

New Zealand Tablet

VOL. II.—No. 80.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

PRICE 6d.

J. T. ROBERTS,
HOUSE AND ESTATE AGENT,
VALUATOR, SHAREBROKER, &c.,
Corner of Princes and Walker Streets.

JAMES WALSH,
BLACKSMITH, HORSESHOER, WHEEL-
WRIGHT and WAGGON BUILDER,
Princes Street South, Opposite Market Reserve.

COAL COAL!! COAL!!
Just landed, ex Duke of Edinburgh and Nicoline, two cargoes of the finest NEW-CASTLE COAL. Delivered to all parts of the City at lowest rates.

DRUMMOND & WATSON,
Octagon.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

J. MOYLAN,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
Late of Frederick Street,

BEGS to inform his friends and the public that he has removed to more central premises, situate in George street (lately occupied by Messrs Harrop and Neil, Jewellers), where by strict attention to business and first-class workmanship, he hopes to merit their patronage.

GRIDIRON HOTEL,
Princes-street
PRIVATE APARTMENTS FOR FAMILIES.

The bar and cellar are stocked with the choicest liquors. The stabling is of the best description, and an experienced groom is always in attendance.
Coaches for all parts of the Taieri, and Tokomairiro, leave the Hotel daily.

EDMONDS AND BARRY,
WOOD & COAL MERCHANTS,
St. Andrew Street,
DUNEDIN,

BEG to inform the Public that they are prepared to supply the very best qualities of Wood and Coal at lowest rates.

All Orders will receive prompt attention.

MURDOCK AND GRANT,
PRACTICAL LAPIDARIES
(Adjoining the Masonic Hall),
MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN,

Every description of stone Cut, Polished, set. A liberal allowance made to the

GLOBE HOTEL,
Princes street
(Opposite Market Reserve).
Superior Accommodation for Travellers. Private Rooms for Families.
MRS DIAMOND, PROPRIETRESS.
First-class Stabling.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL,
PALMERSTON STREET,
RIVERTON.
Good Boarding, Lodging, and Stabling.
Undrugged Genuine Liquor Supplied.
No Inebriates Tolerated.

'London Tablet,' 'Glasgow Gael,' 'Inverness Highlander,' 'New Zealand Tablet,' 'Invercargill News,' and 'Riverton Star,'
Contributing to the "Feast of reason and the flow of soul."
D. M. CAMERON.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
REES STREET, QUEENSTOWN.
FIRST-CLASS accommodation for Travellers.
Wines and Spirits of the best quality.
First-class Stabling.
D. P. CASH,
Proprietor.



TO THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT.
H. GOURLEY AND J. LEWIS,
(Late of Spicer and Murray, and D. Taylor)
UNDERTAKERS,
GEORGE & MACLAGGAN STREETS.

THE IMPERIAL LIVERY AND BAIT STABLES,
Princes Street South, Dunedin.
G. DODSON . . . Proprietor.

OTAGO PLUMBING, COPPER AND BRASS WORKS,
PRINCES STREET NORTH, DUNEDIN.
A. & T. BURT,
Plumbers, Copper-smiths, Brassfounders, Hydraulic and Gas Engineers.
Plans and specifications and price lists obtained on application.
Experienced workmen sent to all parts of the colony.

MONEY.—The undersigned has several small sums from £50 to £500 to lend, on Mortgage of Freeholds, at current rates. No commission charged in any case.
W. H. MCKEAY,
Solicitor, Princes street, Dunedin.

GROVES BROTHERS,
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COACH MAKERS,
HIGH STREET, DUNEDIN.
Repairs receive prompt attention.

MR JOHN MONAT,
(Late of Lawrence),
SOLICITOR,
Corner of Jetty and Bond Streets,
DUNEDIN.

J. A. MACEDO
PRINCES STREET DUNEDIN.
BEGS to announce to the Catholic Public, that he has always on hand a large assortment of—
CATHOLIC BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Prayer Books Douay Bibles
Irish National Books Christian Brothers' School Books
Crucifixes Statues
Holy Water Fonts Medals
Rosary Beads Sculptures
Pictures (Religious and Secular)
Carte de Visites 6d to 1s 6d, in great variety
AGENT FOR THE—
Lamp, Catholic Illustrated Magazines, Dublin Review, and London Tablet.
A Large Assortment of STATIONERY always in Stock.
A. J. has also added to his business
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
Subscription 2s per Month.
Agent for NEW ZEALAND TABLET:

PROVINCIAL TEA MART.
JOHN HEALEY
Family Grocer, Baker, Wine, Spirit, and Provision Merchant.
(Corner of Manse and Stafford Streets),
DUNEDIN.

ROBIN AND CO.,
Coach Builders and Importers,
Stuart street,
Have on Hand and for Sale—
BUGGIES AND EXPRESS WAGGONS,
Repairs receive prompt attention.

FRANCIS MEENAN
Wholesale and Retail
PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANT.
George Street.

MR CHARLES SYKES,
PIANIST.
(Organist of St. Joseph's Church, Dunedin.)
Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ.
Private Residence, Filleul street, opposite lower end of Cargill street.

B. BAGLEY AND SON,
CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,
IMPORTERS OF DRUGGISTS' SUN-
DRIES, PATENT MEDICINES,
PERFUMERY, &c.,
GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN,
Are constantly in receipt of shipments from the
GLASGOW APOTHECARIES CO.,
and other firms of established reputation; while the extent of their own business transactions enables them to give their customers the advantage of a large and varied stock of the very best quality and most recent manufacture.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.

Portable Steam Engines and Threshing Machines
Double and Single Furrow Ploughs
Chaffcutters, Oat Bruisers
Cultivators, Horse Hoes, and Seed Drills
Cheese Presses and Curd Mills
Ransome's Adjusting Corn Screens and Winnowing Machines
Vulcanised, India-rubber and Leather Belting
Horse Powers, &c., &c.,
T. ROBINSON & CO.,
Princes Street, Dunedin.

HOGBEN'S PATENT.

To Aerated Water and Cordial Manufacturers, Engineers, Brass Workers, and Others.

WHEREAS by deed dated 6th October, 1871, duly registered pursuant to the Patents Act, 1870, Edward Hogben granted unto us, the undersigned, a sole, exclusive, and irrevocable license to use within the Province of Otago certain inventions intitled "An Improved Stopper for Bottles for containing Aerated or Gaseous Liquids," and "Improvements in Apparatus for supplying the Syrup in the manufacture of Aerated Beverages and other liquids, also applicable to other purposes," during the residue of the term for which the said Patents are granted: And whereas we have reason to suppose that certain persons in the said Province are infringing the said Patents, we therefore offer a **REWARD OF FIFTY POUNDS** on any person or persons giving us such information as will lead to a conviction against such offenders.

THOMSON & Co.,
Sole Manufacturers of the Patent Stopped Aerated Waters, Stafford Street, Dunedin.

Awarded First Prize at Vienna International Exhibition.

REVES & CO.,
Manufacturers of

British Wines, Cordials, Liqueurs, Bitters, Aerated, and Mineral Waters, And

IMPORTERS OF
Corks, Chemicals, Bottles, &c., &c.,
Respectfully thank their Customers throughout New Zealand for their liberal support for the past eleven years, and having enlarged their Premises and Plant—which is now the most extensive and complete in the Colony—they can guarantee their various Goods equal to any European manufacturers, and at such Prices as will command their universal use. **They have constantly ON HAND FOR SALE IN CASES, HDGS., & QR-CASKS:—**

Ginger Wine Quinine Champagne
Ginger Brandy Bitters
Raspberry Vinegar Peppermint Cordial
Orange Bitters Clove Cordial
Duke's Tonic Bitters Tonic Orange Wine
Lemon Syrup Curacao

Maraschino, &c., &c.
All of which may be obtained from Merchants and Storekeepers throughout New Zealand and Wholesale only from the **MANUFACTORY AND STORES** **MACLAGGAN STREET, DUNEDIN.**

[A CARD.]

J. MILLNER,
AUCTIONEER, VALUATOR,
and
GENERAL SALESMAN.

GEORGE YOUNG,

V.  R.

JEWELLER

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JAMES FERGUSON, K.G.C.M.
PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN,
(Opposite Bank of New South Wales.)
Awarded First Prize for Clocks and Watches,
New Zealand Exhibition, 1866.

GEORGE YOUNG, Princes Street.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

WE beg to inform our Customers and the General Public that we have removed to our New Premises, Princes Street South, corner of Police street.

Our stock is almost entirely new, and consists of paperhangings (100,000 pieces), oils and turpentine in large quantities, plate, sheet, and photographers' glass, paints, varnishes, brushes, and every article in the trade.

SCANLAN BROS. & Co.,
Oil and Color Merchants.

JOHN HISLOP,
(LATE A. BEVERLY.)
CHRONOMETER, WATCHMAKER,
AND JEWELLER,

Exactly opposite the Bank of Otago, Princes street

Every description of Jewellery made to order.
Ships Chronometers Cleaned and Rated
by Transit Observations.

N. B.—J. H. being a thorough Practical Watchmaker, all Work entrusted to his care will receive his utmost attention.

CRAIG AND GILLIES

Wholesale and Retail
CABINET-MAKERS & UPHOLSTERERS.

Importers of
ENGLISH AND SCOTCH FURNITURE
Cutting Princes street, Dunedin.

A. MERCER AND SON,
BAKERS,

Family Grocers,
Wine, Spirit, and Provision Merchants,
PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN,
(Adjoining Messrs Cargills and McLean's)
Dunedin.

Shipping Supplied.
Families waited on for orders.
Goods delivered with despatch.
Agents for Peninsula Lime.

GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE:
Security of Policies guaranteed by the Colony.

Low rates of Premium.
Conditions of Policies free from all needless restrictions.

Settlement Policies in favor of wife and children PROTECTED from operation of Bankruptcy Laws, in terms of 'New Zealand Government Insurance and Annuities Act 1870.'

Proposal Forms, Tables, with every information, may be obtained at any Money Order Post Office in the Colony, from T. F. McDonough, Esq., or from

ARCH. BARR, Chief Postmaster.

OAMARU HOUSE,

D. TOOHEY,
DRAPER, CLOTHIER, & OUTFITTER,

N.B.—Millinery and Dressmaking on the Premises.

DUNEDIN BREWERY,

Fillen Street.

KEAST AND MCCARTHY,

BREWERS, ALE AND PORTER

BOTTLERS.

MARSHALL & COPELAND,

Browsers, Bottlers, Maltsters and Importers,

Agents for Messrs ALCOCK AND CO.,

Billiard Table Manufacturers.

THE NEW ZEALAND DISTILLERY COMPANY

Cumberland Street, Dunedin.

Have always on hand

OLD MATURED MALT WHISKEY, GIN,

TOM, SPIRITS OF WINE.

THE GREATEST

WONDER OF MODERN TIMES!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Is the most effectual remedy for old sores, wounds, ulcers, rheumatism, and all skin diseases; in fact, when used according to the printed directions, it never fails to cure alike deep and superficial ailments.

Long experience has proved these famous remedies to be most effectual in curing either the dangerous maladies or the slighter complaints which are more particularly incidental to the live of a miner, or to those living in the bush.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Occasional doses of these Pills will guard the system against those evils which so often beset the human race, viz.:—coughs, colds, and all disorders of the liver and stomach—the frequent forerunners of fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, and cholera.

These Medicines may be obtained from all respectable Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the civilised world, with directions for use in almost every language.

They are prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Holloway, 533, Oxford street, London.

* * Beware of counterfeits that may emanate from the United States.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

(FIRE AND MARINE.)

Capital, £250,000. Established, 1859.

With Unlimited Liability of Shareholders.

Offices of Otago Branch:

HIGH STREET, DUNEDIN;

Opposite the Custom House and Railway Station,

With sub-Offices in every Country Town throughout the Province.

FIRE INSURANCES

Are granted upon every description of Buildings, including Mills, Breweries, &c., Stock and Furniture; also, upon Hay and Corn Stacks, and all Farm Produce, at lowest current Rates.

SUB-AGENCIES.

Port Chalmers	...	William Elder
Green Island	...	A. G. Allan
Tokomairiro	...	Jas. Elder Brown
West Taieri	...	David Grant
Balclutha	...	Stewart & Gow
Lawrence	...	Herbert & Co.
Waikouaiti	...	W. C. Ansell
Palmerston	...	John Keen
Oamaru	...	George Sumpter
Kakanui	...	James Matheson
Otakia	...	Henry Palmer
Naseby	...	J. & R. Bremner
Queentown	...	T. F. Roskrige
Otepopo	...	Chas. Beckingsale
Cromwell	...	Chas. Colclough

This Company has prior claims upon the patronage of New Zealand Colonists, as it was the first Insurance Company established in New Zealand; and being a Local Institution, the whole of its funds are retained and invested in the Colony. The public, therefore, derive a positive benefit by supporting this Company in preference to Foreign Institutions.

GEORGE W. ELLIOT,
Agent for Otago.

CAUTION!

THE high reputation of the Singer Manufacturing Company's Sewing Machines has led to numerous attempts to make and sell spurious imitations. The Public are warned against parties advertising or offering for sale Imitation Machines as "The Singer," "On the Singer Principle," or "On the Singer System," in violation of the Company's legal rights. The only "Singer" Machines are those made The Singer Manufacturing Company.

Every
"Singer" Machine
bears a
Trade Mark
stamped
on a Brass Plate and
fixed
to the Arms.

Every
"Singer" Machine
has also
registered number
stamped
on the Bed-plate below
the
Trade Mark.

Buy no Machine without the Trade Mark. Buy no Machine which has the registered number defaced. Old and Second-hand Machines re-japaned, are palmed on the unwary as new, the numbers being erased or filed down to avoid detection.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS!

The Company fix their Trade-Mark Plate to the Arm of every Machine as an additional protection to the Public. Purchasers should see THAT THE NUMBERS HAVE NOT BEEN FILED OF, as, without them, the Machine may be Old or Second-hand:

NATIONAL PIE HOUSE

Maclaggan street.
JOHN WALLS begs to inform the public that he has opened the above establishment, and trusts, by providing the best of everything, to merit a share of public patronage.

Pie and Cup of Coffee Sixpence.
JOHN WALLS.

DR. CRAWFORD, Consulting Surgeon and Accoucheur, begs to intimate to his old patients in the City, Suburbs and Country that he has resumed the practice of his profession (after his visit to the Home Country and Continent), and that he may be consulted in all the branches of his profession, at the New Medical Dispensary, corner of Princes and Walker-streets. Dr. C. need not remind the public that he is a specialist, and at the head of his profession in the following diseases, viz:—

Diseases peculiar to women and children.
" of the throat, lungs, and heart.
" of the eyes, skin, and blood.

Advice Gratis from 9 to 12 a.m., and 6 to 10 p.m.

BASKETS! BASKETS! BASKET

Undersigned has always on hand, Baskets of every description. Orders promptly attended to.

Note the Address—
M. SULLIVAN,
Wholesale and Retail Basket Maker,

Princes street South, Dunedin (opposite Guthrie & Asher's).

