

**MISSING PAGE**

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## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- Jan. 11, Sunday.—Sunday within the Octavo of the Epiphany.  
 „ 12, Monday.—Within the Octavo of the Epiphany.  
 „ 13, Tuesday.—Octavo of the Epiphany.  
 „ 14, Wednesday.—St. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor.  
 „ 15, Thursday.—St. Paul, Hermit.  
 „ 16, Friday.—St. Marcellus, Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 17, Saturday.—St. Anthony, Abbot.

St. Hilary, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

“The illustrious doctor of the churches,” as St. Hilary is styled by St. Augustine, was born at Poitiers, in France, of a very distinguished family. Brought up in idolatry, he received the grace of conversion shortly after reaching manhood. Having been appointed Bishop of his native city, he distinguished himself as well by his learned confutation of the Arian heretics as by his constancy in bearing the ill-treatment he had to endure at their hands. St. Hilary died in 368.

St. Anthony, Abbot.

St. Anthony was a native of Upper Egypt. He was left by his father in the possession of considerable wealth, but, as soon as practicable, he made over his property to the poor, and retired into the desert, where for many years he led a life of considerable austerity. He died in 356, at the age of 105.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

GRATIA PLENA.

O Virgin mild,  
 Scarce more than child,  
 Yet peerless woman grown!  
 O fairest one  
 (Except thy Son)  
 From seed in Eden sown!  
 All fearful thou,  
 With blushing brow,  
 Didst shrink from Gabriel's praise,  
 But we repeat  
 The greeting sweet:  
 Hail, ripples through our day,  
 A joyous, low  
 Chorus be it,  
 The heart's and hand's truest plea,  
 And thou dost smile  
 On us the while;  
 So more and more and more,  
 We sinners dare,  
 O Lady fair,  
 To praise thee to thy race  
 In childlike way  
 (Love must have play);  
 Hail, Mary, full of grace!

(C.M.C. in *Virg. Maria*.)

### REFLECTIONS.

Some men and women are living a strenuous life, but the things they are strenuous about is none of their business. They are busybodies in other men's matters.

Godliness is manly. Those who imagine that they would be losing some elements of manliness by becoming godly are mistaken. No ungodly man is truly manly.

Secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable; to be invisibly good is as godlike as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

Religion and education should ever go hand-in-hand, as it is only by their union that the highest type of manhood can be developed.

There may be only two or three opportunities in a lifetime of proving oneself brave, but every hour of every day one may have the satisfaction of knowing that he is not a coward.

Apathy is imbecility. The measure of the emotion of which one is capable is the measure of the power of thought and self-devotion to which he may attain. In the highest and most energetic natures feeling is most profound.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” No other aristocracy has this privilege. Blessed, indeed, are they in whose lives there is no shame, in whose souls no taint of envy, in whose hearts no stain of sin. The blessings that fall to the pure in heart are many, yet Jesus named but one—the blessing par excellence, the privilege of seeing God.—Charles C. Girelius.

## The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

“Here!” exclaimed Father Maguire, after the unhappy prelate had been assisted to this recess, “here, now, put his lordship to bed; I have tossed it up for him in great style! I assure you, my dear friends, it’s a shake-down fit for a prince!—and better than most of the thieves deserve. What bed of down ever had the sweet fragrance this flowery heather sends forth? Here, my lord—easy, now—lay him down gently, just as a mother would a sleeping child—for, indeed, he is a child,” he whispered, “and as weak as a child; but a sound sleep will do him good, and he’ll be a new man in the morning, please God.”

Upon this rough but wholesome and aromatic couch the exhausted prelate was placed, where he had not been many minutes until he fell into a profound sleep, a fact which gratified them very much, for they assured Reilly and the priest that he had slept but a few hours each night, during the last week, and that such slumber as he did get was feverish and unquiet.

Our good-humored friend, however, was now cordially welcomed by these unfortunate ecclesiastics, for such, in fact, the majority of them were. His presence seemed to them like a ray of light from the sun. His good humor, his excellent spirits, which nothing could repress, and his drollery kept them alive, and nothing was so much regretted by them as his temporary absences from time to time; for, in truth, he was their messenger, their steward, and their newsman; in fact, the only link that connected them with external life, and the ongoings of the world abroad. The bed in which the bishop now slept was in a distant corner of this inner apartment, or dormitory, as it might be termed, because the situation was higher and drier, and consequently more healthy, as a sleeping-place, than any other which the rude apartment afforded. The fire on which the large pot simmered was, at least, a distance of 25 yards from his bed, so that they could indulge in conversation without much risk of disturbing him.

It is unnecessary to say that Reilly and his friend Father Maguire felt by this time a tolerably strong relish for something in the shape of sustenance—a relish which was exceedingly sharpened by the savory smell sent forth throughout the apartment by the contents of whatsoever was contained in the immense pot.

“My dear brethren,” said the priest, “let us consider this cavern as a rich monastery; such, alas! as existed in the good days of old, when the larder and refectory were a credit to religion and a relief to the destitute, but which, alas!—and alas! again—we can only lick our reverend lips and think of as a— In the meantime, I can stand this no longer. If I possess judgment or penetration in *re culinaria* I am of opinion,” he added (stirring up the contents of it), “that it is fit to be operated on; so, in God’s name, let us have at it. Troth, I feel a small streamlet of clear water trickling from each side of my mouth, betokening a large *vacuum* in my abdominal regions.”

In a few minutes, two or three immense pewter dishes were heaped with stew made up of mutton, bacon, hung beef, onions, and potatoes, forming, indeed, a most delicious mess for any man, much less the miserable men who were making it disappear so rapidly.

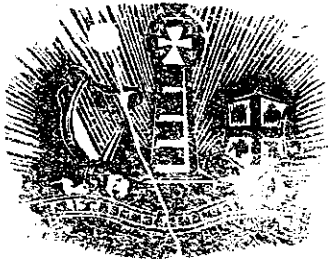
“Troth,” said the priest, after he had given strong symptoms of relaxation to a right arm, whose frequent visits to his mouth resembled, in rapidity, the working of a pump-handle more than anything else we can think of—troth, then, I wish his lordship had an honest pound of this savory commixture in his *epigastrium*—it would drive the wind out of it and prevent it from rising up in a whirl to his brain. The truth is, he’s killing himself with fasting and prayer, two things that are very dangerous when carried to excess, as we have a melancholy evidence of in his lordship’s own case. As for me, I look upon such excesses in self-denial as a slow suicide—a crime which, while there’s a mouthful of anything at all to be had, may the Lord prevent me from ever committing.”

Reilly, the very picture of health, after maintaining a pace inferior to that of none, although there were de-

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cededly some handy workmen there, now was forced to pull up and halt. In the meantime, some slow but steady operations went on with a perseverance that was highly creditable; and it was now that, having a little agreeable leisure to observe and look about him, he began to examine the extraordinary costumes of the incongruous society in which, to his astonishment, he found himself a party. We must, however, first account for the oddness and incongruity of the apparent characters which they were forced to assume.

At this period the Catholics of Ireland were indeed frightfully oppressed. A proclamation had recently been issued by the Government, who dreaded, or pretended to dread, an insurrection—by which convents and monasteries were suppressed—rewards offered for the detection and apprehension of ecclesiastics, and for the punishment of such humane magistrates as were reluctant to enforce laws so unsparing and oppressive. Increased rewards were also offered to spies and informers, with whom the country unfortunately abounded. A general disarming of all Catholics took place; domiciliary visits were made in quest of bishops, priests, and friars, and all the chapels in the country were shut up. Many of the clergy flew to the metropolis, where they imagined they might be more safe, and a vast number to caverns and mountains, in order to avoid the common danger, and especially from a wholesome terror of that class of men called priest-hunters. The Catholic peasantry, having discovered their clergy in these wild retreats, flocked to them on Sundays and festivals, in order to join in private—not public—worship, and to partake of the rites and sacraments of their Church.

Such was the state of the country at the period when the unfortunate men, whom we are about to describe, were pent up in this newly-discovered cavern.

Now, Reilly himself was perfectly acquainted with all this, and knew very well that these unhappy men, having been frequently compelled to put on the first disguise that came to hand, had not means, nor indeed disposition, to change these disguises, unless at the risk of being recognised, taken into custody, and surrendered to the mercy of the law.

When their savory meal was concluded, Father Maguire, who never forgot any duty connected with his position—be that where it might—now went over to the large pot, exclaiming:—

"It would be too bad, my friends, to forget the creatures here that have been so faithful and so steady to us. Poor things, I could see, by the way they fixed their longing eyes upon us while we were doing the handiwork at the stew, that if the matter had been left to themselves, the sorrow spoonful ever went into our mouths, but they'd have practised the doctrine of tithing upon. Come, darlings, here now is a little race for you—every one of you seize a spoon, keep a hospitable mouth, a supple wrist, and sorra take the hindmost. These creatures, Mr. Reilly, are so many little brands plucked out of the burning. They are the children of parents who suffered for their faith, and were brought here to avoid being put into those new traps for young Catholics, called Charter Schools, into which the Government wishes to hook in our rising generation, under pretence of supporting and educating them, but in point of fact to alienate them from the affection of their parents and relations, and to train them up in the State religion, poor things. At all events, they are very handy to us here, for they slip out by turns and bring us almost everything we want—and sorra soul of them ever opened his lips as to the existence of this *splunca*."

The meal of the poor things was abundant, but they soon gave over, and in a few minutes they tumbled themselves into their heather beds and were soon sunk in their innocent slumbers.

"Now, gentlemen, that we have eaten a better meal than we could expect in this miserable place, thanks to the kindness of our faithful flocks, what do you think of a sup of what's in the keg?—Good eating deserves a drop of mixture after it, to aid in carrying on the process of digestion. Father Hennessy, what are you at?" he exclaimed, addressing an exceedingly ill-looking man, with heavy brows and a sinister aspect. "You forget, sir, that the management of the keg is my duty, whenever I am here. You are the only person here who violates our regulations in that respect. Walk back and wait till you are helped, like another. Do you call that being spiritually inclined? If so, there is not a doubt of it but you ought to be a bishop; and if you come to that I'll stake my credit on it that you'll never let much wind into your stomach so long as you can get plenty of the solids and fluids to keep it out."

"I'm weak in the stomach," replied Hennessy, with a sensual grin, "and require it."

"But I say," replied Father Maguire, "that it would require stronger proof than any your outward man presents

to confirm the truth of that. As for bearing a load either of the liquids or solids aforesaid, I'll back your bit of *abdomen* there against those of any three of us."

Cups and noggins, and an indescribable variety of small vessels that were never designed for drinking, were now called into requisition, and a modest portion of the keg was distributed among them. Reilly, while enjoying his cup, which as well as the others he did with a good deal of satisfaction, could not help being amused by the comical peculiarity of their disguises.

The sinister-looking clergyman whom we have named Hennessy, subsequently became a spy and informer; and, we may add, an enemy equally formidable and treacherous to the Catholics of the time, in consequence of having been deprived of his clerical functions by his bishop, who could not overlook his immoral and irregular conduct. He is mentioned by Matthew O'Connor in his *History of the Irish Catholics*, and consigned to infamy as one of the greatest scourges, against both the priesthood and the people, that ever disgraced the country. But, it must be admitted that he stands out in dark relief against the great body of the Catholic priests at this period, whose firmness, patience, and fidelity to their trust place them above all praise and all suspicion. It is, however, very reasonable, that men so hunted and persecuted should be forced, not only in defence of their own lives and liberties, but also for the sake of their flocks, to assume such costumes as might most effectually disguise them, so that they would be able still, even in secret and by stealth, to administer the rites of their religion to the poor and neglected of their own creed. Some were dressed in common frieze, some in servants' cast-off liveries—however they came by them—and not a few in military uniform, that served, as it were, to mark them staunch supporters of the very Government that persecuted them. A reverend archdeacon, somewhat comely and corpulent, had, by some means or other, procured the garb of a recruiting sergeant, which fitted him so admirably that the illusion was complete; and what bore it out still more forcibly was the presence of a smart-looking little friar, who kept the sergeant in countenance in the uniform of a drummer. Mass was celebrated every day, hymns sung, and prayers offered up to the Almighty, that it might please Him to check the flood of persecution which had overwhelmed or scattered them. Still, in the intervals of devotion, they indulged in that reasonable cheerfulness and harmless mirth which was necessary to support their spirits, depressed as they must have been by this dreadful and melancholy confinement—a confinement where neither the light of the blessed sun nor the fresh breezes of heaven nor the air we breathe in its usual purity could reach them. Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh, however, were cheerful on the scaffold; and even here, as we have already said, many a rustic tale and legend, peculiar to those times, went pleasantly around; a theological debate took place, and many a thesis was discussed in order to enable the unhappy men to pass away the tedious monotony of their imprisonment in this strange lurking-place. The only man who kept aloof and took no part in these amusing recreations was Hennessy, who seemed moody and sullen, but who, nevertheless, was frequently detected in making stolen visits to the barrel.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the sight was a melancholy one; and whatever disposition Reilly felt to smile at what he saw and heard was instantly changed on perceiving their unaffected piety, which was evident by their manner, and a rude altar in a remote end of the cave, which was laid out night and day for the purpose of celebrating the ceremonies and mysteries of their Church. Before he went to his couch of heather, however, he called Father Maguire aside, and thus addressed him:

"I have been a good deal struck to-night, my friend, by all that I have witnessed in this singular retreat. The poor prelate I pity; and I regret I did not understand him sooner. His mind, I fear, is gone."

"Why, I didn't understand him myself," replied the priest; "because this was the first symptom he has shown of any derangement in his intellect; otherwise I would no more have contradicted him than I would have cut my left hand off."

"There is, however, a man—a clergyman here, called Hennessy; who is he, and what has been his life?"

"Why," replied the other, "I've heard nothing to his disadvantage. He is a quiet, and, it is said, a pious man—and I think he is, too. He is naturally silent, and seldom takes any part in our conversation. He says, however, that his concealment here bears hard upon him, and is depressing his spirits every day more and more. The only thing I ever could observe in him is what you saw yourself to-night—a slight relish for an acquaintance with the barrel. He sometimes drains a drop—indeed, sometimes too much—out of it, when he gets our backs turned; but then he pleads low spirits three or four times

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a day—indeed, so often that upon my troth, he'll soon have the barrel pleading the same complaint."

"Well," replied Reilly, after listening attentively to him, "I desire you and your friends to watch that man closely. I know something about him; and I tell you that if ever the laws become more lenient, the moment this man makes his appearance, his bishop will deprive him of all spiritual jurisdiction for life. Mark me now, Father Maguire; if he plead any necessity for leaving this retreat and going abroad again into the world, don't let a single individual of you remain here one hour after him. Provide for your safety and your shelter elsewhere as well as you can; if not, the worst consequences may, nay, will follow."

The priest promised to communicate this intelligence to his companions, one by one; after which, both he and Reilly, feeling fatigued and exhausted by what they had undergone in the course of the night, threw themselves each upon his couch of heather, and in a few minutes not only they, but all their companions, were sunk in sleep.

(To be continued.)

## THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

### CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

Beal-an-atha-buie, or, as some of the English chroniclers call it, Blackwater, may be classed as one of the great battles of the Irish nation; perhaps the greatest fought in the course of the war against English invasion. Other victories as brilliant and complete may be found recorded in our annals; many defeats of English armies as utter and disastrous; but most of these were, from a military point of view, not to be ranked for a moment with the "Yellow Ford." Very nearly all of them were deliberate surprises, conducted on the simplest principles of warfare common to struggles in mountainous country. But Beal-an-atha-buie was a deliberate engagement, a formidable pitched battle between the largest and the best armies which England and Ireland respectively were able to send forth, and was fought out on principles of military science in which both O'Neill and Bagnal were proficient. It was a fair stand-up fight between the picked troops and chosen generals of the two nations; and it must be told of the vanquished on that day, that, though defeated, they were not dishonored. The Irish annals and chants, one and all, do justice to the daring bravery and unflinching endurance displayed by Bagnal's army on the disastrous battlefield of Beal-an-atha-buie.

As might be supposed, a victory so considerable as this has been sung by a hundred bards. More than one notable poem in the native Gaelic has celebrated its glory; and quite a number of our modern bards have made it the theme of stirring lays. Of these latter, probably the best known is Drennan's ballad, from which I quote the opening and concluding verses:

By O'Neill close beleagu'rd, the spirits might droop  
Of the Saxon three hundred shut up in their coop,  
Till Bagnal drew forth his Toledo, and swore  
On the sword of a soldier to succor Porbore.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried,  
Their features how bronzed, and how haughty their stride,  
Step'd steadily on: it was thrilling to see  
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er Beal-an-atha Buie!

The flash of their armor, inlaid with fine gold,  
Gleaming matchlocks and cannons that mutteringly roll'd,  
With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,  
Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

Laud of Owen abou! and the Irish rolled on:  
The foe fir'd but one volley—their gunners are gone,  
Before the bare bosoms the steel coats have fled,  
Or, despite casquo or corslet, lie dying or dead.

And brave Harry Bagnal, he fell while he fought,  
With many gay gallants: they slept as men ought,  
Their faces to Heaven: there were others, alack!  
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

And the Irish got clothing, coin, colors, great store,  
Arms, forage, and provender—plunder *go leor*.  
They munch'd the white manchets, they champ'd the brown  
chine,  
Fuliua! for that day, how the natives did dine!

The chieftain looked on, when O'Shanagan rose,  
And cried: Harken, O'Neill, I've a health to propose—  
To our Sassenach hosts, and all quaffed in huge glee,  
With *Cead milc failte go! BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH!*

The same subject has been the inspiration of, perhaps, the most beautiful poem in Mr. Aubrey de Vere's *Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland*:—

### THE WAR-SONG OF TYRCONNELL'S BARD AT THE BATTLE OF BLACKWATER.

Glory to God and to the Powers that fight  
For Freedom and the Right!  
We have them then, the invaders! there they stand  
Once more on Oriol's land!  
They have pass'd the gorge stream cloven,  
And the mountain's purple bound;  
Now the toils are round them woven,  
Now the nets are spread around!  
Give them time: their steeds are blown;  
Let them stand and round them stare,  
Breathing blasts of Irish air:  
Our eagles know their own!

Thou rising sun, fair fall  
Thy greeting on Armagh's time-honored wall  
And on the willows hear  
That fringe thy silver waters, Avonmore!  
See! on that hill of drifted sand  
The far-famed marshal holds command,  
Bagnal, their bravest:—to the right,  
That recreant, neither chief nor knight,  
"The Queen's O'Reilly," he that sold  
His country, clan, and Church for gold!  
"Saint George for England!"—recreant crew,  
What are the saints ye spurn to you?  
They charge: they pass you grassy swell:  
They reach our pit-falls hidden well:  
On!—warriors native to the sod!  
Be on them, in the power of God!

Seest thou yon stream, whose tawny waters glide  
Through weeds and yellow marsh lingeringly and slowly?  
Blest is that spot and holy!  
There, ages past, Saint Bercan stood and cried,  
"This spot shall quell one day th' invader's pride!"  
He saw in mystic trance  
The blood-stain flush yon rill:  
On!—hosts of God, advance!  
Your country's fate fulfil!

Hark! the thunder of their meeting!  
Hand meets hand, and rough the greeting!  
Hark! the crash of shield and brand;  
They mix, they mingle, band with band,  
Like two horn-commingling stags,  
Wrestling on the mountain crags,  
Intertwined, intertangled,  
Mangled forehead meeting mangled!  
See! the wavering darkness through  
I see the banner of Red Hugh;  
Close beside is thine, O'Neill!  
Now they stoop and now they reel,  
Rise once more and onward sail,  
Like two falcons on one gale!  
O ye clansmen past no rushing,  
Like mountain torrents seaward gushing,  
Tell the chiefs that from this height  
Their chief of bards beholds the fight;  
That on theirs he pours his spirit;  
Mark their deeds and chaunts their merit,  
While the Priesthood evermore,  
Like him that ruled God's hosts of yore,  
With arms outstretched that God implore!

Glory be to God on high!  
That shout rang up into the sky!  
The plain lies bare; the smoke drifts by;  
Again that cry: they fly! they fly!  
O'er them standards thirty-four  
Waved at moru: they wave no more.

Glory be to Him alone who holds the nations in His hand,  
And to them the heavenly guardians of our Church and  
native land!  
Sing, ye priests, your deep Te Deum; bards, make answer  
loud and long.  
In your rapture flinging heavenward censers of triumphant  
song.  
Isle for centuries blind in bondage, lift once more thine  
ancient boast,

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From the cliffs of Innishowen southward on to Carbery's coast!  
 We have seen the right made perfect, seen the Hand that rules the spheres,  
 Glimpse like lightning through the clouds, and backward roll the wrongful years.  
 Glory fadeth, but this triumph is no barren mundane glory;  
 Rays of healing it shall scatter on the eyes that read our story:  
 Upon nations bound and torpid as they waken it shall shine,  
 As on Peter in his chains the angel shone, with light divine.  
 From th' unheeding, from th' unholy it may hide, like truth, its ray;  
 But when Truth and Justice conquer, on their crowns its beam shall play:  
 O'er the keu of troubled tyrants it shall trail a meteor's glare;  
 For the blameless it shall glitter as the star of morning fair;  
 Whene'er Erin triumphs, then its dawn it shall renew;  
 Then O'Neill shall be remember'd, and Tyrconnell's chief, Red Hugh!

The fame of this great victory filled the land. Not in Ireland alone did it create a sensation. The English historians tell us that for months nothing was talked of at court or elsewhere throughout England, but O'Neill and the great battle on the Blackwater, which had resulted so disastrously for "her Highness." Morison himself informs us that "the general voice was of Tyrone amongst the English after the defeat of Blackwater, as of Hannibal amongst the Romans after the defeat at Cannæ." The event got noised abroad, too, and in all the courts of Europe Hugh of Tyrone became celebrated as a military commander and as a patriot leader.

(To be continued.)

#### SEA-BOARDINGS.

My heart is open again and the sea flows in:  
 It shall fill with a summer of mists and winds and clouds  
 and waves breaking,  
 Of gull-wings over the green tide, of the surf's drenching din,  
 Of sudden horizon-sails that come and vanish, phantom-thin,  
 Or arching sapphire skies, deep and unaching.  
 I shall lie on the rocks just over the weeds that drape  
 The clear sea-pools, where birth and death in the sunny ooze  
 are teeming.  
 Where the crab in quest of booty sidles about a surly shape,  
 Where the snail creeps and the mussel sleeps with wary valves  
 agape,  
 Where life is too grotesque to be but seeming.  
 And the swallow shall weave my dreams with threads of  
 flight,  
 A shuttle with silver breast across the warp of the waves  
 gliding:  
 And an isle far out shall be a beam in the loom of my  
 delight,  
 And the pattern of every dream shall be a rapture bathed  
 in light—  
 Its evanescent beauty most abiding.  
 And the sunsets shall give sadness all its due:  
 They shall stain the sands and trouble the tides with all  
 the ache of sorrow  
 They shall bleed and die with a beauty of meaning old yet  
 ever new:  
 They shall burn with all the hunger for things that hearts  
 have failed to do.  
 They shall whisper of a gold that none can borrow,  
 And the stars shall come and build a bridge of fire  
 For the moon to cross the shoreless sky, with never a fear  
 of sinking.  
 They shall teach me of the magic things of life never to  
 tire,  
 And how to renew, when it is low, the lamp of my desire—  
 And how to hope, in the darkest depths of thinking.  
 —CALE YOUNG RICE, in *The Dial* (New York).

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#### A CHARACTER SKETCH OF DE VALERA

Tall, somewhat stooped, certainly spare, the President of the Irish Republic, Eamon de Valera, arrests and holds attention not because he wills it, but because the purpose which actuates him has all but absorbed the individual, and thus made him a man apart.

He is the President of a Republic which has no standing in the councils of the world.

His mission to America is to get official recognition for the Sinn Féin or Republican Government in Ireland, set up in Easter Week by a handful of Irish patriots of which he was one of the leaders, and of which he alone escaped execution at the hands of the British Government.

There are ways and means which he discusses for the accomplishment of his mission, phases which he elucidates for the real issues involved in freedom for Ireland—the political, the economic, the social, and the so-called religious phase. But, when all this has been said, a single cry seems to have come from the quiet depths of his being: "Stretch out your hand to the Irish Republic!"

This appeal he addresses particularly to what he terms "the plain people" of America, and it reaches fifteen to twenty thousand of men and women and children, gathered in mass meetings, which break into applause and cheers which last many minutes by the clock and through which de Valera stands with a curious smile, deferential and patient—the smile of a man both idealist and fighter, both planner and doer, the smile of a man who glimpses victory somewhere ahead, but who knows the last strides forward will be the most treacherous and wearisome.

