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PRICE 6D.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb.

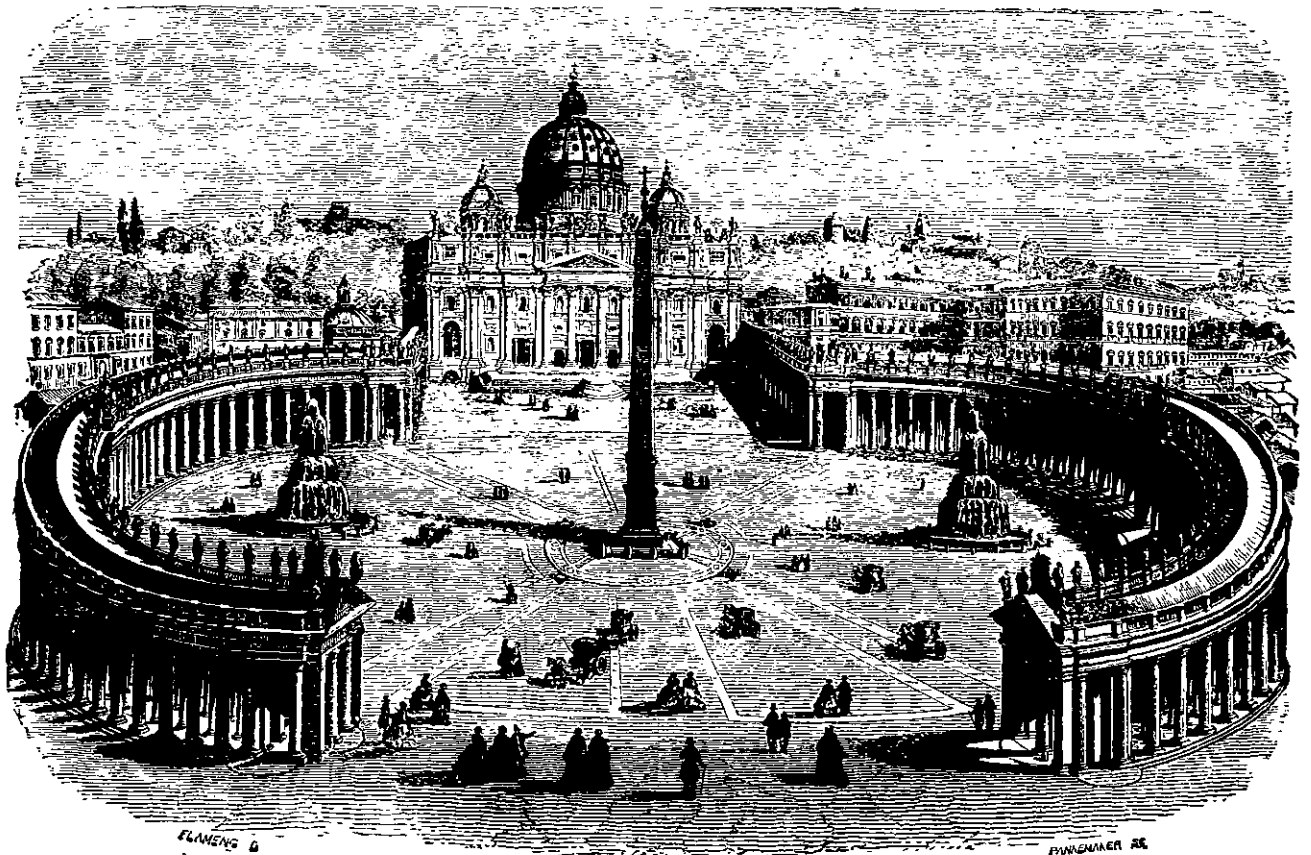


HAT Catholic can look unmoved upon the mightiest temple of his faith—the Great Basilica of St. Peter's. A fane which, were this possible, might be said to be worthy of Christianity itself, and which is only not so because to build such an one would be beyond the powers of mankind. But here has been done all of magnificent that earth is capable of performing, all that colossal genius could conceive, or the wealth and power of Christendom in centuries accomplish.

strains of martial music, and the sunbeams fall upon marble pavements dyed in a thousand colors by the stained glass of the windows; when gold and jewels are flashing in the lights of the altar, and the ceremonies of the Church are being celebrated in all their majesty amidst the most gorgeous surroundings, the humble worshipper will not be dazzled by the magnificence, nor overcome by the outward splendor, but in his heart will rejoice that all this is being done in honor of Him who stood neglected in the chill Judgment Hall all night, and on the morrow when He had been scourged, lacerated, and cruelly insulted, was led away bearing on his mangled shoulders the cross that He might be put to an ignominious death.

*Dômes mystérieux, solennité sacrée
Quelle ame en vous voyant est iamais demeurée
Sans doute ou sans terreur*

Thus chants de Musset; and if it be true that the sacred domes of God, and the solemn aisles, are filled with a mysterious awe where-ever they exist, how much more overcoming is that gigantic



In contemplating the grand ceremonies, and noble shrines of the Church there is consolation to the faithful heart, for what true Catholic can look upon the sufferings of the lowly Saviour and not long in his inmost soul to see reparation in some sort made for them. It was a heavenly inspiration that directed that the "Servant of the Servants of Christ" should be the guide and venerated father of kings, and that He who had been despised and maltreated by the very off-scourings of humanity, should be openly honored on earth by all that is most high and royal. When choir answers to choir, and the lofty arches of some great cathedral resound with the

pile which to every sacred association joins magnitude unequalled, and is only prevented from utterly confusing the mind by its very immensity.

*Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal*

There is nothing there by whose littleness greatness may be measured, and even as the motion of the earth cannot be perceived,

FINDLAY AND CO'S
OTAGO STEAM SAW,PLANING MOULDING, DOOR, AND
SASH FACTORY,

Cumberland, Stuart, and Castle streets,

DUNEDIN.

They beg to intimate to Builders, Contractors, and the Public generally, that having just completed extensive alterations to their Plant and Premises, they are now in a position to execute all orders entrusted to them with the utmost despatch.

All the Machinery is on the best and most modern principles; customers can, therefore, rely upon all work being done in the best possible manner.

We would call special attention to our Door, Sash, Turnery, and Moulding Department, as recent improvements have enabled us to turn out large quantities of the best finish and design.

As we import large quantities of our Colonial timber in bulk, we are prepared, with our large sawing appliances, to cut on the shortest notice to any size.

Our stock, which comprises all the requirements of the Building Trade—including Builders' Ironmongery of every description—is at present too large to be noted in an advertisement.

Our very large Shed and Building Accommodation enables us to keep all stock suitable for up-country purposes, or which would be injured by exposure, completely under cover.

All Orders, coastwise or up-country, shall receive our best attention.

FINDLAY AND CO.

JAMES WALLS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL IRONMONGER.Corner of Princes and Walker-streets, Dunedin
Has on hand and to arrive—REGISTER GRATES, LEAMINGTON AND SCOTCH
COOKING RANGES."Smith and Wellstood's" and "Watson and
Gow's" Cooking Stoves, Mantlepieces, Fenders, Fire-irons, etc.A large variety of
ELECTRO PLATED WARE.
Latest designs alsoBRITANNIA METAL GOODS, newest patterns.
Tea Trays, Hip and Sponge Baths, Lamps and
Chimneys, Brushware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Tinned and Enamelled Holloware, American Brooms, Tubs, and Buckets, and Furnishing Ironmongery of every description.SPADES AND SHOVELS, HAY AND DIGGING
FORKS.

Manilla and Flax Rope, Seaming Twine, Scales and Weighing Machines, Plough and Cart Traces, Backbands, Lancashire and Scotch Hames, American Axes and Churns, Pit and Cross-Cut Saws, etc.