M. W. HAWKINS,

ACCOUNTANT AND COMMISSION AGENT.

Office: Princes-st., Dunedin.

MR. HAWKINS is prepared to undertake all kinds of financial business; to negotiate Loans on freehold or leasehold properties, repayable by instalments if required; to make Advances on mercantile pastoral, agricultural, or other approved securities; and to act Agent for absentees, trustees, or executors:

JONES, BASCH, AND CO.,

BROKERS AND GENERAL AGENTS,

TEMPLE CHAMBERS,

PRINCES STREET,

Dunedin.

SILKS EXTRAORDINARY!

BEST CHOICE IN DUNEDIN

AT

THOMSON, STRANG & CO'S.

Good Black Silks, 3s 6d, 4s 6d, 5s, 5s 6d,

Warranted free from Jute or other mixture.

Rich Black Silks, 5s 9d, 6s 6d, 7s, 7s 6d, 8s 6d.

Specially selected for permanent brilliancy.

Choicest Black Silks, 9s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 16s, 18s.

Better goods money cannot buy.

Our Stock of Black Silks comprises a most extensive choice of all the best makes, Glacés, Ducapes, Grograins, Radzmeres, Gro Royals, Gro de Suez, Gro D'Indienne, Drap de France, Poult de Soie, Gro de Naples, Drap de Lyon, &c. and have been carefully selected by our Home Buyer, from the most celebrated makers, so as to secure to our customers BLACK SILKS THAT WILL WEAR.

LARGEST CHOICE IN DUNEDIN.

Rich Fancy Silks for Marriage Silks, Dinner Silks, Walking Silks in New Stripe Silks, New Brocades, New Chenes, New Shots, New Shades, Gro-grains, Glacés, &c. The choice in these goods is unequalled in the city, and the prices the most moderate.

REAL IRISH POPLINS.

A good old standard dress, which for wear no rival can approach. We are showing a most complete assortment of these goods in Black and Colors, and can recommend them as the most durable and economical dress that any lady can invest in.

RICH MOIR ANTIQUES.

A splendid selection of high-class goods in Black, White, and Colors, suited for evening and street wear. The qualities are the best, and the colours rich and permanent.

BLACK SILK VELVETS,

From Lyons.

BRIDAL MILLINERY.

High-class goods. Undoubted taste. Moderate charges.

DRESSES AND COSTUMES.

We are showing an immense Stock of Made-up Dresses and Polonaise Costumes, in a large variety of material, in all the newest shapes, received by LAST MAIL.

IN DOMESTIC GOODS

We continue to give the same good value as we have always done, and which has earned for us a reputation throughout Otago and Southland, and even as far as a portion of Canterbury. We can commend our present Stock of Flannels, Blankets, Sheetings and Quilts, as of VERY SPECIAL VALUE.

Best Value in Grey Calicoes.

Best Value in Brown Hollands.

Best Value in Table Cloths.

Best Value in Crimean Shirtings.

VERY SPECIAL VALUE WINDOW CURTAINS.

MEN'S MERCERY.

YOUTHS' APPAREL.

BOYS' CLOTHING

For Clothing of every kind, Underclothing, Hats, Braces, [Shirts, Sox, Scarfs, Ties, Collars, the right place to get a really good article at a moderate price, is at

THOMSON, STRANG AND CO'S.,

IMPORTERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRAPERS,

NEW BUILDINGS, CUTTING, DUNEDIN.

New Books and New Editions received per "Buckinghamshire,"
"Atrato," and Overland Mail, by

R E I T H A N D W I L K I E D U N E D I N .

The Wild North Land by Captain Butler, demy 8vo
Stanley (H. M.) My Kalulu, cr. 8vo

"How I found Livingstone, 8vo

Hutchinson (J. T.) Two years in Peru, demy 8vo

Cassell's Popular Recreator, Vol 1

Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa, translated by E. E. Frewer,
2 vol, 8vo

Enquire Within Upon Everything, 12mo

Roscoe (H. E.) Lessons in Elementary Chemistry, 18mo

Abbott (E. A.) Shakespearean Grammar, fcap. 8vo

Holmes (O. W.) Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, 12mo

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The Gudeaman O'Ingla Mill

Marsh (Mrs) Crossing the River, 12mo

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How to Economise Like a Lady, 12mo

Bruce (J.) Life of Gideon, 12 mo

Lamb (Chas.) Eliana, 12mo

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, 8vo

"Biography, 8vo

Brown (John) Rab and his Friends, 12mo

"(Dr T.) Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind,
8vo

Seton (G.) Gossip about Letters, 12mo

Vaughan (C. J.) Rays of Sunlight, 12mo

De Quincey's Works, 16 vols

Brown's Book of Landed Estate

Nasmyth and Carpenter, The Moon 4to

Church (A. H.) The Laboratory Guide, post 8vo

Burbidge (F. W.) Cool Orchids, 12mo

Cox (G. W.) A History of Greece, 2 vols 8vo

Maudsley (H.) Responsibility in Mental Disease, post 8vo

U N I O N P E R M A N E N T B U I L D I N G S O C I E T Y . — E S T A B L I S H E D , 1 8 6 8 .

THE Investors' Shares in this Society are the following :—

Terminating Shares of the ultimate value of Fifty Pounds each, which are realised after seventy-five monthly payments of Ten Shillings each. These Shares may be withdrawn at any time, with interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum after the first year, upon giving one month's notice. No withdrawal fee is charged.

Permanent Shares of Fifty Pounds each, payable in one sum, are also issued. On these Shares Half-yearly Dividends are paid at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, together with Annual Bonus out of Surplus Profits.

Deferred Paid-up Shares, to be realised at the end of three, five, or seven years, at the option of the Shareholder. These Shares may be withdrawn at any time, with compound interest, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, on giving three months' notice.

The Society grants loans on mortgage upon most favorable terms, repayable by monthly, quarterly, or half-yearly instalments, commencing immediately; or the repayment instalments may be deferred for one, two, or three years. To facilitate building operations, the Society will make payment of advances during the progress of buildings.

The Society also receives deposits, secured by the Society's Debentures, pursuant to the Building and Land Societies Act, at current rates of interest.

Prospectuses, Rules, Forms of Application for Shares, Advances, &c., and all other information, may be obtained from

M. W. HAWKINS, SECRETARY,
Princes street, Dunedin.

R. A. LOUGHNAN,

A C C O U N T A N T A N D G E N E R A L A G E N T
Is Prepared to UNDERTAKE ALL BUSINESS PUT INTO HIS HANDS

OFFICE:

TEMPLE CHAMBERS, PRINCES STREET.

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET.

SUBSCRIBERS and others are informed that bound copies of Vol. I. of the 'New Zealand Tablet,' are now on sale at the Office, Stafford street. Price, £1 5s. As only a limited number are available, an early application is necessary.

Those Subscribers who may have unbound numbers, can have them bound neatly and moderately at this office.

N E W Z E A L A N D I N S U R A N C E C O M P A N Y

CAPITAL ... £1,000,000.

An issue of 50,000 SHARES in this Company is offered to the Public, at £4 10s. each. Prospectuses and forms of application for Shares to be had at the Office of the Company, High-st.

GEO. W. ELLIOTT,
Agent for Otago.

T O M O U N T I D A .

T H E S E R V I C E S O F A D U L Y Q U A L I F I E D M E D I C A L M A N A R E R E Q U I R E D F O R T H E

I.O.O.F., and the Hibernian A.C.B. Society, Naseby, Mount Ida. Applications, with testimonials, stating charge per member to be lodged at once with the Chairman of the Committee appointed of the joint societies, N. Brookes, Naseby.

The Mount Ida district is a large one, and there is no medical man within 60 miles of Naseby. The population of the district is large but scattered. The present opening is one rarely met with.

W A N T E D ,

A TEACHER (Male or Female) for a Catholic School; salary, £60 per annum, with school fees and free residence added. Applications to be sent in to the undersigned, not later than Tuesday, the 1st of December, 1874.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Hon. Sec.

St. Bathans, 15th October, 1874.

S T A N D A R D I N S U R A N C E C O M P A N Y .

N O T I C E O F R E M O V A L .

DURING the Erection of the Company's New Offices on their present site, the business will be carried on in the premises of Mr Rose, clothier, on the opposite side of Princes street.

CHAS. REID,
Manager.

B A N K O F N E W Z E A L A N D .

A S U B - B R A N C H

Of this Bank will be opened at

N O R T H D U N E D I N ,

I N T E M P O R A R Y P R E M I S E S ,

G E O R G E S T R E E T (W E S T S I D E) ,

O N

M O N D A Y , 1 9 t h I N S T A N T .

W. C. ROBERTS,
Manager.

Dunedin, October 17, 1874.

B I S H O P M O R A N ' S A P P R O V A L .

THE manner in which the NEW ZEALAND TABLET has been hitherto conducted is deserving of approval. I have no doubt the future management will be in accordance with the past, and that this journal will continue to be an excellent Catholic newspaper. Under these circumstances, I can have no hesitation in saying it deserves the generous support of all Catholics in this Colony. I beg to recommend it to them most earnestly.

Given at Dunedin, 15th July, 187

† P. MORAN,
Bishop of Dunedin.

A G E N T S F O R T H E T A B L E T .

THE TABLET will be sent to any part of New Zealand by forwarding a Post Office order for 6d to the Office, Stafford street, Dunedin; it can also be obtained from the following persons who are duly authorised agents in their respective districts:—

Alexandra ...	Mr Kimmich	Kihikihiki ...	Mr Farrel
Arrowtown ...	„ Pritchard	Lawrence ...	„ Jeffrey
Auckland ...	„ Hamill	Lytelton ...	Rev. Mr Francis
Blacks ...	Harrington & Gavin	Nelson ...	„ Mr James
Charleston ...	„ Mr McPharland	No Town ...	„ Deviney
Christchurch ...	„ Bonnington & Co.	Naseby ...	„ Busch
Coromandel ...	„ Mr Silk	Napier ...	„ J. A. Reardon
Dunedin ...	„ Wheeler	Onehunga ...	„ Honan
„ ...	„ Macdo	Otahuhu ...	„ M'Ilroy
„ ...	„ Braithwaite	Oamaru ...	„ Toohy
„ ...	„ Baird	Palmerston ...	„ Lewis
„ ...	„ Mitchell	Port Chalmers ...	„ Dale
„ ...	„ Somers	Queenstown ...	„ Boyne
„ ...	„ Carter	Ross ...	„ Mulhern
„ ...	„ Orerar & Co.	St. Bathans ...	„ T. Mulvey
„ ...	„ Lynch	Timaru ...	„ O'riscoll
„ ...	„ Mr Rogers	Wellington ...	„ Hurley
„ ...	„ J. McInerney	Wanganui ...	„ Willis
„ ...	„ B. King	Waikouaiti ...	„ Browne

T O O U R S U B S C R I B E R S A N D A D V E R T I S E R S .

Mr WHEELER, Stafford street, and Mr MACEDO, Princes street south, are empowered to receive monies and orders for papers on account of the NEW ZEALAND TABLET.

N O T I C E T O O U R A G E N T S .

IT is respectfully requested that Agents for the TABLET would advise the Secretary when any change—either of increase or decrease—occurs in the number to be forwarded. Those agents who may be receiving copies in excess of the demand, will kindly notify same.

New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

SIR GEORGE GREY'S PETITION.

At last, the question of the destruction of Provincial Institutions in the North Island, is beginning to engage the attention of earnest and able politicians. It may be, indeed, that from the first the Premier's project had received very attentive consideration; but until lately the public had no proof that those best qualified to judge of the policy of the proposed measure, had interested themselves about it. For some time it appeared as if colonists generally had already made up their minds on the subject, and were prepared to acquiesce in the proposals of the Government. An overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives, after a debate remarkable for neither earnestness, ability, nor exhaustive discussion, approved of the principle of Mr. VOGEL's project. The Colonial Press, with but few exceptions, applauded the proposition; and it appeared that the public supported the action of the members of Parliament who constituted the majority, and that the Press very faithfully echoed the sentiments of the people. Nor as yet does there appear to be any change of public opinion on the subject. Still, notwithstanding all this, it was evident that all concerned, with the exception of Mr. VOGEL himself and a few enthusiastic centralists, were not moved by fiery zeal in the cause of the destruction of some of our old and familiar Institutions. In fact, there did not appear to be any strong feeling or even conviction on the subject, or much care how it fared with Provincial Governments. People, it seemed, were well enough content to endure the present arrangement, and at the same time not at all adverse to a change in the direction proposed by Government. There was a great deal of indifference and not a little apathy.

Sir GEORGE GREY's petition has changed all that. An expression of opinion from such a quarter, particularly when it is surrounded, as in the present instance, by circumstances which show the depth of his conviction, cannot but arrest public attention, move it powerfully, and concentrate it on the consideration of this question. Sir GEORGE has been twice Governor of this Colony, once of South Australia, and once of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope; and his administration of these Colonies has been marked by great ability and success, and afforded abundant proof that he possesses the statesman's talent in a very high degree. His Petition has, consequently, fallen like a bomb in our midst, and roused thinking men, qualified to discuss the question of Provincial Institutions, to study it more earnestly than heretofore. The question may be said to have entered on a new phase. Indifference is at an end, and apathy is no longer possible.

That portion of the Press which belongs to the party in power, or is under its influence, has already sounded the note of alarm; and is busily engaged in endeavouring to weaken the force of Sir GEORGE's strongly pronounced opinion, by not only insinuating but actually saying that his opposition to the Government Scheme arises from the fact, that our political system acknowledges him for its parent. It is his work, it is said, and he is naturally prepossessed in favour of his own work. This is not the way to deal with Sir GEORGE GREY's petition. In this document Sir GEORGE argues the question, and sensible men, whilst rejecting as impertinent the suggestion that one of his age, experience, character, and known ability, would take the solemn and responsible course of forwarding to the proper quarter and publishing this petition, will weigh well his reasons, and will, although they had already resolved to support Mr. VOGEL's project, readily make up their minds to reconsider the question. Nor can it be doubted that the independent Press will follow such good example. There is a conflict of arguments, there are strong reasons for and against, and nothing we think would tend more to help to a safe conclusion than a conflict of dispassionate argumentation in the newspapers. The question is a very important one for the Colony, and prejudice, partizanship, and predilection should be discarded.

We don't know if we can contribute much, if indeed anything, calculated to give much light on the point. It has always appeared to us, and indeed it does so still, as

something akin to the absurd to have nine or ten Parliaments and Executives, for three hundred thousand people. Still, we must admit there is another side of the picture well worth looking at. Local self-government is a matter of the very greatest importance, and it is a question whether if the country be parcelled out into counties, or groups of counties, local self-government, considering our population and circumstances, can be secured at all without multiplying and aggravating the evils at present arising from Provincial Governments. At all events it is unwise to take a leap in the dark, and colonists ought to have sound reasons for the proposed change, before exchanging the evils they know for others that may not unlikely be very much greater. The experiment made of a County in Westland, does not afford much encouragement in this direction. Then again, Provincial Institutions should not be regarded as intended merely for our day, and the management of the affairs of three hundred thousand people; the Colony is growing rapidly in everything that goes to make a great nation, and those who may come after us, will, not improbably, bestow on us scant thanks, should we give up local self-government, for squandering their inheritance at a time when the efforts of other peoples to obtain this great blessing should have been a warning to us to cling the more to such a desirable and necessary possession.