#### Genius for Taking Pains.

Get at the men about him and ask, "How did this former university instructor in mathematics become the head and front of the Irish cause?" and the answers always include the commentary, "The President is a plugger." Turning back to his face, smooth-shaven and lean and too much lined for the 37 years he has lived, the characterisation is confirmed by every feature and expression.

It is this genius for taking pains which has made him rise from the ranks of the Irish Volunteers to a leadership upon which hangs the fate of a free Ireland.

Before he was placed in command of the Ringsend district of the Dublin insurrection of Easter Week, de Valera had taken pains to work out in his mind schemes of organisation, owing to which little silent, swift-moving groups had sprung up here and there all over Ireland, drilling, drilling, secretly and mostly at night, and scarcely a district in all Ireland had not its nucleus for a fighting force—and its nucleus for a free nation.

It was not de Valera's way to set himself up as a dictator with a Cabinet of lesser dictators.

"It is time," he says, "that the plain people realise their strength," and while he cries out against the helplessness of the plain people, he plans and works incessantly to so organise them that never again need it be lamented—at least in free Ireland—that they are but the pawns of those in authority.

The democratic character of the Sinn Féin movement is concededly due most of all to de Valera, and the past year has demonstrated that his belief in the people was fully justified, for, after the arrest by the British Government in May, 1918, and the deportation from Ireland of 100 men and three women, who led the movement in different parts of Ireland, Sinn Féin so augmented its ranks that it elected to Parliament 49 members who, at the time of their election, were held prisoners by England!

When asked, "Will you seek a personal interview with President Wilson?" he answered, "If the objects for which I am in America can be furthered by an interview with the President, I certainly shall seek it. I am ready to give the President or Congress any information they may require for the better understanding of Ireland's case."

This is typical of de Valera's devotion to his task. He has no time for anything outside of it, for to meet anyone, no matter how notable, who presents no probability of furthering his purpose.

In polite phraseology, he is a representative with a mission, but he does not hold that pose to anyone with whom he comes in personal contact. He becomes simply a man with a job. His simplicity and directness are almost unique, without saying a word, a sense of deep and inspiring appreciation for the best in those he meets.

De Valera is an inspirational force, and must be aware of it, but that he places no reliance upon the communication of this force is instanced in all his methods. He leaves to chance nothing that may win accomplishment through carefully-laid plans, perfected and followed up in all their details.

And everything is grist to his mill, including the slightest incident, as witness his instant salute at Dart-

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### HOW THE GERMANS ARE SUFFERING.

The world knows little of what the German people have suffered from hunger caused by the food blockade of the Allies; it knows less of what they will suffer for the next generation (says the *Fortnightly Review*). Children leaving their desks at school to vomit un nourishing breakfasts and staggering back to put their heads down on their desks and cry; a little girl crying joyously that peace had come when her father brought home a small bottle of milk, on which she could only feast her eyes because it was for her sick baby sister; old people dying and many others acquiring permanent dyspepsia from a constant diet of white turnips; the fight of 40 years against tuberculosis lost in a rising things seen within the past few months for some years; these are some of the things seen within the past two months by a party of Americans, among whom were Jane Addams and Alice Hamilton, who tell the story in the *Survey*.

The two ladies say towards the end of their heart-rending paper:—"In common gratitude we feel we must not close without referring to the fine spirit of courtesy with which the Germans received us. Doctors, nurses, men and women who are working against tuberculosis, to keep babies alive, to keep children healthy, to prevent youthful crime and foster education, these people are way past the point of bitterness. What they are facing is the shipwreck of a nation, and they realise that if help does not come quickly and abundantly this generation in Germany is largely doomed to early death or a handicapped life. For what Germany needs is more food for her children than normal children need, and more public care for her sick than she had before the war, more research, more experts. What she faces is a dearth of food and a crippling of all her institutions of relief and of learning."

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moor Prison when he recognised in the line at the morning parade the just-arrived Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Volunteers, Professor Eoin McNeil, of the National University of Dublin.

"Volunteers! Attention! Eyes left!" called de Valera to his fellow-prisoners, and the warders realised that they were guarding not convicts, but soldiers.

It is in such ceaselessly vigilant ways that de Valera has impressed his leadership upon his followers, but it is always as the spokesman for Ireland and the Irish. There is in him no trace of vanity. His purpose obsesses him, drives him, keeps him plugging every waking hour—and he has few hours that are not sleepless.

The reporters are forgetting to place quotation marks about his title of President. He is being accepted by the American public as the genuine President of an actual, existing Irish Republic.

"Resolutions are not enough," he says; "we want actions on the part of our American sympathisers."—*Brooklyn Standard Union.*

A THRILLING SCENE.

The following vivid pen-picture of de Valera's meeting in Milwaukee (U.S.A.) was contributed to the *Catholic Citizen*. It was written by Eliza Taylor, granddaughter of an Ulster Presbyterian, and no doubt will give our readers a correct impression of the powerful appeal to American idealism which de Valera is making:—

The Auditorium was packed to the gallery—the greatest crowd of Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English that ever gathered in this German-American city!

Down in front, the band playing sweet Irish melodies. Now the strains, "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls"—again; "The Minstrel Boy," and "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Over the rostrum, two emblems—the red, white, and blue of America; and the green, orange, and white of the Republic of Ireland.

All about me—type faces that held me fascinated, studying the descendant of the Celt, in this German-American commonwealth. I will say that never in my life have I been more deeply impressed by the intelligence characteristic of the culture of the Celt. It was a wonderful, unusual audience.

To me, the granddaughter of an Ulster Irishwoman, dramatic phases colored every moment; and through me thrilled a oneness, a big-at-homeness, as if I were sensitised, suddenly, as a human part of Erin's Isle! The audience environment was one in a lifetime, for Wisconsin and surrounding States filled this great auditorium with interesting citizens—there to welcome and to study this strange new character on the stage of American history! This unusual man, seemingly, as yet, not fully understood by the Irish-Americans themselves! This enigma of Spanish-Irish extraction! This Irish outlawed rebel, dramatically and forcefully exercising free speech under American protection! To me it seemed they waited for a crisis, expressed in one man!

Suddenly a ripple of cordial laughter swept the galleries and boxes—and my attention at once riveted on two colored Americans taking seats of honor on the rostrum. Laughter quickly deepened into applause—for the quick-witted Celts had caught the significance of the scene.

All sorts of impressions, memories—thoughts, crowded into my mind.

Not far from me sat a beautiful boy—one whose forefathers had fought at the Battle of the Boyne. His eyes shone like stars. We exchanged challenging smiles. I do love boys!

And now a new strain of music stirs the waiting audience suddenly unfurling, hundreds of flags—green, orange, and white. The boy has risen to his feet, colors a-wave. And the music was "God Save Ireland." Think of it! A lad from a line of Orangemen, swept to his feet, waving a Sinn Fein flag—the "self-reliance" emblem of 1916!

But—in you next aisle across—who's that?—surely a woman from the land of heather, for I should know a Scotch type face! Aye—so it is! She wears a sprig of heather tied with a knot of green! I reach across. I whisper, "Why the bow of green?" She answers, "Dac ye no ken that Scotland mon be free, too?" Now as I chuckled to myself over the canny answer, comes a murmur, "Here he is!" The man, the moment, the message had arrived! I held my breath. What would be the welcome?

Back to this quiet, tall, scholarly figure modestly acknowledging storms of applause. I wondered. What does he feel—what think, in this place, and this hour?

Just a day before he had been re-elected President of the Irish Republic! Seven hundred years of protest

stood in our presence, symbolised in this man, de Valera!

It requires but a few words to sum up his personality and message. Honest; modest; fearfully in earnest; balanced in the presence of either devotion or defiance; a deep thinker; a plain talker; a scholar living and if needs be dying for the love and the hope of freedom for Ireland's people! His personality suggests all this tremendously. He breathes a sure faith that the plain people of all nations—including the English people themselves—love justice—and so loving it, justice must triumph!

Gravely, proudly, passionately, almost prayerfully by turns, he pleads that the American people pause, and realise in full that we entered the world war to establish the principle of self-determination for small nations. Winning the war, we must insist that this principle be applied to Ireland's case in England's crisis.

The most thrilling scene of the evening swept the audience into a storm of emotion and mighty cheers when the President declared—"England's ruling class doesn't dare war with America." He certainly believes that freedom for Ireland, by our insistence on the application of this principle, must bring peace, not war—and nothing less will!

As de Valera swung through to his final plea, the keynote of his message rang through it all—over and over again. Through the critical years to come, of history in the making, I must ever remember that keynote's significance. He had said, "This is a spiritual fight."

BALLADE OF BEELZEBUB.

It's not that you've been rude to me a bit—

Indeed, your charming courtesies compel

My clumsy thanks, and all the rest of it . . .

I've dined at your expense: the muscadell

Was excellent and had no parallel;

I never tasted better caviar—

But (pardon me for using doggerel)—

*But who the Devil do you think you are?*

I recognise your aphoristic wit.

Your grammar's good; and you can even spell.

Infinitives by you are never split;

And you can turn a sonnet very well.

At ballades, why at ballades you excel.

(I wish I did!) I'd have to travel far

To find a smarter literary swell—

*But who the Devil do you think you are?*

I'd rather see you rising from the pit

With horns and cloven hoofs and horrid yell—

Than here, where the electric light is lit.

And where a button somehow rings a bell

In this luxurious, up-to-date hotel—

The smoke you're puffing from your good cigar

Dispels the brimstone's more obnoxious smell—

*But who the Devil do you think you are?*

L'ENVOI.

Prince of the darkness, lord of hate and hell,

Who fell from Heaven blazing like a star,

You say you've heard I have a soul to sell—

*But who the Devil do you think you are?*

—THEODORE MAXNARD, in the *New Witness*.

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## THE EPIDEMIC OF VULGARITY

(By EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J., in America.)

Considering the influence of print, it is really astonishing that society is not more deeply corrupted. One would think that the stuff they read would make half the world criminal and the other half crazy. Look over the heaps of magazines of every color that litter the news-stands, and conjecture what influence they are likely to have on the credulous, receptive, and uneducated mind! It is sensationalism and emotionalism that give the current fiction of the masses what the chaste authors would call its kick, and the sensationalism runs into the lurid and the emotion verges to the vile. We are overcome by an avalanche of vulgarity. It is this that impresses itself on the character of the age more than the offences of current literature against the laws of morals. The trivial, the cheap, the falsely sentimental really does get into the minds and the lives of the people who read in their idle and receptive hours the huge piles of stuff that one finds on the "news butchers'"—is not the title significant? stalls.

It is a supreme calamity to have an immoral mind, but it is also a great misfortune to have a vulgar mind. Vulgarity is a degradation. If the heaps of "current fiction" and "light literature" that clutter the news-stands are making our people more vulgar, they should assuredly be cleared away. Evidently there is profit in vulgarity, and it will require no little power of protest to stamp out this plague at its fountain head, the conscienceless publishers.

The dictionary defines vulgarity as meanness, grossness, coarseness of manners, but of course the word in its original derivation comes from the Latin term for crowd. So that in its literal sense "vulgar" means according to the taste and manners of the crowd. Combining these meanings of the word, one comes to a conclusion that is not very complimentary to the multitude, to wit, that the taste and manners of the crowd are mean, gross, coarse by habit and preference. At least it will be interesting to inquire whether this low taste of the multitude is a cause or an effect, in other words, whether vulgarity is only a necessary response to the ingrained and natural craving of the many for what is mean, gross, and coarse, or whether the apparent taste for meanness, grossness, and coarseness is only the result of being reared upon things unworthy, low, and mean.

The second theory is far more probable. Taking the common run of men and women, one may say that their taste depends in great measure upon what their education, intelligence, and habits have been reared on. One must, of course, except the two extremes, those who have naturally such sound and excellent taste that it will scarcely be corrupted by a diet of vulgarity, and those whose natural equipment is so gross and mean that they will scarcely relish higher and nobler things, even when urged upon them. But both these classes are the exception, the second almost as much so as the first. Take the child of the slums out of his gross environment and give him only what is noble, beautiful, and lofty to contemplate, and his love and desire will be fixed on the higher things. Set the child of artists and poets in the sour and crude atmosphere of the slums, and he will batter on vulgarity.

This may be seen clearly in those stages of society when refinement and the taste for beauty were in the air and common to high and low. In the fortunate middle ages, when Catholicism had away to exercise its refining influence, the recreations, the delights of the poor were often as refined as those of the learned. The fireside legends of those days were literature, the ballads were poetry. The art of glorious cathedrals and the paintings of the masters stirred the common people as much, though with a less conscious joy, as they did the small company of the learned. More, the craftsman who wrought the iron for the minister's door was no less an artist in his way than the sculptor who carved the statuary above it. The taste of the people in those times, whether for things to be heard or things to be seen, was not vulgar in the evil sense. The culture of the mind was, it is true, rarer than now; the culture of the heart, which is refinement, was far more common.

What has changed all this and made vulgarity, the taste of the crowd, once more a synonym for baseness and coarseness as it was in the pagan times? Unquestionably the destruction of Catholic traditions brought about in the sixteenth century is in great part responsible. The ancient monasteries were centres of culture. Catholicism is the great patron of the great arts. True Christianity is of its nature inimical to coarseness, baseness, meanness. Let the Church have a free sway, and she will refine any stratum of society. The corruptions that preceded the revolt of Luther weakened her refining influence on great bodies of society, and that revolt killed it altogether. It is

significant that whenever our separated brethren become highly cultured in the true sense they recur to Catholic models. Tennyson rewrites the *Mort d'Arthur*, Longfellow translates Dante; the best modern art is busy with the great Catholic originals, architecture hangs on the summits of the medieval masters, musicians over the unapproachable creations of men who were Catholic or touched with Catholic inspiration. The huge destruction of lovely works of art that was wrought by the barbarous "reformers" was an allegory. Their principles destroyed culture in the hearts of the peoples no less than their hands destroyed its masterpieces.

But there is a still more fecund source of vulgarity that has risen in modern times. It is the immense increase of information and curiosity without a corresponding increase in the true culture of the taste and feelings. Education is almost universal. Culture is, even more than of old, the possession of the proportionately few. If a man knows how to read and not what to read, his case is more desperate so far as culture is concerned than that of him who does not read at all. A man may be cultured with the knowledge of but a few excellent books, or without books at all, from intercourse with those who have good taste and fine feelings. So, too, one may be an omnivorous reader and withal very vulgar-minded. To read everything that comes one's way is, nowadays, save to the solidly mature, quite ruinous to culture.

Again, the immense demand for reading and for all things else that can be heard or seen, such as songs, pictures, shows, sensations, experiences, which finds its supply in books, magazines, picture-books (for the young and for those who should have somewhat outgrown them), moving pictures, vaudeville, plays, operas, good and bad, and all the hectic array of commercialised amusements which cater to a world too nervous to stay at home, requires an immense diversity of material to supply it. Consider the appalling bulk of written matter that is needed to feed the ogre of the daily press. It is impossible, considering the present state of education, that there should be enough cultured persons on earth, male and female together, to shovel provender for that insatiable monster. Therefore, tribes of "pen-pushers" have grown up, and since they must come what may, turn out in a given time a certain bulk of matter, it is inevitable that their product should be tinged with vulgarity. For human nature has two sides, the base and the noble, and literature in its wide sense appeals to one or the other. To appeal to the noble side one must have discrimination, taste, skill, and a power of patient application. To appeal to what is baser in us is easy, obvious, and, alas! natural. The angel in man often needs awakening, the animal is always awake and hungry. Therefore, it is only natural that the tribe of pen-pushers, being pressed for copy, write vulgarity. And since vulgarity appeals to one side of human nature very strongly, it is no wonder that it finds a sale. The publishers, who in many instances are no better and no worse than any other tradesmen, see their business flourish, and rejoice. And, alas, again! the situation promises to grow worse instead of better: as the demand grows, the state of culture is progressively injured, the scribes and their congeners in other lines of commercialised amusement

for in that class must modern publications be set—grow more hurried and badgered, the monetary rewards of vulgarity increase, and so also does vulgarity. What are we Catholics to do to stem the tide? When vulgarity goes so far as to become indecent we can protest and claim the enforcement of the law. But what of that even more dangerous kind that invades even chaste minds and lowers the standards and aspirations of our own people? We cannot shield them from it nor keep it from them, for it goes everywhere and is heard and seen everywhere. Our only and best resource is to fortify them against it. The work must begin in the schools.

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## Current Topics

### Monsignor O'Riordan

We commend to our readers the articles on Monsignor O'Riordan by our esteemed Roman correspondent, "Scottus." We regret that we are unable to publish his entire paper in a single issue of the *Tablet*. It is likely to run into three weeks, and we recommend those of our readers who wish to have a masterly sketch of the life and work of one of the first Irishmen of our time to preserve the copies in which it appears. The late Monsignor did good work for Ireland long before he went to Rome as Rector of the Venerable Irish College. In the nineties he wrote his studies on *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland*, as an answer to a book by Horace Plunkett which had little other merit than that it called forth so crushing a rejoinder. As Rector of the old Irish College the Monsignor had almost daily need to take action in order to refute and counteract the underhand intrigues of the British Catholics who were always so willing to sacrifice truth and charity in their zeal to blacken Ireland and Irishmen in the eyes of Rome. How they were refuted and how Ireland was again and again vindicated, to the shame and confusion of the British schemers, will be made clear in the memorial which we are pleased to introduce to our readers this week.

### After the Battle

It now seems certain that the wiles of the Prohibitionists have been unavailing, and that freedom has another lease of life. Those who love liberty and who stand for right principles—who, like Archbishop Ireland, are prevented by right reason and religion from having anything to do with the extremists—ought to profit by the lesson of the last referendum when they were almost caught napping by the enemy. Most of us, half-forgetting that Prohibition is practically a feminine fad, were disposed to take things easy while the wowser labored silently, and, happily, vainly. Our attention was called to the work of a recent illustrious "prominent Catholic" author who did us the honor to single us out for special notice. We read four lines of his *opus magnum* and it was enough. One does not notice drivel of that sort: it answers itself. By the way, the Prohibitionists who love fair play and who condemn one-sided views spent some of their profits in circulating a certain article, in favor of their fad, by Dr. Coffey of Maynooth. The fair-minded gentlemen did not, however, circulate the crushing rejoinder of Father Prendergast, S.J., published in the same review (*I.E. Record*, August, 1919). Father Prendergast makes clear two very strong arguments against Catholic Prohibitionists: To Catholics it ought to be self-evident that a law which aims at making it a criminal thing to do what Christ did must be a wrong law; and, as personal liberty is the greatest good, it is useless to appeal to the common good for a sanction for destroying personal liberty. In a nutshell, we get there the essential principles of the case for freedom. But, as we said already, freedom has a new lease of life, and it is a matter for congratulation that we shall not have to go hat in hand to a P.P.A. Government just yet when we require altar wine.

### The Elections

There is among supporters of Reform a general regret that the country has lost the services of Sir Joseph Ward. Moreover, there is among all decent people of the same party a feeling of disgust at the methods by which Sir Joseph was defeated and their own representatives (in many cases) elected. Some 40 per cent. of the electors of New Zealand are represented by the present Government, which crept into power while the real representatives of Democracy were exterminating one another; and as things are now, it looks as if the weakest set of politicians from which a Cabinet was ever formed will have to face the most difficult task

that ever awaited a New Zealand Government. We can feel pleased that the P.P.A. signally failed to oust Sir James Allen, who won universal respect for the straightforward manner in which he scorned the followers of the ghoul. Rumor has it that Sir James may go to England. If he does, he will leave but one man with anything like his ability and no man with anything like his courage in the Government. All things considered, it is perhaps a matter of congratulation for Sir Joseph Ward that he is a spectator at present. What is done is done, and the only good of looking back at the past is in the lesson that it teaches. Sir Joseph was wise not to accept a seat—and he had his choice of seats since his defeat. We hope to see him come back later, a wiser and a stronger man, conscious of the faults which lost him much sympathy among his old supporters, and determined to avoid them in future.

### Poor Old England

England has a way of setting standards for others which she has no notion of applying to herself. Thus, during the late war her alleged statesmen—Orange, German, Jew, or Welsh—laid it down that self-determination was a right of all nations and that it was criminal to oppress and persecute a defenceless people. While professing such noble doctrines, the same statesmen were actively engaged in out-flunning the Hun in Ireland, which they have converted into a shambles for the sake of the *beau jeune* of Mr. Massey's friend, Carson. Again, English statesmen lay it down that if a few crimes are committed in a country, and if the whole population is not entirely unanimous as to the form of government, such a country is unfit for self-government. Judged by their own standard, England ought to be deprived of the right to govern herself at once. Even the British press admits that a wave of crime is sweeping over the land, and that murder, robbery, arson, and sexual crimes are deplorably common. While the pious Carsonites and their friends abroad hold up their hands in horror because people they have maddened by their inhuman cruelty now and then hit back, the press of the English cities dishes up every morning an appalling list of foul crimes and misdeeds of which, thank God, Ireland can never be guilty. And, on the other hand, almost every bye-election goes to show that the people of England do not want the present Government or its Welsh head. More than once recently the laborers have been on the point of rising in their wrath and driving the capitalists and the Carsonites out of power, and it is not so long ago since soldiers had to be called out to cow the people into submissive slavery. Such is the unanimity and such the crimelessness of poor old England whose brave generals are at present engaged in fighting a congenial fight against a very small and very defenceless people in a country called Ireland. Please remember that when the officer responsible for the Fermoy outrages and robberies was called to account, his defence was that Ireland was in a state of war! Do not forget that when fresh tales of the regrettable outbreak of persecuted men are spread to the corners of the earth by the hireling press. Yes, it is sad; but war is war. No doubt Ireland will thank the Brithun officer for that word. Judges tell us that Ireland is practically crimeless, and de Valera has been chosen as President by about 75 per cent. of his people. England is rotten with crime and the Democracy is almost in arms against the Lloyd George Government. Judged by England's own standards, which country is fit for self-government and which is not? There is this difference between England's crimes and Ireland's: most of the crimes of England have been committed by true-born British subjects; in Ireland the few crimes that are committed are all laid at the door of Sinn Fein until it is proved that they have been done by policemen and other hirelings of the Brithun. Poor old England indeed! Ireland is in a bad way owing to oppression from outside; but England is in a far worse way owing to rotteness within. And in the meantime the Monds and the Speyers and the Isaacs and the Milners and the Georges and the Carsons are all doing well out of their jobs if

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not in them. But is there one man in the whole gang whose word of honor is worth a half-penny stamp to-day? Once more, for the edification of the *Wanganui Chronicle*, and for the sake of the honest British Democracy that is victimised by the foreign Government in their land, let us pray "God save England."

### The Australasian Convention

Let us recall to our readers that the issue put plainly before the delegates at the Melbourne Convention was as follows:

(1) Are we going to stand by the Irish nation or are we going to turn our backs on it?

(2) Sinn Fein means self-determination, and we are told that the war was fought for the right of all peoples to choose their own form of government.

(3) If the Irish people claim the right of self-determination it would be on our part a gross impertinence to dictate to them what we think they ought to choose.

(4) Consequently, the question is, are we with Sinn Fein or not? Are we with de Valera, Ireland's chosen leader, or not?

By unanimous acclaim the three thousand delegates pronounced their decision, and it was this: We are with the Irish people in their claim for self-determination: we are with Sinn Fein, and we pledge ourselves to stand by Eamon de Valera. There is nothing new in this decision for us. The *Tablet* has taken that stand for three years now and never swerved from it. Logic, right reason, justice dictate such an attitude; and the time has come for us to get rid of the hopeless spirit of compromising and hesitating that has kept so many from taking the right side fearlessly and openly. Remember how representative the Convention was. Our own Archbishop spoke for New Zealand and with no hesitating voice affirmed the justice of the demands of Sinn Fein. Archbishop Redwood, a true Englishman, made the best and greatest speech in that gathering of able men, and we ought to be proud to follow his leadership in this and all other matters. The Archbishops and Bishops of Australia were also on the platform, and among the speakers were the Premier of Queensland and many members of the Australian Parliaments. It was no gathering of hot-headed rebels. It was the greatest deliberative assembly ever yet convened under the Southern Cross. And let us repeat once more its decision was that we who are true friends of Ireland must do our part by moral and financial support to assist the Irish people to obtain self-government. The Archbishop of Sydney proposed the practical step of organising in every diocese, and in every parish of every diocese, collections for the Irish Fund. Such collections have already been organised, not only in Ireland and America, but also in England and Scotland, and the time has come for us to fall in line with the friends of Ireland in other countries and to prove that our support of the land of our fathers is no mere matter of cheap sentiment. We publish in this issue a copy of the circular letter which Archbishop Redwood has sent out to all his priests. As he gave us all a lead at the Convention itself, he has given us a splendid lead in this also, and it remains for us to go and do likewise. The new year has come now and let us set ourselves to the task of proving that the lovers of right and justice in New Zealand are not behind those in all the other English-speaking countries. Let us make it a matter of pride and honor to raise a sum for the Irish Fund that will not be behind that raised in any other community as small as ours. In the old days, when the Redmonds came here asking support for Home Rule, they were denounced as traitors by the Orange gang, just as de Valera is denounced to-day. The Irish people and their friends here supported the Redmonds, and were not deterred by the raving abuse and vilification of the anti-Irish bigots. The cause is the same dear old cause; justice for Ireland, the end of persecution and tyranny carried on for the sake of a bigoted little minority of foreign planters, was what the Redmonds demanded in

their day. The demand now is essentially the same, and it is made by more determined men who will have no sham Home Rule Act as a substitute for an Act amounting at least to Dominion Home Rule.

