 64 years of age, he has always lived the life of an ascetic, and, despite the dignity of a Prince of the Church, he always sleeps in a cell and on a hard mattress. Mgr. Gotti, then Internuncio to Brazil, was elevated to the College of Cardinals in 1895. He is a Genoese by birth, and was the General of the Discalced Carmelites. His father was a dock labourer at Genoa. His elevation to the Sacred College came as a reward for the skill which he displayed in arranging various difficulties with regard to the interests of the Church in Brazil after the overthrow of Dom Pedro. He was educated at the Jesuits' College in Genoa, joined the Carmelite Order and quickly became its head.

Innumerable stories are told about the veteran war correspondent, John Augustus O'Shea, who was recently stricken down by paralysis. One of the best refers to the time when, as special correspondent of the *Standard*, he went to Cyprus to assist at the initial occupation by our troops. Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolsley was High Commissioner of the island, and one fine day 'the General' received an invitation to dine with his Excellency. O'Shea immediately went to Sir Garnet's aide-de-camp and explained that he had not brought a dress suit with him—indeed, that his wardrobe was very scanty. 'Never mind,' said the aide-de-camp, 'any black coat will do.' Accordingly, 'the General' appeared at the festive board magnificently attired in a rather large frock coat, and he also displayed immaculate linen cuffs and collar. His brethren of the Press marvelled at 'the General's' splendour. After the feast was over and coffee and smoke joined issue, Sir Garnet said: 'Gentlemen, it's oppressively hot; pray take off your coats if you have a mind to.' And he set an example by appearing in his shirt sleeves. Everyone followed suit, including 'the General.' A roar of laughter followed his undraping. And well it might. Beneath the frock-coat 'the General' wore only 'dicky' and cuffs.

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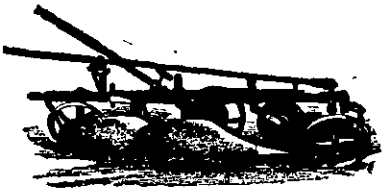
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