There is to be considered also the legal and constitutional question raised by Sir GEORGE GREY. The destruction of Provincial Institutions is *ultra vires*. It is a question which cannot be decided at Wellington; the Imperial Parliament alone can cause Provincial Governments to cease to exist; and ultimately the battle will have to be fought in St. Stephen's. No doubt an expression of opinion by the Parliament of this Colony will not be without its weight in the Parliament of the Empire; but as Sir GEORGE GREY suggests, our own little Parliament ought not to pronounce an opinion in favour of repealing any part of the law which gave New Zealand its present constitution without first appealing to the constituencies. This has been our opinion from the first, and we are glad to find ourselves in accord on this point with so high an authority as Sir GEORGE GREY.

STILL BADLY IN WANT OF A MASON.

THE 'Otago Guardian' is in a sad state of mind about the POPE; and should our contemporary fail to persuade its New Zealand friends that His Holiness is or has been a Freemason, it is to be feared that its Editor will lose his senses. In its issue of the 30th ult., this journal endeavours to rehabilitate itself, and establish by newspaper evidence, and reasoning! a statement made by it some time ago, to the effect that PRUS IX., was a Freemason, a statement which we then proved to be a calumny. At the time, we laughed at the folly and credulity of our sapient contemporary, and pointed out the mistake into which it fell, even in reference to the POPE's Christian name. In last Saturday's issue, the 'Guardian' returns to the charge, and names several European newspapers which have given currency to the stupid story.

Our contemporary says "Home papers now to hand confirm the statement that MASTAI FERETTI, alias POPE PRUS IX., has been expelled from the Order of Freemasons. In the 'Bath Express,' 'County Herald,' and 'North Wilts Guardian,' of August 1st, there appears the following paragraph: 'The grand lodge of Palermo has expelled Brother JOHN MASTAI FERETTI from all the rights and privileges of Freemasonry, for unmasonic conduct to the extent of perjury, and breach of his Masonic obligations.'" The 'Belfast Weekly News' is also quoted to the same effect, and the official Masonic paper at Cologne, the 'Guardian' tells us, without however giving the name of this official paper, "says that 'A man named MASTAI FERETTI &c. * * * * has now cursed his former brethren, and excommunicated all members of the order of Freemasons. * * * The charge against him was first preferred in his lodge at Palermo, in 1865, * * * but not pressed until he urged the Bishops of Brazil to act aggressively against the Freemasons.'"

What an absurd story all this is! In the first place the statements of these newspapers are worth no more than that of the 'Guardian' itself, which is utterly valueless. It is one newspaper repeating the gratuitous statements of another, just as in the case of the forged speech attributed to Bishop STROSSMAYER, which went the round

of the Colonial Press, indeed we might say the Press of the world. As to this speech, here in New Zealand, Bishops MORAN and CROKE who assisted at the Council of the Vatican, declared that no such speech as that attributed to the Hungarian Bishop had been delivered there, but the Colonial Press which published the calumny, refused or neglected to publish the refutation. Moreover, Bishop STROSSMAYER himself printed and published a letter stating that he had not made the speech universally attributed to him by the Press, but to little or no purpose. The Press took no notice of his letter: not even one of our Colonial papers, with the exception of the 'TABLET,' informed its readers that the speech was a forgery. It is idle, therefore, to quote newspapers as an authority, on any subject relating to Catholics or their Church. On these subjects the Press is duped and deceived—willing to be deceived, and unwilling to be undeceived.

Again, these newspapers, as happened to the 'Guardian' a few weeks ago, are even ignorant of the POPE's Christian name, and the reason assigned for the Palermo lodge taking action now, of itself affords proof, were such required in a case of such palpable fabrication, that the statement of the Masonic official paper of Cologne is a clumsy calumny. This paper, so at all events says the 'Guardian,' states, Pro Nono has now cursed his former brethren and excommunicated all members of the order of Freemasons, and that the charges were not pressed till he urged the bishops to act aggressively against the Freemasons." Why, the fact is that instead of having just now done all this the POPE has not done anything lately that he had not done from the very beginning of his reign. In the year 1846, the very first of his Pontificate, he published an Encyclical, *Qui pluribus*, in which he anathematised Freemasons, and renewed all the censures of his predecessor against them. These were contained in the constitution of CLEMENT XII, *In eminenti*, 1738; constitution of BENEDICT XIV, *providas*, 1751; constitution of PRUS VII, *Ecclesiam*, 1821; constitution of LEO XII, *Quo graviora*, 1825, and the Encyclical of GREGORY XVI, *Inter*. Why, our Holy Father since the first day of his Pontificate has never ceased to urge the bishops of the entire world to proceed against the Freemasons and members of other secret societies. These reasons, therefore, have been put forward by a clumsy calumniator in ignorance of some of the most striking and solemn facts of PRUS IX's reign.

As the 'Guardian' endorses the statement of the Masonic official paper of Cologne, we wish our contemporary would give us the name of this paper. We have a good reason for the wish? to the effect that a member of the Freemason society who abandons it, excommunicates its members, and urges bishops to proceed against it, is a perjurer. But what is perjury? Every Catholic knows that it is to break a lawful, or to take a false oath. Now the question is, is the Masonic oath a lawful one? An oath to be lawful must be administered by lawful authority, or taken under the sanction of lawful authority. But what lawful authority can a secret society have, a society unsanctioned by any legitimate authority, self-constituted, and at war with Christianity? The Freemason's oath is the most blasphemous form of words conceivable,—involving as it does the dethronement of the Almighty. To God, and to God alone, belongs the dominion of life and death; but every Freemason, on his entrance into that accursed society, assumes to himself this dominion exclusively belonging to God, and the right to bestow it under certain contingencies, to his fellow-members. Anything more blasphemous is not conceivable. Instead, therefore, of an ex-Freemason being guilty of perjury, all Freemasons are bound, strictly bound, to disobey their wicked society, to disregard their fearful oath, in taking which they sinned, and in keeping which they would continue to sin. No oath can be a *vinculum iniquitatis*—a bond of iniquity.

WHO SHOT AT BISMARCK?

THE answer will be found in the following extract from the Dublin 'Nation':—

THE TRUTH ABOUT KULLMAN.

The Catholic Bishop of Salford, Dr. VAUGHAN (says the Dublin 'Nation'), has given the *coup de grace* to the vile attempt to make the Catholics of Germany responsible for the recent alleged shooting at BISMARCK. It will be remembered that as soon as KULLMAN was arrested, it was telegraphed all over Europe that he was a member of a

Catholic association in Salzwedel. It turns out that there is no such association at Salzwedel, and Dr. VAUGHAN, on Sunday, in Bolton, publicly asserted that KULLMAN belonged in reality to a Protestant association.

We shall wait with no small amount of curiosity to see how many of the New Zealand newspapers which so eagerly gave currency to the vile calumny against Catholics will publish the above. We doubt if even one will be found to take any notice of it. In this country the Press, taken generally, hastily and gladly inserts any and every calumny against Catholics, but studiously abstains from doing us justice by publishing a contradiction, or a disproof.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the 'London Times,' a rather effective method has been adopted in the French National Assembly for checking the disorderly propensities of hon. members,—for it appears that even that august assemblage is not above the weaknesses of our own councillors. When it is found necessary for the President to call a member to order, and to "name" him, which implies a record of the fact on the proceedings of the House, the offender is fined one-half his pay as a deputy, for fifteen days. As this is £1 per diem, it amounts to £7 10s. The 'Times' correspondent adds:—"If a deputy called to order is visited with censure some higher penalty is inflicted. He may be suspended from voting, and, for a very grave misconduct, a vote of the chamber might expel him." We commend the idea to the notice of colonial legislators, and feel convinced that a like practice would considerably reduce the vote for payment of members; we are afraid, however, that if rigidly enforced in our City Council it would result in his Worship being left in undisputed possession of the chair—and the chamber.

So great is the dearth of meat at Greymouth, that those butchers who have so far weathered the storm, and have not been obliged to put their shutters up, have published a manifesto of their prices. As an interest may be felt as to the tariff, we give the document *in extenso*:—For cash, at shop only: Roast beef, 10d; corned and boiling beef, 9d; leg, loin, and shoulder of mutton, 10d; fore-quarter do, 9d; chops, steaks, sausages, rump steak, 1s; tripe, 1s; suet, 10d; veal and pork, 1s. Private families: Beef and mutton, 10d; veal and pork, 1s; chops, steaks, and sausages, 1s. Hotels: Beef and mutton, 9d; veal and pork, 1s; chops, steaks, and sausages, 10d.

THE following is a list of persons who received out-door relief from the Otago Benevolent Institution during the month ending October 31, 1874:—51 families, numbering 323 souls, 2 male adults, 15 female adults, 7 children, at a cost of £23 per week. The inmates of the institution are—30 male adults, 4 female adults, 27 boys, 24 girls: total, 85.

AT St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Geelong, on the 4th October, an immense assemblage was present to witness the procession in honor of the change of the month of St. Mary's from May to October. The Orphan Children, and St. Patrick's and St. Mary's Abstinence Societies took part in the proceedings.

COLONEL MOULE has sent a telegram to Major Cooper, at the Thames, enquiring whether a suitable piece of ground could be obtained there on which to hold the next Colonial prize firing. It appears that the present rifle range is not adapted for it, and unless a better one is found ere long, we understand that Taranaki will probably be selected.

THE ship Countess of Kintore, for London, is the bearer of the following parcels of precious metals:—Shipped by the Bank of New Zealand, 17 bars of silver weighing 18,965oz. 19dwt., and valued at £4,980; shipped by the National Bank of New Zealand, 2 boxes of gold weighing 2,292oz. 7dwt. 14gr., and valued at £8,125.

THE 'Tuspeka Times' says that a large number of cattle and sheep are already falling victims to the poisonous tutu, which is now growing rapidly. In ordinary seasons this plant causes the death of a large number of cattle, and owing to the scarcity of grass this spring, the animals devour this tutu eagerly, making the losses proportionately large.

MOST of the adult immigrants (says the 'Weekly Times') who were brought from Dunedin by the Wanganui on her last trip have found situations, many of them having been engaged before they landed. Only four or five married couples, with their families, remain in the barracks unemployed, but as the men are practical Scotch ploughmen, it is not likely that they will be long without situations. With regard to the old barracks in Esk street, the Carrick Castleites who made them famous for unsanitary associations were ejected some time ago, and the old place having been thoroughly purged and purified with scrubbing brushes, soap, and water, is now tenanted by the wives and children of several of the married men of the recent detachments received from Dunedin—all, we are informed, sober, respectable people.

THE monthly meeting of the Fire Brigade was held at the station on Monday evening, Captain Wain in the chair. Letters were read from the Secretary to the Friendly Societies' Fete and the Secretary of the Battalion Band. Captain Wain informed the members that the necessary arrangements were completed for holding a social gathering at the Masonic Hall, on Monday next, the 9th inst. It was also arranged that the Brigade should join the Friendly Societies' procession on Monday next. Messrs. Dermer and Beissel were elected honorary members, and Mr Jewett was re-elected one for the ensuing twelve months.

THE ninth show of the Tamaru Agricultural and Pastoral Association was held on the 28th ult. The weather on this occasion proved remarkably fine, and the number of visitors and exhibits were unusually large. The Tamaru Artillery Band was in attendance, and discoursed some of the most excellent music during the afternoon.

AN inquest was held at Roxburgh on Wednesday, the 28th October, before W. L. Simpson, Esq., coroner, on the body of the unfortunate man Edward Morrison, late Town Clerk, Roxburgh, who, it transpired, had on the previous night committed suicide by hanging himself to a rafter in the upper room of H. McDowall's house. From the evidence adduced there could be no doubt as to the fact of the man being in an unsound state of mind at the time, and a verdict of "Temporary insanity" was returned accordingly. The jury, prior to arriving at their decision, wished the Court to be cleared, but, contrary to the usual and proper custom, the coroner remained, as also did another individual, at the coroner's request, but who was in no way connected with the case. The jury, after deliberation, arrived at their verdict, and added a rider to the effect, "That they much regretted the long and unnecessary delay (Sunday to Wednesday) which had occurred in having an inquest held." The coroner, in a rather warm manner, appeared anything but pleased with the rider, and positively declined to accept of it, adding he was a coroner all over New Zealand, and would arrange for holding inquests when he liked. Some of the jury suggested that any of the resident local J.P.'s could have conducted the inquiry; but the coroner declared that no J.P. should hold an inquest, except with his permission. So in this case, where there was no evidence of a suspicious character adduced, the public had to submit to the painful infliction of having the body of a suicide remaining in a private family's house for four days, one witness detained three days awaiting the inquest, and the incurring of cost of travelling by coroner from Clyde, a distance of thirty-five miles, all of which annoyance could have been easily avoided. The funeral, which was largely attended by the residents in the neighborhood, took place immediately after the inquest, at 7 o'clock p.m., under the charge of the Oddfellows' Society, whose service was read at the grave.

THE Invercargill correspondent of the 'Bruce Herald' says:—"Constable Boyd, stationed at Winton, was brought into the Hospital Wednesday last, having been severely bruised on the previous evening by being thrown from his horse near to the township of Winton. The occasion of his mishap was a very singular one, and exceedingly difficult of explanation. Shortly after seven o'clock in the evening, the night being dark and squally, Constable Boyd, travelling towards Winton, and being close to the Meat Preserving Works, observed the outline of a man among the tussocks on the roadside, and shortly after passing him the discharge of a gun from the spot caused the constable's horse to jump from the road into the drain at the side, when immediately a second shot was fired, at which the horse again plunged and got out, but not without throwing his rider, who was much shaken and bruised, and ultimately, with great difficulty, made his way to the township. No clue is held to the discovery of the man who fired the shots, and no motive can be assigned for the act. The constable is going on very well, and will probably soon get round."

OUR horticultural readers will be interested in hearing that a Nelson gentleman, Mr Lightband, has discovered a remedy for the blight on fruit trees. From the 'Colonist' we learn that for a long time Mr Lightband's trees suffered considerably from both scaly and American blight, and he tried many so-called remedies, but without success. At length, however, he hit upon a plan by which he has succeeded in eradicating the disease entirely. For the American blight he found that by grafting an apple tree with another species of the same fruit (slips from trees bearing an early dessert and a late apple being used as grafts)—the blight was completely destroyed. The grafting process only applies to the American disease, but Mr Lightband happily discovered an equally good cure for the scaly blight. He states that he dissolved one pound of caustic soda in a gallon of water and applied the mixture to the diseased trees with a syringe on a fine winter's day. The trees so treated are now clean and healthy, the scaly blight having disappeared, at least for this season, and should it re-appear next year, the remedy can easily be re-applied. Mr Lightband desires us to state that he will be happy to show the trees to any person interested, and give a full explanation.

