

that it is expected to prove, since, in that case, the good effect upon the colony in general must ultimately be very considerable.

We have received from the Government Printer several numbers of Hansard, ending with that dated September 22.

THE Union Steamship Co. have issued their time table for October. It is got up very neatly, and contains a useful sketch map of New Zealand. In our last issue, the name of the Company's s.s. Waitaki was by mistake given as the Wanaka.

MR. DAMPIER, who has attained to a high reputation as a tragedian, will make his first appearance at the Princess Theatre on Saturday evening next. His representation of Hamlet is spoken of as very fine, and it is in this character that he has chosen to make his debut on the Dunedin stage.

ON Sunday last, the feast of the most holy Rosary, which is especially observed by the members of the Dominican Order, an interesting ceremony took place in the School-room attached to the Convent in Dowling-street, Dunedin. Several children, who are attendants at the Nuns' schools, were received into the sodality of the Holy Childhood and into that of the Holy Angels, and many of them were invested with the blue scapular of the Immaculate Conception, and the brown of Mount Carmel. The school room had been erected into an oratory, and, while fifteen children of the Holy Childhood stood by holding each a banner representing a mystery of the most holy Rosary, his Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese recited the great prayer taught by St. Dominic, and on its conclusion delivered an address, inculcating devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and explaining the obligations of the various associations, and more particularly the necessity of never laying aside the scapular. A number of members were also enrolled in the confraternity of the Dominican Rosary.

Schools have been erected for the Christian Brothers in Brisbane at a cost of £4,000.

THE DE MURSKA COMPANY.

We regret to say that Dunedin has seen the last of Middle. Ilma de Murska and her talented company. The concerts given this week, with which the season terminated, were quite as successful as those that had preceded them, and the tendency of the famous prima donna's visits has been to awaken to a keener appreciation of art, the intellects of those who formed her audiences, and to help in refining their tastes. A great artist, possessed of genius and the highest cultivation, has been amongst us, and those who have had the privilege of hearing her magnificent singing, or witnessing her no less wonderful acting, have acquired an experience to last them a life time, and of which they will speak to the rising generation in terms as glowing as those in which the critics of a former period described to us the powers of Malibran, or some other queen of the lyric stage, who in times past-by gained for herself undying fame. We believe that it is now the intention of the De Murska company to proceed from Invercargill to Tasmania, and, when they have spent a certain time in that island, and revisited Australia for a farewell season, to return to America, where, during her former tour, such enthusiastic applause attended on the efforts of the Hungarian Nightingale. We are happy in being able to inform our American readers, that they may look forward to welcoming back to their shores the fair vocalist in question with powers unimpaired, or, indeed, if anything, reinvigorated by the clear atmosphere of the Southern hemisphere. We may also congratulate them on the acquisition they will find in the person of Maestro Strauss Illa, who is already—*par avance*—secure of a triumphant progress through the great Republic, where the expression, polish, and brilliancy of his style will obtain due recognition from a people notably capable of distinguishing genuine art, and anxious to encourage and reward it, and where his predilection for American music cannot fail to be duly appreciated, and the sudden transitions, wherein he delights, will not jar quite so much upon the feelings of his audience, whose patriotism will support them under the infliction of "Yankee Doodle" or the "Nigger Dance," close following upon a brilliant performance by the Maestro—justly so-called—of some classic composition.

A marked feature in this series of farewell concerts in Dunedin has been the admirable performance of the band of local musicians brought together to form an orchestra, and who have proved themselves, in a high degree, capable of sustaining the musical reputation of the city. Whether in overture or accompaniment their ability was very evident all through, but, if we may particularize any of their efforts as of more than usual excellence, the manner in which they accompanied Middle de Murska in Mozart's exquisite "*Gli Angeli d'Inferno*," and their performance of the Oratorio music, on the last evening, were especially deserving of commendation.

We cannot close our last notice of the talented company, which, we regret to say, has all but taken a final farewell of New Zealand, without a tribute to the clever management of Mr. Cecil Medcalf, to which was owing in great part the comfort of the audiences, and but for which, perhaps, it would have been impossible for Dunedin to have enjoyed the rare musical treat we speak of.

ARROWTOWN.

September 28.