AMERICAN ANGLO CUT NAILS.
Wire and "Ewbank's" Patent Nails, Locks and Hinges, Iron and Brass Screws, and Builder's Ironmongery of all descriptions.PAINTS, OILS, AND COLORS
of every description.
Blasting Powder, Patent Fuse, Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns, Sporting Ammunition, Cartridges, &c.

Fencing Wire, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, Fencing Staples and Wire Stretchers.

Fancy Bird Cages—a large variety.

SLATE AND MARBLE MANTLEPIECES.
A special line in English Galvanised Corrugated Iron, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 feet—best brands. A general assortment of Carpenters' and Joiners' Tools by the best makers, always on hand.Agent for Wheeler and Wilson's Sewing
Machines.**SKENE'S LABOR EXCHANGE**PRINCES ST. DUNEDIN
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SEPARATE OFFICES FOR THE LADIES.

MUNSTER ARMS HOTEL
Corner of

WALKER AND PRINCES STREETS, DUNEDIN.

P. O'BRIEN, PROPRIETOR.

First-class Accommodation. Single and Double Bed-rooms, and a Bath-room. Private apartments for Families. Charges moderate.

SPECIAL

The Undersigned beg to notify that they have removed into their re-erected PREMISES PRINCES-STREET SOUTH, and are now offering a Choice Assortment of Goods at a small advance on Prime Cost, and consisting of—
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
BRUSHWARE, PAPERHANGINGS,
IRONMONGERY, &c.

Also, Invoices of GENERAL MERCHANDISE continually arriving from the Manufacturers.

SCANLAN BROS. & CO.



D. SAMPSON,
MERCHANT SAILOR,
HAT MANUFACTURER,
AND MEN'S MERCER,
PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

N.B.—Despatch and punctuality guaranteed.
Noted for the sale of first-class goods.**A. H. ROSS,**
OPTICIAN AND GENERAL
IMPORTER.

WILL in a few days open extensive Premises in the Octagon, Princes-street, with a varied stock of superior INSTRUMENTS and other Goods, selected by him personally in the Home markets.

Goods now being landed ex Calypso; more to follow by the Avon, May Queen, and Clan McLeod.

Particulars in future advertisements.

J. HARDIE AND CO'SFRESH ARRIVALS OF NEW GOODS FOR THE SEASON'S TRADE
CONSISTING OF

New and Fashionable Suits, Trousers, Trousers and Vests, Sacs, Pagets, Alpaca and Silk Coats, White and Fancy Vests, Summer Overcoats, Engineers' Jackets and Overhauls, White Shirts, Oxford and Regatta Shirts, Crimean and Cape Shirts, Soft and Stiff Felt Hats, Drab Shell and Silk Hats.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

J. HARDIE AND CO. respectfully beg to announce the arrival of their New Purchases which they can with confidence recommend as worthy of especial notice, being all of the best description of goods, and are remarkable for their exceeding cheapness.

One Case Men's Tweed Suits, 50s
One Case Alpaca Coats, 12s 6d
One Case Youths' Suits, 25s, 30s, 35s
One Case White Shirts, 5s 6d

One Bale Jean Shirts, 2s 6d, 2s 9d
Two Cases Alpine Felt Hats, 5s 6d
Seventy dozen Cloth Caps, 1s 6d.

Three Cases Boys' Suits, 8s 6d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d, 15s. 200 pairs Men's Tweed Trousers, 10s 6d 12s 6d, 15s, 17s 6d. Splendid lot of Scotch Tweeds from 2s 6d per yard upwards.

An endless variety of Ties, Scarfs, Belts, Braces, Shirt Studs, Merino and Cotton Sox, Merino Under Shirts and Drawers, Night Shirts, Pajama and Linen Collars, Umbrellas, Carpet Bags, Travelling Trunks, Railway Rugs, Opossum Rugs, &c.

J. HARDIE AND CO.,

TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, AND OUTFITTERS
Corner of Prince and Rattray Streets.—Convenient to Railway Station.

NEW BOOT WAREHOUSE,
GEORGE STREET,
(Near Hanover Street.)

JOHN ELLIOTT begs to inform his numerous Customers, and the Public generally, that he has imported for the present season a magnificent assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.,

Embracing all the latest Novelties in Ladies' Embroidered, Polish, Buttoned and Plain, French Lastings. No person need be without a pair of Boots when they can be had at the following prices:—

Ladies' Cashmere	... from 3 6
" " high heels	" 4 11
" French Lastings, military	" 5 9
" " heels	" 7 6
" " military sewn	" 8 6
" " embroidered alpine	" 11 6
" " polish buttoned	" 10 6
" " mock lace	" 3 6
" Leather Slippers, sewn	" 3 0
" Canvas	" 3 0

Ladies' Bronze, Scarlet, Blue and Black Slippers in great variety.

GENTLEMEN'S! GENTLEMEN'S!

Kid Lorne Shoes, sewn, 12s 6d; Oxonians, do 11s 6d; Kid elastic sides, do., 13s 6d.

OUR OWN MAKE!!!

Blucher's from 11s 6d; Seamless Lace-ups, from 16s 6d; Watertight do., from 17s 6d. Every description of Boots and Shoes made to order. Quality and fit guaranteed.

The above are all first-class Goods, expressly imported by J. E., and he feels confident an inspection (which he respectfully solicits) will ensure patronage.

Note the Address—GEORGE-STREET, (Near Hanover-street.)

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

COMMERCIAL LIVERY AND BAIT STABLES,
High-Street.

H. YEEND AND CO. beg to intimate to the residents of Dunedin and the surrounding Districts that they have purchased those old established Stables in High-street, known as the Commercial Stables. Intending to keep none but the best class of Saddle and Harness Horses, either for sale or hire, they trust to merit the confidence of their patrons—all Buggies, Carriages, &c., being entirely new, and of the best description. The Proprietors can ensure to gentlemen wishing a really first-class turn-out the utmost satisfaction. As only first-class grooms will be kept, customers will always find civility and attention. Horses taken upon livery on the most reasonable terms.

H. YEEND & CO., Proprietors.

because all things it contains move together, so the beholder is unable by comparison with objects of petty dimensions, to judge of the vastness of St. Peter's.

The building of this great basilica was continued during the reigns of forty-three Popes, and extended close upon three centuries and a half. A description of its wonders is thus given by the Very Rev. Canon Pope in his work *Holy Week in the Vatican*:—"The Church is 610 feet in length; the height of the nave is 150 feet; the diameter of the cupola is 193 feet; the height of the dome inside, from the marble pavement to the base of the lantern, is 400 feet, and to the top of the cross 430. The marble, founts, sculpture, and mosaics with which the interior is decorated, are of priceless value. The weight of the dome is 55,428 tons; more than 30,000 lbs. weight of iron was used in its construction. The space of ground covered by the buildings is 240,000 square feet, about eight English acres! Immediately under the dome stands the Papal high altar; it is surmounted by the baldacchino, which is supported by four richly decorated spiral columns of solid bronze, and is 93 feet in height; the gilding alone of the decorations cost 40,000 scudi, or Roman crowns; the entire cost of this grand canopy was 100,000 scudi. Beneath repose the holy relics of the Apostles enclosed in a gorgeous shrine. Before it gold and silver ever burning lamps are suspended, and around the confessional 112 large brass lamps burn for ever, day and night. The general view of the interior of the basilica unveils to the eye an astounding perspective of wonders and beauties from the pavements of the richest marbles ingeniously disposed, to the towering altitudes of the concave dome studded with the richest mosaics, elaborate bronzes, sacred relics of antiquity, Peter's chain, Veronica's handkerchief, Christ's cross, many precious ornaments, and sculptural works from the chisels of the greatest masters, and specimens of all that is wonderful in art."

