

"Au détour d'une eau qui chemine
A flots pure, sous de frais lilas.
Vous avez vu notre chaumine."]

Such are the words that Béranger places in the mouth of his captive soldier, and at once cottage, wavelets, and flowering bushes are plain to the eyes of the hearer. Let us see if our author is deficient in the indefinable power alluded to, and take in illustration the following passage which exhales the very breath of the spring, and brings us into direct contact as it were with all that is described—

"The primroses were opening up
Their petals on the meads,
And offering to the sun's first ray
Their dewy crystal beads;
And where the perfumed lilac swung,
The thrush sang clear and sweet,
And in the world there seemed no room
For sorrow or deceit.
The moss-rose nestling on the sill,
Peeped at me through the pane;
I fancied that the linnet's trill
Was "Welcome home again!"

With this extract we must close our brief review; although we would gladly linger over the task, for it does not fall to our lot every day to welcome to the ranks of literature a volume that may be truly stamped with the crest of poetry, and whose author is destined to immortal fame as a pioneer bard, who has sounded the new-strung lyre of the southern hemisphere in chords that are beautiful in their simplicity and their fidelity to nature.

THE CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER PRESS.

THE LATE 'SOUTH AUSTRALIAN TABLET.'

You announced some time ago with regret the demise of a Catholic newspaper in Adelaide at an early period of its career. It appears that in America, with its eight millions of Catholics, there is not one Catholic daily paper, and even the existing weeklies there meet with a very inadequate support. In England, with its one million of Catholics, and even in Ireland with its five millions, there is not one single daily Catholic newspaper. How is this to be explained? It cannot well be for lack of Catholic zeal. The churches, schools, colleges, infirmaries, and reformatories which the Catholics in these countries have raised of late years, attest both their religious zeal and public spirit. They must hold back from the support of Catholic newspapers, because they think these are not required, and that Catholics can get on very well without them, when there is such an abundance of non-Catholic journals, some, or rather most of them, highly respectable and ably conducted. A newspaper, they may argue, is a thing for this world only, and, properly speaking, has nothing to do with any interests beyond it. There is a good deal of truth in this view. Yet it is a very narrow and superficial one. Mr. Disraeli on the occasion of opening the Manchester Athenæum, reminded his audience, and through them the public at large, that the newspaper was the most powerful arm of the press; that its office was to inform and to assist in guiding the public mind on all the great public questions of the day. If Catholics would adopt this just view of the important mission of the newspaper press, possibly they might be more inclined to support Catholic newspapers than they now are. Some of the most important public questions of our day—questions which deeply interest the public mind, and are discussed more or less fully and keenly in almost every Protestant journal—relate to Catholic subjects. These are, it is needless to say, almost invariably misrepresented by the Protestant press, and put in such a way before their readers as to mislead or deceive them, unintentionally, of course. This is an evil, not merely affecting the Catholic Church and her children, but calculated to prejudice public interests generally. We all know the inveterate and invincible prejudices which exist in the English mind against the Catholic Church and everything relating to her, prejudices which the press of England, the newspaper press especially, have labored industriously from day to day, and from year to year, to perpetuate and render, if possible, still more inveterate, during the long space of three hundred years and upwards. I will not impute mercenary or other improper motives to the editors who have thus so long labored, or still labor, to make the Roman Catholic Church and her ministers objects of hatred or suspicion to the Protestant public. God alone can judge with certainty of the motives of men's actions. Such is the natural deceitfulness of the human heart, that men often fail to know the real motives of their own actions. How, then, shall we dare to judge and condemn the motives of our neighbors. I will suppose that the conductors of the Protestant newspaper press are actuated by the purest, most upright, and disinterested motives, in all they attest to the prejudice of the Catholic Church, however far they may depart from the truth. Yet I may say this much, without giving just cause of offence, that men readily believe that to be true which it is for their worldly interests should be true, however false it may be in reality. The deceitfulness of riches is proverbial. Wealth is a great snare to the conscience. The Protestant party is now in the ascendant in England and Ireland. By means, the reverse of fair or honorable, by sacrilegious robbery and other kinds of injustice in short, wealth and power came into the hands of Protestants almost exclusively in the United Kingdom. Need we wonder if this party, so numerous, so fashionable, so wealthy, and so powerful, should be aided and supported by an able and numerous staff of newspaper writers, firmly convinced that in defending the views and interests of their party they are doing what is just and right. Such is the present state of things, and has been since the reign of Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth, two of the most cruel, tyrannical, and unjust sovereigns that ever sat on a throne, spite