### Irish Outrages

It is dreadful how those Sinn Feiners strike terror into the unfortunate British Huns who try to make a living by robbing the mere Irish of the land of their fathers and of their good name! Recall all the awful things we have heard about them lately! At Fermoy they disarmed an armed squad going to church, and a man was killed in the scuffle. The Sinn Feiners got away and stopped pursuit by cutting down the trees that grew on the roadside. Of course, it does not matter that no trees do grow on the roadside near Fermoy, or that soldiers going to church do not carry arms. These are mere details too trifling to be considered by an enlightened Brithunnish press in its zeal to calumniate Ireland. Again, consider how one Major Malone, in awestruck accents, told the House of Commons of a fearful attack made on Muckpherson by Sinn Feiners. Even the soundest sleepers in that chamber of oblivion were aroused by the Major's martial tones as he called for vengeance on Sinn Fein. And then it transpired that the attack was made not by Sinn Fein, but by a fool Brithun sentry who in his zeal had a shot at old Muck himself. Lastly, we have had an appalling tale sent round the world about a determined attack on the Vice-Regal Lodge. It was an awful and bloody thing, surely! Sinn Fein was of course held guilty and condemned without a trial, in strict accordance with up-to-date British justice. All Sinn Feiners at home and abroad were to be arrested, and put into cages, and whipped and starved and otherwise treated to a course of Brithunnish humanitarian reformation; and poor old doddering French, the villain of the dead officer, was to win in Ireland the victory he was unable to win in France. Then, sad to say, it leaked out that it was again a few fool Brithun soldiers who fired the shots that killed a young officer and an unfortunate Irishman who had been batoned almost to death by the Brithuns of French. In view of what we do know in the foregoing cases we have even become sceptical as to the account of the attack on French in which Savage was killed. In all probability that, too, will explain itself later, and it may turn out to be but another Sergeant Sheridan incident, staged for the purpose of calumniating the Irish in proper British fashion. Was it not an English general who said that Britain never went to war with a foe without a campaign of calumny and lies—much like the P.P.A. election tactics in New Zealand? Now while the cables are humming with such stories and trying to bolster up a case against Ireland, we hear precious little of the terrible murders committed by French's policemen among the Irish people. We are not told of the boys shot in cold blood, of the English visiting priest threatened with a revolver by a drunken scoundrel in the uniform of a British officer, of the houses sacked, the women batoned and the children terrified. There is crime in Ireland. There is British crime *go leor*, and the marvel is that the poor persecuted people retaliate in so very few cases. As the Hierarchy said at their meeting last spring, *the few Irish outrages are the direct result of the unspeakable cruelty of the present Government*, which seems bent on driving the people to rebellion as the English drove them once before in "Ninety-Eight." In the meantime, the streets of English cities are unsafe at night. Sordid crimes, brutal murders inspired by no persecution, infanticide, burglary, perjury, adultery, and moral offences unspeakable are rife throughout old England, and our cable-mongers do not think it necessary to tell us a word of them. Of course, Ireland is such a decent place that a crime there is something worth cabling about, while crime is too common in England to be noticed at all! The poor little English Tommies and their incompetent officers seem to be doing congenial work now among women, children, and unarmed men in Ireland. And French is in his place at their head.

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IRISH FUND

The following circular letter has been sent to his clergy by the Archbishop of Wellington:—

Archbishop's House,  
Wellington, December 12, 1919.

Dear Rev. Father,—I have just received from his Grace Archbishop Mannix a letter reminding the delegates to the late Irish-Race Convention how desirable it is to have immediate action taken in every diocese to honor the pledge of that Convention.

The success of that great Irish gathering is on everybody's lips, and the lesson it taught will not soon be forgotten by friend or foe.

But the work is only half completed. The delegates who filled the Auditorium spoke for the Irish race in the Commonwealth and in the Dominion of New Zealand. No uncertain message did they send to Ireland and to Ireland's chosen leader, Eamon de Valera, but they also passed, with equal unanimity and enthusiasm, the following resolution, while they pledged Australia and New Zealand to give effect to it:—

"That an Australasian Fund be opened to help the people of Ireland to press to a successful issue their legitimate claim to self-determination. That the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Hon. John Meagher, Bathurst, New South Wales, and Count O'Loughlin, K.C.S.G., Victoria, be treasurers of the fund, and that the Dominion of New Zealand and the States of the Commonwealth be invited to organise local efforts in support of a Central Fund."

It now devolves on us to carry out that resolution, and by a systematic effort to make the Australasian-Irish Fund worthy of the Convention and of the cause. Each State will organise its own fund, with its own treasurers; the Dominion of New Zealand will do likewise, and all the local funds will be transmitted as early as possible to the three treasurers appointed by the Convention, as the trustees of the Australasian Central Fund.

It has been suggested that the most convenient way of giving the people an opportunity of supporting the Convention appeal would be that each Bishop should invite his own priests to organise parish collections. The various societies which were represented at the Convention would, I am sure, gladly undertake to make a personal appeal to all those who are in sympathy with Ireland's aims. I desire myself to act on that suggestion, and I, therefore, ask you to be good enough to organise a local committee to solicit contributions within your own parish. The people are only waiting for an opportunity to honor the pledge of the Convention, and the sooner that opportunity is given them the better. It is most desirable that, so far as possible, all contributions should reach the Central Fund by the end of February next.

There will, I trust, be a healthy rivalry in a good cause between the different States and dioceses and parishes.

I feel sure that New Zealand will do her part nobly to make the Irish Fund a great success, and I confidently rely upon priests and people to be prompt and generous, as they have always been, in the hour of Ireland's need.

I am, Rev. Dear Father,

Sincerely yours,

\* FRANCIS REDWOOD, S.M.,  
Archbishop of Wellington.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

As we were absent until after Christmas, and as no mail was sent to us while away, we take this occasion to thank our numerous friends for their good wishes and kind messages during the past two weeks, and to wish to every one of them a New Year rich with peace and blessings. We thank all *Tablet* readers for their loyal support in the past, and it is a compliment to them to say that we feel we may count on it in the future. It is not at all unlikely that we shall want it, and that we shall all need to stand fast together.

The Editor regrets that he has been unable to deal personally with a great number of letters addressed to this column during his absence. On looking through the innumerable communications awaiting him, he found that in nearly all cases the questions had an actual interest about election time, and that there is nothing to gain by going back over them now. If any letters that needed an answer were mislaid, the Editor hopes that the writers will be considerate enough to remember that there was an accumulated mass of letters, papers, and MSS. dating back over two months to be dealt with, and that some things may have found their way into the W.P.B. which did not belong there.

D.B.—Letter received; thanks for enclosed verses. A Happy New Year to you.

Inquire.—Yes, it is not unusual to grant a dispensation from abstinence from meat on occasions on which a large number of people might suffer considerable inconvenience if no dispensation were granted.

P.J.M.—To tell the truth, we did not worry about the Prohibition vote at all. Like most people, we took it too easy. Of course, it is a woman's vote, speaking generally. The voting of the soldiers last April revealed that fact. It does seem a strange thing after that revelation that the men of this Dominion should so tamely submit to be governed by women. No matter what pledges we get, no matter what other people say, we would never for a moment consent to put it in the power of politicians to control the right of a priest to celebrate Mass. As for the attacks made on us by the person whom you mention, we only laughed at them and him. They supplied their own best answer and were beneath contempt. They were exactly what we should have expected from that quarter. The only Dry District mentioned in the Bible (as far as we remember) is Hell. And from all accounts Dry Districts in the United States are a rather fair imitation of the original. Our Lord and Master made wine and gave it to others to drink. That is surely good enough for ordinary Catholics to go on with. No doubt, did He live to-day, Prohibitionists would denounce Him as they denounced Cardinal Gibbons. Archbishop Ireland was decidedly not a Prohibitionist. In the volume he published as containing his mature opinion on questions of the day, he said clearly that right reason and religion prevented him from having anything to do with the extremists, and he made it clear that his strictures on saloons referred to the abominations peculiar to America. No second-hand Prohibition quotation is of any value against the first-rate evidence of the book to which he put his name, with the assurance that it contained his deliberate opinions.

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## BOOK NOTICES

*Boronia Babics.* Angus and Robertson, Sydney. 1/6.

An attractive little Christmas booklet artistically illustrated by May Gibbs.

*A Guide to Social Students.* The Catholic Social Guild, Oxford. 1/- net.

A very useful little book, which will be found helpful to students of social problems.

*Mountains of Help.* Burns and Oates, London. 3/-.

This little book by a Dominican Sister contains admirable spiritual reading for all times, and especially for time of retreat. Father Plater says of it: "It will make you happy because it will show you how to get the better of all the things that make you unhappy."

*Living Temples.* By Father Bede Jarret, O.P. Burns and Oates. 2/6.

*Living Temples* is a book for boys, and a good one. It is a volume of pensieri on all sorts of subjects such as the Sea, St. Patrick, School, Friendships, Tidiness, Tips, Hobbies, and Loyalty. Every paragraph is full of meat, and it is a most suitable gift for any thoughtful boy.

*The Priesthood of Christ,* by the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan, Bishop of Sale. The Australian Catholic Truth Society, Melbourne.

Catholics of Australasia will be grateful to Dr. Phelan for giving them this book, in which he brings home to them what a treasure the Catholic Church possesses in its priesthood. Here are nine admirable studies of the priesthood in simple, eloquent English that any reader can follow with pleasure and profit. It is a worthy book on a great subject, and will do much good.

*Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law,* by Rev. P. Charles Augustine, O.S.B., D.D. Herder, London. 10/6 net.

We have received from Herder's the third volume of this work, the preceding volumes of which we noticed last year. The new volume treats of ecclesiastical persons, and of religions and laymen. Cardinal Gasquet has written an introduction, and he says: "I have little doubt that the *Commentary* furnished by so competent a canonist as Father Augustine, O.S.B., will be found of great assistance to those who wish to understand the New Codex." This part of the work contains much of great importance and interest. The second section deals with particular pious associations, such as Third Orders, Confraternities, etc., and will be found useful to pastors and directors.

## ST. JOSEPH'S PRIMARY SCHOOL, OAMARU.

On Friday afternoon, December 12, the pupils of St. Joseph's Primary School, Oamaru, conducted by the Dominican Nuns, held their annual break-up ceremony. Besides the Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay there were also present Fathers O'Connell and Foley and many parents of the children. A short programme, consisting of choruses, recitations, and action songs was excellently rendered.

## PRIZE LIST.

Standard I.: Class prize, Michael Carrington; writing, George Firth; Christian doctrine, Cecil Ford. Standard II.: Class prize, Gracie Brown; arithmetic and drawing, James Curran; recitation, Mona Hanley; drawing and hand work, Mauries Tripp; attendance, Arthur Jordan; Christian doctrine, Margaret Foley. Standard III.: Drawing and brushwork, Eileen Lawrence; needlework and attendance, Edna Hanley. Standard IV.: Class prize, Harry Carrington; reading, recitation, and spelling, Freda O'Connor; composition and writing, Winnie O'Reilly; reading and composition, Kathleen O'Connor; arithmetic, Violet Johnston; reading and comprehension, Peggy McKinnon; writing, Nellie Luxon; history and geography, Thomas Harney; Nature study, Ian Kearns. Standard V.: Class prize, Mary Maxwell and Kathleen Harney (equal); history, geography, and science, Willie Firth; English literature, Richard Costigan; drawing and brushwork, Irene Davies; physical culture and attendance, Frank Jordan. Standard VI.: Arithmetic and reading, Hannah Harney; composition and attendance, Annie Hanley; needlework, Delia Connell. Special prizes: Class singing and attendance, Mary Ny; best all-round boy, Stanley Kearns (gold medal); horticulture, Mortie O'Brien; Christian doctrine—Junior division, Vera Kitto (silver medal); senior division, Mary Ny (gold cross), second in merit Margaret Vaile; good conduct, Marjorie Brown (gold medal); dux of school, Mary Ny (medal).

The Dominican Nuns wish to thank those who so kindly donated prizes.

## ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY, OAMARU.

On Wednesday afternoon, December 10, the students of St. Thomas' Academy, Oamaru, conducted by the Dominican Nuns, brought the year's work to a fitting close, when the Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay presided at the distribution of prizes. The pupils were assembled in the spacious recreation hall, and items of a musical and eloquent character were fully appreciated by those present.

The following is the report of the Academy:—"The scholastic year just ended has been most successful, both as regards the number of pupils and the progress made in the various branches of studies. The roll for 1919 has been a record—50 boys being in residence. All the boys were presented for the Government inspector's examination. One sat for proficiency and was successful. The progress in music has been very marked. A keen interest was taken in the various sports proper to the seasons. Swimming received its due attention, and each morning the boys visited the baths. The conduct, discipline, and manners of the boys have been excellent throughout the year. Twelve of the juniors had the privilege of making their First Holy Communion."

## PRIZE LIST.

Junior School.—Grade I.: Number and politeness, Pat Matthews; reading, Stanley Murphy; writing, Denis Kelleher; hand work and spelling, Tertius McKinnon; general improvement, Desmond Nolan; reading, Lawrence Nathan; French and recitation, Harry Goodger. Grade II.: Reading and drill, Freddie Smith; number, Bertrand McLaughlin; French and spelling, Billy Talbot; reading, Hughie Kennedy; recitation and singing, Jimmie Jones. Grade III.: Class prize (silver medal), Bruce McKenzie; writing and spelling, Sam Talbot; reading, Frank McCormack; number, Frank Toomey 1, Lennie Mangos 2; drawing, Kenneth Bennell. Grade IV.: Class prize (silver medals), Rupert Cuddon-Large and Lex McKinnon (equal); arithmetic, Dick Talbot; reading and spelling, Jack Gavegan; gardening, Geoffrey Thomas and Jack Shand.

Senior School.—Grade I.: Number and politeness, Brian Toomey 1, Willie Quirk 2; arithmetic, Bernie Mangos 1, Rex Kelly 2; spelling and general improvement, Pat Murphy; recitation and tables, Pat Kelleher. Grade II.: Class prize (silver medal), Teddy McCullough, second in merit Jim Farrell; marked improvement in studies, Denis Toomey; history and geography, Teddy McCullough. Grade III.: Class prize (silver medal), Roy O'Malley; writing and diligence, Jack O'Malley; reading and history, Tom Quirk; English and geography, Harry Kempston. Grade IV.: Class prize (silver medal), Ralph Usherwood; arithmetic, Frank Blatch; composition and reading, Harry Galhen; recitation, Clarence Campbell; arithmetic, Frank Mangos.

General Prizes.—Music prizes: Junior division, Jack Gavegan 1, Kenneth Bennell 2; senior division, Harry Kempston (silver medal) 1, Ralph Usherwood 2; singing, Jack O'Malley (silver medal) 1, Jim Daly 2. Christian doctrine prizes: Junior School, Geoffrey Thomas (silver medal); Senior School—Junior division, Jim Farrell (silver medal); senior division, Harry Kempston (gold cross). Games and outdoor sports: Jack O'Malley (gold medal). Politeness: Roy O'Malley (silver medal). Good conduct: Harry Kempston (silver medal). Dux of the school: Frank Mangos (gold medal).

## THE WATCHER.

In toward Dingle a boat comes tackin',  
Dippin' her bows in the sea an' foam,  
An' here I sit in the yellow bracken  
Wouderin' will my lad come home.

Out he went in the gay spring weather  
Ere ever a blossom was on the whin;  
Many a day have I sought the heather  
Watchin' to see his boat come in.

Will it be to-day, will it be to-morrow,  
An' at what turn of the evening tide?  
An' still my heart cries out in sorrow—  
"Where do ye bide? oh, where do ye bide?"

But ever the wind flings back my sighin'  
In a plaintive, pitiful, keenin' way,  
So here I sit, with the daylight dyin',  
Lookin' out over Dingle Bay.  
—CLINTON SCOLLARD, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong. Honor that; rejoice in it, as you can; try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—Ruskin.

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## OUR ROMAN LETTER

(By "SCOTTUS.")

MONSIGNOR O'RIORDAN.

It is three and twenty years since the name of Dr. O'Riordan first came under my notice in anything like a conscious way. I then formed one of a group of some eight or ten young Irishmen, some of whom are now no more, while the others are severed by mount and stream and sea—and perhaps by other things as well. We were out to while away the morning hours amid the mournful olive groves decking the slopes of the Sabine Hills that look down on the city of Rome away in the dim distance and afford but poor shade from the scorching heat of an Italian summer sun. To fill up the hours that passed slowly enough, some of us had brought out books or papers, among the rest a copy of the current *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, which happened to contain an article signed by M. O'Riordan, D.D., D.Ph., D.C.L., on John Baptist de Rossi, the Columbus of the Catacombs, who had passed to his reward some time previously. As anything connected with the Catacombs could not but interest one living in Rome, I read the article; and as the reading of it naturally interested me in the writer of it, I asked one of my companions, a Limerick man, if he knew him. "To be sure I do," was the reply; "he was one of my professors in St. Munchin's, and many is the time I have heard him tell his class of the Catacombs and of the other wonders of Rome—in fact, I am afraid we often took advantage of his enthusiasm in this regard to set him going on some such theme when we were not well prepared with the day's work for his class and when any red herring drawn across the trail of business was a God-send to young schemers like us."

When next I heard his name in a way to be remembered, half a dozen years had passed, and I was then on the plains of Kildare. The *Leader*, which had been recently founded, had been slowly and perhaps painfully pursuing the unbeaten and difficult path of trying to make Irishmen think for themselves. It had not been long in existence when a series of trenchant articles began to appear in its columns over initials that were destined soon to become household words. In the course of a visit from a distinguished Irishman who had some share in floating the *Leader*, I asked if he knew who was M. O'R.; and he told me it was Dr. O'Riordan, of Limerick.

Two or three years later a prominent seminary professor, whom I happened to meet shortly before returning to Rome after the summer vacation, gave me his parting advice to buy two books which had just appeared and which he said were the most remarkable productions of the season, Father Tyrrell's *Lee Ordini* and Dr. O'Riordan's *Catholicity and Progress*. I do not know what he now thinks of the former; but I believe imperialistic concerns have since led him to moderate his enthusiasm about the latter.

It was All Saints' Day, 1905, when I met Dr. O'Riordan for the first time as he entered the Irish College to take up the position of president, to which he had been appointed a couple of months earlier. He was then in his 49th year, a man of medium height and robust build, with a distinctly Irish face, surmounted by a massive forehead crowned by a profusion of fair hair that had just begun to exchange its glossy texture for the more sober tints of middle age; and over all the peculiar shovel hat of Roman design and Irish make, which those who knew him well remember and to which he had tenaciously clung since his ordination in Rome more than 30 years before.

The head of a college may be and doubtless is a very interesting personage to the students under his charge; and after themselves there is no one who has it so much in his power to make them happy or the reverse. But while 50 students may very legitimately be interested in their own welfare or the reverse, the subject is not likely to interest the public at large, and one may doubt whether even the intelligent readers of these pages would thank me for wasting their time on the details of a college which in itself differs but little from thousands of colleges all over the world or from some dozens of colleges in Ireland. In any event, colleges live and move largely along traditional lines; and as these lines had been in formation in the college over which Dr. O'Riordan had come to preside for well nigh 300 years (it will celebrate the tercentenary of its foundation on January 1, 1928), they have had at least time enough to mature and become sufficiently fixed in the interval.

The great difference of public importance between colleges in Rome and colleges in Ireland is found in the fact that while collegiate rivalry or competition in Ireland is between college and college or between individual and individual, it is international in Rome, the students of

one national college being necessarily brought into competition with those of other national colleges; and the ecclesiastical world of Rome very naturally forms an estimate of a particular country according to the place taken by that country's college in the intellectual arena of the Eternal City, somewhat in the same way as the Rome of ancient days estimated a country's fighting qualities according to the prowess displayed by the gladiators and athletes it sent to make a Roman holiday on the floor of the Coliseum. The foundation on which that estimate is based may be mistaken, but it is there, and has to be reckoned with. Cardinal Franzelin, no mean judge, is said to be responsible for the statement more than 50 years ago that the Irish students he had come in contact with surpassed those of every other nation in intellectual fitness; and if owing to a variety of circumstances over which few had any real control less glorious days followed those of the Cardinal, it is not too much to say that subsequent to the revival of the Irish College in 1892 its students proved themselves second to none in the lecture halls they frequented. In this respect no higher praise can be given to Mgr. O'Riordan's rectorship than this, that during his time his college maintained or more than maintained the standard already reached in the years preceding his arrival.

Important as this aspect of the situation may be from a public or national point of view, it recedes into a very secondary place in comparison with another function the rector of the Irish College is often called on to discharge, not so much through any particular act of volition on his part, as through a set of circumstances which in one way or another takes him outside the quiet, calm atmosphere of college halls into the glare and sometimes the turmoil of public activity. For a thousand years, if not for a much longer period, it has been a matter of course or of necessity for dioceses or groups of dioceses or national churches to have an agent in Rome to transact routine business with the Roman Curia, promote the interests and generally to voice the views and wishes of the body he represents. I am not aware of any records concerning the existence of an Irish representative resident in Rome prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion; and from that date onward, almost for 500 years, I am afraid England took good care that none but an Englishman should represent or misrepresent Ireland, or speak of it to the good people of Rome, who cannot be severely blamed if they came to look on it as little more than a goose's nest perched out on the verge of England. The situation created by the Protestant Reformation and by the events arising out of it naturally brought about a change in this respect. Shortly after the accession of good Queen Elizabeth frequent mention is found of Irishmen coming to Rome in what may be called a representative capacity; and from that time on through weal and woe Ireland has had a place more or less well defined in the ecclesiastical solar system that revolves round the Vatican Mount. In the beginning indeed the Irish Constellation was sufficiently erratic, and often moved in the Spanish orbit; but towards the close of the sixteenth century something like stability began to attack to its course, particularly when Hugh O'Neill supported by the few Irish bishops then in Ireland constituted Dr. Lombard his representative at the Papal Court, a position he continued to hold, with varying fortunes after his elevation to the See of Armagh in 1600 down almost to the day of his death in 1625. In the next generation the work was done in the main by his relative and fellow Waterford man, the famous Franciscan Luke Wadding, assisted by other members of the Irish Franciscan house of St. Isidore's which Wadding had built just outside the Gardens of Sallust, as well as by other ecclesiastics, such as Dr. Roche, afterwards Bishop of Ferns, representing individual bishops or groups. Confederate and post-Cromwellian days saw a succession of representative Irishmen in Rome whose names are inscribed on the golden book of Irish history—Dr. O'Dwyer (afterwards Bishop of Limerick), Dr. Burgatt (afterwards Archbishop of Cashel), Dr. Brennan (afterwards Bishop of Waterford and subsequently Archbishop of Cashel), and for a brief time, Dr. Plunkett, whom we now know as the Martyred Primate of Armagh. The accession of James II. led to the Irish representation in Rome, passing largely into the hands of the Irish Dominicans who were his special pets, and who as long as the Stuart influence weighed like an incubus on the Church in Ireland, continued to speak in the name of our country. Nor did their influence cease with the final declension of the Pretenders, but it continued on under the Georges and all through the Veto days, with what success remains to be told some fine day or other.

The dawn of that high-sounding thing, Catholic Emancipation, and the new order brought about as a consequence of the supposed passing away of the penal days, gradually led to a consolidated hierarchy at home and a more definite line of representation in Rome which eventually

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passed into the hands of the Rector of the Irish College now once more alive after the suppression under Napoleon. Since the appointment of Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen as Rector, most of the work usually discharged by or associated with a Roman agency has been discharged by him and his successors, Drs. Kirby, Kelly, Murphy, and O'Riordan.

