

scientific research—that, burying the animosities of the past, they may evermore remain united in every enterprise which is calculated to promote and extend the happiness and progress of J. T. Thomson, Esq., President Otago Institute.” Why a Mr. Thomson—and particularly a Thomson without the p—should become an object of such solicitude to three great nations, is a matter of which Mr. Macandrew is the sole repository, and which hitherto he has kept locked within his own swelling bosom. A circumstance, too, which adds additional weight to the mystery is that the utterances of His Honor, although appearing differently in a former issue, had been altered specially as above for insertion for Home readers. It is to be hoped that the two great nations appealed to, and also the third great nation on whose part the appeal has been made, will sympathise with the object, and, in the interests of humanity, carry out what, in the opinions of Mr. Macandrew and the ‘Guardian,’ will be an incalculable benefit to the three great nations, the world at large, and J. T. Thomson in particular.

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

THE week opened at the Princess with Michael Balfe's weird composition of “Satanella; or, the Power of Love,” in which the acting and singing of Miss May was an unqualified success, and added another to her list of triumphs. The character of Satanella is one which affords such ample scope for display of histrionic power, that the admirers of Miss May had looked forward to a treat on her assumption of the rôle, and that they were not disappointed, the enthusiastic reception accorded her on being called before the curtain during the evening, would amply testify. As a piece of acting in itself, Miss May's Satanella would claim a foremost place, the varying emotions by which she is swayed—whether of the tenderest love or the bitterest hate—being portrayed with an effect that stamps her as an actress of the first order, and either as the frolicsome demon-page or in the depths of anguish for unrequited love, she was equally effective. The song from which the opera takes its name, “The Power of Love,” was listened to with wrapt attention, and were it not that it is repeated in the tapestry scene would have claimed an *encore*. We, however, would award the palm to her rendering of the exquisite air, “There is a power whose sway angel souls adore,” which was given with an intensity of feeling and effect, which fairly embodied the conception of the composer. In the piquant and lively air, “Sultana, Zulema, with hours night vie,” she appeared to equal advantage, and in its rendition exhibited the excellence of her acting. Notwithstanding that “Satanella” is, without doubt, the heaviest and most-trying of operas submitted during the season, in it the company have undoubtedly achieved the greatest success; and the management are to be congratulated on the very excellent and effective manner in which it has been placed upon the stage with the limited scenic resources and effects at command. As Count Rupert, Mr. Hallam was not so successful as in other characters in which he has appeared, a result for which he is in a measure to blame. In the early portion of the opera it was apparent that he was not making as much of the character as he might have done, and this was most observable in his rendering of “The Glorious Vintage of Champagne.” However, he amply atoned for his previous shortcomings by his rendering of “An Angel form in dreams Behold,” and in the concerted piece “Oh tenderness sublime.” Mr. Templeton acquitted himself fairly of the character of Arimanes, but he labored under a great disadvantage in taking a part in which Mr. Rainford has appeared with such success on a former occasion. Mr. Vernon had no vocal duties to perform, but the part of Hortensius which was allotted to him, was, as is always the case with anything committed to his care, made the most of; and Miss Howe, as Lelia, acted the character with a grace and naivete most appropriate. On Tuesday night Wallace's “Maritana” was reproduced to a good house; and on Wednesday Weber's “Der Freischütz.” As Agatha, it is needless to say that Miss Alice May met with a perfect ovation for her touching representation of the character, but a like compliment can scarcely be paid to the other members of the Company. The spectacular effect produced by the representation of the cave in the Incantation Scene, was loudly applauded, and a vociferous call made for Mr. Huntly, under whose superintendence the arrangement had been carried out.

Signor Bonghi, Minister of Public Instruction, has forbidden the gentlemen employed in his department to vote in their native cities or counties. They must vote under the official eye in the place where they are employed. The ‘Gazette of Milan’ publishes a Government document concerning the elections which the ‘Capitale’ call a “monstrous” one. It is a circular from the Prefect of Como. After stating that the Government officers will not be allowed to canvass except for the Government candidates, the circular adds that “every public functionary must be at once denounced or reported—*tosto segnalato*—who does not show himself sufficiently alive to the above-named duty of canvassing for Ministerialists, or who permits himself to deviate from the line of conduct above traced for him.” The provosts are then “recommended to work effectively to promote the return of official candidates.” The Minister of Public Instruction may be termed the “schoolmaster abroad” in Italy.

One of the religious societies of the metropolis, describing London, says that the police boundaries cover 576 square miles, and a population of 4,000,000 of inhabitants; that there are gathered there more Jews than there are in Palestine, more Scotch than there are in Edinburgh, more Irish than there are in Dublin, more Catholics than there are in Rome, and that there is a greater variety of languages spoken. There is a birth in London every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes.

Dr. Bagshawe was, on November 12, consecrated as Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham. Archbishop Manning officiated on the occasion.

THE LONDON ‘TIMES’ AND LORD RIPON.—HIDDEN CAUSES.