Yet however grand the Church—until within the last few years it was but the fitting scene for the ceremonies that were yearly celebrated there. Thither from all parts of the world flocked those whose circumstances permitted them to do so; and whatever difficulties or hardships they may have encountered by the way, they felt that all was atoned for during the wondrous devotions of Holy Week, and the glories of the Easter. But a sacrilegious hand was interposed; an usurper seized upon the sceptre of the Popes, and a cloud obscured the face of the heavens. No longer is the voice of the Great High Priest heard blessing from the loggia, but blasphemies and the sound of impious revelry are loudly echoed throughout the seven hills. For how long shall it be?—Who can tell? Until the time appointed has been accomplished. The hour is approaching surely, howsoever it may seem to delay, when the "proud" shall be scattered once more "in the imagination of their hearts," and the lofty dome that shelters the relics of the Apostles shall resound with the "Te Deum" of the Church of God.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AFTER STORM COMES SUNSHINE.

"Yes," replied his attendant quietly, "what is it?"

"Captain Hart—," interrogated the Sister, as a light seemed to break upon her mind, like a flash from an unseen cloud; her own voice slightly trembling. "Is it Captain Hartland?"

"Aleck is what she called him," he said wanderingly.

"Yes, tell me what I shall write for Captain Alexander Hartland," inquired the Sister, realising the need of haste.

The man slowly raised his hand to his forehead, as if to collect his scattered senses, and bringing it down upon the paper with all the force of which he was capable, he said with a terrible oath, "Tell him I deceived him; she was never mine:" and again his mind wandered.

Sister Angela hesitated but a moment; enough had been said already to lift the dark cloud from Laura's heart; she felt this, as she looked at the miserable man before her, striving with the few gasps of his flickering life to undo his own wicked labor for years. She knew only pity for him, and she prayed to the good God, if peradventure there were yet hope for this soul, about to appear before his judge. It was some moments before he again opened his eyes, or rallied from the state of unconsciousness into which he had relapsed. The Sister had written on the paper, "I protest in my dying hour, that Laura Hartland is innocent of that of which her husband accuses her." Once more he opened his eyes, still clear with the light of reason, and with evident anxiety turned towards her, while she, stooping over him, read the paper distinctly.

"More," he said, eagerly; "I seized the ring, their wedding-ring; when she lay helpless in a swoon." This was added, and with the last energies of a strong nature, by a powerful effort of will, he snatched the pencil and signed his name, "Etienne Le Compte," almost as legibly as in his palmist days. This done, he sunk rapidly; all efforts to turn his mind to anything beyond this life were useless; all that night he breathed still, but did not speak, and his pulse was imperceptible. Prayers constant and fervent were said for this soul which seemed to have abandoned God; but he sunk away and made no sign; having lived as the fool liveth, he died as the fool dieth. Sister Angela had no time, directly to make use of the intelligence she had gained; the pestilence raged more and more, and lest she should be stricken down in the midst of her labors, she imparted the precious secret to her Father Confessor, with the understanding that if she were taken away, he was to reveal it to those most interested. But at length the early frosts of autumn checked the raging scourge, and her first care was for Captain Hartland. The difficult task of bringing back her thoughts to the living was accomplished, and this letter was dispatched.

"New Orleans, September, 18—."

"Captain A. Hartland:

"My dear Sir,—It is my pleasing duty to inform you, that the cloud which has hung like a pall over your life, has been lifted by

the hand of death. I enclose the evidence of your wife's innocence, which I have long felt was unquestionable. I will only add, that this paper was written by me at the request of the signer, and the name was subscribed by him almost in the agonies of death. Praying our dear Lord that this may relieve your heart of a heavy burden, I am, very truly, yours,

ANGELA."

The letter reached the residence of Colonel Hartland in due time, and came into the hands of the Doctor, who eyed it suspiciously, and not without some curiosity; recognising as he did the hand-writing at once, there could be no other like it to him, even now, and this was the first time he ever felt an impulse to open a letter not addressed to himself. He turned it over and over again—no, there it was, fairly written in Dora's clear, bold hand, "Captain Alexander Hartland, U.S.N." "Ah, how shut out she must be from us all," he said to himself, "not to know that Aleck has resigned."

His brother was at Hawthorndean, that dear paradise for souls wearied with contending against the ills of life, and the letter was at once forwarded to him in his retreat. Here he had built himself a tiny cottage below the lawn, where he could look up to the mansion of his friends, and be alone when he chose. He was in the rustic arbor which Harry had planned, now covered with vines of his own planting; he was going over the dark days of the past, thinking, O, how relentlessly, of the knowledge that this day years ago had brought to him; the anniversary had never been forgotten, the ring still rested on his finger, and a ghastly bitter smile spread over his sunken pallid cheek as he gazed at it. "Never, never!" he said, in a cold, stern voice, as if replying to some inward pleading. "No, never!"

A sound of a footstep met his ear, and he arose hastily; it was only the blind boy, his chief companion, bringing him a letter, which he held most carefully in both his hands, as if it were made of some brittle substance. The Captain took it carelessly, looked at the post-mark, then turned to the dear boy, whom he had learned to love with almost paternal affection. He thought the missive was from some of his old navy friends, and he had hardly curiosity to read it, so he slowly broke the seal, turning to Willie, and holding one arm about him as he read. "Good God!" he exclaimed, when he saw the purport of the letter, the blood rushing to his heart.

Willie turned anxiously to his friend, and stroked his beard with his small hand. "Uncle Aleck, does it tell you bad news?" inquired the child.

"Who knows?" replied the Captain, abstractedly, his voice trembling as he spoke.

"Let's go to mamma," said the boy, affectionately, "she will know."

They went together, hand in hand, Willie really the stronger of the two, in that silent, rapid walk. Aleck Hartland gave the letter and its enclosure to Mrs. Benton, and hurried away into the library, as if afraid even of her presence; overwhelmed with mingled emotions, all of them more or else tinged with the doubts and distrust of the long years of darkness; distance, time were annihilated, and the hours of those dreadful days in a far-off land were alone remembered. Presently, there came a low tap at the door, and a gentle voice, speaking his name; he arose to meet Mrs. Benton, but staggered to a seat, unable even to offer her a chair.

"This is so wonderful, such a heaven-sent blessing," she said, coming towards him, her face shining with delight, and putting her hand on his bowed head. "Such blessed news! Indeed I am so grateful to the good God for you; you will seek out your wife at once."

"But I have wronged her bitterly," he said, his head still bowed on his arm—"wronged her constantly in thought and deed, all these years of suffering."

"Yes, Aleck," she replied; "years of terrible suffering for you both, let us hope it may increase your reward, I know it will; and O, what a weight this will take from many hearts; dear Rosa always had faith in Laura's innocence."

"Rosine is a saint," he said, looking up for the first time; "think what she was to me in those first horrible months. God bless her for it—but I must not wait," he added, rising. Eagerly, hope, strength, had returned with human sympathy; before night he was in the city, with an invitation to bring Laura immediately to Hawthorndean. He did not pause at his father's residence, he made no delay till he stood at the entrance of the House of the Infant Jesus. The little child who opened the door shook her small head when he inquired for Mrs. Hartland; and after several ineffectual efforts to explain himself, he asked for the Sister Superior, and was forthwith ushered into her presence. The calm, subdued, chastened spirit of Sister Agnes was melted by the intelligence, and tears glistened in her eyes, as Captain Hartland imparted to her the news which had so changed everything for him; but Laura was in New Orleans, to leave soon—it was uncertain how soon, but probably before he could reach there, and she advised his waiting a few days. He wait! he sit still! while she whom he had so deeply and tenderly loved was repudiated! Never. He rushed to his father's house, meeting Rosa at the door just going for a drive with Harry, who had lately returned from a long sojourn in the far west. Captain Hartland pulled them both back into the house, with an earnestness that made them fear for his senses, and taking from his memorandum book the letter of Sister Angela, he thrust it into Rosine's hand. Harry Greenwood stood by her side while she gave one glance through the lines, penetrating at once to their meaning, and turning to Aleck, who stood as if waiting to be gone, she clasped her arms about his neck, uttering no words but tears.