ON Tuesday morning Assistant Bailiff Gibb found a parcel which contained a child, apparently newly-born. When on duty near the Cattle-yards, finding it necessary to go into the bush there to obtain shelter from the rain, he observed a paper parcel lying on the ground. On partly opening it he found it contained a young child, and he immediately reported the matter to the police, by whom it was removed to the Hospital. It was then dead. The police are endeavoring to find traces of the mother of the child.

THE Superintendent of the Auckland Fire Brigade, Mr John Hughes, formerly of this city, appears to be giving great satisfaction. In its report of the fire which occurred in Wakefield street on the 22nd ult., the 'Herald' after having referred to the losses of the insurance offices to the extent of £3350, says:—"It is fortunate, however, that the judicious, and well-timed efforts of our new Fire Brigade Superintendent, Mr Hughes, were the means of preventing further damage. Great credit is due to Superintendent Hughes for his skill and judgment displayed, and to the Brigade under his command for their united and untiring exertions in successfully preventing the spread of the fire. Great surprise was expressed yesterday by those who viewed the ruins at the almost miraculous preservation of Mrs. Sandall's premises and the adjoining wooden houses. Expressions of admiration were freely made use of at the indomitable pluck that must have been shown in arresting the progress of the flames on this juncture. The side and roof of the wooden-built house that saved are one mass of charred and blackened substance, thus bearing testimony to the fiery ordeal which it has passed through. If this is a specimen of Superintendent Hughes's skill, then Auckland city has just cause to be gratified that his services have been secured."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

A miserly settler at Hamilton (Waikato), whose wife was on her death-bed, refused to pay the travelling expenses of his son whom the dying mother wished to see. After the woman died he bought a packing case, nailed a bit of black cloth on it, on which he chalked her name, and thus she was buried.

The following appears in the 'Wanganui Herald' in the shape of an advertisement:—"For sale, cheap.—The pewter drinking pot given by the Wanganui Rifle Association as a silver cup, at the last spring meeting. Price—any sum exceeding 5s. The pot was given as first prize, the second prize being £2."

Flour at the Palmer River is fetching £300 per ton.

A rumour is current in Wellington that Sir Donald M'Lean is to be offered the Governorship of Fiji, but it is not known whether the rumour has any foundation.

About one-third of the young cattle in Auckland is said to have been lost through the severe weather.

The New Zealand Insurance Company has increased its capital to one million pounds in £10 shares.

JUDGE GRAY was rather unfortunate during his recent visit to Queenstown. On the trip up his Honor lost a roll of notes containing £28. The loss was not discovered until after he arrived at Clyde, and the manner of the loss is also unknown.

THE Christchurch City Council, with only one dissenter, has resolved to discontinue at the end of the present year the allowance of £300 a year made to the Mayor for official expenses.

The Melbourne 'Argus' thus sums up the conclusion of a speech recently made by Mr Langton, on the question of Free Trade v. Protection:—"The result of ten years Protection is this—that after deducting the gold, wool, cattle, and sheep imported from neighboring Colonies, our imports have fallen off from £14,336,004, in 1864, to £10,604,064 in 1873, our population having increased in the interval from 605,500 to 800,000. During the same decade our exports, after making similar deductions, have dwindled down from £3,529,864 to £2,743,257; so that, while there was an increase of 25.4 in the population, there was a decrease of 17.6 per cent. in the exports."

A half-caste boy, ten years of age, was drowned in Wellington harbor on the afternoon of the 19th inst.

Mr John Dalgleish has been appointed manager of the Invercargill branch of the new Colonial Bank.

Mr Hawthorne has resigned his position as Rector of the High School.

The day of departure of the Northern goldfields' escort from Clyde is altered from the first Monday to the third Monday in each month, and the next escort will not be despatched till the 16th of November.

The yield of gold of the Shotover Terrace Company for the past fortnight amounted to 33oz. 15gr., the work during that period having been principally confined to fresh timbering the ground.

Mr George Ireland, M.P.C. for Roxburgh, addressed his constituents on Saturday evening last.

According to a Berlin paper the British Government has been for some time in correspondence with foreign Powers on the subject of international regulations as to collisions at sea. Proposals have been submitted by England which will probably result in the calling of an international conference.

At a meeting of the tobacco trade of Scotland it was agreed to raise the price of the manufactured article in consequence of an anticipated light crop in America this season.

DUNEDIN PRESS CLUB.

THE adjourned meeting of the Press Club to receive the report of the Committee appointed to draft the Rules was held in the Club's Reading-room, Provincial Hotel, on Saturday night. The President (Mr G. Bell) occupied the chair, and about twenty members were present. His Honor Judge Chapman was amongst the visitors.

The Rules were first read, after which the company sat down to supper. After that meal, very excellently provided as it was by Mr Sibbald, was done justice to, and the customary honors had been paid to "The Queen and Royal Family," the Chairman gave the following toast:—"The Governor, the Army and Navy of England, the English and Colonial Volunteers, and the Legislatures of Great Britain and this Colony, coupled with the name of Mr Vincent Pyke, M.H.R."

Mr Pyke, in reply, wound up a very amusing speech with the following remarks:—"He had the honor of belonging to the Colonial Legislature, and he had no hesitation in stating that it was the most respectable Legislature south of the line.—(Hear, hear.) Their sittings were so very remote that the people of this Province were unable to know what amount of business was done by the Legislature. They would not know anything at all if it were not for the much-abused Hansard. He tendered his sincere thanks on behalf of all those mentioned in the toast.—(Applause.)"

Song—"Little Footsteps."

His Honor Judge Chapman proposed the next toast—"The Press Club." He said that he supposed he had been asked to propose the toast from the fact that he once formed one of what Miss Fanny Kemble used to call the "Press Gang." In fact, for many years during the time that he was studying the law, he got his living by his connection with the Press, and a very respectable mode of getting a living he thought they would admit it was. (Applause.) He had been connected with newspapers to a considerable extent; but he was not there to tell the whole of his personal history. He would endeavor to confine himself to some portions of the history of the Press of this Colony, which probably no man in the room knew better than himself. First of all, he would congratulate those in the room upon the organisation of a Press Club in Dunedin. He would not go into the common-place remarks with reference to the advantages of union—"Union is strength," and so forth. He would begin by congratulating

the Press of Dunedin upon the formation of the Club, and he hoped that those connected with the Press in other towns would by-and-by determine to unite for social intercourse. This would tend to improve the tone of the Press—the tone of newspapers towards each other—whatever effect it may have upon unfortunate persons to be attacked. (Laughter.) Perhaps the maxim of the Press would be like the maxim attributed to attorneys—to be like shears, not to cut themselves, but what came between. (Laughter.) He would now come to what would be of interest to his hearers, the early history of the Press of this Colony. Though not an Irishman, he would make something like a bull, and say he knew the Press of New Zealand before it existed. The first systematic attempt to colonise New Zealand was made by the New Zealand Company. This company, after some difficulties, opposition, and so forth, established what they called the first Colony at Wellington. Before this Colony was started, a newspaper was projected as necessary for the settlers. This newspaper, it was decided, was to be edited by a Mr Revans, who now lived in the Wairarapa Valley. The first number of the first newspaper to be established in New Zealand was published in London upon the 6th of September, 1839—one month before the colonists left London. He was, therefore, they would see, justified in saying that he knew the Press of New Zealand when it was only in the womb of time. (Applause.) The little history he was about to give them was really very interesting. The first batch of colonists started from the Thames—from Gravesend—in the month of October, and the first ship, the *Aurora*, arrived in New Zealand on the 24th of June. She was followed by the *Oriental*, the Duke of Roxburgh, the Bengal Merchant, the *Adelaide*, which had on board the press, plant, and building for the establishment of the first newspaper in New Zealand. She brought building, press, types, editor, and two or three compositors. (Laughter.) Mr Revans, who was on board this ship, met there an intelligent lad—almost a boy—known to some of you, Mr Thomas McKenzie, or Tom McKenzie, as they used to call him. He became Mr Revans's apprentice. The *Adelaide*, with all the materials for the establishment of a newspaper, dropped anchor on the 7th of March. Everything necessary for the paper was landed three weeks after the *Adelaide* dropped anchor, and the first number of the paper was issued on the 18th of April, or six weeks after the vessel dropped anchor. The name of this publication was the 'New Zealand Gazette,' and it was continued for four years, when Mr Revans left it to follow other pursuits. He became a squatter, and took up land in the Wairarapa Valley, which he got from the natives. The 'Gazette' was then taken in hand by two of the printers, including Mr McKenzie, and its name was changed to the 'Wellington Independent,' which newspaper was in existence until the present year, when it merged into the 'New Zealand Times,' and became a daily paper. He believed that Mr McKenzie was connected with it still, and he also believed that Mr McKenzie was the oldest pressman that was connected with the practical part of the work in New Zealand. Although this was the first newspaper in the Colony, he did not mean to say that the press which printed the 'New Zealand Gazette,' was the first printing press. The Missionaries had a small printing press at Pahi many years before, with which they used to print little books for the instruction of the Maoris—printing prayers, and so forth—extracts from the Scriptures printed in Maori, and a little grammar and accidence for teaching the Maoris English. It was not very good press work, but it was useful in its time. There was also another little press that existed in the Colony before Mr Revans's press made its appearance upon the shores of Port Nicholson. Colonel Wakefield, an agent of the New Zealand Company, had arrived three months before in the ship *Tory* for the purpose of buying land from the Natives. He brought with him a little toy press—a block press—which measured about fourteen inches either way. It was intended to use it for printing notices, but he believed it was never used for the purpose for which it was brought out. One day he (Judge Chapman) went into Colonel Wakefield's office, and espied this same press, and, having a little affection for presses, he began to ask him about it. He looked at it, and said, "By Jove, I will send for one of those presses for my boys." Colonel Wakefield very kindly gave him the press, and sent it to him, whereupon he introduced his eldest son to the rudiments of practical printing. A lot of boys at that time formed a Cricket Club, and their resolutions—which were discussed with quite as much gravity as characterised the discussion of the rules of the Press Club earlier in the evening—were not only reduced to writing, but were actually set up and printed by his boy, with a little assistance from himself. (Applause.) He was only sorry he had not kept copies of some of them. What became of this press he did not know. They all knew how boys neglected their toys. He took it to Victoria with him when he went to that Colony, and he did not know where it was now. It was the second printing press introduced into the Colony of New Zealand. The early history of the Colony was often alluded to in the Press of the present day. Shortly after the arrival of the first batch of immigrants, Captain Hobson, R.N., landed at the Bay of Islands, and declared himself Governor of the Colony. He intended to establish a township at that place, and make it the capital of New Zealand. He found the place inconvenient, however, and removed to what we now call Auckland. The first newspaper established at Auckland was called the 'Herald.' There was another newspaper started at the same place, which had rather a curious story. The proprietor had plenty of type, but unfortunately he had not a press. He bought a mangle—(laughter)—so somebody's mother must have sold her mangle—(renewed laughter)—as policemen said in the witness-box sometimes, "he did not know of his own knowledge" that he had ever seen a mangle. He had heard of them, however, and a good many jokes were made about this one. The paper used to say, "We have stopped the mangle" to insert some news of interest. (Laughter.) These were the Auckland papers. Now in Wellington the 'New Zealand Gazette' soon had rivals. The first was established by Mr Hanson, now the Chief Justice of South Australia, who at that time fell out with the Government, and established an independent paper. The paper was well written, for Mr Hanson was a man of ability, but somehow or other, it did not find favor with the colonists,

and died after a twelve months' existence. The then Wellington paper, called the 'Spectator,' ran a course of ten or eleven years. He would now cast his eyes back to England, which brought him to his first personal connection with that part of the Press relating to New Zealand. When the colonists started for this land in 1839 he had a number of old friends among them, Mr Revans, Mr Molesworth, Mr Peter, Dr. Fitzherbert, and a great many of the oldest colonists. He was acquainted with a large number of them, and he promised them that he would establish a small newspaper in London to watch over the colonists. He carried out his promise, and started a small paper which was called the 'New Zealand Journal.' It was published once a fortnight, and was something about the same size as the 'Home News,' or the 'London Spectator.' After he had kept this paper going for three years, he began to get into practice, and he sold it. Some six or eight months after this he was appointed Judge, and came out to this Colony. He had ten volumes of the 'New Zealand' here, and a very interesting record it was. Every public document relating to New Zealand which made its appearance at the time, found its way into this journal, from first to last, so that it now constituted a complete record of the history of the colonisation of New Zealand for the first ten years of its existence. The journal was afterwards merged into the 'Australian Gazette,' which afterwards became the 'Australian and New Zealand Gazette,' and was edited by an old New Zealand colonist, who held the office for many years. He had a complete volume of it, but he had lost sight of it for a time. Many would recollect that, at the time he was speaking of, the colonists only numbered about 1198. He came to New Zealand in 1842, three years after the Colony was established. He could sum up all that was then known about the Middle Island in a few words. They knew that there was such a place as Port Cooper, now Lyttelton, and they also knew of such a person as John Jones, of Waikouaiti, in Otakou, as the Natives called the place. They just knew that there was such a place, and this was all they knew except what they could learn from Captain Cook's maps and charts. Let them look how the Colony had grown since then. The only article of export at this time was whale oil, which was exported to the value of about £25,000 a year, which at that time was not bad for a Colony with only 1100 people. They had no other export trade. It was only some years after the time he was now speaking of that sheep were introduced. At Home the people believed that there was nothing but fern in the Colony, and that there was not a place where a beast or a sheep could be put to feed unless grass were artificially raised for him. Only in later times the vast grass plains were heard about. Then persons used to come and say that they had seen grass, and a few specimens were brought in. Let them look at the resources now. After alluding to the present prosperous state of New Zealand, His Honor went on to say that the Press had greatly contributed to the general welfare of the Colony. He was, of course, addressing favorable ears; but if he were addressing a meeting of 60 or 70 persons, not one of whom was personally interested in the Press, all would agree that the Press had maintained a very respectable character in the whole of this Colony. Now and then a newspaper lost its temper, just as a lawyer did, but generally the newspapers here were alive to the interests of the Colony. The Press was open to contributors who would take the trouble to investigate any matter of interest to the Colony, and these matters were discussed in as fair and reasonable a manner as they could be by any Press on the face of the earth. It was with very great pleasure that he proposed the toast, not of the Press of New Zealand—but of the Press Club, which institution he had no doubt would not only produce a great deal of good-fellowship, but would tend indirectly to improve the tone of the Press.—(Applause.)

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Chairman, in replying on behalf of the Club, said that he was sure that they were all interested in the Judge's account of the New Zealand Press. When he (Judge Chapman) saw the first issues of the Press in the early days he probably never thought he would be present at the inauguration of a Press Club in Dunedin as he had. The Judge's presence had given them an idea of what could be successfully accomplished in New Zealand. After some remarks 'anent the literary clubs of Goldsmith's day, the Speaker went on to say that the time might come when people would be criticising the doings of their Club. Therefore it became them to watch their actions, and endeavor to promote the Institution in every possible way.—(Hear, hear.) The end of the Club was not to supply only amusement, but to provide a second home where they might meet for confidence and friendly intercourse. When he looked upon those whom he knew, he had no doubt that they would all experience their greatest pleasure in promoting the interests of the Club. They were all obliged to His Honor for having given them an insight into the early history of the Press in New Zealand, and in his presence they had been honored that evening.—(Applause.)

