

## People We Hear About.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., the celebrated fishing village painter, is an Irishman.

It is stated that the late Lord Bute's possessions are roughly set down at five millions sterling. A large sum will fall to the Exchequer in the form of death duties.

The Hon. Arthur Russell, eldest son of the late Lord Chief Justice of England, has been appointed Judge of County Court, circuit number 52, holding courts in Bath and elsewhere in Somerset and Wilts. The judgeship was rendered vacant by the recent death of his Honor Judge Gardiner.

Lady Mary Keppel, who was married a few weeks ago at the London Oratory, and her two sisters, Lady Hilda and Lady Florence Keppel are Catholics; but not so her brothers, the Earl of Albermarle, who gave her away, and the Hon. Derek Keppel, at whose house the wedding breakfast was held. Their father, the late Earl of Abermarle, became a Catholic when, as Lord Bury, he held a post in Lord Beaconsfield's administration.

Among those who have been elected to the freedom of the City of Dublin are the following:—Mr. Isaac Butt (first freeman), the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, General Grant, Captain Potter, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Dr. O'Doherty (of Queensland), Senator Patrick Collins, Mr. William O'Brien, the Marquis of Ripon, Mr. John Morley, Cardinal Moran, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Sexton, Mr. James Stansfield, Rev. Dr. Salmon, and Sir Stewart Knill (Lord Mayor of London). There is one lady freeman—Lady Sandhurst.

The Earl of Shannon arrived in Kinsale (Cork County) lately to join his yacht *Naotia*, when he was told one of the crew of the yacht, John O'Brien, had been drowned, while going on board, leaving a large and helpless young family. Lord Shannon called on Rev. L. Cummins. After a short interview Lord Shannon promised to allow O'Brien's wife and family 10s per week for two years, and appointed Father Cummins trustee. Lord Shannon paid all debts and demands connected with the deceased's death and funeral. Earl Shannon lives in Castlemartyr.

Swift (says an exchange) was 59 when his brain gave birth to *Gulliver's Travels*. Sir Walter Scott was 44 when his *Waverley* made its appearance, and nearly all those stories which have conferred lasting fame upon him were composed after the age of 46. Milton's mind rose to its highest capacity when the blind poet was between 54 and 59. It was at this period of his existence when he offered to the world *Paradise Lost*. Cowper had turned the half century when he wrote *The Task* and *John Gilpin*; and De Foe was within two years of 60 when he published *Robinson Crusoe*. Thomas Hood's *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs* were written when he was 46. Longfellow wrote *Hiawatha* at 48; and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us *Songs in Many Keys* when he had passed his fifty-fifth birthday. George Eliot was near her fiftieth year when she wrote *Middlemarch*, and this was succeeded by *Daniel Deronda*. Bacon's greatest work took 59 years to mature, and Grote's *History of Greece* some years longer.

A girl belonging to a Sussex village (says *M.A.P.*) was entering the service of a lady living at Arundel. Arriving at the railway station, she engaged an outside porter to carry her box, and having gone a short distance, she mentioned she could not give him more than threepence, as the box was quite small. Thereupon, after the manner of so many of his kind, he set it down in the road and walked off. A homely-looking man, wearing a coat green with age, chanced to overtake her. In spite of old clothes, he looked very respectable, she thought, and, thinking he might be glad of a few pence, she offered him the job. He picked up the little box and walked with her, but on reaching the destination he set it down on the doorstep, and hurried away without waiting to be paid. She mentioned the fact to her mistress, and from her description of the man, the lady's amused suspicions were aroused, but she said nothing until a few days later, when the Duke of Norfolk happened to pass the house. 'That's the man that carried my box,' the girl said promptly, about to rush out forthwith and pay him, for the Duke was wearing the identical green garment. Her confusion may be imagined on hearing that the erstwhile porter was the first peer of England.

Mr. Justin McCarthy (says the *Daily Chronicle*), almost simultaneously with his retirement from public life, has been the recipient of a private presentation, in the form of a substantial annuity settled upon him for life. What makes the testimonial the more gratifying is that it was set on foot and carried through almost entirely by men with whom Mr. McCarthy had no association in politics, the owner of a Conservative paper being the first contributor with the sum of 500 guineas. Mr. McCarthy was born in 1830, the eldest son of the late Mr. Michael Francis McCarthy. He was educated privately, for in the days of his youth no Catholic might receive any academic degree. At the age of 18 he became a journalist in Cork, and four years later removed to Liverpool, where he was similarly engaged until 1860, when he came to London. As the editor of the old *Morning Star* from 1864 to 1868, and as a leader writer on the *Daily News* after 1870, Mr. McCarthy did much to form sound public opinion on many subjects, but particularly on that of Irish National aspirations. He first entered Parliament as member for Longford County in 1879, afterwards representing Derry City, and, since 1892, North Longford. From 1890 to 1896 he was chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, a position which circumstances forced upon him, but which he found irksome and ungenial. He has excelled in widely diverse ways; his novels would suffice for one man's reputation, while his *History of Our Own Time* is universally accepted as a scholarly and judicial work, which bears no trace of the political bias which people would be only too ready to detect in the writing of an Irish Nationalist.