"Thank God," said Harry, as he closed the letter, "right must prevail; and what a joy to my dear sister Dora to be the instrument. Aleck, let me congratulate you; we will have a double wedding next month, Rosa, if Aleck can wait so long."

D. J. S T O H R

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FAMILY BUTCHER,
MACLAGGAN-STREET,
DUNEDIN.

Families waited upon for orders.
Shipping Supplied.

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Capital, £1,000,000. Established, 1859.
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Opposite the Custom House and Railway Station,

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

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

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Waikouaiti ..	W. O. Ancell
Palmerston ..	John Keen
Oamaru ..	George Sumpter
Kakanui ..	James Matheson
Otakia ..	Henry Palmer
Naseby ..	J. & R. Bremner
Queenstown ..	T. F. Roskrige
Otepopo ..	Chas. Beckingsale
Cromwell ..	Chas. Colclough
St. Bathans ..	Wm. McConnochie
Clinton ..	Cameron & Garden
Mataura ..	James Pollock
Riverton ..	Peter Grant
Taparui ..	Alex. McDuff
Arrowtown ..	Wm. Jenkins

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. ELIOTT,
Agent for Otago.

[CARD.]

J. DUNCAN NIVEN, M.D., Homœopathic and Allopathic Physician, may be consulted daily between the hours of 10 and 11 a.m. and 3 and 4 p.m., and in the evenings at Mr. Marshall's, Chemist and Druggist, George street, where also messages may be left. Temporary residence: Cumberland street, left division, next Albany street.

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FINANCIAL, LAND, AND GENERAL
AGENT AND ACCOUNTANT,

TEMPLE CHAMBERS,
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KENSINGTON HOTEL.

TIMOTHY HAYES, PROPRIETOR,

All drinks kept are of the very best quality.

DUNEDIN BREWERY

Filleul-street.

KEAST AND MCCARTHY,
Brewers, Ale and Porter Bottlers

VENETIAN BLINDS!

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At Moderate Prices.

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By Special Appointment to His Excellency the Governor Sir George Bowen, and Sir James Ferguson.

NOTICE.

FOR durability, excellence of finish, elegance of shape,
MUIR'S HATS ARE THE BEST.
Ladies' Riding Hats of the latest shape can only be had at Muir's shop.

Note the Address—

Opposite Bank of New Zealand.



TIGER BRAND.

G H O L L A H ' S

GREAT INDIAN CURES.

TIGER BRAND.

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Dunedin, August 31, 1876.

SIR,—Having taken your Gollah's Rheumatic Mixture for some considerable time, and having been completely cured by its use from the very severe Rheumatic Gout from which I had suffered most severely for the last ten years, I can bear testimony to its extraordinary curative powers. I am now free from all pain, and well in my health, and have the free use of my hands and feet, which I had not previous to taking your medicine. I think it right to state, for the benefit of others suffering from the tortures that I endured for the period above stated, that I attribute my restoration to health and my freedom from pain, entirely to the use of your invaluable medicine. I can strongly recommend it to those suffering from Rheumatism or Gout.

(Signed)

JOHN GRIFFEN, J.P.

The extraordinary and constant cures being effected by these never-failing remedies in every part of the Colony, warrant the assertion that they have NO EQUAL for Certainty of Cure. They can be had of all respectable Chemists and Medicine vendors throughout New Zealand.

WHOLESALE AGENTS—

Dunedin, P. Hayman & Co.; Christchurch, Cook and Ross; Wellington, W. and G. Turnbull and Co.; Nelson, R. Hadfield; Auckland, Brown, Barrett and Co.; Westport, Bailie and Humphrey; Greymouth, Kennedy Brothers; Hokitika, Joseph Churches.

P. HAYMAN & Co., Dunedin,
Wholesale Agents for Otago.
Trade purchases treated liberally.

J O H N V E Z E Y

(Successor to John Gardner),

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUTCHER,

PRINCES STREET SOUTH, DUNEDIN.

Families waited on for orders in all parts of the City.

Shipping supplied. Pork skins for sale.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED Known.—The Cheapest House for Venetian Blinds in New Zealand. No more Calico Blinds!—John Taylor, manufacturer of every description of Window Blinds, is prepared to supply the public with Venetian Blinds at One Shilling per foot.

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J O H N H I S L O P

(LATE A. BEVELY),
CHRONOMETER, WATCHMAKER AND
JEWELLER,

Exactly opposite the Bank of Otago,
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Every description of Jewellery made to order.
Shells' 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.

G L O B E H O T E L,

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(Opposite Market Reserve)

Superior Accommodation for Travellers. Private Rooms for Families.

MRS DIAMOND, PROPRIETRESS.
First-class Stabling.

W A N T E D K N O W N

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Drain Pipes of all descriptions; Flower Pots, Vases, Chimney Pots, Butter Crocks, Flooring Tiles, Bricks, &c.

LAMBERT'S
North East Valley Works.

S H A M R O C K H O T E L,

PALMERSTON-STREET, RIVERTON.

MRS. WILLIAMS ... PROPRIETRESS.

Has much pleasure in announcing to the public that the above Hotel has lately been considerably enlarged and improved. It is now furnished with every comfort and convenience. All drinks are pure, and of the very best description.

Prize Medal Billiard Table. The best Stabling in Town.

WANTED KNOWN—Mr. Thos. Robson, Tailor, has removed from Octagon to George street, next to Mr. Scoble, Bootmaker.

WANTED KNOWN—Tweed Suits from £3 10s; Trowsers, from 18s. Workmanship and fit guaranteed. T. ROBSON, Tailor.

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PAINTERS

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GREAT KING STREET,
DUNEDIN.

ESTIMATES GIVEN.

M. C. F L E M I N G

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Cash buyer of Oats, Wheat, Barley, Potatoes &c., &c.

J. C A G N E Y

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G L A S G O W A R M S H O T E L

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

MICHAEL MURPHY ... PROPRIETOR.

(Late of Sandhurst, Victoria.)

Has much pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends that he has commenced business at the above address. The Hotel is located in the principle business part of the City, and is within easy reach of the Railway Station, and Rattray-street Wharf.

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Bools' Conney.

A STORY AND A PRAYER.

[FROM THE IRISHMAN.]

CONOR O'DEVANY, aged and hoar,
The sainted Bishop of Down, was meek
And very feeble, for full four score
Troublous years had rolled them o'er
His being, and smitten his brow and cheek,
When the English seized him in the year
Of Christ eleven and sixteen hundred,
And decreed—for of God feared they never a fear—
That hanged by the neck he should be, and ere
His body in death's embrace had slumbered,
To quarters it should be torn and sundered.

At the time whereat the virtue-mailed
Heart of the bishop bowed before
His doom, a priest, who away had sailed
With the exiled earls—whom the nation wailed—
To the brave dear France's glittering shore,
And journeyed back to the olden land,
Though persecution's storm thundered,
By a dying peasant seen to stand,
The *Amor Amorum** in his hand,
Was seized—while the angels before God wondered—
And sentenced to hanged be and quarter sundered!