THE principal items of news in this locality at present is the reefs. Every man in this district is looking forward to them as a means of improvement. On the evening of the 22nd inst., some of the severest squalls experienced for a long time visited us, and, as usual, were followed by some very heavy rain, which bereft the mountain tops of their heavy covering, and opened a track for prospectors to renew their exploring expeditions. The great explorer Hall is still resident in the township, but as soon as the weather clears he is going to his mountain residence to commence anew. It is rumored that as soon as he sells some of his present reefs, he is going to take a trip to the United States. If so, I wish him every success. There is some splendid stone taking out of the Homeward Bound, and it is expected that the

All Nations and the Advance Peak will produce better. We had a very heavy flood in the Arrow river on the 23rd. It swept everything before it, causing a great deal of damage to parties having claims along the river. The Universal escaped injury through the exertions of Keffe, Cotter, Mullins, and Baron, who worked all day under the rain to prevent the river turning on to their claim. One of the greatest novelties experienced by the people here for a long time, was given by the children attending the Catholic school on the evening of the 23rd. Some time previous it was hinted that they were to give a play in aid of the school funds, but the people, thinking that children were not capable of being trained to produce anything that would satisfy adults, thought nothing of the affair. Still, despite the inclemency of the weather, the hall was crowded to excess, and, to the great astonishment of the audience, the juveniles came forward and displayed tact and cleverness which would have reflected credit on the most experienced stage-manager. Everyone was so pleased with the entertainment, and so desirous of seeing it repeated, that I believe it will be produced again at some future time. I have been informed by good authority that they are about to give the same pieces in Queens-town in about a fortnight's time.—I am, &c., A RESIDENT.

WELLINGTON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

You will, I am sure, have received news of the death of Father Petit Jean before this reaches you, but you may not have received so detailed an account as the following. Father Petit Jean, after having been at confession on the evening of Thursday the 21st inst. shortly before five o'clock, was engaged in prayer at the foot of the altar in the cathedral, the church of which he was administrator, when he was observed to fall suddenly. A Mr. Frost, who happened to be in the church at the time, immediately went to his assistance, and raised him up, when he said, "I was asleep." Mr. Frost said, "Father, you are sinking fast," and he answered, "I am." These were his last words. The Bishop at that instant entered the church, and seeing his condition at once anointed him, and in a few minutes after, when Dr. Grace arrived, life was extinct. The whole time did not extend over ten minutes. He had been for a long time suffering from an advanced organic disease of the heart, and had not recovered from a severe fit of illness by which he was prostrated last winter, but as he appeared strong and still fulfilled his duties with the same zeal, attention, and fervor which characterised his whole life, no one expected his death would occur for many years to come. But so he died at the foot of the altar which he had so long adorned with his virtues, and in communion with his Maker, for whom he had labored throughout his whole life with the zeal, fervency, and ardour of the most self-denying, the most patient, the most heroic of missionary priests. Never did a man cross the equator whose virtues were more manifold. I do not think he was wanting in any of the cardinal virtues which go to adorn a human being. He was a scholar of the highest order, yet simple as a child, in humility, patience, perseverance, piety, and zeal for the spread of his religion, charity, and love of the poor, he had no superior and not many equals. And still he was so gentle, so delightful in his conversation, that even though he was reproving, it scarcely could be called reproof. It may be truly said that

"He was gentle, and the matter so mix in him,
That nature might stand up and say, this is a man."

or more applicable—a saint. His only fault was, if it could be called a fault, that he gave indiscriminately to the deserving and the unworthy. No matter who complained, his pitying, generous, noble heart was ever ready to relieve distress. Such a man was he, whom every Catholic in Wellington now mourns, mourns with a deep heartfelt sorrow that will not be soon forgotten.

On Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul. The Bishop as celebrant was assisted by Fathers O'Reilly, Zardin, Kearney, and McGuinness. The altar was draped in black. The remains of the beloved deceased were laid out in a coffin in front of the altar. His hands were clasped as if in prayer, and there was a benign serenity on his features. A cross of lilies in a circle of roses was placed at his feet, and the lid of his coffin bore the following inscription:—"Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of John Baptist Petit Jean, priest of the Society of Mary. Born 30th March, 1811; died 21st September, 1876. Aged 65 years." After mass, the Bishop in a black velvet cope and accompanied by the other clergymen assembled around the coffin and prayed. The most touching scene then occurred. Of all who had assisted at mass, few left without going up to take a farewell look and pray beside the coffin, while their tears flowed freely. Three o'clock was the hour appointed for the funeral to leave the cathedral. The church by that time was crowded to excess, not alone with Catholics, but with many of the leading merchants of the city. At three o'clock, the Bishop, vested in cope and mitre, entered, accompanied by the other clergymen and the Marist Brothers, and the office for the dead was sung. The Bishop then ascended the pulpit and preached the following.

FUNERAL ORATION.

"My dearly-beloved brethren,—I must in the first place claim your indulgence on the present occasion. You may easily imagine that it is no easy matter for me to speak, in the presence of his dear and holy remains, of him whom we have assembled to honor. It is difficult to speak in an adequate manner of a man who has left behind him in this world a record of such a life as he has, and is now gone to pass a glorious life in another world. It is difficult to satisfy you upon his virtues. No words of mine would be adequate, and I will, therefore, content myself with a few plain remarks, leaving your sympathies to supply what is unsaid. I will, therefore, begin by saying that that great servant of God had, through his whole life, followed the instructions of St. Paul, 'Labor as a soldier of God.' You have in these words the life of the man in whose honor we are assembled. He has been a soldier of Jesus.