To a certain extent the need of a permanent agency in Rome has been practically eliminated by the changes brought about in rapidity of communication by modern means of travel and postal arrangements. In the old days, before the invention of steam power and the electric telegraph, when it often took six months for an answer to reach Ireland from Rome, it is easy to understand how necessary it sometimes was for an Irish bishop in Rome to have a representative furnished with something like power of attorney, to act in his name and see to such urgent business as could not brook the long delay involved in correspondence such as it then was. In our own days, at least before the advent of the censor, there is little business of an ecclesiastical nature that cannot be transacted directly with Rome and the Holy See by those who wish to go to the trouble. But there is another aspect of the situation to be considered. Questions of a semi-public or semi-religious nature are bound to arise from time to time calling for a prompt and as far as possible an authoritative answer on the spot; and naturally such answer will be sought for from those whose position may be assumed to entitle them to speak if not with authority, at least with intimate knowledge of the conditions and requirements of the country to which they belong, or to voice the views and wishes of those most intimately concerned. This is true even of questions of a religious nature; it is still more true of questions which though only indirectly of religious interest, involve aspects of national bearing or importance. Those who are fairly familiar with the relations between Ireland and Rome throughout the past century will have little difficulty in finding instances illustrative of what is meant. Sometimes the recognised spokesman for a particular country is clothed in the official garb of official envoy or ambassador to the Holy See; and of such there have been and still are many examples, the latest of which is the British Legation to the Vatican, which may be understood to voice the views of England in all questions regarding which the British Government desires to keep the Holy See informed, from its own point of view of course. More frequently still, in modern times, the recognised spokesman in the case of the average country is an ecclesiastic resident in Rome in some capacity or other and enjoying the confidence of the hierarchy of the particular country to which he belongs. England usually had several of these in Rome who naturally did their best according to their lights to uphold the English name, promote English interests, and of course combat resolutely all that could be supposed to detract therefrom. As a rule they have been rapidly advanced to positions of trust and emolument and were fully justified in aspiring with well-founded hope of success to an old age of ease and dignity. In this respect, doubtless because of the superior ability and more efficient services, they have been more fortunate than Irish representative men, who seldom could expect much more than to be allowed to blush unseen, and might consider themselves especially fortunate if their efforts are not utterly wasted on the desert air.

The long Pontificate of Leo XIII. was colored with the diplomatic efforts of that great Pontiff to conciliate England and thus win over the English people, whose conversion he had been led to expect if only an inviting hand were held out to them. Building on this foundation, he could not look with a very favorable eye on Irish turbulence such as it was sedulously presented to him. Besides, Dr. Kirby was too old and too much out of touch with the country he had seen but once in 50 years; and the general impression of contempt created here by the bitter squabbles arising out of the Parnell split did anything at all but raise the Irish name, and certainly paralysed any efforts his successor, Dr. Kelly, might venture to make. The advent of Pius X., who was fashioned in another mould, and who was personally sympathetic towards the Irish people, afforded the next rector, Mgr. Murphy, an opportunity he was not slow to avail of and which he handled with an amount of ability that surprised no one, but with an energy that few could have expected of that gentle and retiring prelate, his general policy being to the effect that there were two sides to every question, that Englishmen were incapable of giving more than one side, and that not only should both sides be heard, but that the world should be made to see they had been heard before action was taken. A variety of circumstances, combined with his retiring character and early death, have tended to obscure the work he did and the success he achieved in this direction, the most important perhaps consisting in the fact that he paved the way for his successor, Dr. O'Riordan,

who on his arrival as rector found the ground prepared and the lines to be followed clearly marked out.

(To be continued.)

#### FREEDOM IN IRELAND: MAY 1, 1916, TO SEPTEMBER, 1919.

The following is a summary of outrages committed by the British Government in Ireland during the period from May 1, 1916, to September 30, 1919:—

From May, 1916, to September, 1919.—Killed, 58; deportations, 2076; armed assaults on unarmed civilians, 431; raids on private houses, 5859; arrests, 5394; sentences, 1998; proclamations and suppressions, 292; suppressions of newspapers, 51 (28 papers denied foreign circulation); courts-martial, 524. Total, 16,599.

May 1 to December 31, 1916.—Killed, 38; deportations, 1949; armed assaults on civilians, wholesale; raids on houses, wholesale; arrests, 3226; courts-martial, 199; sentences, 160; proclamations and suppressions, general; suppressions of newspapers, 13. Total, 5601.

Year 1917.—Killed, 7; deportations, 24; armed assaults on civilians, 18; raids on private houses, 11; arrests, 319; courts-martial, 36; sentences, 260; proclamations and suppressions, 2; suppressions of newspapers, 3. Total, 719.

Year 1918.—Killed, 6; deportations, 91; arrests, 1107; raids, 260; sentences, 978; courts-martial, 62; proclamations and suppressions, 32; armed assaults, 81; suppressions of newspapers, 12 (28 papers denied foreign circulation). Total, 2624.

Year 1919 to September 30.—Killed, 7; deportations, 12; arrests, 712; raids, 5588; sentences, 596; courts-martial, 227; armed assaults, 332; proclamations and suppressions, 258; suppressions of newspapers, 23. Total, 7655.

The Newspaper Suppressions.—The following is a list of the papers suppressed during this period: *Ballina Herald*, Ballina; *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, Belfast; *Bottom Dog*, Limerick; *Cork Examiner*, Cork; *Cork Weekly Examiner*, Cork; *Cork Evening Echo*, Cork; *Clare Champion*, Ennis; *Enniscorthy Echo*, Enniscorthy; *Evening Herald*, Dublin; *Faigue an Lao*, Dublin; *The Factionist*, Limerick; *Freedom*, Dublin; *Galway Express*, Galway; *The Gael*, Dublin; *Honesty*, Dublin; *The Irishman*, Dublin; *Irish World*, Dublin; *Irish Republic*, Limerick; *Irish Worker*, Dublin; *Irish Volunteer*, Dublin; *Ireland*, Dublin; *Kilkenny People*, Kilkenny; *Kerryman*, Tralee; *Killarney Echo*, Tralee; *Kerry Weekly Reporter*, Tralee; *Kerry News*, Kerry; *The Leader*, Dublin; *Limerick Leader*, Limerick; *Limerick Echo*, Limerick; *Liberator*, Tralee; *Mayo News*, Westport; *Munster News*, Limerick; *Meath Chronicle*, Navan; *Nationality*, Dublin; *Newcastle West Observer*, Newcastle West; *New Ireland*, Dublin; *The Republic*, Dublin; *The Spark*, Dublin; *Scissors and Paste*, Dublin; *Sligo Nationalist*, Sligo; *Sinn Féin*, Dublin; *Southern Star*, Skibbereen; *The Voice of Labor*, Dublin; *Waterford News*, Waterford; *Weekly Nationalist Journal*, Westmeath; *Independent*, Athlone; *The Worker*, Dublin; *The Workers' Republic*, Dublin.

#### OBITUARY

##### MR. MICHAEL BROPHY, ASHBURTON.

With deep regret the death is recorded of our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Michael Brophy, who passed away on December 17 at his residence, Beach Road, Ashburton (writes a correspondent). Deceased was a native of Ballycahill, Co. Tipperary, Ireland. He arrived in New Zealand in 1874, and entered the Railway Department, residing in Ashburton since 1877. Deceased, who enjoyed good health up to 12 months ago, was a sterling Catholic and Irishman, and was well known and highly respected throughout the district. He was attended during his last illness by the Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell, V.G., and Father O'Brien, C.S.S.R. The late Mr. Brophy is survived by a widow, two daughters, and four sons. One daughter, Mother Marie St. Theodore, of the Order of Notre Dame des Missions, died in Auckland two years ago. The deep sympathy of their large circle of friends is extended to the family in their sad bereavement.—R.I.P.

Death is like the putting off of a garment; for the soul is invested with a body, as it were with a garment; and this we shall put off for a little while by death, only to receive it again in a more brilliant form. What, I pray you, is death? It is but to go a journey for a season, or to take a longer sleep than usual. Mourn not over him who dies, but over him who, living in sin, is dead while he liveth.—St. John Chrysostom.

## ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

January 3.

Rev. Dr. Casey, S.M., of St. Mary's Seminary, Greenmeadows, preached last Sunday evening at St. Anne's Church, Wellington South.

The legal proceedings instituted by Mr. J. S. Swan, architect, Wellington, against the Rev. Father Mahony, S.M., in connection with the rebuilding of St. Mary of the Angels' Church, have been withdrawn by Mr. Swan, who bears all costs in connection therewith.

The Sisters of Mercy will hold a sale of work in the Guildford Terrace Schoolroom in February, in aid of the big bazaar which will be held in the Town Hall in October, in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage. This institution, which is a credit to the Catholic community, and a monument to the zeal and devotedness of the Sisters of Mercy in the interests of the large number of orphans committed to their charge, is sadly in need of financial assistance to maintain and clothe the little orphans, and to provide accommodation for the number of sad cases which they are at present unable to admit. The Sisters provide for both boys and girls, and any assistance which can be given them in their noble work will be greatly appreciated.

The cancellation of the annual picnic, caused by inclement weather, and the consequent loss of revenue to the Catholic Education Fund impels the committee to appeal for assistance by requesting the purchase of tickets in the art union for gold nuggets, valued at £20, which will be drawn on January 28. It is hoped by this means to make up some of the deficiency.

The Sisters of Mercy who conduct the Preparatory College for Boys at Seatoun have now 61 boys in their charge. The college is situated on the hillside facing the entrance to the harbor, and known as Seatoun Heights. Twelve acres of ground provide an excellent and healthy home for the pupils. St. Patrick's College, when built on the recently-acquired site of 100 acres, will be in close proximity to the Preparatory College. These two institutions, with the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, will show the progress of our holy faith in that popular seaside suburb.

There was a large gathering at Lower Hutt on New Year's Day, when the annual Catholic picnic was revived after a war-period abandonment. Many Wellington and local residents took advantage of this method of spending a day in the open air. The grounds were gaily decorated with bunting, and the picturesque costumes of the dancers, young and old, lent color to the gathering, while the pipes contributed the music. The following committee, with Mr. P. Casey, secretary and treasurer, was in charge of the sports and general arrangements:—Messrs. Seymour, Pearce, Evans, Morgan, Justin, McFirth, Hayes, Welch, E. Casey, J. Brown, O'Connell, Marney, Mitten, Best, and Sullivan. The following were the stall-holders:—Afternoon tea, Mesdames Connolly, Nazor, Rachael, Miss Sullivan; refreshment stall No. 1, Mesdames Pathan, Cookson, Miss Potter; refreshment stall No. 2, Mrs. Hartigan and Miss Casey.

Much regret is felt at the death, which occurred in Kaikoura, of the Rev. Father Morris. The deceased priest was educated in the Maynooth College, Ireland, and arrived in New Zealand about five years ago. He had never enjoyed good health, and his death at the early age of 30 years was not altogether unexpected. R.I.P.

The Feast of the Nativity was celebrated at St. Gerard's Church, with great solemnity. Masses were celebrated from an early hour, the last Mass being at 10 a.m. The celebrant was the Very Rev. Father Whelan, C.S.S.R. (Rector of the monastery), assisted by the Very Rev. Father Gleeson, C.S.S.R. (Australasian Superior) as deacon, and the Rev. Father Maugan, C.S.S.R., subdeacon. The short discourse appropriate to the festival was preached by Rev. Father Gleeson. There was a large congregation at this, as at the previous Masses. The choir of St. Gerard's, under the direction of Mr. Frank J. Oakes, sang Gounod's Third Mass most devotionally. Tozer's setting of the "Proper" of the Mass—in four parts—was also given, and at the Offertory, the "Ave Verum" (Elgar). The "Adeste Fideles" was rendered before Mass commenced, the "Te Deum" being sung after Mass. The evening devotions opened at the Crib, and the choir then sang Davis's setting of the "Alma," which was followed by a sermon by Very Rev. Father Whelan, C.S.S.R., and at its conclusion the choir rendered "Panis Angelicus" (Palestrina), "O Salutaris," "Ave Verum" (Elgar), "Tantum Ergo" (Murray), "Divine Praises" and "Adoremus" (Allegri). The choir was afterwards entertained at the Monastery by the Very Rev. Rector, and complimented on its fine work by the Very Rev. Father Gleeson. He wished

the choir and its director every blessing, and hoped that the coming year would be a most prosperous and happy one. He concluded by conveying to the members the hearty good wishes of his Grace Archbishop Clune, C.S.S.R., of Perth, W.A., who was the first Rector in Wellington, and who had cabled them. Very Rev. Father Whelan thanked the choir for its valued services, and Mr. Oakes, the choir director, suitably replied.

## Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

January 2.

Quite a lot of interesting "old-year" happenings are waiting to be chronicled, so, after thanking *le Bon Dieu* for the year that is past and asking His blessing for the year that now is, I shall go back a few weeks.

Castlecliff, which for rather less than a year has had its own little convent school convertible into church for Mass on every Sunday, made a big effort to finish its school year well. A Sunday morning in early December found a batch of children assembled for First Holy Communion—19 from Castlecliff and nine from Mosston and as it was also a general Communion for all the children, the ceremony was not a little impressive. Rev. Father McDonald addressed the children, and after Mass all the little ones, about 60 or so, were entertained to breakfast. Next day, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was a holiday, and was spent on the beach by the Sisters and their delighted youngsters. Always eager to do their best, the children finished up the remains of Sunday's feast, and had a jolly day on the sands.

Later in the same week, a concert, organised by Miss Curran, was given at Castlecliff. Among the performers were Rev. Father McDonald, Mrs. Parsons, Misses McLean, Stanaway, and Rubie Curran. The result was specially good, the Sisters being delighted and most grateful to the town folk for making the concert such a success.

We are divided up into blocks, you know, in Wanganui, and Castlecliff is really Very Rev. Father O'Connell's special charge. However, while he was away in Australia, Father McDonald attended to the needs of the seaside congregation, and for his kindness to them was presented by the children with a pair of extra fine gloves (not boxing ones!)

Finally, came the school "break-up" about December 15. There was a concert, prizes for everybody who is still a child. The schoolroom was filled with interested parents and friends, and as all of these had bought tickets, the piano fund is well started on its anxious way.

Just a week or two before Christmas, a "welcome home" to Father O'Connell, arranged by the Federation Committee, took place at the Druids' Hall. During the evening, which consisted of a sing-song, general chatter, and supper before going home, Father O'Connell gave a most interesting lecture on his visit to Australia. Everyone was delighted to hear about the Convention, and anyone who knows Father O'Connell's bright and chatty style of talking will appreciate what I mean. Naturally, there was not time to go into detail, but the crisp little lecture was something altogether fresh and most enjoyable. Mr. Luxford spoke on behalf of the committee. The Misses McLean and the Messrs. McCarthy made sweet music.

The election was got over without much sensation or undue excitement, due in no small degree to the excellent organisation of the returning officer, Mr. F. W. Hart. So well did everything go and so early were the results out, that the Mayor asked for and got from the assembled crowd a big and noisy vote of thanks for the returning officer and his staff. Mr. Hart, in his spare time, is an active member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The Sacred Heart Convent children had the usual end-of-year celebrations. The exhibition of hand work, beautiful and varied, was held at the Hill convent, but the concert and prize-giving were at the Opera House. This time, the adult and outside music pupils assisted at the concert, taking part in the choruses, glees, and solos. The Mayoress, Mrs. Mackay, presented the special prizes.

St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Schools had their prize-giving at the schools, Rev. Father O'Connell presenting the prizes.

Aramoho convent school also had their concert and prize-giving in their own hall. Here, as at Castlecliff, a small prize was found for each child.

And now it is holiday time and there is no such thing as school. The Sisters are all home from the branch convents, and each day brings many visitors to Mount St. Gerard, in spite of the climb. The Sisters who have been

away all year have to make the acquaintance of the Castle-cliff School and St. Mary's in town.

I was nearly forgetting to tell about the sale of work, sort of Christmas fair arrangement, at Aramoho, on December 19 and 20. This was a bazaar affair again, rather more ambitious than a garden party. The Aramoho enthusiasts supplied no end of Christmas puddings, cakes, and all manner of things suitable to the festive season. Father Christmas (it turned out afterwards that "he" should have been "Mother Christmas") was present, and between one idea and another good business resulted. Have heard that something about £80 goes to the fund.

The Hibernians made their bazaar *debut* on Boxing Day, when they had a sports gathering at the Aramoho Tea Gardens. The weather was not specially good, which interfered probably with the attendance, and then of course numbers of the Church folk were away from town. In spite of everything, however, it was a good day, and the result—I don't know exactly how much, for I have heard various sums from £60 to £200—was worth while. It has been a noticeable feature of all our bazaar efforts that it is the same old few who try to make them a success. It really is quite funny to see how we hustle round to get the goods together and then hustle round once more to buy them back again. Will it evermore be thus, and why do some people never hustle? Are they waiting for the next world?

### Westport

A cable message, dated December 10, received from Belfast, Ireland, notifies the death, suddenly, of Mrs. N. Corr, widow of the late Charles Corr, of Westport, who died last year. The late Mr. and Mrs. Corr were amongst the pioneers of the Westport district, and the latter was in business for a time at Denniston prior to going to Ireland, where she had been in business for some years. The deceased was well known and highly respected in the Westport district, and her death will be greatly regretted. She was, with her boys, returning to New Zealand to take up land when she passed away.—R.I.P.

### DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

January 5.

All the Masses on New Year's Day, both at the Cathedral and St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, were attended by large congregations, the majority of whom approached the Holy Table. The season's greetings for a happy New Year were conveyed to the parishioners by his Lordship the Bishop at the Cathedral, and by Very Rev. Dean Regnault at St. Mary's.

The combined Cathedral parish schools' picnic on Saturday, January 3, proved a most enjoyable outing. A dozen cars laden with children and adults conveyed the first contingent to the Riccarton racecourse, and during the day the attendance steadily increased. His Lordship Bishop Brodie, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Fathers Murphy and Bonetto were in attendance. The children from Nazareth House were under the care of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rodgers, who spared no effort to promote the enjoyment of their charges. The members of St. Matthew's (ladies') branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, led by Misses E. Brophy, B. M. Sloan, and Mrs. Blackaby, had a strenuous day in the sweets and soft drinks stall. The sports committee carried out a lengthy and varied programme satisfactorily, and Derry's Private Band provided the music. Sociability was evident everywhere, and from this standpoint the picnic was successful to a degree.

Rev. Father FitzGibbon, Wellington, is a visitor to Christchurch, and the guest of his Lordship the Bishop. He celebrated the 11 o'clock Mass at the Cathedral on Sunday.

### Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

December 29.

There was a large congregation at Midnight Mass in St. Patrick's Church on Christmas Eve. Rev. Father Le Croix, S.M., was celebrant; Father Heffernan, S.M., deacon; Rev. Dr. Kelly, subdeacon; and Rev. Father Campbell, S.M., master of ceremonies. A discourse appropriate of the occasion was preached by Rev. Father Silk (Holy Cross College, Mosgiel).

Rev. Dr. Kelly (editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*) and Rev. Father Silk, of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, were recent

visitors to the glacier region of South Westland. Both were delighted with their experience, the trip now being easy of accomplishment.

In the course of conversation with your correspondent, Rev. Dr. Kelly stated that the Irish Convention held recently at Melbourne, which he had attended, was a magnificent demonstration. The enthusiasm shown was extraordinary, and altogether without precedent in Australasia. The oration of our revered prelate, Archbishop Redwood, was a telling indictment of the misgovernment of Ireland.

For the first time in the history of Greymouth, the ancient and touching ceremony of the imparting of his blessing by a newly-ordained priest was carried out by Rev. Father Heffernan, S.M., recently ordained. A member of an old and highly-esteemed Greymouth family. The eagerness of the whole congregation to approach the altar rails and receive the blessing of the young Levite is a striking proof, if one were needed, of the vitality of the faith of our Catholic people. That he may be long spared to carry out the work of his Divine Master is the sincere wish of his numerous friends, many of whom have known him from his childhood. His is another name added to the long list of West Coasters who were no doubt influenced in their decision to leave all and take up this divine work by the advice and living example of our late revered parish priest, Dean Carow.

### WEDDING BELLS

WHITE—COWEN.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised on Wednesday, November 26, at "Arapuni Downs," Puketurua, when Miss Mary Isabel Cowen, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Cullen Cowen, and Mr. Edmund David White, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Copeland White, of Clonbern Road, Remuera, Auckland, were united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Dean Lighthouse, of Rotorua. The bride wore a charming frock of white crepe de Chine and net, embroidered with white and gold beads, and wore a hand-embroidered veil, with orange blossoms, and a pretty pearl necklace; a handsome bouquet completing the toilette. She was attended as bridesmaids by her two sisters, Misses Catherine and Theresa Cowen, who were daintily attired in white embroidered voile dresses, and carried pretty bouquets. They wore, respectively, an aquamarine and pearl brooch and a cameo ring, gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Michael Riordan, of Putaruru, was best man, and Mr. John Joseph Cowen, eldest brother of the bride, acted as groomsmen. The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a beautiful gold pendant, and the bridegroom's to the bride a handsome gold watch. The wedding breakfast was partaken of by quite a large number of relatives, the good things provided including an elaborately-decorated wedding cake. Numerous toasts were proposed and honored. The presents were many and costly, and included several cheques from absent relatives. The afternoon was pleasantly spent with music supplied by Mr. E. J. Darby (piano) and assisted by Messrs. James White and Francis Farrell (violins). The happy couple left by motor for Te Awamutu, to join the Wellington express *en route* for the Wanganui River. The bride's travelling dress was a neat tailored navy blue costume, with a vieux rose tagel hat. The future home of the newly-wedded couple will be at Putaruru. They are both very well known in the district, and carry with them the good wishes of all.

KEANE—MEEHAN.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised at the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Hamilton, on Thursday, November 27, the contracting parties being Miss Gretta Meehan, third daughter of Mrs. J. Meehan, Hamilton, and Mr. Joseph Keane, third son of Mr. P. Keane, Roscommon, Ireland. Rev. Father Dore officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a beautiful dress of saxe blue crepe de Chine trimmed with pale pink georgette, and black hat with cerise crown; and carried a mother-of-pearl prayer book. Miss S. Meehan (sister of the bride), who was bridesmaid, wore a pale pink silk crepe frock and black crepe de Chine hat lined with pink. Mr. M. Brady, of Auckland, was best man. After the ceremony the guests were entertained to wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's mother, "Glen-de-Sawn." Rev. Father Dore presided, and the usual toasts were honored, after which the happy couple left by motor for the Rotorua district, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's travelling costume was navy blue serge, and black picture hat. Mr. and Mrs. Keane were the recipients of many valuable presents. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome amethyst brooch, and to the bridesmaid an amethyst and pearl pendant.

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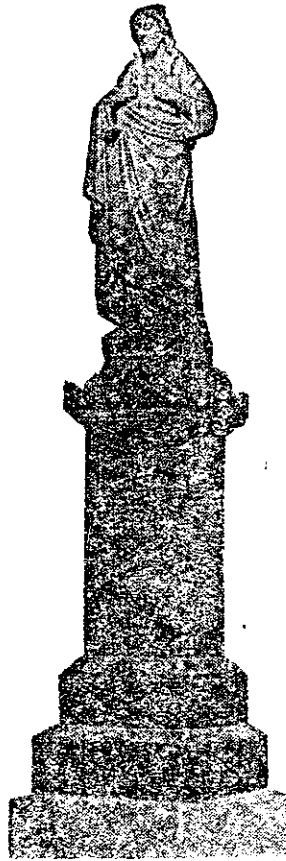
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General advertising rates on application to the office.

**MARRIAGES**

**KEANE—MEEHAN.**—On November 27, 1919, at the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Hamilton, by the Rev. Father Dore, Joseph Keane, third son of Mr. P. Keane, Roscommon, Ireland, to Gretta, third daughter of Mrs. J. Meehan, of Hamilton (late of Feilding).

**MURRAY—SMALL.**—On December 18, 1919, at St. Mary's Church, Riversdale, by the Rev. Father O'Neill, Patrick, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Murray, Sydenham, Christchurch, to Jeanie, eldest daughter of Mrs. and the late Joseph Small, of Oaklea, Riversdale.

**DEATHS**

**BROPHY.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Brophy, beloved husband of Nora Brophy, who died at his residence, 58 Beach Road, Ashburton, on December 17, 1919; aged 77 years.—R.I.P.

**McGRATH.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Julia, beloved wife of James McGrath, who died at Waimate on December 25, 1919.

**PRENDERGAST.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Johanna, dearly beloved wife of Edward Prendergast (late of Baywater), who died at Venus Street, Georgetown, on December 25, 1919; aged 74 years.