The prelate had often been the guest
Of the mighty Hugh in green Tyrone;
Oft in the robes of his office dress'd
Read the holy Mass in his house, and blessed
That "kingly king" without a throne;
Mayhap, had counselled the chieftain brave,
And spent long hours of the evening time
Planning with him how the land to save,
And when he had fled from it o'er the wave
Mourned him; this was the prelate's crime.
(Death! how I chafe as I make the rhyme!)

And Patrick O'Loughrane, the priest,
Who, as I say had sailed to Gaul,
Came back to the Island with love increased
By her sorrows, and never ceased
To pray for her freedom, the tyrant's fall,
And carried the chalice through and through
The darkened land in his woe sublime,
Shrove the quick and dying. When this they knew,
What should my loved English do
But seize brave Patrick for his crime.
(How burneth my heart as I write the rhyme!)

The Bishop asked that the Priest should be
Sent to his death before himself.
Lest the horror of his, and the agony
His watching eyes should upon him see,
Should weaken his courage, or glint of wealth
Corrupt him. But forth in the crowded street
Spake the priest when the confessor's words had ended—
"Go on before to the Judgment Seat,
I shall follow; it is not meet
High Bishop as thou should be unattended,
Let our blood be mingled here and blended!"

And so by the necks they hanged the men
(While angels at God's great patience wondered!)
And the frightened people, who came forth when
The executions were over, then

Marked by the blood where their frames were sundered!
And dipped their handkerchiefs in the gore
And kept them as relics. (Oh, brothers, where
Are those dead banners? Hang they o'er
The paths of your lives? Do they float before
Your eyes each day in the whispering air
That breathes in the village and city fair?)

Oh, friends, whom I tell the dread tale to,
You may ask—"Oh, man is it right and good
And truly loving, then, for you
And treading in spirit the dark path through,
To tell us a tale of wrong and blood?"

Yes, it is good! for in my heart
I hear the loud shouts of my fierce desire,
And why should you not to the city mart
Or country cottage doorway start,
To gaze on the skies for the blaze of fire,
Though those nights spying for it mine own eyes tire?

O God of my fathers? Thy great name
Hath oft been confessed in this olden land—
Confessed was by men in the face of shame,
'Mid the lurid light of their roof-beam's flame
Till swept from their lips by the bloody brand!
O Father, look on the land these days,
Create in the Island from shore to shore
Hearts with such bright love lit always
Of THEE and dear Ireland as erst did blaze
In those of that priest and high Bishop hoar!

Hark!! Oh, no! oh, woe! 'tis but thunder's roar.
Dublin, November, 1876. P. O'C. MacL.

* St. Bernard calls the Holy Eucharist "Love Loves"

"FLOWERS OF THE FREELANDS."

BY THOMAS BRACKEN.

Of the many productions that yearly appear under the name of poetry, there are but few deserving of the title. There is nothing more common than for people to imagine that they are masters of the poetic art, and nothing more rare than for such an imagination to be justified by fact. False and absurd images, mawkish sentiments, and selfish affections when written in lines that scan or rhyme are in numberless instances believed by those who are unfortunate enough to originate them to be that which, of all things, must be true to nature, and wholly destitute of self; for it has been well said that the poet is one who sees deeply into the inmost being of things, and there discerns the harmony that lies at the foundation of all that has been created, so that his very thoughts, catching the infection, become musical, and of necessity are poured out in song; and again, that "it is only when purged of selfishness that the intellect becomes fitted for receiving the inspiration of genius." *Poeta nascitur, non fit*; the adage is old and trite, but all utterances that are plainly true must in the course of time become hackneyed, which however makes them none the less useful, but rather testifies to their value, and the universality of their acceptance. The poet, then, truly so called, sings by nature; art cannot fit him with his strains. Culture may improve those talents that have been born with a man, and education may expand his mind, add vigor to his thoughts, and force and elegance to his expression; but there is a limit beyond which these things cannot pass, and they are impotent to open the eyes that from their birth have been closed, or to attune the voice to notes descriptive of that which the sense of vision has never taken cognizance of.

"I have poured out my freshest emotions in song, because I found it the most congenial way of expressing what I felt." So writes in his preface the author of the work of which we now propose to treat, and in the volume which he has produced we find the most ample testimony to the truth of his assertion. It is very evident that these poems are the genuine "wood-notes" of nature, unmarred by an artificial thought, and free from all affectation of expression. They bear the impress of simplicity in its best sense, and bespeak a genius as truly to the manner born as that which enabled Villon to solace himself by song in the murky dungeons of the Châtelet, or Beranger to behold in the "Fire of the Prisoner" a thousand bright and beauteous images.

But let us again hear our author speaking of his verses. "They are not" says he "exotics upon the cultivation of which a large amount of care has been expended, but simple wild bush blossoms that have received but slight attention in their growth." This also is just, and herein lies a principal charm of these compositions, akin to that—although at a distance, for it would be flattery to say otherwise—which distinguishes the songs of a world renowned poet to whom we have already referred, and whose strains though delicate and refined as the rarest exotic, are still so redolent of the soil whereon they were breathed forth, that they have frequently reminded us of those indigenous plants that gain an additional beauty by blooming here and there in early spring sooner than their fellows, and which thus become more delightful than the most precious nurseling of a hot-house. But though these "Flowers of the Freelands" claim to be no more than "wild bush blossoms," they frequently bring before us much that would adorn a flora putting forward greater pretensions, and that closely borders upon the sublime. Take for example a passage that occurs in "Orakau"; a poem which may be described as a compressed epic, and which is of remarkable vigor and beauty all through:—

"Again the fiery-throated cannon roared aloud for blood,
Again the hungry eagle swooped and shrieked for human food;
Again wild spirits soaring, saw their shattered corpses lie
In pools of gore, and still was heard the fierce, defiant cry,
'Ka Hawhai tonu! Aké! Aké! Aké! Aké!'"

The third line in particular is especially striking, suggesting to us as it does an echo of the *Divine Comedy*, an echo faint indeed, but which nevertheless could have had no existence, were it not that it had been awakened by one worthy of the royal name of poet.

It is not, however, only when writing on themes of unusual magnitude, such as that of war which has inspired so many great singers, that Mr. Bracken shows the true poetic faculty of seeing deeper into things than that which lies upon their outside. The simplest offspring of nature as well as for him a meaning, whose truth it is impossible for us not to recognise, and which is explained in a manner full of grace. What can be more familiar to us than the orchard, with its homely fruit trees, now blushing with the bloom of spring, and now bending beneath their burden of the autumn, but except in winter when everything is forlorn, always beautiful. This early caught the fancy of the poet, and we find in the Provencal minstrelsy of the middle ages at least one *aubade* in which the scene of the voluptuous creations of the Troubadour is laid beneath the flowering apple branches. Swinburne also, in our own time, has chosen like surroundings wherewith to illustrate a lyric which he has written on the plan of the impure literature of the *langue d'oc*; and more happy than he is many times in his high sounding emptiness, or his foul strains of the sewer or the hospital, he has in a few words brought before our eyes a charming picture—

"Clear apple-leaves are soft upon that moon
Seen side-long like a blossom in the tree."

But, though they may be less sonorous, much more beautiful, and infinitely more pregnant and suggestive of high thoughts, are those lines which, amongst others hardly inferior, we find traced by the pen of our author—

"Rills and brooks and birds are singing
Nature's psalms and hymns and glees
And the morning breeze is swinging
Censers on the orchard trees."

What is it in the poet's art that avails so vividly to bring before us whatever it be that its magic undertakes to call up?

RAILWAY HOTEL, MOSGIEL.