THE article from the London ‘Times’ on Lord Ripon's conversion, which you reproduce to-day, is a remarkable one. It will be read with deep interest both by Protestants and Catholics. So far as regards Lord Ripon's new religious creed, nothing can with propriety be said of that in the pages of a non-sectarian secular journal like the ‘New Zealand Herald’ and London ‘Times;’ but it is assumed that he has assumed a new “political creed,” and which he now holds in common with all Catholics—including, of course, the Catholics in this Colony. The London ‘Times’ makes Lord Ripon's new political creed the subject of severe condemnation. It attempts to impress on the public mind that he will hereafter devote himself to the evil task of “undermining the steady devotion of the English people to a free and independent career of religious and political development.” He has no fear that the men who have been born of Catholic parents, and reared from their youth as Catholics, will be able to exercise, or attempt to exercise, any influence hostile to “an independent career of religious and political development.” They, he thinks, are quite harmless. Not so “converts,” like Lord Ripon. These will be dangerous men, and powerful for mischief. A little time will show how far the prognostications of the ‘Times’ will prove correct. It seems to be the object of the London ‘Times’ and Mr. Gladstone to show that the decisions of the Vatican Council have placed the Queen's Catholic subjects in a very different position, politically considered, from that in which they stood to her at the time the Emancipation Bill passed. The civil loyalty of Catholics has been, by the decision of that Council, placed “at the mercy of the Pope.” It was not so when they were admitted by the Emancipation Bill within the pale of the constitution in 1829. Such is Mr. Gladstone's doctrine, if I understand him right. The logical consequence of such an opinion, if correct, would be to agitate for a repeal of the Emancipation Act. Can this be what Mr. Gladstone and the ‘Times’ are driving at? The ‘Times’ thinks that there is small danger from a “stray peer” adopting the political creed of Rome. It is simply “a melancholy spectacle,” and indicates some inexplicable infirmity or peculiarity of intellect. One swallow does not make summer. But that consolation seems to be withdrawn if it be true, as reported, that since Lord Ripon went to Rome, Lord Grosvenor and the Duke of Leeds have followed, and the Duke of Northumberland is “suspected.” Who can tell when this Roman epidemic may stop, now it has fairly begun to spread in the ranks of the English peerage? Lord Ripon, as the ‘Times’ justly remarks, has made no avowal—in public, at least—of the reasons which induced him to secede from the Anglican and enter the Catholic Church. These reasons were, no doubt, partly religious and partly political. My suspicion is strong that he was afraid that the “Liberal party,” the Cosmopolitan party, are now going too far, and believes that, in fact, revolutionary principles, endangering the security of all property, can only be arrested by Catholic influence. It is some confirmation of this suspicion that the English peers who have just gone over to Rome are among the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest, in the country—Lords Bute, Ripon, Grosvenor, and Dunraven—large holders of what was once “Church property,” which revolutionists covet so much, and have already made so free with on the Continent. They may sniff a revolutionary storm approaching. The Russian Emperor seems to fear something of the same kind. What if he, too, followed Lord Ripon to Rome! Could we wonder at anything after Lords Ripon and Grosvenor hoisting Roman colors? By the way, the ‘Times’ speaks of the Jesuits as a “secret society.” This must be a mistake. I notice that Bishop Moran lately made the following remarks, when speaking of the “Hibernians,” at Hokitika:—“Whenever there was secrecy in any society, there was suspicion. Men who meant well had nothing to fear from an open disclosure of their proceedings.” The principles of the Jesuits and Dr. Moran, I presume, are the same. The ‘Times’ thinks Lord Ripon's political influence is now gone for ever. But surely an English nobleman may be a wise and just ruler, or Minister, though a Catholic. The Governor of Tasmania holds the same political creed as Lord Ripon in the main. If the ‘Times’ were correct, Mr. Weld is unfit to hold his present office, or to exercise any power whatever under her Majesty. Politically speaking, Catholics—all Catholics—are in the same boat with Lord Ripon, whether “converts” or Catholics by birth. The idea that the Catholic religion is “un-English” is a strange one, considering the illustrious English scholars, statesmen, and sovereigns who in past ages have held and professed it.

The witnesses of the abjuration of the Dowager Queen of Bavaria, who recently became a Catholic, were Prince Otho of Bavaria, and his aides-de-camp, Captain Binca and Colonel Buckheim, Pastor Berentold, and the Countesses Fugger and Muller. The abjuration took place October 15, on her Majesty's birthday. The name of the Dowager Queen of Bavaria is Fredericka Frances Augusta Maria Edwige, and she was born October 15, 1825. Her Majesty is a cousin of the Emperor of Germany, and mother of the present King of Bavaria, Louis II. She was a Lutheran. Her Majesty was confirmed within a week of receiving baptism.

At Home, lately, a novel scene was witnessed at the workhouse, Spalding. At a recent meeting of the Board of Guardians, the Rev. Mr. Jones said that he had inspected the casual ward, and he thought that the amount of work exacted from the vagrants (breaking 2wt of granite in four hours) was too much, and was simply an act of cruelty. The rev. gentleman also added that no guardian would like to undertake the task. Upon this Mr. Brett, another guardian, declared his willingness to perform the work, and on Thursday he entered one of the tramps' cells, and took the required quantity of stone in one hour and forty-five minutes.