**IN MEMORIAM**

**BISCHISKIE.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the souls of J. and J. F. Bischiskie, who departed this life on November 6, 1918, and January 6, 1919, respectively.—On whose souls, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

**LEACH.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Walter Norman Gaynor Leach, who died at Invercargill Hospital on January 5, 1918. R.I.P.—Inserted by Hugh Curry.

**FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE**

**IN MEMORIAM**

**COTTER.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of my dear brother, Maurice, who was killed in action somewhere in France on January 7, 1918. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his sorrowing sister (M. Long).

**GRIFFEN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Joseph, beloved eldest son of Mrs. and the late Patrick Griffen, of Makauri, killed in action in France on January 3, 1918.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

**McVEIGH.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Edward McVeigh, who was killed in action in Belgium on January 9, 1918. On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving mother, sisters, and brother.

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In this world and in the world to come may be confidently expected by all those generous souls who will assist the noble work of the Sisters of Mercy in charge of the Catholic Orphanage, South Dunedin. In this Institution over a hundred little ones are sheltered and provided for. The prayers of the Community and the children will be offered daily during the coming festive season for those who respond to this appeal. Donations of money, clothing, groceries, vegetables, etc., will be gratefully received by

**THE SISTERS OF MERCY,**  
South Dunedin.

**FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE**

Leader—How Is Dear Old Ireland? p. 25. Notes—Dwyer's Monument; "Mountain Mary," pp. 26-27. Current Topics—Monsignor O'Riordan; After the Battle; Poor Old England; The Convention; Irish Outrages, pp. 14-15. De Valera, p. 9. The Epidemic of Vulgarity, p. 13. Roman Letter, p. 19. Freedom in Ireland, p. 21.

**MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.**

*Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.*

*Die 4 Aprilis, 1900. LEO XIII., P.M.*

*TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.*

*April 4, 1900. LEO XIII., Pope.*



THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1920.

**HOW IS DEAR OLD IRELAND?**



DAY by day the cables bring us wonderful accounts of the outrages committed by the unarmed Irish people on the army of occupation, and day by day comes the news that the alleged outrages were due, not to Sinn Fein but to the warriors of England who shoot each other in their zeal when they can find no Sinn Feiners to shoot. Most people have come to believe that the army of occupation, from head to tail, is made up of Colthursts, or else that there is an epidemic of delirium tremens among the doughty heroes of the Crown;

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and all the world is becoming very much disgusted at the incessant efforts of the champions of small nations to exterminate a people that took England at her word and asked for the right of self-determination. Ireland has been converted into a shambles by Lloyd George and Carson. Age and sex are no protection against the brutality of French's minions. Gallant officers lead forth their merry men to loot houses and to plunder stores, and the batons of the police are aimed ruthlessly at the defenceless heads of women and girls. All this is done by the very people who told us that their sole object in going to war was to punish the Germans for doing similar things in Belgium; and the whole head of Ireland's offence is that she has demanded to be freed for ever from the clutches of her British oppressors.

The other day we read in the *Otago Daily Times* that the Sinn Feiners curtly refused to have anything to say to the Lloyd George Convention. It is a matter of history that they did nothing of the kind, but Irish history is beyond the *Daily Times*. Sinn Fein asked for an assurance that the Convention was not a fraud. "Allow the people to select their delegates and give us a pledge that the findings of the Convention will be respected," said Sinn Fein. Lloyd George could not do that, because the Convention was a fraud from first to last, and, as Lord Arran said a few months ago in the *Nineteenth Century*, its object was to fool the Americans and bring them into the war. And naturally enough Sinn Fein would have no part in Lloyd George's dirty scheme. Recently, owing to pressure from America and to the vigorous denunciations of every honest public man in England, Lloyd George felt bound to make another attempt to fool the people. Consider the gang he selected for the task of settling the Irish problem! There was the benighted bigot Walter Long, whose hatred for Ireland is an open secret; there was Galloper Smith—camouflaged as Lord Birkenhead now, but still the same old Galloper who was hand in glove with Carson what time their activities encouraged the Kaiser to plunge Europe into war: there was the Tory Shortt, and the Jew Isaacs, and the unspeakable Welshman himself at their head. No sane man hoped for a moment that out of that group anything fair or just would come, and sane people were not disappointed when they hatched another fool Bill only to have it rejected with scorn by the Irish Hierarchy and the Irish people. From Pitt to George it is the same old sordid story of British trickery and dishonor. There is, however, this difference: Lloyd George has to deal with an united Ireland led by men who will not be deceived by British pledges, who know that no English statesman's word is worth a straw, and who will accept nothing short of justice for their country. All the schemes devised by the brains of the Brithuns have one result in Ireland: they weld more firmly together a people long persecuted and long enduring, and now determined to endure to the end rather than submit to become again the slaves of the Orange plantation which seems to rule England while ruining the Empire. One thing is certain: Sinn Fein is unconquerable. French and George may hang and burn and plunder, but the spirit of the people will never break now. Nothing short of the total extermination of the Irish people will secure for the tyrants the victory for which they yearn; and the task of exterminating the race has been so often tried in vain that it is not likely to succeed now, when in addition to the four millions at home, to which Brithunnish laws have reduced the population, there are twenty millions abroad to be reckoned with to-day.

"How is dear old Ireland and how does she stand?" They are again, as of old, hanging men and women for the wearing of the green; but Ireland stands erect and undaunted, and marches through the dark night of her agony towards a future that must bring her victory if right is not always to be crushed and trampled down by might in this world. Ireland

is not afraid. Her young men glory in their sufferings, and not one of them is a craven. Sinn Fein has no traitors and no cowards. The women and the girls are worthy of their husbands and brothers. The people have not the airplanes and the tanks and the machine-guns of the Brithuns, but they have the courage and the spirit of endurance that England never knew in her own armies; they have the ideals of patriots and the spirit of martyrs, and, so, they go marching forward in the assurance that the sun of freedom will yet shine on their banner of Orange, White, and Green. Ireland is suffering, Ireland is persecuted, but suffering is not new to her and persecution has been the food of her soul for centuries. Why does she suffer and why is she persecuted? The answer is because England went to war to end Prussianism and to win for all small nations the right to govern themselves, and because Ireland takes England at her word and asks as much and will have no less. Of course it is plain to the world that England never meant a word of what she said when she called on the Colonies to help her to attain her lofty aims; England has become a by-word for hypocrisy and deceit, and her honor is as low to-day as her credit. Ireland, however, chooses to take England at her word and to insist that the Irish people shall no longer be ruled by the favor of the "scum of England and Scotland" planted in certain sections of four Ulster counties. And it has come to this: Lloyd George must either exterminate the Irish people or submit to them. Exterminate them he cannot, will as he may.

## NOTES

### The Patriots' Monument

There were many things that lack of time prevented us from seeing in Australia; but there was one thing we were determined to see. And it was in the spirit of a pilgrim we went one day alone to Waverley Cemetery to visit the sacred spot where rest the mortal remains of Michael Dwyer and his "Mountain Mary." In that silent city of the dead, high over the waves of the Tasman Sea, we happened on an old Irish exile who gladly led us to the '98 Monument, and knelt beside us there to say a De Profundis for all the brave men and fair women whose memory is green among the exiles in Australia.

### The Monument

The monument we found at Waverley is worthy of the names carved on it. Its white marble Celtic cross towers above the surrounding tombs and looks down on the tireless sea that brought so many restless Irish hearts to this new land. Under the cross are the words:

*Remember '98.*

*"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?"*

In Loving Memory of All who Dared and Suffered for  
Ireland in 1798.

Pray for the Souls of Michael Dwyer and Mary his Wife  
Whose Remains are interred in this vault. R.I.P.

Behind the base of the cross are the names of many patriots who were associated with Michael Dwyer in his fight against the tyrants of our native land. Among the names are those of Emmet, Orr, McCracken, John Kelly (Protestants all of them), and of the women who aided them, Mary McCracken, Betsy Gray, Anne Devlin are mentioned. The fighting sagarts are commemorated in the names of Fathers Roche, Prendergast, Murphy, and Redmond. Two wolf dogs, beautifully chiselled, keep watch and ward under the cross, and an Irish inscription reminds the pilgrims to pray for Eire as well as for the brave men and women who loved her unto death:

*Go Sairaidh Dia Eire.*

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**"Mountain Mary"**

Michael Dwyer's "Mountain Mary" was Mary Doyle, the daughter of a Wicklow farmer. She was his partner in the dangers and trials of the dark days of the Rising, and when he went into exile in 1803, his faithful Mary, "the loveliest maid in Imaal," accompanied him to Australia. Dwyer did not live long under the Southern Cross, and when he died in 1805 Mary held his hands and closed his eyes for ever. She survived her husband for many years. In 1861 she followed the brave Wicklow patriot to the tomb after seeing two of her grandchildren sheltered in the arms of Mother Church, one as a priest and another as a nun. Then, with the dearest wishes of her life fulfilled, she sang her *Nunc Dimittis* and went to meet her God. Anne Devlin, whose name is for ever associated with the tragic story of Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran, was a niece of Mary Dwyer's, and like her aunt will live in history as a true Irishwoman. Another day we may tell the story of Anne's devotion and of the inhuman tortures she suffered at the hands of the Britons, whose record in Ireland a century ago was as black as it is in our day when the heroes of General French and Mr. George again distinguish themselves by making war on women and children and calumniating all those who have the courage to defend a small nation against tyrants.

**Faith and Fatherland**

The other day a paragraph in the *New Statesman* caught our eye by chance. It told of a poor Catholic woman of Belfast who got notice to quit from her landlord. The notice to quit is no strange news for old Irish people, and they who change homes so often that they cannot realise at all what a home means cannot even imagine dimly what it means to leave a home. This old woman felt leaving home as she would feel a death in her family. Yet, what did she say? "I will go, but I must get my Robert Emmet and me-wee holy God." There is a whole splendid poem on Faith and Fatherland for you in a line. Cannot you see it? She may have had some money somewhere; she may have had some articles of furniture; she was leaving her home, such as it was. And in her sorrow what was uppermost in her mind was not the material things about which worldly people bother but the immaterial things, concern for which is the explanation of the mystery of the defeat of every attempt made by England to denationalise and corrupt Ireland. Robert Emmet's picture stood, in an inarticulate way, to this poor old woman for that ideal love of country which only the lowest type of *scamin* Irish people ever lose wherever they roam, and the picture or statue of her "wee holy God" was the symbol of that faith, fidelity to which has been the noble and immortal cause of English hatred for the people who would not become renegades and turncoats. Faith and Fatherland! As long as the Irish are true to both they are richer and greater than the breath of a king or the influence of a Harmsworth can make any man.

**Principle**

The man of no book is, as Mr. Dooley rightly observed, the "devil to argue with." The man with no principles is still more diabolically hopeless and desperate. Yet how many people do we meet day after day to whom principles are less intelligible than Greek verbs. The whole social confusion, the endless talk of all the talking shops, the continual tinkering at education and politics by awful amateurs are radically due to the fact that the people have lost all grasp of principles. We have to go back a long way. We have even forgotten so elementary a thing as that the Law of God is higher than whatever idiotic suggestion a fool-Minister may be able to enforce by Militarism; we have forgotten that men and women have rights which no Government may interfere with, and that men and women ought to fight to the last ditch to exterminate a Government which would usurp their God-given rights and privileges. Expediency is the rule.

It has been for many years the sole guiding principle of English politics, and politicians want to make it the guide in all the issues of life now. From Hobbes to Balfour there has been no serious effort to find out what is right and just, and to do it because it is right and just. What pays? That is in a word the sum total of English wisdom. Hence scraps of paper and men sent to gaol without a trial. Hence bombs thrown into houses in which were women and children by soldiers who were asked to fight against those who were doing like things—in Belgium. The worst of it is that the environment is so poisonous that even our own people are contaminated; even they will now pause to ask what it will cost to stand for a principle, and how it will work out materially if they do the right thing. We have had a scourging and it has not done us a bit of good. We are a long way off yet from the attitude of that old Belfast woman to whom Faith and Fatherland were first and last; and we are far beneath her in worth and nobility. Let us begin ere it be too late to ask ourselves simply what is right and what is just; let us give up asking what people will say or think if we do what is right or just. If we cannot do this let us go and hide ourselves as unworthy of the traditions of our race.

**DIocese OF DUNEDIN**

Good congregations attended all the Masses celebrated on the Feast of the Circumcision (New Year's Day) at St. Joseph's Cathedral, and at the suburban churches of the parish.

The annual spiritual retreat of the diocesan clergy, which is to commence at Holy Cross College on Monday, January 19, will be conducted by Rev. Father Langley, C.S.S.R.

The retreat of the Dominican Nuns, being conducted by Rev. Father D. B. Falvey, O.P., of Adelaide, South Australia, commenced last evening (Wednesday, January 7) at St. Dominic's Priory.

As the time for making final arrangements for the carnival in aid of the building fund of the Christian Brothers' new residence is now near at hand, holders of art union tickets are requested to immediately send in the blocks and returns.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Cathedral from the 11 o'clock Mass on last Sunday. After Compline in the evening, in the presence of a large congregation, a very fine discourse was preached by the Rev. Father Kevin McGrath, S.M. (son of Superintendent McGrath), of Nelson, and was followed by procession and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation met at St. Joseph's Hall after devotions on last Sunday evening. The Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presided, and the exceptionally large attendance at this, the first meeting of the New Year, promises well for the continued interest in the organisation. After the routine business was transacted, Father Coffey extended cordial good wishes to all members of the Federation and their friends for the blessings of a happy and successful New Year, and expressed his thanks to the office-bearers and members of the committee for their valued services in the past. He announced that the half-yearly meeting of the Diocesan Council of the Federation would be held in Dunedin on Friday evening, January 23. On the motion of Mr. M. Reddington a sub-committee was appointed to draw up certain recommendations to be submitted at the meeting of the council.

**OUR EDITOR**

The promoters of the testimonial to Rev. Dr. Kelly, editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*, desire to thank subscribers for the generous response made, and to intimate that the presentation of the testimonial will be made at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on Friday, January 23.

Consummate sanctity must be that which can mix freely and easily with the crowd and condescend thoroughly to its ways, and not only remain pure as the sunbeam that pierces the foulest dungeon, but be also a source of life and moral health and renovation to all around it.—Father Coleridge, S.J.

## DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

January 2.

Rev. Father Hannigan, C.S.S.R., having completed the retreat for the Marist Brothers at the Sacred Heart College, Ponsonby, opened the retreat for the Sisters of the Missions in Hamilton on December 27, and on completion of same will conduct the retreat for the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Convent, Grey Lynn, about January 13.

At the conclusion of the retreat for the Sisters of Mercy, the Very Rev. Father M. J. O'Reilly will spend a short holiday in Rotorua.

His many friends will be grieved to learn that the Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., is in a precarious state of health, and is still a patient in the Mater Hospital.

During the absence of Rev. Father Carran, Adm., on holiday, the Rev. Father Dore, of Hamilton, is assisting at the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby.

A delightful day was spent recently by the large gathering at Mrs. McHugh's fine grounds at St. Helier's Bay. The proceeds, which reached the sum of £100, are in aid of the church fund. The presence of Very Rev. Dean Cahill, Fathers Doyle, Kelly, and Hunt, was greatly appreciated.

Christmas in Auckland was, from many points of view, the brightest and gayest for several years. The city has been thronged by thousands of visitors from all parts of the Dominion: the commercial life has been the busiest since the year before the war, and if the spending power of the thousands be judged by the immense crowds who visited the racing carnival at Ellerslie during the three days, when the totalisator registered £337,062, must surely be a record.

Mr. J. Ford, a deservedly popular business man, who for the past 20 years has been in the employ of the firm of Stewart Dawson, was farewelled by the staff and from them received a valuable presentation. He has been appointed manager of one of Pascoe's fine shops in Queen Street, and we feel sure that there his many friends will help him to make a success of his new sphere in life.

## Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

January 4.

On Christmas Day there was the usual large congregation in the Basilica for Midnight Mass, of which Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay was celebrant, Fathers Foley and O'Connell deacon and subdeacon respectively. The boys from Holy Cross College, who are home for their holidays, assisted in the sanctuary. The choir rendered music suitable to the festive occasion. At the early Masses on Christmas morning large numbers approached the Holy Table.

We have had quite a number of visitors in Oamaru during the holidays; amongst others, Rev. Dr. Kelly, back from Australia, Father Peoples, from Waimate, and Father Gondringer, from St. Patrick's College.

Mass will be celebrated at the following country stations during January:—On the 11th, at Kurow at 9 a.m., Pukuri at 10 a.m., and Duntroon at 11 a.m.; on the 18th, at Windsor Park at 9 a.m. and Ngapara at 11 a.m.; on the 25th, at Duntroon at 9 a.m. and Kurow at 11 a.m., also at Taipo and Alma at 8.30 and 11 a.m.

## TO THE ELECTORS OF DUNEDIN SOUTH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I desire to express my GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to you for a VICTORY which is the greatest I have won since I have been in public life. It is not to be measured by my majority at the last election. The larger the majority then obtained with Labor's assistance, the harder the task on this occasion, with the President of the Labor Party opposing me. Had it not been for the loyalty of many of my old friends I could not have won. Among the reasons which militated against my candidature must be included the fact that I announced my retirement and subsequently reversed my decision.

I fully recognise that I now represent those who voted both for and against me, and I shall do my utmost in the future, as in the past, to deserve your confidence by faithful service.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

T. K. SIDEY.

## GERMANS IN AUSTRALIA.

The following letter to the editor of the *Evening Post*, Wellington, over the signature of Mr. P. J. O'Regan (December 19), appeared recently:—I have read your editorial comments hereon in to-night's *Post*, and I note that you have omitted certain historic facts which, though not fatal to your conclusions, are not without interest nowadays. Neither you nor your Sydney correspondent are aware, evidently, that many thousands of German immigrants were induced to settle in Australia by certain persons who professed the most intense loyalty to the Empire. Years ago these worthies sounded a loud note of alarm at the influx of Irish immigrants. One John Pascoe Fawcner, a member of the first Victorian Parliament, proclaimed the necessity of meeting the insidious Romish propaganda by inducing German immigration on an extensive scale; indeed, he described the Germans as "our kinsmen in race and religion," and great was his indignation when he found, after their arrival, that many of his kinsmen were of the Catholic faith! In the sister colony of New South Wales the agitation was headed by a much abler man, John Dunmore Lang, D.D., a distinguished Presbyterian divine, who is remembered nowadays as the first advocate of an Australian Republic. Dr. Lang published a pamphlet apropos of the alleged Irish invasion, entitled *Shall Australia Become a Principality of Popedom?* He, too, favored the German antidote, and, to be certain that none but good Protestants were selected, the reverend gentleman himself visited Germany and selected the colonists. Evidently, however, not all the men he selected were proof against Popish wiles, for he has told himself in the second volume of his *History of New South Wales* that some of them deserted at Monte Video when en route to Australia, having been tempted by the wages offered by some planters there who desired to utilise their skill as viticulturists! This fact notwithstanding, thousands of Germans were settled at Moreton Bay through Dr. Lang's activities. Tropical Australia, he argued, was admirably fitted for the production of cotton and wine—Dr. Lang was no Prohibitionist—and German settlers would produce abundance of these good things, and at the same time save Australia for Protestantism! Alas, how times have changed!

## A FIGHT AGAINST TYRANNY.

In the matter of crime this country (says an English exchange) has unfortunately no ground for boasting, and the efforts made by the *Morning Post* and other reactionary journals to persuade the Americans that the Irish are exceptionally criminal only excite ridicule and contempt. The Americans cannot be deceived. The Irish-Americans have made them familiar with the general character of the treatment to which the Catholics have been so long subjected by British Governments, and to-day they receive object lessons day after day as to the tyrannical manner in which the country is misgoverned. The Americans have no sympathy and never will have any with oppression, with outrages on freedom, with spying—with the administrative methods adopted by the Government in Ireland. Such a condition have the outrages on liberty reached that now priests' pockets are searched by the police, and Irish Catholics are presented with the spectacle—a spectacle the effects of which can be imagined by those who know how profound is their respect for the clergy and their reverence for the Mass—of Father O'Donnell, an Australian Army Chaplain, being imprisoned in Richmond Military Barracks for having expressed his opinions freely in conversation and marched to a church under military custody to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. What wonder that Lenin, the leader of the Bolsheviks, in an interview with Mr. Goode, the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent, denounced the British Defence of the Realm Act and claimed that the Bolsheviks are more liberal-minded than the British Government.

A little boy had been praying for a dog to draw his cart, when an unusually large bulldog came along. The little fellow, much alarmed, altered his petition: "Yes, a dog—but not a bulldog."

*Les Nouvelles Religieuses* states that a miracle took place recently at Lourdes during the French National Pilgrimage. A soldier named Henri Lhorloge, aged 32, who lived at Amiens, was wounded in the right eye at Chemin des Dames whilst the war was raging. Since then he has been in hospital, and also in a school for the blind. The man had an extraordinary confidence that he would be cured, and made a promise that he would visit Lourdes. His desire was gratified, and at the conclusion of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament he was cured.

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**Nelson**

(From our own correspondent.)

January 2.

Father W. Buckley, of St. Patrick's College, will assist Father Fay for the next few weeks.

At the recent Sixth Standard examinations, the children of the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph's Schools secured a large number of proficiency passes. The three candidates presented for the commercial examination for the Public Service Entrance were also successful, and have been offered positions.

A success in another sphere for which we take some credit was scored by Miss Marie Fraser. Miss Fraser filled a principal role in the recent staging by the Nelson Operatic Society of the opera "Paul Jones," under Mr. Pollard's direction. Both the Blenheim and Nelson papers were loud in their praises of Miss Fraser's brilliant acting, while her singing was also the subject of much favorable comment.

A pleasant little surprise party visited the presbytery on Christmas night to make a presentation to Father McGrath, on the eve of his going south for a month's holiday. Mr. M. J. Levy, on behalf of the visitors, presented Father McGrath with a well-filled wallet to ensure his enjoying his much-needed change. Mr. Levy explained that the congregation was much interested in the matter lest Father McGrath should not be able to return to his arduous work, and hoped the little present would make a thoroughly enjoyable holiday possible. It was but a small acknowledgment of the devoted work which had made a rest an absolute necessity. Mr. W. Thomas spoke a few words on behalf of the choir and Tennis Club, and wished Father McGrath a complete restoration to health. Father McGrath expressed his deep gratitude for the great kindness shown him, which was only one of many evidences of the loyalty of the people. Mr. Levy had allotted him points for his three years' work, and with a point for each year he could consider that he had registered three points, or

a "try." He hoped through their kind help to be able to add the major points.

**A MASTER.**

His is the Christ's star-hearted vehemence;  
The God-like silence 'mid the temporal noise;  
The dancing spirit's delicate equipoise  
Upon the lordly will, straining and tense  
Above the mystic infinite of sense;  
His the avenging lightning that destroys  
The garish virtues, and the coward joys  
Of sunlight stagnant in the storm's suspense.

And courtesy no choice save homage hath  
For, in him, dwells the master's right to rouse  
The pain that slumbers round his passionate path:  
How many have ungarlanded their vows  
And nailed their vision to the crossed boards  
In the clear light that is his aftermath.

—S. MICHAEL CREVEQUER.

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We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference.  
PERIOD FROM DECEMBER 22 TO 31, 1919.

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Mrs. J. D. B., Box 25, Raglan, 30/12/20; J. G., Massey Rd., Gisborne, 15/4/21; Catholic Mission, Levuka, 30/12/20; F. T. V., 82 Rutene Rd., Gisborne, 30/3/20; T. O'K., 235 Hastings St., S. Napier, 8/12/20; F. D., Te Puke, Bay of Plenty, 23/12/20; E. O'D., Hastings, 15/10/20; E.H., Kihikihi, 8/12/20; Miss M., Otorohanga, 8/12/20; P. D., Mecanee, Napier, 15/5/26; Mr. H., Ada St., Hastings, 23/1/21; T. B., Taumarunui, 7/7/21; J. J. B., Kohimarama, Waiuku, 23/12/20; C. K. W., Paengaroa, Bay of Plenty, 23/12/20; E. J., Hamilton, 30/12/20; F. M. T., Commercial Hotel, Waipawa, 30/12/20.