WM KNOTT, PROPRIETOR.

The above Hotel has been newly erected near the Railway Station. Visitors will find it replete with every modern convenience and comfort.

N.B.—Good stabling and careful grooms. Horses and Traps always on hire.

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Successors to REEVES AND CO.,
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Bitters, Liqueurs, Aerated, and Mineral
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Goods of every description.

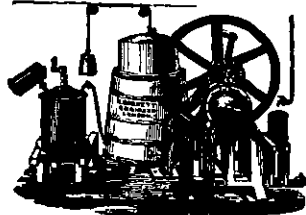
L., C., & Co. in soliciting a continuance of the large amount of support accorded to their predecessors, Messrs. Reeves and Co., whose various Manufactures are so favorably known throughout New Zealand, beg to assure their customers that no effort will be spared to still further increase the quality of their various manufactures.

Always in Stock and for Sale, in bulk or case, matured

Ginger Wine	Quinine Champagne
Ginger Brandy	Peppermint Cordial
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AND
CHELMER-STREET, OAMARU.

Importers of Soda Water Machinery and Cordial
Maker's Goods of every description.

There has been forwarded to us for inspection, the result of the analysis by Professor Black of a variety of Beverages procured from the establishment of Messrs. Thomson and Co., Aerated Water and Cordial Manufacturers, Stafford-street, by Mr. Lumb, Inspector under the Adulteration of Food Act, 1869. Of the Medicinal and other Beverages analysed, amongst which were samples of Quinine, Champagne, Soda Water, and Lemonade, Cordials, and Bitters, Professor Black speaks very highly. "There are none," he says, "that contain anything likely to be injurious to health. All are of excellent quality."—Otago Guardian, December 4, 1874.

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TIMBER MERCHANT,
(Formerly of Princes-street South),
Has commenced business in Cumberland St.,
corner of St. Andrew-street.
[Building Materials of every description on
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G. O. DRISCOLL AND CO.

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NEWCASTLE COAL SUPERSEDED
by our LOCAL PRODUCTIONS.

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King street.

Kaitangata coal, 30s per ton; best Colonial,
22s per ton; Shag Point, 35s per ton; cut dry
Manuka, 25s per load; cut dry Pine, 18s per
load. Full weights.

BATTSON AND BROWN,
Next Christian Chapel.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

GRIDIRON HOTEL,
PRINCES STREET SOUTH,
DUNEDIN.

JAMES MARTIN, PROPRIETOR,
Has much pleasure in intimating to his numerous circle of Friends and the General Public, that the above Hotel is fast approaching completion. It will be fitted up with every modern appliance, and the accommodation it will offer will be equal to the best hotel in the colony. For further particulars, see future advertisement in the TABLET.

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MacLaggan street, Dunedin.

T. PAVELETICH, Proprietor.

First-class Accommodation for Boarders.

The Finest Brands in Spirits, Wines, &c.
Refreshments always ready.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL,

WE beg to inform our Friends and the Public of New Zealand that we have This Day Removed from Stafford street to our New and Commodious Premises, corner of Crawford and Police streets. We have much pleasure in returning our best thanks for the very liberal support we have received for the last ten years, and, having availed ourselves of the best and most recent imported improvements in machinery for our new premises, we have every confidence that we can supply the wants of our customers in a most satisfactory manner.

THOMSON & CO.,
Cordial Manufacturers,
Crawford and Police streets.
Dunedin, 22nd December, 1876.

NIMMO AND BLAIR,

(Successors to the late G. F. Reid),
CUSTOMS, SHIPPING, FORWARDING,
AND

GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS,
HAVE ON SALE—

Fencing Wire
Woolpacks and Cornsacks
Sheep Nets
Clovers and Grass Seeds

ARE AGENTS FOR—
Nicholson's celebrated Reapers—single and double speeds; Reapers and Mowers combined—side and back deliveries; also a design convertible into side and back delivery, as desirable, and to which was awarded the Taieri Agricultural Society's first prize at Show of 1875.
Mitchell's Grain and Grass Seed-sowing Machines—fitted with Seed Boxes for sowing Turnip Seed at from 6 to 12ozs. per acre.

NIMMO AND BLAIR,
Stafford-street, Dunedin.

MR. R. H. BAKEWELL, M.D., has
Resumed Practice at his residence,
Moray Place, opposite the Criterion.

Hours of Consultation:
Nine to Eleven a.m., and Seven to Nine p.m.

JUST PUBLISHED,
Price Threepence,
"SCARLATINA, AND ITS DOMESTIC
TREATMENT,"

By R. H. Bakewell, M.D., late Medical Officer of Health for the Colony of Trinidad. Dunedin: Wise and Co., Princes street; or may be had by order from any Bookseller.

FRANCIS MEENAN,

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SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

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(Late Gibbs and Clayton's)

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PLAINING, MOULDING, TURNERY,
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Having taken over the above premises and made considerable alterations and improvements in the plant and machinery, we are now in a position to execute all orders with dispatch and on the most reasonable terms.

Special attention will be bestowed to the

SAWING,
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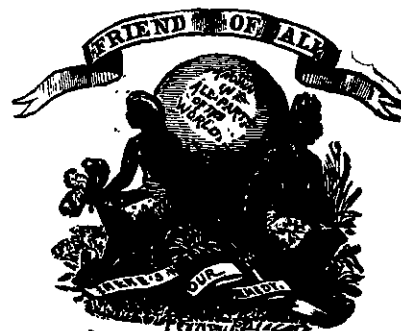
BRANCHES.
And from the great facilities now at our disposal they will be found replete with every article requisite for the trade.

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Timber cut to any size on the shortest notice. Country orders will receive immediate attention.

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**THE GREATEST:
WONDER OF MODERN TIMES**

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 life of a miner, or to those living in the bush.

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.

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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.

These Medicines may be obtained from 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 emanate from the United States.

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

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.

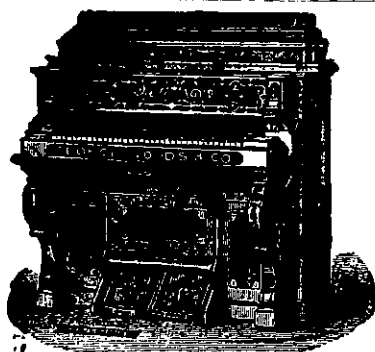
Auckland.

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.



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CLEARING SALE,
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MUSIC AND MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS
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MAGNIFICENT TONED PIANOS, 7 Octaves, trichord, fret front, in Italian Walnut, with check action, and all the latest improvements, for

THIRTY-FIVE POUNDS.

The whole of the MAGNIFICENT STOCK, costing over £12,000, will be offered to DECEMBER 31st, at a corresponding reduction, the only stipulation being that the TERMS are NETT CASH.

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Agent for Pure California Grown Alfalfa:



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Apples from 1 to 8 years old
Pears from 1 to 7 years old
Plums from 1 to 6 years old
Cherries, Peaches, Apricots, Quinces, Mulberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Gooseberries, Currants—Red, White, and Black.
Filbert Nuts, Walnuts, from 1 to 10ft. high.
Thorn-quickies.
Privet Brier.
Eunibea
Rhubarb and Asparagus Roots
Box for Edging
Herbs and other Roots.

W. R. invites the Public, before they buy their Trees and Shrubs, just to call at the above Address, and see what they can buy for a little money.

Fine Pines, from 3d each; two loads fresh from the Nursery per day.

400,000 strong 2-year old Thorn-quickies.

50,000 Evergreen Privets, from 2 to 4ft. high.

Eunibea, for garden fences. In one season, you can have a perfect fence.

10,000 Walnuts; price very low per 1000.

