

favor in allowing me to purchase a shot gun and cartridges. The wild birds, partridges, and pigeons are as numerous in the vale of the river Marico as rabbits are in certain districts of Australia. I have already bagged large numbers, and our rations are more varied than they used to be.

A Boer invited me into his house one evening about 6 o'clock. He was evidently in a friendly frame of mind. He introduced me to his two brothers and two sisters, brought in coffee and brandy, and after a day's shooting I can assure you the hospitality was appreciated. They all spoke English. The younger man inquired if I liked music, was I fond of Schubert, Gounod, or Sullivan? 'I love all three,' I said and mentioned three more names, with all of whose works he was quite familiar. He thereupon opened a very pretty organ, and played extracts from four authors, winding up with the 'Lost Chord' and the 'Wearing of the Green.' The ladies proposed to play one morceau on piano, organ, and violin. It was from Mendelssohn, and was beautifully rendered. After all, I said, these Boers are not savages. The family name is Wilsenach. There were six brothers at the siege of Mafeking, and after the relief of that town, they made up their minds to fight no longer. One of the younger brothers is, I regret to say, demented, and was not allowed to be present at a very pleasant evening I spent on the banks of the Marico.

We conversed long about the British Empire, and I was, perhaps, too expansive in pronouncing its unrivalled grandeur and power. 'Come into my office,' said my host. 'There is no need telling me about your empire,' he said; 'look here' I was somewhat surprised to see English and American newspapers, latest statistics on the army and navy, almanacs for the year 1900, and in a word all our official documents. The Boers knew far more about us than we had given them credit for. The only mistake my friend made was in believing that all the Australian troopers wore emu feathers, a mistake which probably cost them Mafeking. The moment they perceived the feathers of a few Queenslanders the Boers thought all the Australian troops were coming over the hill, and abandoned their impregnable positions. The Australians numbered about 100 men instead of 5000!

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

The Victoria Cross won by Captain Towse, of the Gordon Highlanders, at Magersfontein last September, was conferred on him by the Queen at Windsor. The gallant captain is totally blind, having been shot in both eyes at Taba Mountain, when, with 12 men, he kept off 150 Boers. He won the V.C. in an attempt to carry Colonel Dorman, who was wounded, off the field at Magersfontein under a hail of bullets. Failing in this, he remained by the Colonel's side until help came. Captain Towse was led into the presence of her Majesty by his wife, and, having pinned on the coveted cross, the Queen spoke a few words of sympathy to the gallant officer. Her Majesty afterwards conferred the Distinguished Service Medal on Staff-Sergeant M'Connell, a young Irishman, for gallantry in the Soudan.

THE NUNS AT MAFEKING.

Writing from Mafeking, June 26, to the London *Times*, Inspector J. H. W. Ascough says: 'As a member of the B.S.A. Police unit of the garrison during the late siege I shall be glad if you will allow me to express, through the medium of your paper, our deep thanks and gratitude to the Mother Superior and sisters of the Convent who have so nobly attended to our sick and wounded at our hospital, night and day, for the last eight months. It is impossible to say too much for these beloved women. . . . Nothing too much can be done to recompense them for their noble work.' And in giving evidence before the Royal Commission, Lieutenant Ryerson stated that: 'In the Catholic Convent and St. Michael's Home everything was perfect, and the nuns made splendid nurses.'

RETURN OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Edmund Talbot were given a welcome of great cordiality on their return to Arundel from South Africa. The event had been anticipated with no ordinary pleasure by the people of the borough, and the most complete arrangements had been made for the public reception under the supervision of the Mayor, Rev. Father A. McCall and others. That their efforts, combined with those of the inhabitants generally, were crowned with success there was not the slightest doubt.

At the suggestion of the Mayor the tradespeople closed their establishments at an early hour to permit of their employees taking part in the demonstration, and a very large number of people from the surrounding neighborhood, including many from Littlehampton, journeyed to Arundel to enter into the festivities. The desire expressed by the Duke's relatives that he should drive straight to the Church of St. Philip Neri from the railway station, before any official reception was accorded to him, was strictly complied with, and it had the happy effect of bringing the whole of the public ceremony within a convenient area, extending over a distance of about 300 yards from the church to the castle. The several addresses, though presented separately had been so prepared that they might be inserted in albums, which had been provided for the purpose and inscribed: 'Addresses presented to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, E.M., K.G., on his return from active service in South Africa,' and 'Addresses presented to Lieutenant-General Lord Edmund Talbot, M.P., on his return from active service in South Africa,' the former being bound in blue and the latter in red morocco. The three triumphal arches erected between the castle gateway and the Church of St. Philip, were far more magnificent than are usually seen in the county, and the decorations generally were profuse and handsome. The service in the church was profoundly impressive, and the progress of the Duke and his brother from the church to the castle was signalised along the whole route by ringing cheers. In the evening the words 'Hearty Thanks,' in large colored letters composed of electric lights, appeared conspicuously over one of the great towers of the castle, and could be read from all parts of the town and immediate neighborhood.