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**CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.**

Mrs. McC., 180 Montreal St., Chch., 30/12/20; J. M., Waimate, 30/6/21; C. S., Vernon, Blenheim, 30/10/20; E. M., Beach Rd., Cobden, 30/9/21; M. L., McGrath's Store, Kumara, 15/12/20; M. M., Waiau, 30/12/20; Miss McG., Benoit House, Akaroa, 23/10/20; T. H., Geraldine, 30/9/20; L. O'S., Mill St., Westport, 8/12/20; M. H., Nelson Creek, 15/12/20; M. L. D., Preston Rd., Greymth.,

15/4/20; B. McE., Beachcroft, Southbridge, 8/12/20; L. J. F., 108 Tasman St., Nelson, 30/12/20; J. T., Goldsbrough, 8/6/20; M. B., Hardy St., Nelson, 15/11/20; J. D., Denmark St., Temuka, 8/4/20; T. O'C., 105 Fitzgerald Av., Chch., 30/12/20; C. H., 32 Dickens St., Chch., 30/12/20; C. K., St. Andrews, 30/12/20; J. G. W., Dilmans, Kumara, 30/9/20; E.L.C., 136 Queen St., Westport, 30/12/20; F. D., Springston Rly., 8/12/20; M. D., Lyalldale, St. Andrews, 30/10/20; J. F. Arowhenua, Temuka, —; Mrs. M. J., 3 Poulson St., Addington, 23/6/20; M. M., North St., Timaru, 30/9/21; T. O'R., Blacksmith, Methven, 30/4/20; J. V., 130 Bishop St., St. Albans, 23/6/20; Mrs. B. F., 49 Bishop St., St. Albans, 30/12/20; P. E., Romilly St., Westport, 8/1/21; J. R., Springfield, 30/12/20; T. W., Islington, 30/12/20; J. F., Waiapi, Temuka, 30/12/20; Mrs. J. L., Listowell, St. Andrews, 23/12/20; B. McN., Rakaia, 15/12/20; J. McM., Springfield, 30/12/20.

**OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.**

Capt. D., N. Spit, Pt. Chalmers, 8/5/20; Mrs. D., 125 Leith St., Dun., 30/3/20; Mrs. C., Haldane, 23/12/20; A. B., Waimahaka, 30/12/20; Mrs. R. H., Millers Flat, 23/12/20; J. H., Lewis St., Inghill, 30/12/20; M. R., Millers Flat, 30/6/20; J. M., McQuarrie St., Inghill, 23/5/20; F. G. O'B., Dee St., Inghill, 30/1/21; Geo. A. McL., Athol, 30/11/20; Mrs. J. C., Cromwell, 15/5/20; F. M., Waikouaiti, 15/11/20; T. P., Wallacetown, Inghill, 30/12/20; Miss C., Criterion Hotel, Dun., 30/6/20; Mrs. C., Cargill Rd., S. Dun., 23/12/20; D. Mc., Maerua, 23/11/20; Mrs. M. H., Balaclava St., Wyncham, 30/12/20; Mrs. S., Box 13, Riversdale, 30/12/20; Mrs. B. H., N. Inghill, 30/12/20; Mrs. A., Magnetic St., Pt. Chalmers, 30/12/20; Mrs. H., Kaikorai Val., Dun., 30/12/20; J. S., Seaward Bush, 30/12/20; Mrs. J. S., Lumsden, 30/12/20; Mc. Bros., Windsor, 30/6/20; Mrs. H. C., Heriot, 15/6/20; M. McC., Ryall Bush, 30/12/20; T. M., Ardgowan, 8/12/20; M. C., Inghill, 23/12/21.

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## COMMONWEALTH NOTES

## NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Rev. Father Matthew O'Sullivan, S.M., of Christ-church diocese, New Zealand, is in Sydney on a holiday. He is the guest of the Very Rev. Father Piquet, S.M., at St. Patrick's. Father O'Sullivan is a native of St. Patrick's parish, Sydney, and his relatives live here. He has received a warm welcome from all his old acquaintances.

The Sydney Town Hall was filled to overflowing on Tuesday evening of last week (says the *Catholic Press* of December 25), when a grand concert, in aid of a memorial to the late Cardinal Moran was given under the auspices of the Hibernian Society. His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney and his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne delivered stirring and eloquent addresses. At the conclusion of the concert Archbishop Kelly, Archbishop Mannix, and the Bishop of Maitland (Right Rev. Dr. Dwyer) and the members of the committee took their places on the platform. When his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney rose to address the gathering a remarkable demonstration occurred, the cheering being loud and prolonged. They were gathered together (said his Grace) to honor one whose name was a household word throughout Australia. They were there at the invitation of the Hibernian Society, and were grateful to them for the opportunity provided of entertaining the Archbishop of Melbourne. (Cheers.) By loving Ireland we became better Catholics, and such was the sentiment uttered by the late Cardinal Moran. It was the intention of the Hibernian Society to erect a monument, in sculptured marble, of Australia's first Cardinal and one of Ireland's most glorious sons. There would be a grand approach to St. Mary's Cathedral, and his Grace would be happy indeed if he lived to see the memorial erected in front of St. Mary's, when it had reached the stage of completion—a monument erected by the Hibernians, to the memory of the Cardinal. "God bless the Hibernians," said his Grace, in conclusion, "God bless our society, God bless all, and the prelate who is going to speak." (Cheers.)

## VICTORIA.

In keeping with the practice of former years, a number of employees at the Newport Railway Workshops recently subscribed the sum of £62 as a Christmas gift to the Little Sisters of the Poor Institution, Northcote, as a remembrance of the good work carried out by that body. On a recent Sunday a large number of those interested in the laudable movement, together with members of their families, visited the home, and placed the offering, together with an additional sum of £5 12s, which was collected in the room, in the hands of the authorities. A quantity of tobacco was also distributed amongst the men in the home. The Rev. Mother expressed her thanks for the donations, which (she said) would assist her to carry on the work of the institution in caring for the aged people.

## QUEENSLAND.

Judge McNaughton, a sturdy Scotchman, has brought a hornet's nest around his head for daring to show his partiality for St. Patrick's Day as against Foundation Day, and placing it on the Traders' Award as a holiday which must be kept (says the Brisbane correspondent of an exchange). The air has been blue with invectives from the headquarters of the Orange ascendancy humorists and the Black Handers, as naturally could be expected, but the Natives' Association have also at last been aroused from their indifference and apathy, and are in the mildest way possible protesting against the change. They cannot understand or appreciate the fact that the Irish people in Queensland are the only "Nationals" who keep their holiday, and celebrate it in a fashion which makes it the most popular day in the whole year. The other saints' days, that is, those of England, Wales, and Scotland, are ordinary, every-week events, and so is Foundation or Anniversary Day, as it is known down south. For years it has figured on our list of statutory holidays, and for years it has been a dismal failure, as it has never been looked upon seriously by even the people who should "process" and glorify if there were any special cause to do so. Now that the people who should be the guiding stars in this event are awakened, it may be possible for enthusiasm to be worked up, but I have my doubts, as the men in the gap are lacking in that force of character and organising ability to arouse enthusiasm. Should it, however, result in the restoring of their neglected day, it must not be at the expense of St. Patrick's Day; there are other holidays on the list which could be easily eliminated, without offending the susceptibilities or interfering with the sleep of the people who should be most concerned. The miserable out-

come of the whole thing is the working of the sectarian-mongering insects, who are now busy in certain shops filling up petitions from the employees, under, of course, the bosses' supervision, protesting against St. Patrick's Day. These miserable hucksters do not love Foundation Day, but they are annoyed and humiliated that Irish grit and courage has triumphed over their bigotry, and they would use the Natives, or any other force, to defeat that Celtic people, who have scored again over their malevolence. The latest development, however, is that a ballot of members of the Shop Assistants' Union may be taken, to decide the preference; if so, St. Patrick's Day should score, as the men and women who have kept their union in existence for years, despite the non-patronage of those who would now hamper their usefulness at the bosses' cry, will not be dictated to by the Black Handers and Orange conspirators.

## TASMANIA.

The Coadjutor-Archbishop of Hobart (the Most Rev. Dr. W. Barry) has had a busy time in Launceston and in the north-eastern portion of the State (says the Hobart correspondent of the *Catholic Press*). In Launceston he received a very enthusiastic welcome from the laity, opened a garden fete in aid of the Catholic schools, and visited the schools in and around Launceston, and in the midst of all this he did not forget to do some plain speaking with regard to the cause of Ireland, and the recent launching of a disgraceful policy of bigotry and sectarianism in Tasmania and Australia, which, he said, should not have a place in a free country like Australia. The jingo press in the north found Dr. Barry's remarks unpalatable, of course, but this is no new state of affairs. Dr. Barry was greatly impressed with the buildings connected with the Church in Launceston, and he spoke of the beauty of Tasmania, which he considered was not known or advertised as it should be. He gave indications, too, that there will be no north v. south, or Launceston v. Hobart, feeling with him, since he said Hobart's scenery was grander than Launceston's, but there was more sylvan beauty at the doors of Launceston.

## SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The insolence and audacity of the Protestant Federation in trying to drag the sectarian serpent into everything is exposed in a late issue of the *Port Adelaide News* in an article headed "Australia Torn Asunder: The Pernicious Cult of Sectarianism." The following are excerpts from the article, which is signed by J. E. Trotman, Lipson Street, Port Adelaide:—"Even the *News* has come in for some of this vituperation, because, forsooth, it dares to give space in its columns to reports of meetings of the Catholic Church. Two subscribers recently asked a mutual friend of themselves and the editor of the *News* to convey to him a warning that he was taking the paper to disaster by giving up space in its columns to the Catholics. They stated further that far more space was given to Catholic reports than to Protestant meetings. If it is a Catholic meeting, or a clergyman leaving, said one of these gentlemen, it will get a column allotted to it, while any other denomination is dismissed in a paragraph of three or four inches. What had caused their ire to rise was that a personal paragraph had appeared in the issue of November 28 concerning a Catholic clergyman whom all citizens of Port Adelaide who have a spark of justice left in them will subscribe to the statement 'to know him was to respect and love him.' Perhaps what hurt our critics was this: 'The Catholics of Port Adelaide nobly and freely responded to the call of arms in the cause of the freedom of the world.' In this campaign Catholics are being wilfully misrepresented. They have a record for loyalty any denomination can be proud of, and the reward they are receiving at the hands of a section of Mr. Hughes' supporters is to have their most commendable record represented as the very opposite of what it is. . . . The mischief created by the present electoral campaign will take years to heal. Our own experience, above referred to, is but the outcome of it. For party purposes sectarian strife has been introduced into Australia to an extent never before experienced, and the men responsible deserve the reprobation of every fair-minded man with a drop of British blood in him. What care they if they split Australia up into factions if their end is served? . . . The *Port Adelaide News* takes no sides in politics, and has not constituted itself a special defender of the Catholic Church. All sects and all parties are alike as far as the columns of this paper are concerned, but we must protest with all our strength against the cultivation in our midst of pernicious sectarian differences. Moreover, the attack made on the *News* we have mentioned shows to what extent the evil is gaining ground among the little-minded. Readers of the paper will be indignant at so gross a misrepresentation. Let them also ask themselves is there one act in Port Adelaide by local Catholics to which they can take exception?"

## IRISH NEWS

## GENERAL.

At a great demonstration held in Chicago to denounce the proclamation of Dail Eireann a striking letter was read from the Speaker of Congress of the United States. He associated himself with the object of the meeting and the demands of Sinn Fein. Ireland, he wrote, had been the worst treated of all countries. "The Greeks were under the heel of the Turks for something like 400 years, the first partition of Poland was about 150 years ago, but Ireland had been under the heel for 700 to 800 years."

At the banquet in Loughrea on the occasion of the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Clonfert, a few months ago, the Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, in responding to the toast of the Bishops, was received with loud applause, again and again renewed, and cries of "Up Clare." He expressed his thanks to Dr. O'Doherty for his kind words. To-day in Ireland, thank God, they could at last breathe the name of pure and holy Ireland; the young people were subject to a rule of tyranny, and he should say that it was almost unbearable. Thank God, the young laymen of Ireland had the sympathy of the young priests, and he could also say, of the hierarchy, and he believed that if the country remained steadfast they could compel the Government that ruled them with the rod of militarism to give them their liberty. At the present time the fight for Irish freedom had passed into the hands of the young men of Ireland, "and," said the Bishop of Killaloe, "when the young men of Ireland hit back at their oppressors it is not for an old man like me to cry foul." The toast "The Land We Love" was proposed by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, and was most enthusiastically honored. He said that what he wished to propose was the toast of Ireland—of Ireland free, and of Ireland glorious and triumphant. All his life he had been out for the complete absolute independence of Ireland, and he was out for it still. Though the aeroplanes of the foreigners manœuvred, and their tanks went through the streets, and the tread of their marching soldiers were heard so often now, still the fight for freedom so well begun would go on uninterrupted. Their oppressors, with all their modern equipments, could never destroy the spirit of Irish nationality. They talked of Ireland being "seditions." Well, Ireland would be seditions as long as she was governed by an immoral and corrupt government. Ireland was not to be governed by an alien power. They would yet, with God's help and grace, bring democracy before the eyes of the world when Ireland was free, as she would be free, and one of God's own nations.

## AN UNDIVIDED IRELAND.

Before leaving for America, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the late editor of the *Daily News*, pleaded for a settlement in Ireland. He laid the blame for the present position there on the British Government's truckling to Carson's threats of rebellion; he did not say that Mr. Asquith began the mischief. And then, looking to the matter of the moment, settlement, he said: "There is only one course that can succeed at this late hour. It is the concession of full Dominion Government for the whole of Ireland, with an option to the Ulster counties to vote themselves out. At the most three Ulster counties, Down, Antrim, and Armagh, would vote themselves out, possibly only two, and in five years their interests would almost certainly bring them in." Were Ireland left free to vote her own future, we doubt whether any county would not come in. After all, the heart of the Irish trouble is not in Orange Belfast, but in Tory London. Carson's campaign is an English, not an Irish affair. No North of Ireland Protestant would dream of cutting his business away from the rest of the country. But the opposition to settlement will be strong in Tory England, which dreads freedom in Ireland and everywhere else.

## BENIGHTED BIGOTS.

The *Saturday Review*, which seems to be qualifying for the position formerly occupied by that illuminating Protestant journal, the *Rock*, now defunct, publishes in its issue of Saturday last (says the *London Catholic Times* of November 8) two letters attacking the Holy See. The productions are so utterly dull and stupid that we should not have referred to them were it not that they betray the ideas of religion entertained by readers of the *Saturday Review*. Apparently the object of the Holy See's existence in the eyes of these bigots is to approve of and support every act of injustice perpetrated by a British Government in Ireland at the command of Orange Irish fanatics and their friends in this country. If it shows any sympathy with Catholics who are bitterly oppressed

and deprived of the rights of freemen, then it is a wicked enemy of the British Empire. The silliness of such an assumption gives us the measure of the intelligence of the correspondents and of the serength of the prejudices which darken the mind of the editor who deems them worthy of the dignity of print.

## A CAUSE FOR SHAME.

Sir John Simon, addressing a meeting at Ayr (Scotland) on October 9, said that he had no simple solution for the Irish problem, but he did think that they, in the bigger of the two islands, ought to hang their heads for shame to think that they, the inheritors of a great tradition of constitutional liberty, had failed so miserably in Ireland. Let them not be led away too far by the contention that there was in Ireland a minority, energetic and sincere, which looked with the greatest alarm on the grant of further powers of self-government to Ireland. The object of every liberal-minded man when he advocated the reform of the Irish Government was not the victory of some party in Ireland on the oppression of some minority. What he was aiming at was the reconciliation of the whole people. Let them devise any possible system of protection for honest people who thought they were going to be ill-treated, but it was not within the right of a minority of people in a community permanently to hold up a great progressive reform simply by saying they would not have it at any price.

## VICTIMS OF THE COERCION.

The Dublin correspondent of the *Morning Post* has compiled a list of the Irish police constables who have lost their lives or been wounded during the past two years in carrying out the Government's policy. According to this list eight men lost their lives. He calls them "Victims of Sinn Fein." More fitting would be the description, "Victims of Government oppression," for to it was due in every case the ungovernable fury to which the deaths of the constables are to be attributed (says an English exchange). Behind the story of the tragedies is a terrible history of wrong and suffering inflicted by the Government and their agents—a history which the correspondent of the *Morning Post* carefully passes over in silence. It is a history of men whose homes have been broken up, whose families have been scattered, and who have lost their lives or been imprisoned or deported and interned for loving their country. Here is a record of 11 deaths in two years—1917 and 1918:—In 1917: John W. Wallace died on March 14 as the result of prison treatment; Bernard Ward died on May 14 after release from gaol, his health having broken down; Abraham Allen, bayoneted by police, died on June 25; Daniel Scanlan, killed by police on July 14; William Partridge died on July 26 upon release from prison; Thomas Ashe died in prison on September 26; Thomas Stokes, released from Frongoch in broken health, died on September 29. In 1918: John Ryan, shot by police on February 26, died on March 2; Thomas Russell, bayoneted by soldiers, died on March 29; John Brown and Robert Laide, killed by police on April 15; Patrick Duffy, shot on June 4, died on June 7; and Richard Coleman died in prison on December 7.

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Midnight Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel of the Sisters of the Missions, Lower High Street, Christchurch, on Christmas Eve. Rev. Father Fogarty officiated, and a large number of altar boys were in attendance, students of the Holy Cross Seminary, Mosgiel, being among the number. The solemn effect which always accompanies Holy Mass celebrated at the earliest hour marking the festival of the Nativity of the world's Redeemer was enhanced by the sweet rendering by the Sisters' choir of the Christmas hymns and anthems. A beautiful Crib, which had been erected in the chapel and tastefully decorated with electric lights, gave an added significance to the beautiful devotions of the Church during this holy season.

The annual retreat of the Sisters, conducted this year by the Rev. Father O'Brien, C.S.S.R., commenced on the evening of December 26.

President Garfield used to say, and much is to be learned from his words: "I never yet met a ragged boy without feeling that I owe him a salute; for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under that shabby coat."

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**POULTRY NOTES**

(By Mr. G. H. AMBLER, Christchurch.)

**THE FEEDING OF POULTRY.**

Apart from the consideration of mating and breeding, there is the highly important one of feeding. Just as you would educate a youth to a certain calling, so do you feed poultry to a certain end. The bantam is not reared successfully on the same food as the bird of larger proportions, nor yet, once more, the active and free bird on unlimited range on the same food as the heavy and sluggish fowl confined in more or less close quarters. The bodily condition of any creature must in a great measure depend on its food. Fowls, like human beings, differ in the demands of their bodies. A person in the Arctic region requires an amount of food to keep his body warm which would be superfluous in a warmer climate. In fact, it is quite true that "one man's food is another man's poison," and what is enough for one man is too little for another. Therefore the proper feeding of fowls is in no small degree a subject of importance to the poultry-keeper. As a matter of fact, no fixed rules for feeding can be laid down that would be suitable under all circumstances, either as regards quantity or kind of food that should be given. This depends upon where the fowls are kept, and for what purpose. A fowl requires different amounts of food according to her size, her circumstances as to locality, temperature, etc.; her condition as to whether she is laying, moulting, etc. It is only natural the laying hen needs more food than the one not in lay. A good ration can do but three things: First, it is used to build up and replace the worn tissues of the bird's body; secondly, it is used to furnish the body with heat and energy; and thirdly, it is used for the manufacture of eggs. Immature or sickly birds cannot be made to produce eggs simply by giving them an egg-producing ration. First of all, the body and health of the fowl must be in better condition. Then, with proper food and good care, best results will be obtained. But good care and proper feeding will not make a naturally poor layer a high producer. This is a question of breeding and not one of feeding. Things in equal proportion in the production of eggs are the ration of the hen, the breeding of the hen, and the care of the hen.

**Varied Diet.**

There is no doubt in the feeding of fowls a constant change of dietary is necessary, and it is chiefly through a neglect of this salutary rule that a predisposition to the disease of the kidneys and other organs is set up. A time must come to a fowl, as it does to a human being, when it goes "off its feed." To a bird which is given an eternal round of one sort of diet this is likely to come more often than to one the food of which is varied. By changed diet is not meant a day-to-day variation, but a change which goes on with the season of the year. In summer, for instance, it is obvious that with grass and insects, and warm sun to keep it happy, that a change of diet need not be made so often as is advisable in winter. During bad weather you want something that will help the digestion when the birds are not inclined to take the exercise which made them healthily hungry in summer. If mating fowls call for the exercise of the keenest judgment, it may with equal truth be said that the feeding should secure both an accurate knowledge and careful attention. I have, generally speaking, gone through a whole range of dietary devices, so that no possible chance of improving my hatching, rearing, or breeding should be passed by, and the result of my experience is that you cannot put anything into the bird to-day which will affect the potentialities of the egg of to-morrow. This must have been done before. You can, of course, increase egg production by special feeding, and to manage the feeding correctly there must be some knowledge of the different kinds of food and the services they render.

**Nutritive Value of Food.**

To obtain a good and sufficient diet, four things should be considered. First, the digestibility—that is, how much

of it may be used to suit the purposes for which it is intended, or how much of it will actually be of value in supplying the bodily needs and building eggs. Secondly, the composition—that is, the amount of protein, carbohydrates, fats, ash, and water, which are real food materials that are used by the body. Of these, protein is the most valuable, and protein foods are usually more expensive; carbohydrates and fat rank second in food value. Thirdly, the palatability—whether or not the bird likes the food and will eat it readily. Fourthly, the wholesomeness or cleanliness of the food. Mouldy, musty, or dirty food must not be fed. Hence the food for the hen is easily digested; contains protein, carbohydrates, fat, ash, and some water; is palatable, or has a good taste, so that the hen likes it, and is fresh and sweet-smelling. It is known that the fats produce more adipose tissues than the carbohydrates, which contain more carbon. Therefore, it has been decided that if the fats are multiplied by 24, which is the equivalent of heat produced by the two groups, a better idea of the comparative value of this class is arrived at. So if we wish to find out what proportion the albuminoids should bear to the fats and carbohydrates, all we need do is to multiply the fats by 24, add the result to the carbohydrates, and divide the sum total by the amount of albuminoids in any given food. Briefly, the feeding may be divided into what is termed a broad or a narrow ratio, and we can use each according to circumstances.

**BRITISH LABOR AND THE PEACE TREATY.**

Five prominent leaders of the British Labor Party, among them Mr. Robert Smillie, have addressed the following protest to the newspapers:—

"We, the undersigned, declare our most emphatic repudiation of the action by which Germany has been forced to put her signature to what all sane men know is destined to be a scrap of paper. Germany has been forced to sign a peace pledging herself to hand over enormous indemnities and at the same time to give up those mineral and agricultural resources which alone would have made possible not only the payment of indemnities but the barest sustenance of millions of her own people.

"Germany has, in fact, been forced to promise the impossible. Had she not done so, the food supply on which the lives of her people depended would have been ruthlessly cut off. In other words, we put the women and children into the firing line, and the Germans had to give in. One hundred thousand persons, mostly women and children, have already perished since the armistice as a result of the blockade. Our Government was, and is, prepared to sacrifice countless more, to treat the German or any other recalcitrant nation as one vast Lusitania. In any event, one of the first fruits of the Peace Treaty will be a massacre of babies, who, by the cession of cows, are to be deprived of their milk. Thousands of others will perish as their fathers had themselves deprived of the means of earning a living.

"Labor has had no part in the making of the treaty. It is a settlement opposed to every ideal for which Labor stands. Even the League of Nations is a league of governments and not of peoples. It must be Labor's task to democratise it. Labor all over the world is familiar with the hunger weapon, which for centuries has been used against it by the governing classes. For the enforcement of the terms it is to-day being used against the women and innocent children of working people. Labor, with all its power, can, and must, once and for all put an end to this crime."

The disposition to see the worst instead of the best grows on one very rapidly, until it ultimately strangles all the beautiful and crushes out all that is good in oneself. No matter how many times your confidence has been betrayed, do not allow yourself to sour, do not lose faith in people. The bad are the exceptions; most people are honest and true, and mean to do what is right.



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## GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

## WORK FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

Ground previously well prepared by digging and manuring may now be planted with cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, brussels sprouts, and winter greens such as kale, savoy, etc. All these should be well watered after planting, and thus encourage growth as soon as possible; watering is really an essential during dry weather, otherwise attempting to grow vegetables of this nature will prove a failure, and the work done simply a waste of time and energy. Silver beet, sown now, will be available for winter use, and is a good substitute for spinach, and the ribs of the leaves can be used as seakale. Sow a bed of prickly spinach for winter use, also a good supply of turnips; the white stone or golden ball being the hardiest are best suited for late sowing. Plant celery in well-manured trenches and water plentifully throughout the dry season. As the late frosts experienced in many parts have ruined tender plants of the kidney bean variety, a second sowing of these, now, should be at once seen to. Cut back the growth of broad beans to hasten the maturing of the pods for use; this applies also to late peas, and, as the season for them will soon be over, see that they have a good supply of water, thus securing the best results. Sow a bed of lettuces in well-prepared soil, and apply moisture if the weather continues dry. Leading shoots of cucumbers, pumpkins, and marrows should be pinched off as the lateral shoots produce most fruit, and apply liquid manure occasionally; these vegetables are gross feeders and require to be kept constantly growing or else red spider will attack them. Sow a line of parsley; it will come in for winter use. If rhubarb is not progressing satisfactorily a good supply of water will soon give it a start. Keep the Dutch hoe constantly going amongst the crops to check the growth of weeds; stirring up of the surface of the soil will prove beneficial.