Gooseberries and Currants; really strong and good, and prices to suit the times.

Roses of the newest varieties and leading Show Flowers, from 1s each.

Filbert Nuts, very fine and strong; fit for bearing; at a very low price per 1000.

All Trees well packed FREE OF COST, and delivered at the Station or Wharf, or any part of the City.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

Awaiting your Favors,
WM. REID.

**FOR SALE,
SEEDS.**

300 Bushes Rooted Haws and Holly Berries.

Ash, Oak, Scymore, Limes, Hornbeam.

Scotch Spruce and Larch Seeds.

All the Hardest Californian Pine Seeds.

All kinds of Garden and Agricultural Seeds.

Perennial, Cock-foot, and Lawn Grasses.

Clovers of the Finest Samples.

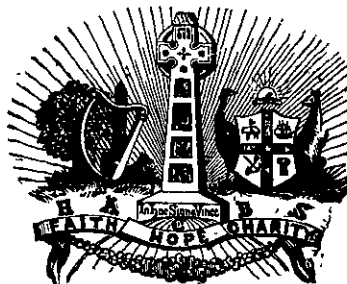
Golden and Black Tares.

Gum and Wattle Seed.

HIBERNIAN AUSTRALASIAN CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY.

BRANCHES ARE ESTABLISHED IN

Invercargill
Dunedin
Naseby
Oamaru
Christchurch
Greymouth
Charleston
Addisons
Greenstone
Waimea



Hokitika
Wellington
Onehunga
Otahuhu
Auckland
Napier
Akaroa
Grahamstown
and Nelson.

Registered under the 'Friendly Societies' Acts of Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and at present numbering 116 Branches and over 6,000 members.

Clearances are granted at no extra charge to members.

The entrance fees and rates of subscription will be found to compare favourably with those charged by other societies, and are as moderate as practicable, having due regard to the benefits secured, a synopsis of which is subjoined:—

A Benefit Member receives during illness £1 per week for TWENTY-SIX CONSECUTIVE WEEKS, 15s. for the next thirteen weeks, and 10s. for a further period of thirteen weeks; on death of wife, £10; at his own death his relatives receive £20. He has medical attendance and medicine for himself and family immediately on joining. If a single man with a WIDOWED MOTHER, AND BROTHERS AND SISTERS (under 18 years of age), he has medical attendance and medicine for them. A member removing can have a CLEARANCE which will ADMIT him to ANY branch of the Society in the locality to which he may remove. Honorary and Life Honorary Members are provided for, and may, on the payment of a SMALL weekly contribution, secure medical attendance.

Our fellow Catholics have no longer the excuse, heretofore too well founded, that there is no Catholic society for them to join, offering advantages equal to those afforded by other benefit societies, as the HIBERNIAN AUSTRALASIAN CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY is in a position to offer benefits not to be surpassed by any other society in New Zealand; it is therefore confidently anticipated that in a very short time many thousands will be enrolled in its ranks throughout this Colony, forming an institution to which it will be an honor to belong, and of which the members may feel justly proud.

As set forth in the introduction to the Rules, one of the objects of the Society is for the members to "Cherish the memory of Ireland," rejoicing in the prosperity and condoling in the sufferings of their native land, and to bind them yet closer in social chains of fraternity and friendship in this distant land. Also, to endeavor to instil into the minds of the Celtic-New-Zealand race a veneration for the land of their forefathers, in order that they may imitate, if not excel, the faith and virtues of that devoted nation; and to extend the hand of fellowship to their co-religionists of every nationality, participating with them in a brotherly spirit every benefit, social and pecuniary, the Society affords.

OPENING NEW BRANCHES.

Any person desirous of having a branch opened shall make application to a branch, verified by signatures of not less than thirteen persons not members, who wish to become members thereof; also the signature of the resident Priest, if available, and at the same time forward the sum of 10s. each as proposition fees.

N O T I C E

GEORGE STREET RESTAURANT.

ST. LAWRENCE WEBB, ... PROPRIETOR.

The proprietor wishes to inform the public that the above Restaurant will be found second to none in Dunedin.

MEALS ALWAYS READY.

BOARD & LODGING with every attendance. Charges Moderate.

M A I T L A N D H O T E L

Corner of Walker and Maitland Streets,

D U N E D I N .

J. J. CONNOR, ... PROPRIETOR.

Having purchased a long lease of the above premises, Mr. Connor begs to announce that he has resolved to pull down the present building and erect, on this most eligible site, a commodious and elegant structure that will be worthy of the neighborhood and city. Plans are now in the hands of Mr. D. Ross, architect, and no time will be lost in prosecuting the work to its completion, particulars of which will appear in future issues of the TABLET.

D R. M. COUGHTRY
Has Removed from his OFFICES in Rattray-street to his RESIDENCE, Lower London-street.

Hours of consultation: 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.; and
from 7 to 8 p.m.

TELEGRAMS.

(From our Daily Contemporaries.)

London, February 8.

Peace negotiations between the Porte and Servia and Montenegro have been suspended.

Wheat is declining.

February 9.

Granville urges unity of action between the European Powers with a view to coercing the Porte into the acceptance of their proposals. The Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Hartington accuse the Government of changing its policy. Hartington says that Salisbury deserved the thanks of the country for restoring the *entente cordiale* between England and Russia, and for having made Turkey understand her relations towards England and the other Powers under the Treaty of 1856.

February 11.

The Russian Press considers it is needless for the Czar to make war upon Turkey, whose fall, he says, will be quicker from internal anarchy than from foreign attack.

The imposition of a land tax has given rise to serious riots in Japan.

SAN FRANCISCO MAIL NEWS.

(From our Exchanges.)

The Russian police profess that they have discovered a plot in Poland. The Catholic bishop of Zytomierz, in the province of Volhyniacow, and several Polish curates have been thrown into prison at Warsaw.

A wrecked balloon was recently found in Iceland, and in the car were human bones and a travelling bag, with papers so mouldy that they could not be read. It is thought the balloon was that in which the balloonist Price ascended at the siege of Paris.

The 'Odessa Messenger' reports the fortification works at Sebastopol to be making rapid progress. New guns for mounting the batteries arrive daily from St. Petersburg.

The total area of Ireland is 20,810,947 acres (of which, according to the census of 1871, the land measured 20,192,186 acres, and water covered 627,764 acres). The total area represented by the land owners' return is 20,159,678 acres, or within 38,508 acres of the whole extent of land. The total number of owners is 68,758, of whom 32,614 are large owners, possessing 20,150,613 acres, valued at £12,052,809. The small owners number 36,144, their aggregate holdings are 9,065 acres, valued at £1,366,449. The total valuation is therefore £13,419,258.

In a recent larceny case at the Police Office, Cork, Patrick Doyle, night-watchman, was examined, and stated that he heard some persons inside the stable, and he said to himself—"Begor there's something up;" myself and Mr. McNamara went there, and may it please your worships, we heard a rush; I up with a pitchfork that was near my hand, and says I "if any one comes near me, I'll give 'em a taste of Irish steel;" I advised them for their own safety to remain as they were (laughter); I had them hemmed in, gentlemen, like Bazaine at Metz (great laughter); after being on duty for some time I sent for assistance, and Head-Constable Shea came to me, and we found the foxy boy behind a barrel.

The police in Ireland are more numerous than the criminals, there being 22 constables to every 10,000 inhabitants, and only 19 criminals. In England and Wales the police are less numerous.

According to Mr. Justice Keogh, there is no government in Ireland. Commenting one day this week on the large number of disorderly "beer-houses," or so-called "refreshment houses," which flourish all over the city, he said he did not think it would be impossible to put a stop to such a state of things if there were a government in the country. If this means anything, it means that the state of things in question exists because there is not a government in the country. This will be news to some people, who, if it be true, have long been laboring under the delusion that this country has the finest government under the sun.