of all their talents. Hitherto, the Catholic newspaper press has been in abeyance, silent and crushed to the earth. The defenders of the Protestant cause in the newspapers have had the field entirely to themselves. But circumstances have now somewhat changed. The Catholic newspaper press in the United Kingdom and the colonies and in the American United States, has begun to exist. It is yet in its infancy. But it is making itself heard, and letting the Protestant public into a knowledge of many things they did not know before, and which the Protestant press are in no hurry to bring to their knowledge. It is co-operating with the Catholic clergy in opening the eyes of the Protestant people to know how much, how grossly they have been misled by Protestant preachers and newspapers. It was a rare thing, at no distant day, for Protestant people to enter a Roman Catholic church for any creditable purpose, from any higher motive, in fact, than scoffingly to gaze at the "mummeries," as they called the ceremonies of the altar, or to hear the music of the choir. But now multitudes of well educated Protestants in England attend Catholic services to learn what the true teaching of the Catholic Church really is, as was the case in Manchester lately, when an immense congregation, consisting mostly of Protestants, assembled to hear Monsignor Capel preach on "Liberty of Conscience." They are surprised to find Catholic teaching differs so widely from that represented by Protestant preachers and newspaper editors. Pope Pius IX. is a strong advocate for Catholic newspapers, and has publicly signified his satisfaction at the publication of the *Tablet* in Dunedin. He has given a like encouragement to other Catholic journals in other parts of the world. He says that Catholic newspapers may find their way into many places which the voice of a Catholic priest can never reach, and may thus be the means of correcting many mistakes or refuting many calumnies respecting the Church and her people, which would otherwise be permitted to work their mischief unchecked. This is common sense, and is consistent with experience, even in your own city and this colony generally. The Catholic public, therefore, as a matter of duty, would support Catholic newspapers universally if they had a real anxiety for the credit of the Church and the diffusion of her faith. But Catholic newspapers should be cheap, because Catholics in general, and the Protestant working men too, are not very flush of cash. A penny Catholic paper, published two or three times a week, would be the thing. If Catholic newspapers are not very generally read by leaders at present, they are, at all events, read by some of the "leaders" of the Protestant people in the press, the 'New Zealand Wesleyan' to wit. The *Tablet*, I know, is read by some private Protestants. A Protestant gentleman, eminent in the law, told me he liked to have a look at the *Tablet*, because it was not so much filled as common newspapers, with matters relating to money and other worldly interests of the common sort. It seemed to recognise the fact that man was made for a higher end than to become rich.

Auckland.

LAIC.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.

On Tuesday evening last Howorth's Hibernica opened at the Temperance Hall, Dunedin. The views of Irish scenery exhibited are very beautiful, and that of the City of Paris, taken from above the Arc de Triomphe, is exceedingly good. The scenes in the Emerald Isle begin with Dublin Bay, sketched from the back of the obelisk at Killiney, and taking in the sweep of coast round by Kingstown, with Howth in the distance. The picture is faithfully executed, and those persons familiar with the localities cannot fail to recognise many well-known features. The entrance to Kingstown harbor comes next, and is equally well delineated, with attention to the minutest details. Then follows in succession a series of views chosen for their beauty or the interest of their associations: the Vale of Avoca, the City of Kilkenny, Holy Cross Abbey, the Rock of Cashel, Waterford, Derrynane Abbey, the well-known home of the Liberator, Limerick, Glengariffe, Killarney, Galway, Clew Bay, and many other places of equal interest are represented with undeviating fidelity. Amongst the scenes of greatest beauty, however, are to be reckoned the Lakes of Killarney, where some charming effects are produced by an excellent imitation of the sunset, and the full moon playing on the waters; and St. Patrick's Cathedral in the olden time, which is represented by night, illuminated for the ceremonies of Christmas Eve. A procession is passing along in front of the church, and from within are heard the chords of the *Adeste Fideles*, sung by a well-trained and most harmonious choir. The vale of Avoca likewise, and Clew Bay taken from the demesne of the Marquis of Sligo, and displaying Crough Patrick to the left, other mountains of Mayo to the right, and the various islands, for which the bay is remarkable, bathed in the beams of the setting sun, which invariably produces an effect of much loveliness there. The scenes represented are well worthy of a visit, recalling as they do to Irishmen the memories of their native land, and exhibiting to strangers the famed beauties of the Emerald Isle. The entertainment is diversified by a comedy, in which Messrs Cohan and Howard and Miss Marie Poinier sustain the leading parts. The first named gentleman gives a capital delineation of Irish character, varying his witticisms with dances deftly executed, and songs given in excellent style. Miss Poinier, likewise, excels on "the light fantastic toe," and possesses a voice of good quality, which she uses with sweetness and expression; and Mr. Howard does the solemn Dutchman famously. Of the other performers, Messrs Austin and Nicholson are especially deserving of commendation. The former being a violinist of much ability, and possessing great powers of displaying the comic properties—if we may call them so—of his instrument. Mr. Nicholson is a humorous vocalist of irresistible drollery.

One of the remarkable discoveries made by the gallant Arctic explorers is that the length of a Polar night is 142 days.