The other toasts proposed were—"Our Visitors," which was responded to by His Honor the Judge, who gave some more interesting reminiscences; "The Hon. Secretary, Mr Humphries;" "The President, Mr George Bell;" and "Mr B. L. Farjeon," whose successful career was the theme of much enviable admiration.

At an early hour the company dispersed, after a pleasant evening spent in the inauguration of what cannot fail to be a very useful institution.

NOT BAD FOR JACK.—A West Coast paper relates the following good story:—"One of the best things we have heard for a long time, comes in an English letter to an old and respected resident of Coromandel, and as it has not been in print we have much pleasure in making it public. When Sir Garnet Woolsey was embarking his forces for the Ashantee expedition, a detachment of Royal Artillery was the first to embark. As Jack was handing the luggage up, he called out the address—Captain—R.A.; Lieut.—R.A., &c., &c. With a comical look he squinted to his mate on deck and said 'Shiver my timbers, Bill, if Solomon in all his glory was R.A.'d (arrayed) like these fellows are.' Bill exploded and so have all who heard the joke, which is too good to be lost.—Mail."

OPENING OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, TIMARU.

FOR some time past the Roman Catholic portion of our community have been conducting their services in a very humble manner in a building not at all appropriate for such solemn observances. Mainly through the exertions of the Rev. Father Chataignier, however, a movement has been afoot, having for its object the erection of a proper place of worship, and accordingly subscriptions have been freely given for the purpose, the result being the handsome little building which was opened for Divine worship on Sunday last.

The building itself is situate on a section of land on the western side of the boundary of the town facing its junction with Brown street. The foundations are of blue stone, three feet in height, the church, as is usual with all Romish ones, being cruciform. It is built in accordance with the Gothic style of architecture, and presents a very pretty appearance, being quite an ornament to this portion of the town. Its total length from east to west is 55ft., and the extreme width 35ft. The walls, from the foundation to the eaves, are 13ft. in height, and from the level of the ground to the apex of the roof is nearly 32ft. The steeple is situated on the southern side of the church, being 60ft. in height, unmounted by a cross. The roof is shingled, a portion of which is colored. The porch by which the church is entered, is situate at the south-western part, is 8ft. by 4ft., the steps leading up to the building being of dressed blue stone, and the floor of the porch cemented. The interior of the church is 33ft. in length by 24ft. in width. The chancel at the eastern end is 20ft. in length, being apsidal in shape. The sanctuary is reached from the body of the church by two steps, on the top one of which is the communion rail. At the further end of this sanctuary are two more steps leading to the altar. The whole of the work in the interior of the building is of a Gothic character, being uniform throughout to the walls. Over the altar are placed three stained glass windows, the centre one representing the Lord Jesus, to the left, the Virgin Mary, and to the right, St. Joseph. There are also two other stained glass windows in the chancel, in fact, all the rest of them in the church are stained also. On the north side, there is a recess for the singers and the harmonium, the dimensions being 10ft. by 5ft. The vestry is a small room on the ground floor of the steeple, and which can also be entered by a door from the outside of the building. At the extreme eastern end are the confessionals, 8ft. by 4ft. Ascending a flight of steps from the vestry the second and third floors of the steeple are reached. In the fourth story the bell, which weighs 2 cwt., is hung. The church is furnished with comfortable seats and varnished. The altar which is of partly carved Gothic work is furnished with six candlesticks, towards the middle of each of which are shields bearing the sacred monogram in gilt letters on a blue ground. It is also tastefully decorated with artificial flowers, the whole of which, when the candles are lighted have a very pretty effect. In the rood at the entrance to the chancel is a wooden crucifix, under which is a lighted candle.

As we before stated, the architect is the Rev. Father Chataignier, and the contractors Messrs Derby and Philips.

On Sunday morning last the Roman Catholics of Timaru assembled for the first time in this church, which will be dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and will shortly be consecrated by Bishop Redwood.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Father Chataignier, who was attired in rich vestments, attended by five acolytes, in accordance with the Romish ritual. The harmonium was presided over by Miss Griffin, and the solos were rendered very effectively by Miss Fiddler.

After the celebration of the mass and the Holy Eucharist, the Rev. Father Chataignier preached a short sermon, taking as his text the first verse of the 121st Psalm, Douay version—"I rejoice at the things that were said to me: we shall go to the house of the Lord." He remarked that he deemed these words as a fit expression of the feelings which had taken the steps of his flock thither that day. To him it was a day of unalloyed and sanctified gladness. He rejoiced because he had at last, at the price of much anxiety and of no small outlay of means, been enabled to offer a house to his Lord Jesus. He rejoiced because they were permitted to offer a house to the sacramental indwelling of their God and Saviour. He rejoiced because henceforth they would meet under a roof more worthy of Him, wherein to adore Him in humility of soul, and offer to him the sweet incense of praise, and raise towards His throne the childlike accents of confident prayer or the silent sighs of a sorrowful heart. With greater means at their disposal—had they been more numerous, instead of being a few units only, lost, as it were, amongst the hundreds making up this community—they might have been entitled to borrow other words of the Psalmist, and looking on a majestic and more extensive pile; exclaimed with jubilant soul, "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of Hosts." Their church became from that time the residence in this town of the Eucharistic presence, waiting for humble supplications, and sorrowful entreaties, to meet the first with a refreshing shower of Divine grace, and the latter with words of forgiveness and of peace. It would also be to the hungered, world-weary, weakened, wounded soul, the house of bread, another Bethlehem, wherein the Divine charity would keep always ready at hand a feast of love. One further consideration would add to the loveliness of their church. With the sanction of their now soon-expected Bishop, it would be dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus: its name by anticipation, "The Church of the Sacred Heart." The rev. gentleman explained the reasons for naming the church as above, and proceeded to remark that such considerations guided him in doing so, and he thought he would place his flock, good and bad, in the wounds of the Sacred Heart, and thus gradually draw them to the contemplation of its loveliness, and most merciful and boundless charity. They would now join in prayer and holy sacrifice, begging through the merits of the Sacred Victim, Jesus, help for the fulfilment of their hopeful district, while He came for the first time to take possession of the House they had built for Him, and to consecrate it by His sanctifying presence.

At the conclusion of the sermon a collection was made, which resulted in the handsome sum of £45 being added to the Building Fund.

In concluding our report of the opening of the church, we have to congratulate the Roman Catholics of Timaru, first on having such an indefatigable clergyman as the Rev. Father Chataignier, who also was the architect and superintendent of the building, and also in possessing such a pretty church as was opened for the first time on Sunday last.—*South Canterbury Times.*

G A L I L E O .

W. SWANSON, ESQ., M.H.R.—THE R. C. CHURCH.—THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

WHEN imperfectly educated and inveterately prejudiced enemies of the Church have a mind to prove that she is an enemy to science, the case of Galileo is ever ready to their hand. A celebrated member of the Legislature and a secularist, Mr. W. Swanson, threw the case of Galileo in my teeth a short time ago, when justifying his views as a secularist. These gentlemen take good care to tell only a part of Galileo's story, and of the relation of the Church to his system of astronomy, for the best of reasons perhaps, because they do not know the whole story. We are all aware that a half-told story is very convenient for certain dishonest purposes, and that to suppress part of the truth is often the worst form of direct falsehood. It is true that Galileo was persecuted in one sense, and it is true that his great predecessor, Copernicus, was also persecuted by calumnious tongues, if not otherwise, and that in both cases ecclesiastics were the persecutors. But Galileo taught his system for years in the Italian Universities, with the full knowledge of dignitaries of the Catholic Church, and when in the full height of his fame as a teacher of the Copernican system of astronomy, the then Pope received him in Rome with every public mark of friendship and honor. A successor of this Pope not only adopted Galileo's system, but, by his thorough knowledge of it, turned it to a most valuable practical purpose. By means of it he introduced a more correct computation of time, the benefit of which the Christian world, with the exception of Russia, enjoy at this day. The present is called the Gregorian Calendar, in honor of the eminent Pope who introduced it. Galileo's great predecessor, Copernicus, dedicated his immortal work on "The Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies" to Pope Paul III., because he said his Holiness was, of all men living, the best qualified, by his profound knowledge of mathematics, to judge of its merits, and to defend his reputation from ignorant and malicious traducers. I have never had an opportunity of seeing in full the report of the judicial proceedings of the Court before which Galileo was tried at Rome, and should like if any of your learned readers would say where such could be obtained. Individual ecclesiastics—and I presume even ecclesiastical Courts of inferior jurisdiction—may meddle with things they do not understand, and go far out of their depth. Certain it is, the Church, as a leading authority, does not pretend, and never did pretend, to pronounce with infallible certainty on pure questions of physical science. If Galileo was persecuted, the Church, in her corporate capacity, was not the persecutor. Her Popes and high dignitaries—Catholic kings, princes, and noblemen—have been among the most zealous and munificent patrons of science and learning in past ages. They may be so in the future. It is a notorious fact that all the great Universities in Europe were founded by Popes, or under their auspices, without the aid of education rates or taxes. Our own matchless Alfred led the way—a Catholic Sovereign, the latchet of whose shoes even Queen Victoria would not be worthy to untie.—*L.A.C.*

P.S.—Modern Protestant scholars and philosophers, while reaping all the advantages which their Catholic predecessors in past ages have given them, often turn round, and with base and black ingratitude, reproach them, and the Church which patronised them, as the enemies of all progress. Mr W. Swanson does not pretend to be a scholar or philosopher, yet he makes misuse of the little knowledge he possesses to misrepresent and blacken the character of the Roman Catholic Church and her clergy.

ST. PATRICK AND ST. COLUMBA, CATHOLIC PIONEERS OF IRISH AND SCOTCH CIVILISATION.

AUCKLAND.

THE conductors of the Protestant Press in this colony—the men who profess "to lead," but who so frequently mislead and deceive the people on subjects connected with the Catholic Church—might study with profit the lives of St. Patrick and St. Columba, as given in the first volume of "Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia"—a Protestant work. They would there find both their own ignorance and ingratitude sternly rebuked. The above two eminent saints not only introduced Christianity among the idolatrous and barbarous natives of Ireland and Scotland, but they laid the foundations of that proficiency in literature and the practical arts of life for which the people of Scotland and Ireland have ever since been so celebrated, and for which they are so highly distinguished at this day. Even in their day—nearly fourteen hundred years ago—we see evidence of the existence of that burning zeal or passion for letters, and for the advancement of the Christian religion, which marks the character of the Scotch and Irish people in our own time. St. Patrick and St. Columba preached to no cold or unwilling hearers, and their efforts to advance the interests of religion and secular learning, as well as the practical arts, were nobly seconded by those who had just received the faith and love of Christ at their hands. These are the lights and ornaments and supports of a Church, which our modern "gentlemen of the Press" and platform orators seek to persuade the million is ever hostile to all social progress, and desires above all things to keep her children in ignorance, for the most unworthy of purposes. The very same spirit which animated the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland and Ireland when St. Patrick and St. Columba lived animates her still. What a contrast between the characters of St. Patrick and St. Columba and that of the barbarian Knox, who, with his worldly, ambitious, and blood-thirsty accomplices, did so much to bring reproach on Scotland and Christ-

ianity, under pretence of "reforming" religion and establishing freedom. It must be granted, however, that the Scotch Catholics, at the time Knox lived and plotted and raved to serve his own ambitious ends and the evil designs of the sordid crew associated with him, were degenerate sons of St. Columba, and Knox was the most degenerate of them all.

"Though the introduction of Christianity into the North of Scotland and a portion of England," says the Protestant writer in the 'Cyclopædia,' "is the most prominent result of St. Columba's labours, we should never forget that they led in a degree nearly equal to the civilisation of those regions. The missionary of the middle ages was not merely the preacher and administrator of the sacraments. He was the herald of literature, science, and human improvement in every shape. We shall regard St. Columba and his associates with a reverence which we should refuse to personages merely historic, inasmuch as there can be no just comparison between the regenerator and destroyer of a people—between the enlightened missionary and conqueror."

Speaking of St. Patrick, this writer says:—"There is no instance on record of a success so astonishing as that which attended the labors of St. Patrick and his immediate successors. They found a great nation of Pagans; before the missionaries' death, hundreds of thousands had been received into the bosom of the Church; in less than a century, universal Ireland was enclosed in one fold. Nor is it less remarkable that before the close of the sixth century Ireland should boast of homes which, whether for piety or learning, had no superiors in the most cultivated regions of the Continent."

This is high praise to St. Patrick and the people of Ireland, and its value is enhanced as coming from the pen of a Protestant writer. He further adds that "Monastic schools were established by St. Patrick: by his disciples they were multiplied and enlarged, until their celebrity was diffused over Europe—until, as we learn from the *Via Bede*, the youths of Britain were sent to them for their education. Of these, St. Patrick and his disciples founded above one hundred, and one hundred more are said to have been indebted for their existence to St. Columba." Well may the hearts of Scotchmen and Irishmen be gladdened on reading such things, and well may our modern calumniators of the Church feel ashamed when they read them. The happiest and most glorious days for old Ireland were those she saw ere she was cursed with Danish or Saxon rule and oppression. She has suffered long and much since the Blessed Patrick lived among her people. But whom God loves He scourges. A happy day is dawning on her again. Justice, as John Bright lately said, is raising her scales aloft in Ireland now, and white-robed innocence is descending on her. Her children, scattered through all lands, are proving themselves worthy children of St. Patrick, and mindful of the ancient fame and glory of their country. They have never lost, and never will lose, their love for letters, religion, and justice. Oppressed and wronged in their own dear native land, they seek happier homes in other countries, beyond the "Western Moon," and elsewhere. To St. Columba the Scotch are shamefully ungrateful: among them his name is never heard. In New Zealand itself, we see the Irish Catholic element is now becoming pretty strong. They are organising for the noblest purposes of religion, charity, patriotism, and education. They are the real "party of progress"—sound and safe and wholesome progress. They are led by the official successors of St. Patrick and St. Columba, in whom they place implicit confidence.