People We Hear About.

Piccolomini, the composer of 'Ora pro nobis,' 'Eternal rest,' etc., is now in a retreat for the mentally afflicted near London.

Canada's oldest priest, Father McDonald, of Prince Edward Island, has passed away, aged 85.

Lord Roberts, in reply to a correspondent, states that he is a member of the Church of England.

A bust of Sir John Thompson, the late Catholic Prime Minister of Canada, has been unveiled at Halifax.

Writing from Paris recently the Rev. Father Phelan says that Countess Castellane, the former Miss Anna Gould, is a devout Catholic, with all the charm and sweetness of the genuine French aristocratic devotee. Count Boni Castellane is a man of fine character who stands very high in Catholic circles.

The 'Camelia,' a widely spread flower, loved for its beauty and fragrance, received its name from George Joseph Comel, a Jesuit brother, who wrote about the plants and fish and birds of the Philippine Islands. This we have learned from a very interesting letter upon the 'Catholic Religion in the Philippine Islands' in the September *Messenger*, recently issued.

It is announced that the Canadian Government has appointed the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., to represent Canada on the Anglo-Russian Commission, to which has been referred the question of the compensation to be paid to the Canadian sealers illegally seized by the Russian warships in 1892. In Canada no personality is more highly esteemed than that of this eloquent and gifted Irishman.

Services rendered during the American Civil War secured Patrick Henry Jones, a county Westmeath man, his Generalship in the army of the United States. His death the other day in Staten Island drew forth interesting reminiscences of the fine old soldier and sterling Irishman from the New York papers. During President Grant's stay at the White House, General Jones was Postmaster of New York.

Referring to the inaugural address of Sir Thomas Esmonde at the Young Men's Society Conference in Chester, the writer of 'City and County Notes' in the Chester *Chronicle* says he is 'one of the most deliberate public speakers I have heard—and I more than once heard John Bright, who was reputed to be one of the slowest, as he undoubtedly was one of the most effective, public speakers. Sir Thomas has a pleasant platform style, and impresses one as a man who appeals to the head rather than the heart. He is a man of whom any constituency would be proud as its representative.'

The King of Spain recently decorated Brother Amadeus with the cross of the Order of Charles III. This noble religious has founded 28 charitable institutions throughout Europe and Canada. A working-men's hotel he founded at Charleroi, Belgium, is considered a model of its kind. A few years ago King Leopold of Belgium, in acknowledgment of his services, conferred on him the title of Officer of the Order of Leopold, and the King of Portugal, in recognition of his good work in the cause of education, made him a Chevalier of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception of Villa Vicosa.

Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson) is once again heard of, and, of course, doing good. An 'M.A.P.' reader in Broadway—that quaint little Worcestershire village in the Malvern Hills which so many artists and other clever people have chosen for their home—sees Mr. T. P. O'Connor the following about her best-known fellow-villager, Madame de Navarro: 'She has just returned from Karlsruhe where she and her husband have been staying for the past six weeks. After all her past glories on the stage, one cannot help remarking the quiet, unassuming country life she now leads. Devoted to her husband and her home, she spends a good deal in doing good to the villagers, by whom she is beloved. No charitable work is complete in these parts without Mary Anderson, as she is still familiarly called. To-day I chanced to see her name on a bill in connection with a grand bazaar which she is to open on Tuesday, August 7th, to raise funds for the completion of the Catholic Church here. With hers I see also the name of the pretty and amiable Lady Agnes Noel, Lord Gainsborough's daughter. I have often heard the question go the rounds, "Will Mary Anderson ever again appear on the stage?" I can answer, No—she has given to the stage a long farewell. But she retains a keen interest in everything theatrical. For instance, she is to appear in a charity concert in the Town Hall of Evesham on the 15th of this month.'

Eccentricities of nomenclature in the reporting of the *Requiem* at the Italian Church for the late King of Italy were (says the *Daily Chronicle*) numerous, but the first prize in this department will be unanimously awarded to the *Daily Telegraph* writer, who conferred on the presiding prelate, Bishop Patterson, the amazing and absolutely original title of 'His Grandeur.' In 1850 the 'Gorham Judgment' drove Bishop Patterson, along with Manning, the Wilberforces, and a number of others, out of the Anglican Church. As a Catholic priest he labored in London until 1870, when he was appointed President of St. Edmund's College, Ware. Ten years later his lifelong friend, Cardinal Manning, secured his appointment as Auxiliary-Bishop, and presented him with the rectory of St. Mary's, Cadogan street, Chelsea, where he has resided ever since. Since the death of Cardinal Manning, Bishop Patterson, who will be 79 in November, has rarely officiated outside Chelsea. The last time his name appeared in the papers was in connection with a bus accident. The conductor was so severely injured that he had to be removed to the hospital, whereupon Bishop Patterson, who was one of the passengers, acted as his deputy for the rest of the journey, collected the pennies, and punched the tickets to the general satisfaction. He published a book of travels in the East, and is joint author of a 'Life of Pope Pius IX.'