The Flower Garden.—The lawns should be mowed at least once a week, and rolled and watered if necessary; the sprinkler should also be frequently used while the weather is dry. After using the sprinkler on the flower borders, it will be necessary to stir up the soil to prevent it caking and hardening. Chrysanthemums, dahlias, and such like tall-growing plants will about now require to be staked to protect them being broken about by the wind. Pinks, picotees, and carnations may be propagated by taking a shoot, slitting it, and pegging it into the soil; separating afterwards when the new plant has taken root. Now is the time to lift spring-flowering bulbs; these should be carefully stored away in boxes with the name of each variety attached, until the proper time for replanting arrives.

The usual summer pruning of the soft growth of red and white currants, and also of the young shoots of apple and pear trees may now be attended to. Pear and cherry trees (after the fruit is gathered) will benefit by being sprayed with helibore powder to destroy the slug or leech which about this time begins to attack them. All surplus growth of raspberries should be cut away, leaving but from four to six of the sturdiest canes. Spraying with arsenate of lead to arrest the spread of codlin moth may now be attended to.

## CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, TIMARU.

## ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF AWARDS.

Decorations: The first medallion and ribbon of merit has been given by the votes of the pupils, ratified by the religious, to Lucy Kennedy, the second medallion and ribbon of merit to Cecilia Barrett, the fourth ribbon to Winifred Mahar, Rhoda Chapman, and May Craighead, the fifth ribbon to Nora Nottingham, the sixth ribbon to Veronica Inkson; the second green ribbon to Jessie Mackenzie, the fourth to Alice Nee, the fifth to Clare Wareing, next in merit to Margaret Mitten; the pink ribbon to Nellie Charles, Myra Moore, Margaret Inkson, Annie Lindstrom, Phyllis Nottingham, Monica O'Boyle, Agnes Farrell, Bernadette Mangos, Mary Loughnan, Essie Doyle. General good conduct: Lucy Kennedy 1, Cecilia Barrett 2. Christian doctrine: First division, Lucy Kennedy 1, Winifred Mahar 2; second division, Helen Barrett 1, Eileen O'Meehan and Rhona Hoben 2; third division, Mary Quinn 1, Winifred McKendry 2, Cara Chapman and Clare Wareing 3; fourth division, Myra Moore 1, Robena Robertson 2; elementary division, Phyllis Nottingham 1, Kathleen McQuilkin 2. First Class: English subjects, Winifred Mahar 1, Lucy Kennedy 2; science, Lucy Kennedy 1, Cecilia Barrett 2; mathematics, Cecilia Barrett 1, Lucy Kennedy 2;

composition, Winifred Mahar 1, Rhoda Chapman 2; success in studies, Lucy Kennedy 1. Second Class: English subjects, Margaret Malfroy 1, Mary Mahar 2; composition, May Craighead 1, Monica Malfroy 2; history, May Craighead 1, Marjorie Courtney 2; mathematics, Eileen O'Meehan 1, Mary Mahar 2; commercial subjects, Veronica Inkson 1. Third Class: English subjects, Ena Hooker 1, Kitty Timpany 2; composition, Helen Barrett 1, Kitty Timpany 2; history, Rhona Hoben 1, Helen Barrett 2; geography, Ena Hooker 1, Rhona Hoben 2; mathematics, Rhona Hoben 1, Ena Hooker 2. Fourth Class: English subjects, Teresa Farrell 1, Doreen Kiver 2; composition, Lorna Chapman 1; history, Jessie Mackenzie 1, Teresa Farrell 2; geography, Jessie Mackenzie 1, Teresa Farrell 2; arithmetic, Winifred Dickenson 1, Margaret Mitten 2. Fifth Class: English subjects, Mary McQuilkin 1, Gwen Whiteman 2; reading, Madeleine O'Shaughnessy 1, Marie O'Brien 2; history, Gwen Whiteman 1, Audré Whiteman 2; diligence, Kathleen Brosnahan 1, Mary Leigh 2; arithmetic, Clare Wareing 1, Madeleine O'Shaughnessy 2. Sixth Class: English subjects, Monica Carney 1, Gwen Nottingham 2; reading, Helen Bruce 1, Monica Carney 2; history, Gwen Nottingham 1, Robena Robertson 2; geography, Robena Robertson 1, Gwen Nottingham 2; diligence, Nellie Charles 1, Gwen Nottingham 2; arithmetic, Nora Hitchings 1, Marie Skinner 2. Seventh Class: Reading, Mary Mackenzie 1, Fiona Furniss 2; history, Lucy Nottingham 1; arithmetic and geography, Annie Lindstrom 1; diligence, Monica O'Boyle 1; writing, Margaret Inkson 1. Eighth Class: Reading, Angela Moore 1; arithmetic, Kathleen McQuilkin 1. Ninth Class: Reading, Rita Charles 1; arithmetic, Agnes Farrell 1. Elementary Class: Encouragement, Nancy Charles 1. Needlework: First Division, Veronica Inkson 1, Nora Courtney 2; Second Division, Bridget Lysaght 1, Ena Hooker and Jessie Mackenzie 2; Third Division, Helen Bruce 1, Clare Wareing 2, Gwen Nottingham and Mary Darby 3; Fourth Division, Kathleen Charles 1, Patricia Lindsay 2. Order: First Division, Lucy Kennedy 1, Rhoda Chapman and Cecilia Barrett 2; Second Division, Alice Nee 1, Madeleine McQuilkin 2, Margaret Malfroy and Monica Malfroy 3. French: Second Division, Rhoda Chapman 1, Lucy Kennedy 2; Third Division, May Craighead 1, Eileen O'Meehan 2; Fourth Division, Rhona Hoben 1, Kitty Timpany 2; Fifth Division B, Gwen Whiteman 1, Ena Hooker and Clare Wareing 2; Fifth Division A, Teresa Farrell 1, Madeleine McQuilkin 2; Sixth Division, Monica Dunford 1, Joan Seanes 2; Seventh Division, Agnes Darby 1, Fiona Furniss 2; Supplementary Division, Mary Quinn 1; Elementary Division, Margaret Mulvey 1. Certificates: Good conduct and diligence, Margaret Malfroy, Ena Hooker, Bridget Lysaght, Helen Barrett, Eileen O'Meehan; good conduct, Monica Malfroy, Nora Courtney, Kitty Timpany; diligence, Lucy Kennedy, Cecilia Barrett, Rhoda Chapman, Winifred Mahar, May Craighead, Veronica Inkson, Mary Mahar, Rhona Hoben, Mary Quinn, Jessie Mackenzie, Teresa Farrell, Madeleine McQuilkin, Margaret Mitten.

The following excellent programme was submitted on the occasion:—Ronde, "Le Mousse," juniors; chorus, "The Minstrel Boy" (Moore); drama, "St. Columba's Return," or "The Saving of the Bards"; quartet, "March Militaire" (Schubert); chorus, "The Harp That Once" (Moore); quartet from "Symphony V." (Beethoven).

Classes reopen Tuesday, February 10, 1920.

## SILVER-BADGED WAITER.

Poor trussed-up lad, what piteous guise  
Cloaks the late splendor of your eyes,  
Stiffens the fleetness of your face  
Into a mask of suave disgrace,  
And makes a sleek caricature  
Of your taut body's swift and sure  
Poise like a proud bird waiting one  
Moment ere he taunt the sun;  
Your body that stood foolish-wise  
Against the treacheries of the skies,  
That star-like hung deliberate  
Above the dubieties of Fate,  
But with an April gesture chose  
Unutterable and certain woes?

And now you stand with discreet charm,  
Dropping a napkin round your arm,  
Anticipate your tip while you  
Hear the commercial grocers chew;  
You shuffle with their soups and beers  
Who held at heel the howling fears:  
You whose young limbs were proud to dare  
Challenge the black hosts of Despair.

—LOUIS GOLDING, in the *New Witness*.

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## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WELLINGTON

The following is the list of prizes awarded at St. Mary's College, Hill Street, Wellington, prior to the Christmas vacation:—

Good conduct, senior boarders, Mr. George White's gold medal, Alma Card; day pupils, Mr. T. Burrell's gold medal, Valmai Williams; junior boarders, Kathleen Hannafin; day pupils, Florence Heyworth and Margaret Heyworth (equal in merit).

Christian doctrine, special prize, Rev. Father Dignan's gold medal, Jean Mackenzie; Rev. Father Smyth's gold medal, Eileen O'Shea; second division, Mollie Broad; third division, May Matier; fourth division, Molly Burke; fifth division, Phyllis Fraser and Minnie Khouri (next in merit).

Form VI.—English composition, Archbishop Redwood's gold medal, Eileen Staff. Mathematics, Mr. Maurice O'Connor's gold medal, Valmai Williams. Elocution, Mrs. Rose's gold medal ("The Meechtilde Memorial"), Cecil Trolove. Diligence, Lady Ward's gold medal, Mary O'Connell. Science, Mr. A. Rowe's gold medal, Freda Mulholland. French, Mr. E. Kane's gold medal, Mary O'Connell. Latin, Archbishop O'Shea's gold medal, Freda Mulholland. English, Mrs. Segrief's gold medal, Cecil Trolove.

Form V.—English, Mary O'Connell. French, Cecil Trolove. Latin, Catherine Mulholland. Geography, Cecil Trolove. Mathematics, Cecil Trolove. Botany, Rene Lane. Elocution, Freda Mulholland. Literature, Valmai Williams. History and civics, Rene Lane. Church history, Jean Mackenzie and Eileen Staff (equal in merit). Essay writing, Eileen Staff. Highest marks, Mary O'Connell. Greek and Roman mythology, Mary Goulter.

Form IV.—Arithmetic, Agnes Scanlon. Botany, Mavis Lane and Rita Hogan (equal in merit). Algebra, Edna Bradley. Geometry, Audrey Young. History, Ellen McGovern. Latin, Agnes Scanlon. Practical botany, Constance McGrath. English, Rita Hogan. Literature, Rita Hogan. Composition, Ellen McGovern. Oral French, Marjorie Paimo. Best science book, Edna Bradley. French, Beatrice Emerson. Model and freehand drawing, Audrey Young. Brushwork, Edna Bradley. Highest marks, Agnes Scanlon.

Form III.—Composition, Thelma Jeffries. English, Mollie Ward and Kathleen Harris (equal in merit). Literature, Elsa Plimmer. History, Thurza Rogers. Penmanship, Lynn Querec. Elocution, Rita Stewart. Geometry, Mary McDonald. Botany, Elsa Plimmer and Mary McDonald (equal in merit). Arithmetic, Barbara Clark and Nellie Price (equal in merit). Algebra, Mollie Tait and Eileen McCarthy (equal in merit). Drawing, Barbara Clark. Latin, Mollie Tait. French, Mollie Ward. Highest marks, Kathleen Harris. Diligence, Isabel O'Regan and May Thompson (equal in merit). Brushwork, Mary McDonald. Best science book, Barbara Clark.

Commercial Class.—Shorthand, senior pupils, Tessie McWhinney, Alice McLaughlin; junior pupils, Nellie Nash. Typewriting, senior pupils, Merle Thompson; next in merit, Nellie Nash; junior pupils, Marjorie Williams.

Standard VI.—Composition, Norma Naughton and Kathleen O'Brien (equal in merit). Reading, Kathleen O'Brien. Recitation, Elsie Fraser. Dictation, Kathleen O'Brien. Penmanship, Margaret Sim. Geography, Margaret Sim. Arithmetic, Mildred Sim. History, Elsie Fraser. Drawing, Erica Collvins. First aid, Mollie Broad. English, Bernadette Gibbs. French, Erica Collvins. Literature, Kathleen O'Brien. Mapping, Erica Collvins. Diligence, Evelyn Mooney. Best pass, Mildred Sim.

Standard V.—Composition, Olga du Chateau. Reading, Victoria Pritchard. Recitation, Edna Wilkinson. Penmanship, Victoria Pritchard. Arithmetic, Teresa Craig. English, Teresa Craig. Geography, Teresa Craig. History, Colette Redwood. Drawing, Myrtle Boyle. First aid, Gwendoline Oxspring. Mapping, Kathleen Hannen. French, Teresa Craig; next in merit, Joyce Young. Diligence, Nellie Murray. Highest marks, Teresa Craig.

Standard IV.—Highest marks, Sheila Quirk. English, Evelyn Aplin. Composition, Nellie Cheyne 1, Elsie McLeod 2. Dictation, Mollie Cheyne; next in merit, Minnie Khouri, Florence Heyworth, Dorothy Quirk. Reading and recitation, Sheila Quirk, Florence Heyworth (equal in merit). Geography, Emily Jacobs and Molly Burke. History, Emily Jacobs. Drawing, Fanny Eccles; next in merit, Evelyn Aplin. Writing, Dorothy Eccles, Molly Madden, Stella Wood, Evelyn Aplin. Arithmetic, Molly Burke.

Standard III.—Highest marks, Roma Hood. English, Joan Howell 1, Mollie Rutter and Kathleen Hannafin 2. Composition, Roma Hood 1, Gretta McArley 2. Dictation, Evelyn Shepherd, Hilda Cowlam, and Amelia Boucher (equal in merit). Reading and recitation, Joan Howell,

Hilda Cowlam, and Sheila O'Shaughnessy (equal in merit). Geography, Joan Howell 1, Betty Quirk 2. History, Hilda Cowlam 1, Betty Quirk 2. Drawing, Roma Hood. Penmanship, Gretta McArley and Ngaire Pentecost (equal in merit). Arithmetic, Sheila O'Shaughnessy and Mollie Fitzsimmons (equal in merit).

Special Prizes.—Painting, Very Rev. Dean Holley's gold medal, Mary Goulter. Singing, L.A.B. diploma, Mrs. Macarthy-Roid's gold medal, Rose Palmer; and Mr. M. O'Connor's gold medal, Effie Beirne (equal in merit). Advanced grade, Gladys Williams. Intermediate grade, Millicent Winstone. Higher division, Catherine Mulholland. Piano forte playing, L.T.C.L. diploma, Mr. Brookes's gold medal, Katie Nash. Advanced grade, Florence Cox. Senior division, Trinity College, Alma Card. Intermediate division, Olga du Chateau. Higher division, Royal Academy, Margaret Sim and Mollie Broad (equal in merit). Lower, Mildred Sim. Elementary, Maureen Keegan. Primary, Stella Wood.

Theory of Music.—Art of teaching, Olive Cox. Local centre, intermediate, Alma Card. Higher division, Katie Nash. Lower, Kitty Burke. Rudiments, Mildred Sim. Grammar of music, second division, Joyce Card; first division, Himerosa Bennett. Violin playing, Emily Jacobs. Dressmaking, Rose Palmer and Millicent Winstone (next in merit). Needlework, senior pupils, Florence Lulham, Nellie Nash, Merle Thompson, and Alice McLaughlin (equal in merit); junior pupils, Elsie Fraser, Colette Redwood, Madge Bonner, Fanny Eccles, and Dorothy Eccles.

Physical Culture. Boarders, Mr. M. Maher's gold medal, Florence Lulham. Day pupils, Mr. Dealy's gold medal, Edna Bradley. Junior pupils, Dorothy Eccles, Molly Burke, and Betty Quirk (equal in merit).

### PREPARATORY COLLEGE.

Good conduct, boarders, Frances Moleta; day scholars, Enid Size. Christian doctrine, Lily Kelly 1, Josephine Gregory 2, Eugene Lewis 3, Henrietta Hartung 4. Physical culture, Frances Moleta 1, Peggy Killick 2. Singing, Lola Oxspring 1, Noel Pritchard 2, Lena Moleta 3.

Class I. English, Lily Kelly. Dictation and spelling, Lily Kelly. Arithmetic, Bernard Gasquoine. Writing, Eleanor Wynne. Composition, Lily Kelly. Geography, Eleanor Wynne. Nature study, Molly Day. Hand work, Lola Oxspring. French, Molly Day. Reading, Lola Oxspring. Drawing, Eleanor Wynne. French recitation, Hazel Wells and Molly Day (equal). English recitation, Hazel Wells and Molly Day (equal). Diligence, Bernard Gasquoine. Highest marks, Lily Kelly.

Class II. English, Patricia Buckley. Dictation and spelling, Gerald Ferris. Arithmetic, Peggy Killick and Dorothy Dooly (equal). Writing, Peggy Killick. Composition, Patricia Buckley. Geography, Alberta Fitzgerald. Nature study, Josephine Gregory. Hand work, Frances Moleta 1, Adeline Thornton 2. French, Josephine Gregory and Peggy Killick (equal). Reading, Josephine Gregory. Drawing, Peggy Killick. French recitation, Betty Souther. English recitation, Betty Souther. Diligence, Kathleen Healy. Highest marks, Patricia Buckley.

Primer III.—Recitation, Lalla O'Brien. Drawing, Noeline Pritchard. Reading, Lalla O'Brien and Eugene Lewis. Writing, Eileen Brady. Spelling, Henrietta Hartung. Arithmetic, Noeline Pritchard and Hugh Brown. Tables, Isabel Fitzgerald. Hand work, Margaret Casey. French, Eugene Lewis. French recitation, Noeline Pritchard and Lalla O'Brien.

Primer II.—Reading, Freda Gregory. Writing, Mary Ferris. Spelling, Molly Browne. Number work, Mary Ferris. Tables, Patricia Fama. Hand work, Freda Gregory. French recitation, Lena Moleta. French, Freda Gregory. Recitation, Lena Moleta. Drawing, Lena Moleta.

Primer I.—French recitation, Frank Dwyer. French, Gerald Mills. Reading, Frank Dwyer. Writing, Hugh Keenan. Spelling, Frank Dwyer. Number work, Willie Ansel and Bryan Ellery. Tables, Gerald Mills. Drawing, Teresa Ellery and Kenneth McNicoll.

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**MARIST BROTHERS' SCHOOL, HAWKESTONE STREET, WELLINGTON.**

Parents of the pupils attending the Marist Brothers' School, Hawkestone Street, Wellington, assembled in large numbers at the school on the Saturday night prior to the Christmas vacation, for the purpose of wishing the Brothers and those associated with them in their scholastic endeavors a very pleasant holiday, and to thank them for the excellent results which the boys, under their careful and assiduous guidance, have achieved in the year that is now drawing to a close.

Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald presided, and the guests of the evening were the school staff: Rev. Brothers Eusebius, Dionysius, and Eric and Mrs. Emerson. The last-named has been a guiding spirit, outside school hours; and the musical activities of the songsters of the school, who, with her as accompanist, won honors at the recent competitions (not for the first time), was, on behalf of the parents, presented by the chairman with a handsome token of esteem. Briefly replying, Mrs. Emerson said it was a pleasure and a privilege for her to have done the work referred to, and, amid applause, added that she would be very pleased to do as much in the future.

The chairman also presented each of the Brothers with suitable and seasonable gifts, referring at the same time to their self-denying labors, which, succeeding many years of similar arduous endeavors by their predecessors, had won for the school a high and enviable reputation. He also, as an old Marist Boy, referred to the great work done in the past by the Rev. Brother Mark, whose name, he said, would always be a household word among those who had had the privilege of his guidance, the Rev. Brother Louis (who sent his kindest regards), and the Rev. Brother Paul, who had recently been transferred to another sphere of work.

Replying, the Rev. Brother Eusebius thanked the parishioners for the kindly and generous manner in which they had recognised the efforts of the teaching staff, and incidentally referred to the work which is being done, and has been for so long done, by the Marist Brothers' organisation in the cause of Catholic education.

A very pleasant concert programme was provided. Scotch dances, in character, were given in first-class style by the Misses J. and T. McKenzie, Piper Brown providing the music; Misses E. and B. Emerson played a pianoforte duet, with commendable skill; and songs were sung by Miss Hausby and Masters Walters (2) and George; Master Carmody played a violin solo; and Miss T. Cudby presided at the piano. Mrs. T. J. Watters was the secretary of an energetic committee, which did everything possible to arrange a very successful gathering.

Special Prizes.—Dux: Gold medal, presented by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, John Hepkins, Catechism: Gold medal, presented by the Rev. Father Smyth, James Gaynor. Good conduct: Gold medal, presented by Father Dignan, Maurice Hawken. Captain of school: Gold medal, presented by Dr. Meakin, Martin Gardner. Captain of Sixth Division: Gold medal, presented by Mrs. Macarthy-Reed, W. Cudby.

The Wellington Football Association medals were presented to the following boys (champions, 1919):—M. Gardner (captain), B. Gleeson, M. Hawken, Leo Reed, E. Barry, M. Leonard, J. Foley, J. Khouri, C. Knight, B. Engel, J. Mulholland, V. Philpott.

The following results show that the work done in the school during the year 1919 was eminently successful:—Scholarships, 1 junior national, 2 St. Patrick's College; proficiency certificates, 17; competency certificates, 8.

At the annual inspection the inspector's report was very good, showing that real solid work was done in every class.

**DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH**

(From our own correspondent.)

December 29.

The high altar and sanctuary of the Cathedral were tastefully decorated by Mrs. McLaren and Miss Kearney for the Christmas festival. A nicely-designed representation of the Crib of Bethlehem, the work of the sacristan (Mr. F. Geoghegan) was visited by many of the congregation.

Fathers Long and Fogarty left during the week on a holiday visit to the North Island. They will return in time for the opening of the diocesan clergy's annual retreat on January 12.

On Sunday afternoon, December 28, quite a large number of Leeston residents visited Nazareth House to see the working of that institution. The party was organised by Mr. Harry Stuart, a sincere non-Catholic friend

of the institution, and was headed out by Rev. Father Creed. A very pleasant afternoon was spent in the company of the children and old people—the Sisters providing an entertainment and dispensing afternoon tea. The visitors (many of whom were non-Catholic) expressed their agreeable surprise at the noble work of which they saw such practical proof.

I have to correct an error appearing in the list of awards in connection with the recent prize-giving at the Marist Brothers' School: the name of E. Barnard instead of S. Barnett should have appeared as the winner of the good conduct prize.

The ordinary meeting of St. Matthew's (ladies') branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held in the Hibernian Hall on December 22. An invitation was extended to the U.F.S. Association for an official visit, with a view to the branch joining the association. The secretary (Sister B. M. Sloan) brought forward the half-yearly report of the district meeting. Accounts amounting to £12 4s 4d were passed for payment.

At the conclusion of the year's work at the Sacred Heart School, Addington, the children presented their spiritual director (Father Long) with a travelling bag in appreciation of his devoted services in their interests. This was conveyed in an appropriately-worded address read at a pleasant little entertainment given in his honor. In reply, Father Long sincerely thanked the Sisters and children for the kindness they had extended to him, and expressed his deep appreciation of their useful gift. He assured them that his connection with the school was one of his most pleasing duties.

Mass was celebrated at all the suburban churches of the Cathedral parish on Christmas Day, including Halswell, Addington, Sumner, and Woolston.

Father Silk, of the Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, was a guest of his Lordship the Bishop during the week.

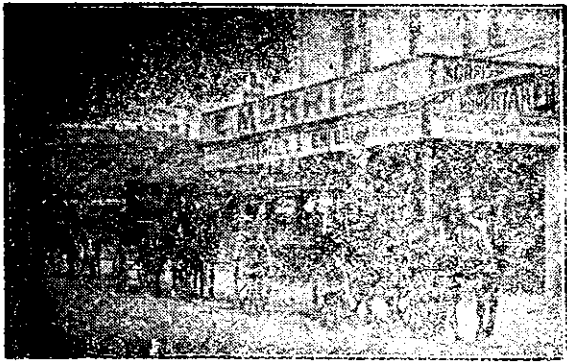
Addressing the congregation of the Cathedral on Sunday, December 28, his Lordship the Bishop spoke of the steady progress that had been made during the year throughout the diocese, particularly in the work of Catholic education. He referred to the work of the Sisters of Mercy at Villa Maria, of the Marist Fathers at St. Bede's College, to the proposed new buildings in St. Mary's parish, and to the new parish schools for the Sisters of the Mission, now nearing completion. It was (he said) very gratifying to find that the excellent work begun by the pioneer priests was being carried on so energetically. He particularly emphasised the duty of parents desiring a secondary education for their boys to support St. Bede's College, which was now nearing completion. This year (continued the Bishop) will have seen many unsuitable buildings replaced by others that must prove of value alike to teachers and children. He thanked the religious teachers for their great assistance and devotedness, and invoked the blessing of God on the faithful and devoted people, of whom he felt proud as their Bishop.