The same volume of the 'Encyclopædia' contains the biography of another eminent Catholic pioneer of British civilisation—the Great Alfred. The writer concludes his sketch in these words:—"His anxiety for the welfare of his people raises him to the level of the best rulers the world has ever seen. His enlightened views, his enterprising spirit, stamp him as truly great. His affability won him the favor, his generosity the love of his subjects. His piety might even have procured him the honor of Canonization. On the whole, making due allowance for the extravagant admiration with which he has been regarded by posterity, we may say with the distinguished authors of the 'Biographer Universal,' as a man and a king he is one of those who have done most honor to humanity." It was most probably because he was the most truly Catholic and religious Sovereign that ever sat on the throne of England, that he was also the wisest and the best of rulers the world has ever seen, and an honor to human nature itself. Even the present occupant of the British throne is not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes, great as her merits are. Speaking of his piety, this biographer says:—"He made an exact division of his revenue, a good portion of which he applied to purposes of religion, of learning, and alms-giving; in fact, he placed no value on money." Could the most obsequious courtier in our day venture to say as much of the reigning Sovereign, or any of her family? No. None but a Catholic, and a good Catholic Sovereign, could ever be expected to imitate the virtues of Alfred, or even to attempt to imitate them. Yet the spiritual mother who bore him, and nursed him in her bosom, and imparted to his great mind and heart the virtues he exhibited, is stigmatised by our modern would-be "leaders of public opinion" as the enemy of all human progress, the patron of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, and of everything ungenerous, selfish, and mean, and, above all, the enemy of public liberty and justice and patriotism and loyalty.

The Scotch Celt is doing his part nobly in this Colony to uphold the cause of education, though unhappily he has departed from the principles which the illustrious St. Columba inculcated upon his generous and religious ancestors, and which for a thousand years they faithfully followed. Thank God, there are signs in Scotland of a return to these salutary principles in our time, since some of the noblest of Scotia's sons and daughters are returning to the Catholic fold—the Church of St. Columba. Whether as Protestant or Catholic, the Scotch, like the Irish Celt, will ever retain his love of learning, piety, and freedom. Patriotism and loyalty will ever be proudly inscribed on their banners. In whatever land they may settle, they will lead their children to remember affectionately the country from which they came.

Since writing the above, I have seen in your paper the address of

the Bishop of Ardagh on the consecration of the Catholic University of Ireland to the Sacred Heart. Here is proof that the noble spirit of St. Patrick, his zeal for learning, both secular and religious, still survive in his descendants—his spiritual children. Our Protestant Press are for ever boasting of what "The Anglo-Saxon" has done, is still doing, and likely to do for Christian civilisation. The Anglo-Saxon is a noble, energetic, and gifted race, and has done much for human progress; but the Celt—that is, the Scotch and Irish race, for they are of the same breed—have done and are doing as much, if not more, to advance the best interests of humanity in all parts of the world, and are worthy rivals of the Anglo-Saxon race, if not in material wealth and power, at least in wealth and power of a higher, because a spiritual and intellectual, kind. St. Patrick and his friends had first to subdue the Pagan natives of Ireland. This done, they had to meet a worst set of Pagans than even these—namely, the Danes. After that they had to encounter the fierce and selfish Norman Catholic invaders of their country. Last, and worst of all, they had to meet the greedy and remorseless English Protestants. Crushed under the iron heel of all these oppressors in succession, the spiritual children of St. Patrick have never lost their inborn attachment to letters, religion, and freedom. Hence the Irish Catholic University, founded under the auspices of Pope Pius IX., and now rising into power in spite of every obstacle, and which has just been formally consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Him who formed the human soul, and can best direct all its powers in the pursuit of knowledge of all kinds.

In this Colony the Irish Celt shows his hereditary love of letters; for here Catholic schools, in spite of every drawback, maintain their ground, and offer to enter the lists, on equal terms, with any other class of schools in the Colony. The Legislature, instead of meeting this offer in a frank and liberal manner, have done all in their power to swamp and extinguish Catholic schools—to run them down by the sheer force of public money and a tyrant majority. But they will never succeed in their unworthy object. The spiritual children of St. Patrick are irrepressible, and refuse to be crushed. They may be crushed for a period, longer or shorter, but they will rise up again, fresher and more powerful than ever. Like the Church to which they belong, they "flourish in immortal youth," smile at the tyrant's rage, and defy his power.

IRISHMEN IN ART.

A DISTINGUISHED historian has written:—"Brayed in a mortar for centuries, scourged by every English ministry, and traduced by almost every English writer, as Ireland has been, it is delightful to witness her unconquerable spirit, soaring with immortal pinions over the proudest pinnacles of art and science owned by her heartless sister, and perching wherever she willet on those devoted to science, art, music, poetry, arms, eloquence, literature, and even mechanism." These words were written many years ago (in 1857), when the artistic opportunities and educational facilities open to the Irish race were far more limited than at the present day. Yet, even seventeen years since, the words were literally true. Passing over the familiar fields of literature and science, and coming to the domain of art, we find that Hogan was then classed with Carnova, by competent critics, for the grace and beauty of his sculptures. Oldham (a native of Dublin) was at the summit of his fame so fairly won by his marvellous mechanical inventions. He it was who invented the intricate machines for engraving, printing, and numbering bank-notes, thereby making forgery almost impossible. Without this apparatus, modern banking would be a perpetual risk. Then, too, worked MacIise, "the greatest living master of the human figure," whose frescoes adorn the English Parliament House, and one of whose pictures stands above the royal throne in the House of Lords. This Parliament house itself is a monument to Irish genius. When the old house was destroyed by fire, the committee advertised over the whole continent of Europe for plans and specifications. Three hundred plans were received from famous architects. That which was adopted, and which carried off the premium, had appended to it the name of Barry, a native of Waterford. Then too, Martin A. Shea was president of the London Academy of Painting, and Doyle was convulsing the world with the trenchant satire of his pencil. Balfe, the composer, was just winning his way to a splendid reputation, which is in no danger of declining now, for his ballads and operas grow more popular every day. Fowler and Carew were working marble into life with their chisels; as was Bailly also, whose statue of "Eve at the Fountain" is a recognised masterpiece, fit to stand beside the finest relics of Grecian art. Haverly, Burton, Mulvany, Ingham, and many others were well known as painters.

We might extend the list at will, but it is not our purpose now to exhaust it. Coming down to our own day, it is gratifying to know that the mantle of Hogan and Bailly has fallen upon a worthy Irish-American successor in the person of Mr Flannery, of Washington, a young and talented sculptor. He is no mere copyist of other men's ideas, nor does he belong to that class of eager aspirants who work out crude ideas into meaningless groups and figures. On the contrary, there is evidence of healthy originality, vigour and thorough culture in his work; and though yet a young man, he has won for himself a place among the brotherhood of genuine artists. In 1865, an association was formed for the purpose of erecting a statue to the memory of President Lincoln, and the best talent of the country was invited to furnish designs for the work. Among many competitors, Mr Flannery bore off the palm, and in due time completed the imposing figure of "Old Abe," now familiar to every visitor at the National capital. He has distanced competition in several other trials of the same kind, and the creations of his hands are scattered over the country. His genius reflects credit on our element, and to no one else so appropriately as to him could be committed the execution of the statue which St. Louis proposes to erect to the memory of O'Connell. Such a choice would make the work Irish-American in a double sense.

MISS BRADDON ON IRELAND.

AN INTERESTING ARTICLE.

"IRELAND for Tourists," is the title of a most readable paper which will appear in the July number of 'Belgravia,' from the graphic pen of Miss Braddon. We have great pleasure in transferring to our columns the first portion of the article, which we have no doubt will be perused with pleasure:—

"It was the end of May, and the hawthorns were fading in the English hedges, when we started for our Irish holiday, restricted to a fortnight at the outside, and determined to make the most of our time. We left Paddington at 4.50 in the afternoon, a comfortable hour, which enabled us to despatch the day's business before starting. An express train carried us at a splendid rate, and at two o'clock in the morning we found ourselves at Milford Haven, where a few steps chiefly under cover, brought us from the station to the boat. We had been supremely comfortable in our railway carriage, indulging in a series of naps, but our surroundings now were positively palatial in character, and we woke up to admire the exquisite finish of the carefully fitted salon, where a well-laid supper-table was by no means an unwelcome spectacle after our nine hours' spin on the admirably managed Great Western. We were on board the Milford, one of the three new steamers built for the Great Western Railroad Company, and most luxuriously fitted for passenger traffic. The marble-framed fire-place, with its encaustic tiles and shining steel fender; the comfortable and roomy sofas, covered with dark green velvet; the perfect finish of every panel and every moulding; the circular hall, from which the numerous staterooms open; the broad and easy staircase, which it would be mockery to call a companion-way—all these claimed their share of admiration. One sighed for the fortune of a Westminister or Rothschild, to be able to charter just such a boat for a pleasure yacht—and cruise gaily about the Mediterranean with a run down the Suez, and across the Red Sea, to the spicy isles of Ind.

"A plentiful supper, and another series of naps on the green velvet sofas, and lo! it is a bright May morning, and we are steaming up the Suir, between sloping banks clad with verdure, and with cool, gray mountains in the distance. At ten, or a little later, we are in Waterford, and speedily establish ourselves at the Adelphi Hotel, where we have large, airy rooms, and a fine view of that extensive quay which is the chief feature of the city, and of the green and wooded opposite shore of Kilkenny, where a couple of church spires peeped out from among the foliage, and a villa here and there shows whitely upon the slope of the hill. Just opposite our windows, at the corner of the broad street and the quay, stands the tower of Reginald the Dane—grim, and gray, and story—one of the three original towers which used to stand at angles of the city walls, enclosing a triangular area of fifteen acres. Rough and old as it looks, it has been reconstructed—'re-edified' is the favorite word here—within the present century, and is now occupied by the police. Waterford, founded by the Danes in the ninth century, has plenty of interesting historical remains, had we leisure to examine them. But our time is limited, and the sun is shining brightly on this city, whose Gaelic name signifies the haven of the sun, so we charter a jaunting car, and drive up and down the quay and streets, seeing all we can in an hour or two. The quay is long and wide, the shops and warehouses well occupied, and with a sufficiently prosperous air. There is not that neatness or freshness of paint about the business premises to which our English eyes are accustomed, but there is no appearance of squalor, or even poverty. The people seem comfortably clad and cheerful of aspect; there are no ragged gutter children about the streets, and only here and there, leaning luxuriously against the doorway, basking in the sun, we see that typical Irishman who looks as if he had just walked out of a picture by Mr. Nicol. The women here, and indeed wherever we go, wear long black cloaks with capacious hoods, something like the cloaks worn by the women of Bruges, but rarely or never of silk. Seen from a little distance, these cloaks have a curious effect, for the women look like cowed monks stalking grimly along the street, foregathering at a corner. We do not see many pretty girls during that drive through the wide, airy streets of Waterford, with their tall, straight houses, which have something like of a foreign look; but we do see plenty of pretty children—blue-eyed, bright haired, rosy-cheeked, well fed and happy—and one grand looking peasant woman of colossal mould, who looks like Coriolanus's mother, and stands on the quay with a basket on her arm, gossiping for a half an hour at a stretch, pending the departure of a steamer, in whose passengers she appears to have only the most fortuitous interest.

"The city explored, we cross the Suir, and drive along the country road on the Kilkenny side—a hilly road, well wooded, and with a handsome mansion here and there standing far off the highway in its well kept grounds. Here, for the first time, we see the ferns which abound throughout the south of Ireland, more richly even than in Devonshire. Every hedge and bank is a natural fernery, rough blocks of stone heaped up as if with careful eye to effect, and the tender green ferns thrusting forth their innocent fronds from every corner. Here, too, we first hear the name of Malcomson, which is a power throughout Waterford, and faraway to Kilkee's rugged shore at the western point of Ireland. The brothers Malcomson are merchants, shipowners, manufacturers, land owners, country gentlemen—'tout ce que vous voulez.' To our ignorant ears everything seems to belong to these fortunate brothers, of so many fine houses and well-cared-for estates are they proprietors. This first day in Waterford is rather a lazy day, for we are not of the hard-working class of tourists, and, perhaps, waste a little of our time. We lay down the lines of our campaign, dine comfortably at the Adelphi, where Mrs. Keogh, the proprietress, treats us with as much care and consideration for our well-being as if we were her most valued friends, and comes to our rooms to see with her own eyes that chambermaids have done their duty, is careful to provide us with our cold baths, for which no charge is made in the bill, and proves herself altogether one of the best of hostesses. It seems curious to put our watches back half an hour to-night, and to know that when we get up at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, Irish time, it will be half-past eight at

home. The long evening strikes us too—more especially a little later on, when it is light till nearly ten o'clock. Next morning we start betimes on a jaunting car hired from the livery stables, altogether a superior vehicle with less tendency to jerk one off face foremost upon the pavement, or to send one flying at corners, than the ordinary street car—to explore the sister watering-places of Dunmore and Tramore. We go to Dunmore first by a lovely road, which carries us past the finest suburb of Waterford—a road along the crest of a hill, and commanding the river and the green slopes of Kilkenny for many a mile of rich and various country. It is almost a Devonshire landscape, and the hedgerows and ferny banks are enough in themselves to afford delight. The ten mile drive is not a whit too long. About half way we turn our backs upon the river, and now there are the hills on either side of us—a noble range—and at one point a lake spreading broad and blue under the blue sky. In all the ten miles we pass no such thing as a hamlet, only a homestead here and there, or a cabin cleanly whitewashed. Throughout the south of Ireland whitewash reigns triumphant, giving an external air of cleanliness which may not, perhaps, be fully borne out by the state of things within. The Hibernian mind seems to have a prejudice against stairs. Among all the cabins we see there is no such thing as a dwelling with an upper story. There is your street door, and your single window on each side, and from the glance one can get within the general impression conveyed is of an interior composed of one room. But be the cabin ever so dilapidated, the thatch ever so weedy, there is one piece of furniture rarely wanting, and this is a kitchen dresser big enough for a ten-roomed house, and amply provided with crockeryware. This is evidently the altar of the Irishwoman's household gods. The cottages, if not luxurious, have a pleasing effect on the landscape—their white walls gleaming here and there among the universal green.

"Fertility is the chief charm of the scene. There is no high farming here—there are no bleak bare tracts of cornfield unshaded by a tree; no hedgeless deserts of turnip or mangle. Small meadows with rich hedge-rows, where the pink and white hawthorns blossom abundantly—their bloom is at least a fortnight later than in England. Low stone walls sometimes, but even the walls are made picturesque by their irregularity and the ferns and mosses which bind the rough stones together instead of mortar. It is a fact to be noted that Irish farmers have a passion for display in the way of gates. Instead of England's humble five barred gate of rough timber, we behold massive stone pillars and grandiose iron portals to meadows half a dozen acres or so in extent.

"We go up hill and down hill, and then up hill again, the horse going splendidly—we never had a bad horse all the time we were in Ireland—and now Dunmore lies before us, a village that might lie in the palm of the famous Irish giant's hand; a few white-walled cabins and villas scattered along a curve of the shore, a bright blue bay, a snug harbor, where a few mackerel boats and a single yacht lie at anchor, a stone pier, and a green background of hill and wood. To our mind, Dunmore seems the most charming little seaside place in the world—very quiet, very lonely, very destitute of what is called 'attraction' in a watering place, but just the most tranquil, lovable spot upon earth—a place where the world-weary spirit might find rest, the sick and tired recover freshness and bloom—a place full of sheltered cover for hardy bathers, and boasting a sandy haven under the boldly jutting cliffs which to children must be paradise. There are numerous clean-looking cottages to be let—most of them entirely on one floor—at rents ranging from eight pounds a month to twenty. August and September are the fashionable months, and many of the houses we saw were already let for that season.

