

## CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

TO THE EDITOR.

## PROTESTANT POLITICAL ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—Under the heading "Protestant Political Association," a number of candidates' names were published on the eve and morning of the municipal poll in Christchurch. The list of names appeared in the *Lyttelton Times* and the *Press*. Appearing as it did at the last minute, no opportunity was given to refute the statement. I wish to state here that I am not a member of the P.P.A. and neither did I consent to have my name published on their list. At the last meeting I addressed on the eve of the poll I stated that if elected to the City Council I go there to look after the interests of all the people and not to stir up sectarian bitterness. Many, if not all, of the candidates whose names were published were in the same position as myself, and I think it should be a punishable offence for any person or association to publish a person's name without first consulting him and getting his written consent.—I am, etc.,

H. F. HERBERT.

Linwood, Christchurch.

## APPRECIATION OF THE N.Z. TABLET.

Sir,—Enclosed please find subscription to *N.Z. Tablet*. I would like to say I read the *Tablet* with much interest. Moreover, I am of opinion that the people of New Zealand owe you a debt of gratitude for your fearless defence of the principles of truth and justice which, in these days of widespread prostitution of journalism, are so sadly neglected. It would almost seem to-day that whatever is loudly proclaimed by the daily press as being worthy of admiration, should be condemned. Trusting you will be long spared to carry the banner of honest journalism.—I am, etc.,

—J. P. HASTINGS.

Temuka, May 20.

## THE GAELIC OF SAMUEL LOVER

Sir,—In your issue of May 5 there is given a gallant metrical piece under the title of "Fág An Bealach," by Samuel Lover. Either Lover himself, or whoever translated the heading in question, blundered badly in the pronunciation of "Bealach." He translates it "Bolla," which is never heard from Gaelic-speaking lips. Never have I heard it pronounced otherwise than "Baile" as in "Fág an baile," or bealach. Baile and bealach are closely akin, and "Baile," not "Bolla" is the true and natural pronunciation.

"Holla," in the line "One view holla," is also objectionable. We have always heard: "View, view, halloo!" as a hunting cry to hounds when fox, or hare, or rabbit was started from his lair. Surely "Holla" is a corrupt form and never expressed as a shout behind dogs or elsewhere. "Fág au baile" and "Holloo," or Hulloo are the orthodox expressions. Samuel Lover was a genuine patriot, as the ring of the following lines amply proves:

Better early graves, boys,  
Dark locks gory,  
Than bow the head as slaves, boys,  
When they're hoary.

How faithful to this doctrine the sons and daughters of Erin to-day! God save Ireland!—I am, etc.,

—J. GOLDEN.

Auckland, May 18.

[A CARD.]

JOHN J. ARDAGH

SURGEON DENTIST

Has commenced practice in Standish & Preece's Buildings  
(upstairs)

HIGH STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

READER calls our attention to the joke of the week, viz., the assertion of the morning editor that the English troops received great provocation from the Irish patriots. British people who are both intelligent and honest have expressed so often their horror of the awful provocation given to the Irish people by England that it is only the protector of the blackguardly forger, "Civis," who could be so ignorant as to utter such a falsehood. Do you remember when he used to invite bishops and "loyal" Catholics to save him from the *Tablet*, and how he used to urge on the soldiers against a paper that never believed Britain's lies? "Reader" missed the best part of the joke: it was what the protector of the forger had to say to the Pope.

D. O'H. complains that there is hardly a day-lie journalist in New Zealand who has the courage to follow the leading English journalists in their denunciation of the crimes of Lloyd George. It is a mistake to take those persons seriously. If you reflect how little importance you would attach to the opinion of any one of them if you got into conversation with him you will see at once how ridiculous it is to read what they have to write in a hurry and according to orders. However, there is one decent and well-edited morning paper in New Zealand and even that is something to be thankful for. As for the rest, why should the public bother about the views of a man in an editor's chair if they know that nobody will listen to his opinion when he speaks from a chair in his club?

INQUIRER.—We have no need to discuss the hunger-strike again. The article we published last week from the pen of the greatest theologian in English-speaking countries ought to settle the question for you. Father Finlay, S.J., emphatically supports the opinion we always expressed in these columns, and makes it clear that MacSweeney was a hero and a martyr. Refer to the article and quote it for your local theologasters.

B. McK.—Parker was consecrated according to the defective ordinal of Cranmer. Barlow consecrated Parker, and it is doubtful whether Barlow himself was consecrated or not. Besides, Barlow, Cranmer, Parker, and Pilkington held that consecration was not necessary and that the appointment by the king or queen was enough. In any case, owing to the defects in Cranmer's ordinal, orders conferred according to it were invalid, and thus the succession was lost.

## NURSERY RHYMES FOR GROWN-UP CHILDREN.

"O Jimmie, go and fetch the paper home,

For Granny wants to read the cables."

Quoth Jimmie in a mocking tone:

"Righto, Granny, they're some fables!"

Munchausen's gone and Andersen is cold,

Poor Grimm is dead and Aesop too:

Through cables now tall tales are told

And nothing's left for them to do.

The Welshman George with Greenwood's out

Their silly dupes with stuff to fill,

And any lout can raise the shout,

"Let Irish rebels foot the bill."

"Oh, syrup fresh, from corpses made

Is eaten now at Buda Pest;

And axle-grease for wheels, 'tis said,

Is just the flesh of men gone west."

So said the cables Jimmie's Granny read,

She thinks, her poor head swimming round,

That Solomon himself had never said

A truth more sacred and profound.

That was the stuff on which to feed the troops—

Good old propaganda copy—

'Twas ladled out wholesale to day-lie dupes

Doped silly with imperial poppy.

Prostrate before the grinning cable god

Our editors were daily seen:

They durst not blink nor wink nor nod—

'Twould give the show away, I ween.

—E. J. LYNCH.

Joseph Howard, Wholesale and Retail Butcher, Gore.

Country Orders a specialty  
'PHONE 380