There was a large attendance at the ordinary meeting, held recently, of St. Mary's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society. Bro. Roche, B.P., presided. Accounts amounting to £23 13s 6d were passed for payment. Two candidates were nominated for membership. A motion expressive of appreciation of the splendid services rendered by Rev. J. Kelly, Ph.D., editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*, to the cause of religion and nationality was unanimously and enthusiastically carried, and it was decided to assist in every way possible the movement for fittingly recognising the talent and energy displayed by him in the editorial columns of this much-valued journal. A motion of condolence with Bro. Johnston (secretary) in his recent bereavement caused by the death of his mother was carried by all present standing. The secretary reminded members that the meeting night of February 2 would be the anniversary of the formation of the branch.

A special meeting of St. Mary's juvenile branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was recently held to arrange final details in connection with the formation of a swimming squad. Those present included Rev. Father Roche (chaplain), Bros. Daly (who presided), Gunn, and Rodgers, of the senior branch, who urged the boys to avail themselves of the opportunity offered. It was decided to commence lessons at the beginning of the year, and a committee was appointed to manage the affairs of the squad.

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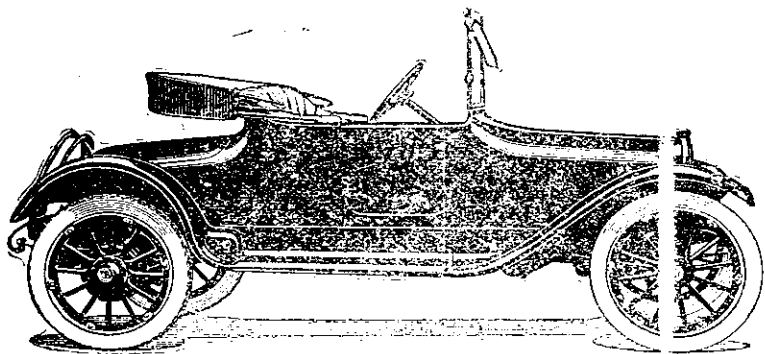
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(By MAUREN.)

**Worcester Sauce.**

One pint Indian soy, ½oz cayenne or chillies, 2oz whole pepper, 1oz ground mace, 1oz ground cloves, 1oz garlic, 1lb shallots, 2lb raisins, 1oz salt, 1lb sugar, 3 quarts vinegar. Mix all, boil 20 minutes, strain, and bottle.

**Chilli Beer.**

Two gallons water, 12 chillies, 1 lemon, 2lb sugar, 2oz cream of tartar; when lukewarm, small tablespoon yeast. Bottle at once.

**Delicious Madeira Cake.**

Take 4oz cornflour, 3oz sifted sugar, 2oz butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and milk to mix. Cream butter and sugar and beaten egg, then add dry ingredients and enough milk to make butter look like whipped cream. Bake in hot oven for 20 minutes.

**Genoa Cake**

Four eggs, 4oz butter, 5oz flour, ½lb castor sugar. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, then add eggs, and lastly the flour. Bake in quick oven for 10 minutes.

**Rhubarb Sherbert.**

Cut ½lb of rhubarb stalks into short lengths. Boil in one quart of water for 20 minutes. Strain through a muslin, and sweeten with one tablespoon of sugar. Stir till the sugar is dissolved and serve cold. A strip of lemon rind boiled with the rhubarb improves this. More sugar or honey can be used if liked.

**Scalloped Potatoes.**

Two cups of raw finely-sliced potatoes, one chopped onion, a tablespoon of chopped parsley, and a tablespoon of butter. Butter a deep dish and put in a layer of potatoes sprinkled with salt, pepper, butter, onion, and parsley, and so continue to the top. Bring a pint of milk to the boiling-point, add a large tablespoon of flour stirred until smooth in a little cold milk, pour over the potatoes, and bake in a hot oven until tender.

**Tomato Pie.**

Six tomatoes, 2lb of loin chops, 1 egg, 6 potatoes, 1½oz butter, pepper and salt. Slice up the tomatoes, trim

off some of the fat from the chops, and lay them alternately in a pie-dish, seasoning them with pepper and salt. Boil and mash the potatoes and make them in a paste with the butter and egg, adding a little milk if very stiff. Put them over the dish as a crust, brush over with an egg or milk, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a-half.

**Pickled Beetroot.**

To 1 quart vinegar add ½oz whole pepper and ½oz allspice. Boil the vinegar for 10 minutes with the pepper and allspice. When cold pour it on the beet, which should be cut into slices half an inch thick. To prepare the beet wash well, taking care not to break the skin, or it will bleed and lose color. Place in boiling water with a handful of salt, and simmer gently for an hour and a-half, or till three-parts cooked. Peel and slice when cold. Fit to use in a week. The beet may be baked if preferred.

**Sago Blancmange.**

Soak 5oz of sago in a pint of cold water for four hours, then drain off any water which may remain, and pour over a pint and a-half of boiling milk; add sugar to taste, and flavoring. Boil up the mixture, and cook gently till the sago is done and all the milk absorbed. Pour into a wet mould to set. Serve with jam.

**Cocconut Custard.**

Put small teaspoon desiccated cocconut in pie-dish, then make a pint custard of two eggs and pint of milk, with two teaspoons sugar. Pour over cocconut and bake as usual.

**Dainty Breakfast.**

A dainty breakfast dish is made by cutting some tomatoes in fairly large slices and stewing in a little melted butter with pepper and salt. When cooked, stir through a colander, leaving behind all skin and seeds. Put back on fire, thicken with cornflour, and boil for five minutes. Serve on toast, which has been cut round with a biscuit-cutter.

Another dainty breakfast dish is made by scooping out the middle of a rather large tomato, and then carefully breaking an egg into it; cover with a buttered paper, place in a small dish, and bake in a fairly good oven for 10 minutes.

Onions, carefully tried, placed on a round of toast with a poached egg on top, make a change for breakfast or lunch when meat is not desired. If served very hot, it is an exceedingly nice little breakfast dish.



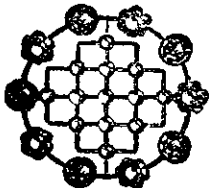
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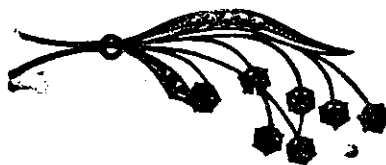
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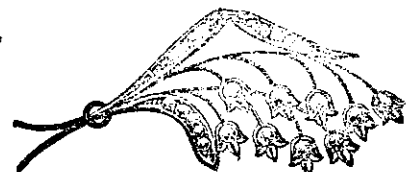
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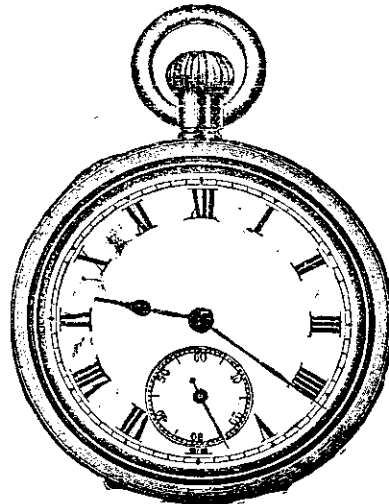
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## ON THE LAND

### AUTUMN CAULIFLOWERS.

Strong sunshine following upon dull, wet weather has a tendency to cause the protecting leaves of autumn cauliflowers to droop just as the heads are forming. To overcome this disadvantage, gather all the outer leaves of the plants carefully around the centres to a point and lightly tie them together with some soft material as raffia, so as to protect the heads from the sun.

Much better heads will result from this simple practice, and the season of use will be consequently prolonged.

### INCIDENTAL SUMMER PRUNING.

Many persons have an idea that fruit trees, with the exception of espaliers and dwarfs, need no pruning in the summer, or that if objectionable features are observed it is better to let them alone until winter. There is, too, a rather general belief that it would be quite a risky proceeding to lop off a large bough when in full leaf.

I used to think the same until I observed how quickly trees that have branches broken by accident or gales recover, and how soon long and ghastly wounds, caused by splitting, heal over (says a contributor to a contemporary). Now I have no compunction in removing any wood that is decidedly in need of it.

This summer pruning is not intended to supersede the winter's work. It would not be possible or desirable to thoroughly prune when the fruit is growing, and too much cutting would check growth in some cases or divert it in others; but, nevertheless, it is advantageous to look over the trees when they are green. In old trees many of the smaller boughs die every year. They are more easily seen by contrast at this time than when all are sere.

A branch which seemed all right at the general overhaul may have grown out of place and now crowds and shades its neighbors. Such may be cut out with advantage. All water shoots and sprouts growing on original limbs that have been regrafted should be removed and young stocks trimmed to force upward growth or strengthen the heads.

In fact, any small details that are necessary and possible may be carried out without injury to the tree, but rather to its benefit. These little attentions will considerably lighten the winter work, when conditions for its performance are not so genial.

### THE DEGENERATION OF THE POTATO.

Since the potato plant was first introduced into Europe some centuries ago, the plant has been compelled to lead a very strenuous existence, and it is not a matter of wonder if it is showing signs of exhaustion (says an English journal). The characteristics of this plant fatigue are greater proneness to disease of various kinds and inability to produce a satisfactory yield. The exact causes for this degeneracy are obscure, but the results serious in so far as they constitute a real risk to the grower of potato crops.

Now, although experts who have investigated the subject have not discovered the causes, they have succeeded in finding measures which tend to check the progressive degeneracy, and the chief of these protective measures is that the potato seed used in a district should be changed every three or four years, and the new seed should come from a distant locality, a different soil, and a different climate. Experience seems to have shown that growers in England act wisely in selecting seed from a cold, hilly district, such as Scotland.

Another point which has been noted is that potatoes with rough skins and with eyes embedded deeply in the skin are less liable to disease than tubers with a smooth skin and eyes on the surface.

It may be hoped that before long science will be able to throw definite light on such an important problem. Meantime prudent growers will grow varieties known to be hardy, and will get a change of seed from a distant part of the country.

### FODDER CROPS.

Summer time not unusually emphasises the value of green fodder crops grown for cutting when the pastures are likely to fail, or for eating on with sheep (writes a contributor to *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). In the considering of these crops now it is profitable to bear in mind that any surplus can now be cut and converted into useful hay. Another point should, too, be not forgotten. Varieties of such crops that spoil easily by frost should be eaten or cured before there is risk of frost being encountered.

Fodder crops may for convenience sake be divided into two classes in annuals, like, say, tares, and those that stand longer, the most decided type of these latter being,

perhaps, the now familiar lucerne. What fodder crops a farmer had best grow he himself should be the best judge, because he best understands the needs of his stock and the capabilities of the soil that he has on hand. In any case, however, he should know that one of the best fodder crops for early spring use is rye, and that whilst lucerne is usually sown in a covering crop in the spring it can, given suitable weather, be established by sowing in the autumn.

Apart from their food use, fodder crops provide a change for the soil, and a good change if judiciously chosen. Some such crops, too, help to enrich for a following corn crop, and certain crops, as is well known, help to stamp out the weeds by smothering. We do not yet know as much about the matter as we should, and in all probability fodder crops help towards repressing fungoid and parasite pests that injure corn crops, and certainly judiciously-grown fodder crops enable of a larger head of stock being carried than would otherwise be the case. And most fodder crops, once sown, require but very little after-care.

### AUTUMN DIGGING AND TRENCHING.

As a general rule, the autumn is much the best time for all work of this description, and every opportunity of fine, open weather should be taken advantage of to operate on any vacant plots in order to increase the fertility of our soils (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*).

Different methods of working or digging the soil are adopted, but, to be brief, the more deeply it can be stirred the better. Surface working will, it is admitted, often afford good results on naturally rich or productive soil, and in favorable seasons, but unsatisfactory results are bound to follow where the staple is poor, and when the summer proves a hot and dry one.

Digging is a simple operation, the spadefuls of soil being taken out and turned over one after another; but even here the fork or spade should be driven as deep as possible into the ground, and nearly perpendicularly, turning each spadeful right over, thereby burying any weeds, rubbish, or manure well down into the bottom of the trench.

Trenching implies the breaking-up of the soil to a depth varying from 18in to 36in. By this method much better crops of the majority of vegetables can be obtained, but, unfortunately, the advantages derived from judicious trenching of the ground do not, as yet, seem to be properly appreciated by the average amateur, and he is quite content to roughly dig his land only, with the result that full crops often cannot be grown from the seeds put in, and nothing less than full crops should satisfy.

The simplest form of trenching is known as bastard trenching, or double digging. To trench in this way, first open a trench two spits wide and one spit deep at one end of the plot, and keep the soil taken out in any convenient position. Next take a stand in the bottom of this trench, and take out a further trench one spit wide and deep. A layer of manure should be placed in the bottom of this trench, and then turn the spit not removed in the second trench over on to the manure. Add another layer of manure on top, and turn the next spit of the upper soil on to this manure, and so on.

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### TO THE LADDIE THAT LIVED NEXT DOOR.

I would not have you hesitate a moment  
Your joyous playing on some heavenly floor,  
To listen to my tale of how I miss you,  
Dear little lad that used to live next door.

I would not call your sweet attention earthward  
To even ask you to relive with me  
Our bake-day mornings and our happy twilights  
And hours we spent in woodland revelry.

Oh, I of all, would cause you no distraction,  
Dear little lad that used to live next door!  
But when your Lord shall visit your white dwelling  
And smile upon you playing on the floor,

O little boy, I wonder could you ask Him,  
The Keeper of the Mansions ever new,  
That when I come into the radiant city  
I may again reside next door to you?

—Mary H. Kennedy.

### ON CHEERFULNESS.

Is there anything more depressing than the little poster that bids you "Be Cheerful"; or that, condescending to your instinct of frugality, reminds you that "Smiles are Cheap"? These impertinent bits of cardboard have about the same effect as the recommendation of the photographer to "look natural." Nor is this effect confined to print: there are some people whose cheerfulness has the same dampening and distressing effect,—whose cheerfulness jars, obtrudes, and produces in us a morbid reaction toward melancholy. The cheerfulness of such people is of two kinds.

First, there is the cheerfulness of the optimist,—of the man who goes about with a chronic smile, and pokes inquisitively into every cloud to pry out the silver lining. This is the man who laughs genially when you break the point of your pencil, and who smiles indulgently when you stub your toe. This is the man who, when one's mother dies, declares that one has no right to weep. "Everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds"; especially if it is, as the case may be, *your* pencil, *your* mother, or *your* toe.

Secondly, there is the cheerfulness of the pessimist,—of the man who has looked only at the catastrophe of things, and who had rather smile than shudder, who had rather forget than think. This is the man who tells you that life is a flash of sunshine between night and night; that they only are wise who revel in that momentary gleam; that they only are brave who, fighting the darkness, laugh at it; that they only are happy who refuse to grieve over the shadows of the shadow of life.

But there is another kind of cheerfulness, the genuine blue-label variety, of which the foregoing brands are merely counterfeits,—that is, the cheerfulness of the saint. The saint can smile continuously, but he can also relax his smile. It is not glued on. He may laugh when you break your pencil, but he will sharpen it for you. He may smile when there is an impact between toe and table, provided it be *his* toe. He may even tell you that you are foolish to weep for the death of a dear one, but his own eyes will be filled with the tears for which he reproaches *you*. The saint, like the pessimist, will tell you to rejoice because life is short: the flight of a bird out of the darkness into a lighted hall and out again,—out again, yet not into the darkness, but into the dawn that has broken and the glory of the sunrise. He will tell *you* to laugh because life is a fight—and not a losing one; to drink the sunlight from a full chalice, because it is the pledge of the vintage that we shall drink new in the Kingdom of God.

The cheerfulness of the saint is not founded on the slippery surface of life, nor built precariously over its crevices: it is a bridge flung from earth to heaven,—

Like the ladder of the vision,  
Whereon go  
To and fro  
Star-flecked feet of Paradise.

For the saint can focus two worlds at once; and, by a strange paradox, the world of things present at once shrinks by comparison into a pin point, and gains an infinite value and an infinite significance. He is cheerful, not because sorrow is not real, but because joy is more

real; not because shadows are not deep, but because light envelops them; not because death is a sham battle, but because death is swallowed up in victory.—E.D., in the *Ave Maria*.

### SUNDAY.

One of the most celebrated of English lawyers, Sir Matthew Hale, is said to have been the author of the following lines, the first two of which have become a proverb throughout England, and wherever the English language is spoken:—

A Sunday well spent  
Brings a week of content,  
And health for the toils of the morrow;  
But a Sunday profaned,  
Whate'er may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

### A PRETTY STORY.

A pretty story about Lincoln that we had never heard before, and that will probably be new to most of our readers, is related in some random reminiscences by one who had the privilege of accompanying the great man to Gettysburg, where he was to deliver his famous address (says the *Ave Maria*). At one of the stopping places of the train, a little child, with a bouquet of rosebuds in her hands, was lifted up to a window of the car. With a childish lisp she said: "Flower for the Prethident!" Lincoln had been speaking of the many lives sacrificed and the many hearts and homes rendered desolate by the war; but his sad face instantly brightened when he heard the child's words; and, stepping to the window, he took the flowers, bent down and kissed her, saying: "You're a sweet little rosebud yourself; and I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness." A simple little story, but it well deserved the telling.

### A COMMON EXPERIENCE.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said the great employer to the crowd in the hotel smoking-room, who were listening breathlessly to his recital, "you can't imagine what things are like out in the Arctic regions."

"Oh, I don't know," said one. "Even if we haven't seen it, we can imagine what it feels like."

"I doubt it. It's impossible until you've really seen it; until you've stood there, a small insignificant atom, surrounded by vast stretches of white—"

"Oh, yes, I know! I've been like that."

"Really! And where was that, may I ask?"

"First time I appeared in public in a dress shirt!"

### TOO PARTICULAR.

The captain was relating some of his marvellous adventures to a listening crowd.

"I had a narrow escape once," he commenced, "while we was coaling at Madeira. Me and my poor mate, Bill, had thrown off our clothes, and was having a swim one morning, when all at once we sees a couple o' sharks making clean for us with open mouths. There was no chance, so I makes one dive down into my shark's throat. Poor Bill was cut in halves with one bite. But I outs with my knife, and rips the beggar clean up with one cut. Not a scratch on me when I gets out."

"One moment, please," said one of the listeners. "I thought you said you were swimming. How about that knife, then?"

"Oh, if you're so particular about a eighteen-penny knife, you tell the story yourself," replied the captain. "Besides, it wasn't my knife at all—it was poor Bill's."

### SEASIDE ROBBERS.

Miss Muffit had recently joined the "Band of Belles for Befriending Burglars," and was being shown over a prison for the first time.

One prisoner, evidently a man of education, interested her more than the others. He rose and bowed to her when she entered his cell, apologising for the poorness of his apartment.

Miss Muffit could not help wondering how this refined man came within the clutches of the law. In fact, as she was leaving his cell, she said:—

"May I ask why you are in this distressing place?"

"Madam," he replied, "I am here for robbery at a seaside hotel!"

"Oh, how interesting!" said Miss Muffit. "Were you —er—er—the proprietor?"

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## AND HE WAS!

Just because a man is an officer in the Territorials, it doesn't mean to say he can ride a horse.

At least, that was the case with Colonel Knut, of the Tuttleton Terriers. An inspection was to him a nightmare. So when the general commanding came along, Colonel Knut sat his horse uneasily. Then the band played!

At the first bang of the drum, the colonel's horse started two-stepping. With the fifes he tangoed. The colonel set his teeth and hung on grimly.

The Terriers got mightily excited. Would he stick on or not? Anxious to see the fun, they pushed forward, until the front rank looked like a football crowd.

"Ease off, there," yelled the sergeant angrily.

"No, 'e ain't," retorted an enthusiastic watcher; "but he will be in a minute!"

## SMILE RAISERS.

He: "What is the difference between a gown and a creation?"

She: "I can't give you the exact figures, but it's a small fortune."

Sandy McTavish (to porter who has put all the heavy luggage into the van): "Man, I consider you've been verra obleegin'. Will ye tak' a pinch o' snuff wi' me?"

A man with a funny story had visited a dozen newspaper offices, at all of which his joke had been declined. He plodded wearily homewards.

"There is such a thing as carrying a joke too far," he said.

"I'll work no more for that man, Dolan."

"An' why?"

"Shure, 'tis on account of a remark he made. Says he, 'Casey, ye're sacked.'"

Guy: "He that courts and runs away may live to court another day."

Gertie: "But he who courts and does not wed may find himself in court instead."

"Before we were married," she complained, "you always engaged a cab when you took me anywhere. Now you think the tram car is good enough for me."

"No, my darling, I don't think the tram car is good enough for you; it's because I'm so proud of you. In a cab you would be seen by nobody, while I can show you off to so many people by taking you in a tram car."

The little man made his way back to the theatre box office.

"This seat number sounds like a German submarine; it's U-19," he said.

"You don't want to exchange it merely on that account, do you?" asked the box office manager.

"No; but I thought you might be able to supply me with a periscope to enable me to see over the big woman sitting just in front."

The old lady went to a church social one evening, and as she entered the room a girl said:--

"Good evening, auntie. I am very glad you've come. We're going to have tableaux this evening."

"Yes, I know," replied the old lady. "I could smell 'em when I first came in."

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## Natural Soap.

It is said that in a mountain near Elko, Nevada, there is an inexhaustible supply of pure soap. One may enter the mine with a butcher's knife and cut as large a piece as he wants. It is beautifully mottled, and on being exposed to the air hardens somewhat. The mountain of clay is of fine texture, and it contains boracic acid, soda, and borate of lime. Its color is given it by the iron and other minerals. In its natural state it is rather strong in alkali, and removes ink and other stains readily. At one time it was used on the Pullman cars, but when its peculiar origin became generally known passengers appropriated it so extensively for souvenirs that the company was forced to go back to the common soap of commerce.

## Round the World in a Day.

A statement was made recently to the effect that in the near future there will be aeroplanes capable of travelling 800 miles an hour, a possibility that makes the idea of crossing the Atlantic seem almost insignificant. And if this prophecy is fulfilled we may look forward to a race among airmen to be first to circle the earth in a day. To fly round the globe in a day over the latitude of London would require a speed of less than 700 miles an hour, while over the equator the speed would have to be about 1050 miles per hour. An interesting point in such a one-day world-circling flight would be that if the airman flew from east to west and started at noon, he would travel in daylight with the sun at the meridian from start to finish.

## Messengers of Death.

The hand-grenade is by no means a modern invention; in fact, the French used it as early as 1594, naming it after the pomegranate because of its resemblance to the fruit. After a long period of disuse it made a reappearance during the siege of Port Arthur. Since then there have been many developments, and the grenade as used today is a very complicated and delicate mechanism. The Americans have paid particular attention to it—their Patents Office has considered no fewer than 300 designs. At the beginning of the great war the Russians used crudely-made grenades that cost little over a shilling apiece. But the casualty lists of the users being nearly equal to the enemy's, it was not a popular weapon, and was soon dropped. The grenade used by the British is known as the Mills pattern. It is operated by a timing device set for five seconds. After being thrown it works in this way: A lever is automatically ejected, letting go the striking-pin, which releases and fires the cap igniting the fuse. This burns for five seconds and ignites the detonator, which explodes the charge of powdered ammonal. The fragments of the grenade, numbering about 60, scatter in all directions, and are effective within a radius of 100ft. The shell of the grenade is of cast iron, and is lacquered on the outside with a solution of gum shellac and methylated spirit to prevent rust.

## The Origin of the Names of Fabrics.

The origin of the names of popular fabrics is even more interesting than the tracing to third lingual roots of ordinary words. About the year 1329 the woollen trade of England became located at Worsted, about 15 miles from Norwich, and it was at this place that the manufacture of the twisted double thread of woollen, afterwards called worsted, was first made, if not invented. Linsey-wolsey was first made at Linsey, and was for a long time a very popular fabric. Kerseymere takes its name from the village of Kersey, and the mere close by it, in the country of Suffolk. We have to thank Gaza, in Palestine, the gates of which Samson carried away, for gaze or gauze. Gaza means "treasure." Voltaire, wishing to describe some intellectual but dressy woman, said, "She is an eagle in a cage of gauze." Muslin owes its name to Mossoul, a fortified town in Turkey in Asia. Tulle obtains its name from that of a city in the south of France. Travellers by rail in Brittany often glide past Guingamp without remembering that it was here that was first produced that useful fabric, gingham. Damask derives its name from the city of Damascus; calico from Calicut, a town in India formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, where also calico was printed; cambrie from Cambrai, a town in Flanders, where it was first made; and tweed from a fabric worn by fishermen upon the River Tweed.

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