"We were sorry enough to leave tranquil Dunmore, but we had another ten mile drive across country to the more populous and fashionable Tramore. This favorite and fashionable resort lies on the side of a hill, and seen from the distance looks like Ventnor, but on examination is discovered to be less sophisticated. Here there is a fine hotel and plenty of houses less primitive in their architecture than the one story cottages of Dunmore. Here the wealthy citizen has built his villa, and walled in his three or four acres of well-kept garden, the flowers growing as luxuriantly as in the Isle of Wight. Here there is a grassy terrace at the top of the cliff provided with comfortable seats for the idler, and commanding a noble sweep of ocean. Here there are baths and all the amenities of civilization except a pastry cook's shop, for which our party, intent upon some light refreshment, looked in vain. There is a railway from Waterford to Tramore, with trains every hour, and the road between the city and its sea-coast suburb is a capital one; indeed all the roads in this part of Ireland are remarkable for their excellence.

"We started next morning for Cahir, the railway carrying us through a charming country on the banks of the Suir, past Portlaw, where the all-puissant Malcomsons have their cotton factory; past many a pleasant homestead and domain—the De la Poer and Bernal Osborne seats notable among these—and between two ranges of hills. Those ever-present hills give a charm and a nobility to the landscape which one sorely misses on returning to English scenery. Our plan was to drive from Cahir to Lismore by car, stopping that night at Lismore, and going on to Youghal next day by steamer down the Blackwater—a stream of which the Irish are particularly proud, and which has been called the Irish Rhine. At Cahir we made a bond with the driver of the mail car, who went no further than Clogheen, whether he was willing to convey us for a moderate consideration, and who pledged himself to find us a car at Clogheen to carry us the rest of our way. This gentleman gave us half an hour to dispose of as we listed in the streets of Cahir. It afforded us just time enough to stroll down to the bridge, where there is a pretty bit for the painter—a river flowing with a gentle curve, a goodly row of elms, behind which leafy screen stands a terrace of old fashioned houses, a ruined castle dominating the scene, its rugged ivy mantled wall reflected in a tideless pool that washes its base. This mediæval fortress held out for ten days against the Earl of Essex—Elizabeth's fated favorite—and all his army. It was invested nearly a century later by Lord Inchiquin, when it surrendered in a few hours. Fortress and state are now the property of Mr. Malcomson.

"We take just one peep into the courtyard of the castle, approached by a path between banks of rockwork where the young ferns are sprouting abundantly. A comfortable house and garden nestle snugly in the stone wall quadrangle, guarded by a ponderous old door with ancient iron latch and primitive iron knocker. Here within these castle walls, with roses growing where erst paced the mailed feet of warriors, a country gentleman might doze away life pleasantly enough. There are chambers worth seeing in the remnant of the old fortress, the care-taker tells us; but it is not to be supposed Her Majesty's mail car will wait, so we stroll back through the little town, wondering somewhat, in this whiskey-producing land, to see rows of brandy bottles bristling in the grocers' windows.

THE ELECTIONS IN ROME.

THE NUMBER OF VOTERS.

Rome, July 16, 1874.

THE Municipal elections have been the great event of the week. With a strange disregard to decency, which is very noticeable among the present government, these elections took place this year, as on former occasions, on Sunday. That day, dedicated to worship by the whole Christian world, is chosen by the Italians for the fury and bustle which accompany an election. This event has proved in an unmistakable manner the feelings of the Romans with regard to the government. The number of voters on the city list amounts to 14,608, and out of this number there were only 4,372 voters! Where were the other ten thousand? Why did they not hasten to the polling booths to deposit their votes? They were either indifferent, or they refused to do anything from which it might be deduced that they acknowledge or are in any way satisfied with the present government.

It cannot be said that those who hold the views of the new comers are indifferent to the interests of the government, especially after the scenes of the 24th of June, and on other occasions. Then the only conclusion is that they are followers of the Pope. So, then, the 4,372 who voted at the elections represent the persons who hold to the Italian government, and the 10,226 those who hold for the Pope. But only one fourth of this 4,372 were citizens of Rome; the rest are Italians employed in the public offices, as follows: Employees, 2,500; guards of public security, 400; guards of prisons, 120; municipal guards, 150; custom house guards, 100; ushers, 150; forming a total of 3,370. Thus only 1,002 Roman citizens, in the proper acceptation of the term, voted for the Municipal Councillors! There is a logic in these numbers that appeals powerfully against those who declare that the Romans are satisfied with the Italian government. They declare how strongly attached to the Pontifical government the Romans are, in spite of the constant denial of this fact; and it is a declaration which cannot be gainsayed. The revolutionary Pianfanciari, the Garibaldi colonel, who harassed Tivoli in 1867, and who was raised to the position of Syndic, has felt himself obliged to resign. He goes travelling, it seems, to Switzerland, where he may, if he choose, confer with M. Rochefort, the editor of 'La Lanterne.'

Amongst the newly-elected councillors is Quintino Selia, the celebrated Finance Minister. It was expected that an outburst of popular feeling against Selia, so well-known for his excessive taxation measures would be made by the people, and hence the soldiers were kept in readiness to suppress any such tendencies by the use of the rifle and bayonet—the usual resource in all such cases.—Pilot.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IRELAND'S LOVE OF LIBERTY.—The unconquerable obstinacy, this lengthened remembrance of departed liberty, this faculty of preserving and nourishing through ages of physical misery and suffering the thought of that which is no more, of never despairing of a constantly vanquished cause, for which generations have successively and in vain perished in the field, and by the executioner, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary and the greatest example that a people has ever given.—Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest.

CHARACTER.—A lecture was recently given on "Hats." The speaker, who was a phrenologist, argued in favor of a man betraying a character by the way in which he wore his head-gear, and doing so, he demonstrated that those of a bellicose turn of mind placed their hats on one side of their heads (the soldier for instance), in order that the hat might touch the most actively developed part of the brain—namely, that of combativeness. The proud man too, he continued, would naturally wear his hat well on his forehead, resting it thus upon the apex of the parietal bones, beneath which lay the organ of self-esteem. And, continued he, the benevolent man, the person who loves his fellow-creatures, the being who delights in acts of kindness, wears his hat on the back of his head, in order that it may rest on the upper portion of the frontal sinus, where is situate the organ of benevolence and generosity. When the audience left the hall, two-thirds of them had suddenly betaken themselves to wearing their hats on the extreme back of the head. Scarcely a man was present who had not set up for a generous, benevolent, high-minded individual on the spot.

Among the names of the passengers by the mail ship Mikado from San Francisco is that of the Rev. Eugene Luckie, who returns to the Australian mission after an absence of about two years. The rev. gentleman has made prolonged tours through Europe and America, and has, we understand, at the express wish of his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, made special inquiries into the working and results of the school systems of the several States which he visited. Father Luckie's many friends in this colony and in Queensland (he has had missions in the outlying districts of both before the separation) will be glad to learn that he is in excellent health and spirits. It will be remembered that before his departure Father Luckie was for a number of years the respected pastor of the parishes of Woolahra and Paddington.

A case of great importance to newspaper proprietors has been decided by Vice-Chancellor Little, at Liverpool. Mr. John Vaughan,

editor of the 'Liverpool Leader,' had been summoned before the registrar to answer questions as to the sources from which he obtained information appearing in the 'Leader' on the Civil Service Association. Mr. Vaughan refused steadily to disclose his informant's name, taking the responsibility of the article upon himself; and after many adjournments, the Vice-Chancellor decided that he was not bound to answer the questions.

GREAT HOME RULE DEMONSTRATION.—A great Home Rule demonstration has been held in Glasgow. A procession a mile long marched through the streets to a field outside the city, where 20,000 persons were present. The Rev. Isaac Nelson, of Belfast, declared that Home Rule prospects were bright. Attacking Dr. Ball's speech, he affirmed that the intellect and independence of Ireland were favourable to Home Rule, but lawyers getting Government situations had become loyal. He intimated his intention of stumping Ireland to criticise late speeches in Parliament against Home Rule. Resolutions favourable to federal union, condemning the incarceration of political prisoners, and strongly disapproving of the conduct of the Irish members who voted for coercion, were adopted.

The 'Dublin Evening Post' says:—"Intelligence has reached Dublin that the Very Rev. Martin Crean, O.S.A., late Prior of the Augustinian Convent, John-street, has been nominated by the Holy Father to the newly-erected See of Sandhurst, in Australia. Like all the appointments made by Rome, the selection of Dr. Crean is one that is certain to indicate the wisdom of the choice. During a lengthened career in Ireland, his lordship evidenced great zeal, distinguished ability, and acquisitions, and, need we add, sanctity, such is the invariable characteristic of the Irish priesthood. Dr. Crean goes forth, another Irish missionary, to carry the faith and the traditions of the glorious Irish Church to a distant land, and we are convinced that we are uttering a good wish, that will be echoed by thousands of those who shared in and witnessed his ministrations in the old land, in bidding him a hearty God-speed, and hoping for him many years of health and happiness in the new sphere of his apostolic toils."

The Rev. E. Brennan, C.C., acknowledges the receipt of £100 from Lord Carew, towards the erection of a curate's residence at Courmasuddy chapel. He also says he has given for the same purpose half an acre of land, free for ever, and £100 towards the erection of the Catholic Church at Courmasuddy, and that Lord Carew always contributes most munificently whenever his aid is asked by the Catholic clergy.

A number of English Roman Catholic ladies are preparing an address of sympathy to ladies in Germany for bravely testifying their devotion to their imprisoned Bishops. A meeting of Roman Catholics is shortly to be held in London to express sympathy with the persecuted Bishops and clergymen of Germany.

Twenty thousand persons paraded the streets and suburbs of Dublin at the Home Rule manifestation. Mr Butt addressed a monster meeting at Monaghan. He said he believed that a nation like England would grant the Irish people the right to manage their own affairs.

A REGRET.—The retiring editor of a Southern paper proudly boasts that he has never been "horsewhipped, revolved, knifed, kicked, liked, bricked, pummelled, or cussed for anything I have said, written, done, left undone as an editor, and in ceasing to be one, I am filled with a melancholy sadness."

THE BISHOP OF BALLARAT.—On Sunday, August 2, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Ballarat, was presented by his late parishioners of Rathfarnham with an elegant address and a generous testimonial, in testimony of their deep affection for their late devoted pastor, and expressive of the sense they entertain of the loss of his efficient ministrations. No pastor could be more beloved by all classes, and no parish priest could be more ably seconded by zealous curates.

JOHN MITCHELL.—The Dublin 'Nation' of August 8th, says:—Mr John Mitchell has been invited to a public banquet which the people of Cavan are about to give their Home Rule representatives; but he has written declining the compliment. He is positively determined to avoid all public demonstrations, desiring to seek in quiet retirement, in the midst of the kindred and friends of his native scenes, the rest and strength which he so much needs at present.

CONVERSION OF A FREEMASON.—The Catholic union of Ireland reports that the head of the Masonic Lodge of Besançon has died in that town. Early in his illness he eagerly asked for the ministrations of the priest, and declared himself ready to abjure the order. Word to this effect was hurriedly dispatched to the lodges of Paris, Strasbourg, Mulhausen, and "brethren" were sent in hot haste to dissuade him from his purpose. But it was all to no avail, and the missionaries of "the craft" returned discomfited. He made a public renunciation of Masonry, prepared himself for a worthy reception of the Last Sacraments, which were administered to him, and died a most edifying death in reparation of the scandals he had given.

England has now the largest gun in the world. It was cast at the Woolwich Arsenal, and weighs 80 tons. This monster piece of ordnance carries a 16in. projectile, weighing 1650lbs., a distance of 10,300 yards—nearly six miles—and takes 300lbs. of powder for a charge. The gun cost about £5800.

The Bonapartist organs are endeavouring to show that the Emperor is not responsible for the capitulation of Sedan. General Wimpffen, who was in command on the day of surrender, states, however, that the Emperor ordered the firing to cease, while General Wimpffen was still on the field of battle, that he hoisted the white flag without his knowledge, and that he sent a flag of truce to the King of Prussia. The General, on subsequently returning to Sedan, sent in his resignation, without any allusion to his having been practically superseded, but the Emperor wrote the following reply:—"General, —You cannot resign when the question is still that of saving the army by an honourable capitulation. You have done your duty all day. Do it still. It is a service which you are rendering to the community. The King of Prussia has acceded to the armistice, and I am waiting his proposals."

The Irish rifle team sailed for New York on September 5, to contest a match with the American team.

Moore's Conquer.

CONTENTMENT.

'Twas in the lonely midnight hour,
When by slumber's magic power
I was held a captive willing,
Visions bright my soul were filling,
And other worlds with cloudless skies
Ope'd to my admiring eyes—
Worlds where winter's storms came never—
Worlds where summer lingered ever—
Where the sun was ever beaming
In the pleasant hours of day—
Where at eve the light came streaming
From the moonbeam's mellow ray—
Where the bees and blossoming flowers
Quitted not the sunny bowers—
Where the dripping fountains played
(Neath the palm-tree's grateful shade)
With the soft, low evening breeze,
Stealing fragrance from the trees,
And with music's sweetest strains
Floating o'er the fertile plains;
And where the sheep bells ringing
And the lowing of the herds
Were blended with the singing
Of a thousand happy birds.
And I stood and gazed enchanted
On that world by fairies haunted,
'Till the sun with warning light
Rose from out the realms of night,
And woke me from my dream of bliss
To a common world like this,
Then a weight of discontent
To my heart its troubles lent,
'Till a voice within me spake
"Be contented where thou art,
Never seek God's will to break,
But with faith sustain thy heart;
For the soul that murmuring goeth
Seldom aught of pleasure knoweth
In a world where care and sorrow
Spring to light with every morrow.
But let contentment welcome find
In your heart and in your mind.
Make not life, so void of pleasure,
Your sole care, or your sole treasure.
Pray to God that he may clothe you
In the garments angels wear,
And He'll ever love, not loathe you
While your heart is pure and fair.
And when life is ebbing fast
From its earthly ties at last,
Then your spirit, pure and freed,
Quickly heavenward will speed
To the world above so bright,
To the radiant throne of light,
Where the angels, ever praising,
Songs of love to God are raising."
As that sweet voice from above
Sought my spirit to console
With its words of hope and love,
A light broke o'er my troubled soul.
And softly to my wakened mind,
As the summer's gentle wind,
Came the lesson God to man
Taught when first his woes began—
That this world, so full of sin,
Was not made to revel in,
But to strive and win the goal
For which His wisdom made each soul.

MINNIE.

Bathurst, October, 1874.

THE DISINHERITED SON.

A LEGEND OF FURNESS ABBEY.

CHAPTER I.

AN OCTOBER NIGHT.

GORGEOUS tints of an October sunset melted among the deep woods that sheltered Furness Abbey, tinting with saffron the varied foliage of the oak and beech, and casting a dull red glow on the more sombre boughs of the mighty planes that still grace the vale of the "Deadly Nightshade," or Bekansgill, as the spot is called, where the broken shafts and mouldering arches of the once famous Abbey of Furness, still attest the piety and munificence of its Norman founder, King Stephen.

