

we are mainly concerned about his sterling worth as a staunch Irishman. He took a very active part in the Volunteer movement, and with voice and pen he summoned the citizens to the national colors, and sang the glories of his peerless chief, Henry Grattan.

Just thirty years are ending since first his glorious aid,  
Our sacred rights defending, struck shackles from our trade;

To serve us still, with might and skill, the vet'ran now appears,  
That gallant man who led the van of the Irish Volunteers.

Lysaght bitterly opposed the proposed Union with all the power of voice and pen he could command. Numerous offers of bribery came his way—tempting offers, but 'Pleasant Ned' proved incorruptible. The glowing humor that characterised Lysaght for many years passed away from him in 1810, and a great sadness settled within him. He expressed himself despairingly, that his beloved country would never again 'take her place among the nations of the earth.' With the bright hope that faded from the nation, the light of life burned low in our patriot, and with a sigh on his lips for his betrayed country, the good, honest soul of 'Pleasant Ned Lysaght' passed out.

As an unbribable patriot he shall live for ever in the annals of his country, for

Glory guards his name.

## EXPERIENCES AT GALLIPOLI

The Rev. Father McMenamin, who went as chaplain with the Main Expeditionary Force from New Zealand, and returned some months ago seriously ill, was welcomed home the other day by the people of Petone, and presented with a chalice. In the course of his address on the occasion, Father McMenamin said that he knew they expected him to say something about the war, and he would endeavor to give them a brief account of their doings on Gallipoli. When they arrived they expected to get a warm time, but nothing so hot as they got. They landed on April 25 and engaged in three pitched battles which lasted for several days, and lost heavily. The authorities decided it was no use to try and advance further into the Turkish territory, and adopted trench warfare. From May to August the men were still clinging to the hilltops and were weakening and going about like skeletons. There were only two things to do—either advance or get out. Plans were prepared for an advance, and we all thought things would be well. The men were so delighted that they started out with great hopes. We were to advance to a certain position. We left the trenches alone, for as soon as you took the trench you could not hold it, as the Turkish machine guns had the range and swept us out of it. The only way open was an advance towards Suvla Bay. The Australians, who were holding the Lone Pine trenches, lost 70 per cent. of their number. The Australians and New Zealanders were good, brave soldiers. He had seen the Indians, French, and British soldiers fighting, but his impression was that they could not come up to the Australasians for dash and valor. Some of the Australians were wild, but you got to love them for their bravery. He instanced the case of an Australian who was in the bomb-throwing brigade. He lit a cigarette, stood on the parapet, and fired bombs into the Turkish trenches. He, poor fellow, did not last long and fell riddled with bullets. The New Zealand soldier has a lot of patience and is every bit as brave as an Australian. In the march to Suvla Bay the New Zealanders left at eleven o'clock at night and reached a gully at daylight. They hid all day, as Zeppelins were flying overhead. At night the New Zealand Mounteds went out with the bayonet to take the hills, which they captured without firing a shot, but they freely used the bayonet and took many prisoners. When the New Zealanders

reached their objective they waited, but the Suvla Bay men did not come. In the fight which followed the New Zealanders lost heavily, three leaders being killed. On August 8 three hundred men were lost in three-quarters of an hour, and they did not see a Turk or did not fire a shot. The shrapnel was deadly. It was only the wonderful grit and determination that prevented the men being driven into the sea. No further advance was attempted after that.

In one of these fights Father Dore was wounded, and he felt sure they all were pleased at the honor conferred upon him by the King decorating him. This shows that the work of the chaplains was appreciated.

There was no disgrace in the failure of the attack, as the men did everything they were asked to do, and did it bravely. They were heroes every one. The New Zealand boys have added great glory and honor and everlasting fame to themselves and their dear native country.

## WEDDING BELLS

MELVILLE—THOMPSON.

A very quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised in the Catholic Cathedral, Christchurch, on February 1, by Rev. Father Cooney, who also celebrated the Nuptial Mass, the contracting parties being Miss Olive Thompson, eldest daughter of Mr. M. Thompson, of Heathcote Valley, and Mr. Arthur Melville, elder son of Mr. R. Melville, of Merivale. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. Norman Thompson), was attired in a charming gown of ivory crepe-de-chine, and wore a beautifully worked veil (the gift of her sister, Miss Greta Thompson), arranged in mob-cap style. The bride carried a bouquet of lovely roses and maiden-hair fern, and wore a handsome necklet of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids, Misses Gussie and Greta Thompson (sisters of the bride), were daintily dressed in merv crepe, with overdress of white embroidered voile, and wore white hats, trimmed with pink satin and roses, and also wore gold crosses and chains, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. H. Haughey, of Christchurch, as groomsmen. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother. At the breakfast the customary toasts were honored, the Rev. Father Cooney proposing the toast of the bride and bridegroom. Many beautiful and valuable presents were received by Mr. and Mrs. Melville, who motored to Akaroa, where the honeymoon was spent.

In his work on *The Old English Bibles*, Cardinal Gasquet gives the following list of Catholic editions of the Bible found in the British Museum:—

'In the collection of Bibles in the British Museum, according to the Catalogue of 1892, there are 11 German editions of the Bible, ranging from 1466 to 1518; 3 Bohemian editions, between 1488 and 1506; 1 Dutch, dated 1477; 5 French, from 1510 to 1531; 7 Italian, between 1471 and 1532. These, be it remembered, are all Catholic in their origin and execution; and they by no means represent all the editions published, but only such as the English nation has secured for the British Museum collection.'

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