## A CENTENARY RECORD.

AN interesting and decidedly clever *brochure* has been published in connection with the recent centenary celebrations at the S. H. Convent, Timaru. It is entitled *Our First Centenary*, and its title-page informs us that it was 'published for the amusement of the Timaru children of the Sacred Heart.' The second edition of this interesting and original school publication is before us. It makes decidedly good reading. It opens with a thoughtful and well-written article on 'Our Centenary.' Other solid pabulum for the budding intellect is supplied by an article bearing the suggestive heading, 'The Fool of the House'; an amusing story-skit on arithmetic, which reminds us of the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland; a series of 'Stray Leaves from Our Sketch Book'; 'Latest Biographies,' etc. The Centennial Debating Club supplies, in conversational form, an exceedingly clever and amusing discussion on 'Vertebrates v. Invertebrates,' and another in French, on 'Intellect and Will'—the latter quite an achievement in philosophical discussion. Local school news chiefly accounts of the centenary celebrations, and original poetry by the children occupy a goodly portion of the publication. It concludes with some quaint and witty 'advertisements'—chiefly 'wanted,' and a few pages of school-child answers, which are decidedly amusing. We learn, for instance, from some of the little folk that 'in Thibet corn grows to the height of 18,000 feet'; that the kingdom of the Queen of Sheba was 'on the West Coast'; that 'Sarah prepared tea for the angels and made them some scones'; and other interesting facts that are not generally known. *Our First Centenary* is very daintily got up, and is quite a novelty in school publications.

## THE MAIL FOR THE VATICAN.

As I was leaving the Vatican the other day, writes the Rome correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, I met a postman at the bronze doors, who groaned as he walked, while the perspiration rolled from his face. To my sympathetic inquiries he growled out that he wished the Vatican had to carry their own letters.

In fact, about 20,000 newspapers and letters arrive there daily, all of which have to be sorted, opened and classified, and for this purpose a special staff is kept at the apostolic palace. The Pontiff is supposed to open and read all communications addressed 'Sanctitati Suae Leoni Papae XIII. feliciter regnanti'; but as that would be impossible, even to a strong man, Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State, has it done under his direction, submitting to the Pope the most important and pressing communications. However, there are some documents the opening of which by any other than the Pontiff is punished by excommunication. These are addressed 'To His Holiness the Pope, Prefect of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition.'

Of newspapers Leo XIII. each day glances through about seven or eight. Italian and French, also many translated extracts from English, German, and even Russian ones, which have been specially prepared for him. It has caused surprise in many quarters that Leo XIII. is so well informed about outside matters as he is, as of course it would be supposed that when extracts are made from papers only what the reader desires comes before him. But the Pontiff is very shrewd, and reads French and Italian journals so thoroughly that he has a very good idea whenever anything is being kept from him and insists—and has his way—on having full reports.

His Lordship Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Lismore, left Naples for Australia by the *Ortona* on November 18, and was expected back before Christmas. He has secured six priests for the diocese, two of whom—Rev. Fathers Carroll and Durney—left by the *Omrak* on October 12, and the others were to leave immediately. It is in contemplation to give his Lordship an enthusiastic welcome on his return, as first Bishop of Lismore.

On Sunday, December 2, the foundation-stone of a new presbytery at Essendon was laid by his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne. The new building is costing about £3000. On the same day his Grace laid the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. John in East Melbourne, the contract price for which is £3000. Also on that date the ceremony of unveiling and blessing the beautiful marble altar and baptismal font, presented to St. John's, Clifton Hill, by Mr. T. E. Verga, took place. Mr. Verga is a public-spirited Catholic. Just recently he donated to St. John's Church the Stations of the Cross—perhaps the finest possessed by any church in Victoria.

Tussicura, the wonderful cough remedy—sold by all chemists and grocers.—\*.\*

Wanted, about 50 clerks to help read testimonials re Tussicura. Sole manufacturer, S. J. Evans, 2s 6d.—\*.\*

Witches Oil cures pains and aches, neuralgia, headache, sciatica rheumatism. Price, 2s 6d. Try it.—\*.\*

The McCormick Harvesting Machine Company built and sold 213,629 machines in the season of 1899. This is the greatest sale of harvesting machines ever made by one company.—\*.\*

The enormous output of McCormick machines defies the mental grasp of man. If the machines they manufacture were to issue from the gate of their works (the largest in the world), the speculators would see throughout the working day a McCormick machine emerging at full gallop every thirty seconds.—\*.\*