The day had been unusually fine—one of those days which in the varied climate of England sometimes recall the heat and brilliancy of July in the waning autumn months.

The air had been so heavy and still that scarce a leaf had rustled down throughout the day, save when brushed by the wing of the swallow as she plumed her wings to exercise for her autumn flight to a more southern shore.

The broad sands of Morecambe Bay had lain searhing and glittering like gold dust while the tide was out, and the moss that clothes the outlying rocks that surround the little isle of Walney was bright

as an emerald in the fervid rays of noon. With the gorgeous sunset, however, the beauty of the day died out.

The clouds in the west deepened from their topaz hue till they glared like the red heart of the ruby.

Then they mellowed into darkness, and while the light that still touched the ocean grew lurid, a sombre shadow fell upon the dense woods and wild fells of that celebrated district in Lancashire called High and Low Furness. The air, which had been so still, suddenly strengthened; a white foam begins to crest the waves which had weltered so sluggishly all day; and in the Abbey woods showers of leaves were torn from the oak and beech, and even the massive downward drooping fan-like boughs of the plane trees were ruffled in the blast that uplifted them.

Darker grew the shadows on the earth, the blue-green of the planes became purple, while the half-stripped boughs of the tall elms waved like the arms of threatening spectres in the last lurid ray that glinted athwart them.

The shepherd, whose flock was browsing on the fells, drove homeward his charge; the wild deer and the roe sought their haunts in the deep woods.

The sea-mew scudded athwart the blackening wave, beast and bird alike recognised the signs of the coming tempest. The long reach of sand betwixt Walney isle and the main land is dangerous to travel now. The tide is rising, the moss-covered rocks are all submerged.

Lashed by the wind, the heavy billows rolling in are defied against the black surges by the gleam of the white feathery foam that crests them.

Unheeding the signs which warned the curlew and the roe, unheeding the fury of the gale, the roars of the vexed ocean, a youth, whose rich attire glistened in the fitful light, paced with disordered steps and frantic gestures the sands of Morecambe Bay. His head was bare, and as a gleam of blue lightning flashed athwart the sky, it shed a ghastly radiance on his upturned face.

Convulsed with rage though they were, his features had something almost fearful in their beauty.

The dilated nostril, the black eye blazing with fury, the curved lips speckled with foam, the thick locks streaming wide upon the wind, the knitted brow, would have told without a tongue the tale of fierce and malignant passion.

But, alas! words did not fail that wrathful youth.

Terrible imprecations, dire vows of vengeance, broke from those quivering lips.

Suddenly the young man paused in his frantic hurrying to and fro upon the sands, a wave of the incoming tide dashed so rudely against him as almost to take him off his feet.

He looked round, and was suddenly awakened to the dangers of his position.

Roaring, raging, raving; the sea, like a hungry monster, advanced with giant strides.

A boulder of rock that at low tide stood up like a pyramid betwixt Walney and the mainland, had the waves now breast high.

They were sheeted in foam, and bare and black stood up one pinnacle of the rock, and as the ruddy glow of the evening sunset died upon it, it took a blue sulphuric tinge from the flashing lightning.

The grand tumult of nature, the whistling winds, the roaring waves, the sable masses of clouds, that opened but to pour out the scathing fires from their rifts, had an awe and a majesty that rebuked the fiery tempest of one rebellious human heart.

"Oh heaven!" said the miserable youth, "unhappy wretch that I am, what boots it for me to vow revenge. All the fiends that rage and blaspheme in the region of the outer darkness, are not more helpless and hapless than I! Oh I could have borne it all, his triumph, and her scorn, and my father's wrath, if I could but have revenge, that sweet, that best of morsels!"

Then the youth cast around him a wild despairing glance. "But I; what am I?" he moaned. "Whilom, indeed, my father's favorite son. Aye, while I did not cross the path of his heir—while I foiled not his scheme for uniting the rich lands of Evelina of Egremont to the revenue of Thurston.

"Ah! if she had loved me—as, false woman, she beguiled me to believe she did—their fine scheme had fallen to the ground. I talk of revenge. Ah! in their happiness and their high place they can mock at my anguish, laugh at my wrath." Again the bitter meditations of the wild youth were interrupted by the foaming waves, one of which almost washed over him.

With that instinct of self-preservation which rarely abandons even the most wretched, he staggered towards the perpendicular rock before named, and climbing to its summit, stood for a brief space safe from the encroaching waters. He cast his eyes around him. The low-lying isle of Walney scarce appeared,—a dark undulating line above the western horizon, where still lingered a few streaks of ruddy cloud.

Landward were dimly seen the towers of the great monastery of Furness, and bounding the far distance, the mountains of High Furness and Conistone, that overlook the verdant and romantic shores of the lake of Thurston.

In the fast-gathering gloom of that stormy night, the keen eye of the youth sought in vain for the towers of a castle which in those times stood on the brow of a hill that immediately overlooked the lake.

But he shook his clenched hand in impotent rage, and turning his eyes from the land to the sea, he exclaimed—

"Since vengeance is denied me, may I not have rest? Oh thou wild and bounding sea, whose green waters I have so often buffeted in sport, fold me in thy embrace. Give peace to me, and remorse to them. Let mourning mingle with their joy, and Death show his grim face at the bridal feast.

"The hypocrites whose pity was the worst of all my wrongs, they must needs feign a sorrow if they do not feel it, and change bridal songs for the lyre-wake dirge when I am dead!"

With grim exultation the youth now stood watching the tide as

it rose higher and higher, and surged and roared at the base of the column-like rock, the summit of which it would shortly submerge. And there stood the unfortunate, watching the rising waters.

His mind torn and distracted as it was by evil passions could not forget the pious teachings of his boyhood.

His excited fancy brought strange voices to his ears on the wings of the tempest. Mocking or threatening faces seemed to gleam out of the darkness, shadowy hands seemed to beckon him to the foaming waters.

"Who talked of self-murder!" he exclaimed wildly. "I do not rush on death. I wait. I do but wait, to be swept away in the vortex of these waters, from which I cannot if I would escape!"

Then as he folded his arms, and stolidly awaited his coming doom, a voice, the accents of which were not framed by his heated fancy, smote his ear.

"Oswald, Lord Oswald!" cried that voice, "in heaven's name what takes you here on such a night as this?"

The youth turned his head, and tossing upon the foaming waters he perceived a boat, the occupants of which, at great danger to themselves, were endeavoring to urge athwart the waves by their oars, for had the sail been spread the boat must have immediately capsized. A lantern secured at the prow of the vessel dotted the darkness with a speck of light as though it were a ruddy star: and at intervals, as the showers of spray were scattered, showed the persons of those who were risking their lives to save him who did not care to save himself.

These persons were three in number. A weather-beaten man in the garb of a fisherman, a young man wearing the white habit of the neighboring Cistercian monastery, and a boy of about fourteen years of age.

WOMAN AND THE CONVENT.

By LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

THERE are two or three principles said to be very well understood in our day, for instance, that of association, *i.e.*, of the right of any set of rational beings to form communities; that of representation and the desirability of such division of labor as this makes easy; and that of self-support, a cardinal point in the code of the agitators of the woman question. There is, in the Catholic Church, an institution intimately connected with every one of these principles. This is the conventual life.

But the principle of association and of organised corporation is not a newly discovered one, and, in the case of women especially, the Church has always taught it. In the early days of Christianity, pious women felt within themselves an unlimited power of doing good to their fellow-creatures, and to meet this hunger of activity, the monastic life was framed. Indeed it grew up naturally out of the necessities of the times, for the germ of a life in common was contained in the informal assemblies of Christian women, associated for the purpose of prayer and good works, under the roof of some matron of greater experience than themselves. Gradually the gathering became larger, and like bees from the parent hive a little swarm of picked and tried members could leave and form a community elsewhere. In the East, for example, Paula and Eustochia, the friends and scholars of St. Jerome, settled at Bethlehem to minister to the pilgrims and prevent the Roman authorities from misusing their power towards inoffensive strangers. In the West, barbarian princesses turned to practical account the natural reverence that was paid to womanhood, and the convents of the Saxons, Franks and Celts, were really powerful corporations.

Besides this, the convent embodies the principle of representation. Common sense tells us that though a thousand things may be equally praiseworthy, no one can do them all at once. Prayer, expiation and intercession are primary duties, but God mercifully takes into consideration the demands of practical life and forgives us the debt. Yet is that a reason why some should reluctantly take up the burden and stand before God as the representatives of his more careless creatures? It is essential that children should be taught, the sick tended, the aged sheltered, the wicked exhorted and reclaimed. These things, even now-a-days, are done by representative persons, paid by the State for so doing, and looked upon as vicariously executing the duty of the whole community. Why should they not be done by women, the voluntary substitutes of their kind, not for State pay but for the love of God? Wives and mothers have another sphere; they cannot shine by the wayside and cheer the path of the lonely wayfarer, but they can delegate this wider task to their unwedded sisters, and through them take their share of this work of mercy. A common objection is often made about the contemplative orders, "the women who sit behind iron bars, doing nothing." But consider a moment. In the old and grave game of chess, there are pieces that move irregularly, some that can go but two steps at a time, some that may sweep to any distance on a given line, etc. The king, however, is almost motionless. But is he therefore useless? Without him would the game still be chess? So with these apparent statues of the cloister. They are the foundations of convent life, and, like those of material structures, are built out of sight. Their work is prayer; they are the pickets of the world—they watch while the army sleeps. Why do not all the sailors in a ship sit up at night instead of leaving everything to the "look-out?" Why is a light-house entrusted to but one or two men, who do duty for their port and town? So the Church, having her representative workers, has also her representative watchers.

But are the women idle? The annual work within doors is not so very useless an occupation; it is the life of thousands of our working girls, and they, I think, would have good reason to laugh if anyone accused them of sitting all day behind the iron bars of factory windows, doing nothing! whilst half the day, the women of contemplative orders are at work. But a factory girl earns her living and supports her family by her work. I answer to that, that a nun does the same. She earns her living, because, in most instances, she cultivates the convent garden, does the common house-work, spins, weaves, or at least makes up her own garments, and works at things which, being sent beyond

the convent walls, are sold to defray the convent's expenses. She supports her family, because the poor are her family, which the convent feeds and clothes, and ministers to in various ways through its almoners.

Of intellectual occupations, the conventual life is full. In medieval times, nuns spent most of their time transcribing the Bible. St. Boniface, in the 8th century, was constantly sending to the nuns of Ireland for Bibles for distribution among the heathen. Some of these, from the great reverence in which the Holy Scriptures were held, were written in liquid gold. The holy women of the East studied Greek and Hebrew, that they might help in translating the Scriptures. In our days, when education is the chief aim of the active orders, a high degree of knowledge, artistic, literary, and even scientific, is demanded of their members. Trades also, and all sorts of practical, useful knowledge, are familiar to many orders. It has been objected that convent life destroys individuality of character. Another mistake. In fact, it gives individuality to many women who otherwise would be insignificant, for the humbler spirits of a community are taught to feel that, no less than upon the more highly gifted members, lies the responsibility of the whole sisterhood. Each little action is thus invested with a vicarious dignity that goes far to raise the casual performer of such actions in her own estimation, and consequently ends in seriously raising her whole moral standard.

Now remains the principle of self-support and independence, perhaps at present the most important side of the question. It is urged against convents now-a-days that with them it is always a case of mendicancy. It must be remembered that a few orders were founded on the principle of poverty, *e.g.*, the Poor Clares, the Little Sisters of the Poor. Even those are so far self-supporting that what they receive in charity is almost entirely bestowed in charity again, and "he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." The holy and touching usury is surely a kind of self-support. They also save many charitable but careless people the trouble of seeking out real cases, and are a guarantee that the gift shall not be perverted to any questionable use. Convents help, and, in many cases, relieve the State. They feed, clothe and educate a portion of what the world calls the "pauper population," and they provide for any energetic, aspiring woman, with a definite object in life. Some are devoted to the care of female prisoners, and some again serve as reformatories. The State subsidy in these cases is almost always quite inadequate to the expenses incurred, but the work done by the convent (laundry or sewing work, or other industries) mostly fills up the gap. In former times convents possessed endowments: these have disappeared under the altered circumstances of our times, yet the convent is willing to do the work it ever did, and more. The value of money is ever growing higher, and money is indispensable to conduct any establishment. If a convent works for money, it is more self-supporting than when it had an endowment; for now it asks for wages for work well and thoroughly done, and few other corporations would accept such low and uncertain wages as the convent gladly receives. It would be a pity if the stinginess of the age should debar a multitude of earnest, energetic women from prosecuting works which they are dying to do. The Church does not ask or extort help from hard-working men and women, who can scarcely make both ends meet (though, in fact, those are just the readiest to give), but it is a legitimate demand to make of prosperous business men that, since they have no time to give to charity and teaching, they should provide means to those who do give their time, their brains and their health.

The convent is the home and type of independent womanhood, and the conventual is the only experiment of community life which has kept itself pure, both from the stain of "free-love" and the stamp of hard, unsympathetic, unwomanly strongmindedness (I use this word in its common but erroneous acceptation, because it is comprehensive and best serves the purpose in this place). "Mind has no sex," says John Stuart Mill, but St. Augustine had said the equivalent sixteen centuries before. "Strength of soul obliterates weakness of sex."

THE IRISH HOME RULE MEMBERS.

CERTAIN Otago papers have published extracts ridiculing the Home Rulers in Parliament. In doing so they have taken their cue from English and Scotch papers, whose London letters and Parliamentary intelligence have been dished up so as to make it appear that the Home Rulers had been setting the rules of the debate at defiance, and also bringing themselves into ridicule. This is what the London 'Saturday Review' says of the Home Rulers, and the statements of that journal should carry more weight than those of the hired scribblers of the anti-Irish party, and the echoes of them by their Otago clacquers.

"The considerable body of Home Rule members who were returned at the general election have, on the whole, done no discredit to their constituencies. It fortunately happens that neither party had any sufficient motive for bidding for their support." Left to themselves the supporters of Home Rule have offered no factions interruption to general business, nor can it be said that they have occupied an unreasonable space of the time at the disposal of the Parliament. Mr Butt had long been known as a fluent and effective speaker. Mr Sullivan has, in his first session, displayed considerable oratorical power. There is no reason to expect that during the continuance of the present Parliament the cause of Home Rule will be materially advanced; but its promoters have done their cause no injury.

While the 'Saturday Review' condemned Home Rule as a "mischievous innovation" it credits Home Rulers with having conducted themselves in a proper and decorous manner in Parliament.

The following is the key to the rags of the Tory journalists. The 'Review' says:—"The most gratifying result of the session to the more far seeing members, probably consists in the failures and disasters which have befallen the Government," also, "advocates of Home Rule and of other mischievous innovations are beginning to recover courage in the anticipation of another political change which may restore their power of deciding the conflicts of evenly balanced parties."

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