

barely time to clutch their arms and rush forth undressed. Davis, in his ballad of Cremona, informs us, indeed (very probably more for "rhyme" than with "reason") that

—the major is drest;

adding, however, the undoubted fact—

But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the rest.

A bloody scene of street fighting now ensued, and before the morning sun had risen high, the naked Irish had recovered nearly half the city!

"In on them," said Friedberg—"and Dillon is broke, Like forest flowers crushed by the fall of the oak." Through the naked battalions the cuirassiers go,— But the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I trow. Upon them with grapple, with bay'net and ball, Like wolves upon gaze-hounds the Irishmen fall— Black Friedberg is slain by O'Mahony's steel, And back from the bullets the cuirassiers reel.

Oh! hear you their shout in your quarters, Eugene? In vain on Prince Vaudemont for succor you lean! The bridge has been broken, and mark! how pell-mell Come riderless horses and volley and yell! He's a veteran soldier—he clenches his hands, He springs on his horse, disengages his hands— He rallies, he urges, till, hopeless of aid, He is chased through the gates by the *Irish Brigade*."

It was even so. "Before evening," we are told, "the enemy were completely expelled the town, and the general and military chests recovered!" Well might the poet undertake to describe as here quoted the effects of the news in Austria, England, France, and Ireland—

News, news in Vienna!—King Leopold's sad,
News, news in St. James's!—King William is mad,
News, news in Versailles!—"Let the Irish Brigade
Be loyally honored and royally paid."
News, news in old Ireland!—high rises her pride,
And loud sounds her wail for her children who died;
And deep is her prayer—"God send I may see
MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me!"

(To be continued.)

DENOMINATIONS UNITE IN COMMON CAUSE.

Catholic and Protestant educators joined hands recently in opposing State Senator Hume's Bills before the committee on education at Salem, Oregon, U.S.A.

One of these Bills, which provided that no private denominational, or parochial school be standardised, was generally regarded as aimed specifically at Catholic schools, but at the hearing before the educational committee Rev. Edwin O'Hara, superintendent of diocesan schools and Catholic educator, stood shoulder to shoulder with Dr. Carl Gregg Doney, president of Willamette University, a Methodist institution; President William, of Albany College, a Presbyterian institution; and the Rev. W. T. Milliken, speaking in behalf of McMinneville College, a Baptist school, in opposing the Bill. As a result of this hearing, the Bill will be reported on adversely. Hume, however, declared his intention of submitting a minority report in favor of the Bill.

Happiness is never more real, more satisfying, than when founded on cleanheartedness. The possessor of a clear conscience sees more beauty in the world around him because he looks through clearer eyes. He has more faith in his friends because it is so easy for one who is straight himself to believe the same of others. He gets the best out of life because he unconsciously attracts it. Right living, by whatever name you may call it, has its own reward right here on this earth of ours.

FARMER READERS.—Where do you get your Butter Wrappers printed? Why not patronise the printing department of the *N.Z. Tablet*, Dunedin? Every order, no matter how small, is welcome. Prices on application to the Manager for 1lb or ½lb wrappers.

'WHAT'S THE MATTER? FRIEND— WE DO THEE NO WRONG'

(By T. J. McG., in *New York Truth*.)

It is a fact well known to all students of history that the statesmen of England have always been in the habit of sympathising with the oppressed, the quarrelsome; and the discontented of all the earth. "Our armies are on the march—our fleets under weigh—the long reach of our diplomacy must perplex where it does not absolutely control the councils of all other States—we cannot afford to lie still," is their language, and *Divide et Impera* has been their rallying cry for hundreds of years, whenever called upon, by interest, by a meddlesome, a watchful, or an ambitious temper, by a thirst for wealth, or a love of power, to make themselves busy with the affairs of other nations. The more of a domestic or household nature, the more personal and private the better. Recall England's movements in the East, among the great household of princes; behold her inter-meddling with their laws, their religion, their government, and with the very sanctities of the domestic hearth. And when the right and justice of such a policy has been questioned, England's statesmen have always asked: "What's the matter? Why complain? Friend, we do thee no wrong."

Follow her step by step, and age after age, through all Northern and Southern Europe—dividing empires—upsetting thrones—blowing trumpets in the ears of the people—and moving her fleets and armies in every direction over the face of the earth; and *always*, if we may believe her own story, *always* on the side of liberty. And what kind of liberty? The liberty of wearing English clothes and shaving with English razors, and the liberty of allowing some millions of men to poison themselves with opium. Behold her at work everywhere, and everywhere at the same time; at home and abroad, in the north and in the south, in the east and in the west; now occupying Spain, now Portugal, and now France; now strengthening Hanover and now helping to overthrow Saxony; to-day warring that the people may be at liberty to govern themselves; in other words, to choose their own masters, subject, nevertheless, to the approbation of England's statesmen, and to-morrow that thrones and monarchs may be safe—Poland crushed—Austria re-established forever—and France alike helpless and harmless; the next day freeing Greece from the intolerable oppression of the Turk; then seeing that Turkey herself will not be trampled and crushed under foot by the power of Russia; and next that Russia may not be swept from the earth by the legions of France. Then you see her take the field, as a sympathiser, on account of the Spanish possessions in the New World—that some three-quarters of all North and South America may be enabled to govern themselves—and wear the products of English mills; and then insisting that Belgium shall not be obliged to wear the manufactures of Holland. During the trying years of our Civil War we find her statesmen opposing the cause of the Union and denouncing Abraham Lincoln—whose praises they are now chanting. In 1870 we see her rejoicing at the victory of "dear Protestant Prussia" over "Catholic France," and later we see her allied with France against Germany and Austria. In the nineties of the last century we see the Boer Republic being thrown into the scrapheap of nations by the power of England's might, and President Kruger greeted with the old-time query, "What's the matter? Why complain? Friend, we do thee no wrong." It is an old, old story. It has been told year after year, from the days of Marlborough to the days of Lloyd George, and no people on earth are allowed to ask, "Why do ye so?"

But the moment we dare talk of sympathy for oppressed Catholic Ireland on this side of the water, then, as the jingo poet, Kipling, says, "That's another story." Let us but dare express our sympathy for Ireland—the breeding place of the Irish—the warm-hearted, brave, unconquered Irish—heavens! what an explosion of hate there is in certain circles on both sides of the big, salty pond! A few years ago the English press chided us for not entering the war on "behalf of humanity." Now when we dare express our sympathy for the "humanity" of Ireland we are flayed by J. L. Garvin in the *London Observer* for, as the *Sun-Herald* of New York puts it, "mixing in Irish rows." Let us but dare our voices and open our purses in behalf of Ireland and immediately Munsey of the *Sun-Herald*, Ochs of the *Times*, Pulitzer of the *World*, Reid of the *Tribune*, and the subsidised Anglo-American press throughout the United States become perturbed because of our so-called intermeddling with England's affairs; the editorial rooms of our moulders of public opinion rock with indignation—at so much a column.

How can writers be so foolish, and so forgetful? Or,

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