Next to the surprise that such a law should exist as that relating to the removal of the Irish poor resident in England is that there are guardians of the poor sufficiently inhuman to enforce it. To the disgrace, it must be said, of British charity, there are not alone guardians disposed to act upon such a law, but to do so with a rigor that is perfectly astonishing. A remarkable case in point was that in which the Nottingham magistrates figured the other day. Those gentlemen issued an order for the deportation of a woman named Slattery from Nottingham to Limerick, whereupon, at the instance of the Guardians of Limerick, an appeal was instituted by the Local Government Board. This appeal has had the effect of having the order reversed. And no wonder. The woman had resided thirty years in Nottingham. Last year she went over to Limerick for a few days, and shortly after her return to Nottingham the deportation order was obtained on the ground that her visit to Limerick involved the loss of her settlement in England. So much for charity by Act of Parliament.

The latest attempt of Irish proselytism has been an effort to convert Dalkey Island (in the Bay of Dublin) into an abode for the "Arabs" of the Irish metropolis in order to rear up young sailors for her Majesty's fleet. The plan has been started by a committee of Protestant gentlemen, and for some time there was some reason to fear that they would succeed in their design. There now seems, however, every reason to hope that the government will not complete the intended arrangement. No Catholic can safely enter the navy as long as Catholic naval chaplains are so few and deprived of equality with Protestant chaplains. The project thus stopped would have robbed many a Catholic boy of his faith. We hope that the Catholics of Dublin will soon take steps towards a much better plan, and that those poor Catholic boys who may prefer a sea life will be able to enter on it without danger to their religion.

A Dublin correspondent states that the statistics of Irish crime, compiled by Dr. Neilson Hancock, the Government statistician in Ireland, show that agrarian outrages decreased in number during the eleven years from 1864 to 1875, and were fewer by seventy-seven in 1875 than in 1874. During the first seven months of 1876, however, there has been an increase to 139 as compared with 82 in the first seven months of 1875. The agrarian outrages are in many instances of the minor class, but the fresh outbreak of this class of crime is so far an unsatisfactory indication. The general condition of Ireland as to crime is in no way alarming. The amount of serious crime over the whole country has diminished for five years in succession; the number of crimes in 1875 is less than in any year since 1864. The tables of reference to the Dublin police district record a startling exception to these decreases. In the City of Dublin crime is seriously on the increase. While the average for all Ireland of indictable offences not disposed of summarily is twelve, crimes in the Dublin district reached 110 in the 10,000 of population; and of the 6,598 indictable offences not disposed of summarily in Ireland, 3,725, or more than half, occurred in the Dublin district, which contains only one-sixteenth of the population of Ireland. "The great problem indicated by the statistics of Irish crime in 1875," says Mr. Hancock, "is how to deal with town crime." A large amount of crime in Dublin is referable to drunkenness.

A large audience has been attracted to the Brooklyn Academy of Music to hear John O'Connor Power lecture on "Wit and Humour." On the stage were a number of clergymen and well-known Irish-Americans. Rev. Father McGuire, of St. Paul's Church, for the benefit of which the lecture was delivered, introduced Mr. Power in a short speech. Mr. Power began his lecture by defining wit and humor, during which he quoted from Harlet, Thackeray, and Webster, giving the latter credit for the best definition of the terms—Webster describing wit to be "a felicitous association of objects not usually connected, so as to produce a pleasant surprise, also the power of readily combining objects in such a manner;" while he defines humor to be "that quality of the imagination which gives to ideas a wild or fantastic turn, and tends to excite laughter or mirth by ludicrous images or representations." Mr. Power argued that a man without wit or humor in him was like him who had "no music in his soul;" he was fit only for "stratagems and spoils," as Shakspeare says. Whatever produces cheerfulness and drives away melancholy is a blessing to mankind, and hence the benefit conferred by wits and humorists on the world at large. After a brief introduction of his subject in this way, the lecturer proceeded to give numerous striking illustrations of wit and humor, quoting with telling effect from such noted wits as Curran and Dean Swift, as well as the sayings of his own colleagues in Parliament.

A report of a most remarkable circumstance comes from the western part of Hamilton, N.Y. In fact, the circumstances concerning the story are such that they would receive but little credence were it not for the fact that the report comes from a reliable source. It appears that in the wilderness of this country there lived a sturdy countryman named John Dunning, with his family, in a rude hut of his own construction. Recently, Dunning saw a bear passing near his house, whereupon he immediately prepared himself with a rifle and hunting-knife, and with his dog started in pursuit of Bruin. Night came on and he did not return to his humble abode. The following day passed and yet he did not return, much to the disappointment and fears of his wife. The third day she went to a neighboring settlement, and related the circumstances of Dunning's starting in pursuit of a bear and of his continued absence. She enlisted the assistance of a couple of men, who plunged into the wilderness in search of the missing man. After a most fatiguing search, lasting several hours, they came upon the mangled remains of Dunning and his dog, while near them lay three dead panthers. Two of them, young ones, bore marks of having been shot by Dunning, while the mother met her death when fighting Dunning, who had plunged his hunting-knife into her vital parts, where it was found sticking by the searchers. Dunning, while following the bear, had probably been intercepted by these more voracious animals, and met his death while protecting his person from the gnashing jaws of the mother whose young he had slain. Dunning has a brother living at Foster's Mill, in Fulton County, who is responsible for this statement of a most unusual result of a desperate encounter.

A valley has recently attracted attention on King's River, Fresno County, Cal., which is forty-five miles long from east to west, and averages half a mile wide at the bottom. The Fresno 'Republican' says:—"It lies 5,000 feet above the sea, and its walls, which are about 3,000 feet high, are very precipitous. In this valley a new grove of colossal redwood trees has been discovered. One of them eclipses all that has been discovered on the Pacific Coast. Its circumference, as high as a man can reach and pass a tape-line around, is a few inches less than one hundred and fifty feet. This is beyond the measurement of any tree in the Calaveras grove. The height is estimated at one hundred and sixty feet, and a part of the top lying on the ground is over one hundred feet in length."

There recently died in the Trappist Monastery of Sept Fonds, in France, a monk called Brother Jerome, who had been in that austere order for sixty-eight years, having joined it at the age of twenty-two. During that long period of monastic asceticism, Brother Jerome had never occupied any position, such as porter, lector, or overseer of a workshop, that would occasionally justify brief conversation on business affairs. Thus, in accordance with the rigid rule of perpetual silence which his order enjoins, he is presumed to have passed nearly seven decades of years without using the faculty of speech, save at devotions. In that time he also daily viewed his open grave, according to the practice of the Trappists, and had not eaten flesh, fish, nor eggs, his diet having been exclusively vegetable.

HOGG AND HUTTON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

PORT WINE, 1834 Vintage, 42 years old; per dozen, 110s.

PORT WINE, 1844 Vintage, 32 years old. A bargain. Per dozen, 75s.

BBROWN SHERRY, 10 years. Just received. Rare value Per dozen, 75s.

COLONIAL WINES, 30s. to 35s. per dozen.

LORNE WHISKEY (Genuine), 48s. per dozen.

HOGG AND HUTTON, Octagon.

CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBKILL, RIVERTON.

THE DEDICATION OF THE ABOVE CHURCH

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON SUNDAY, 18TH INSTANT, AT 11 A.M.

The Most Rev. Dr. MORAN will officiate. The Very Rev. W. KELLY, S.J., will preach.

After the Sermon a Collection will be made to aid in liquidating the Church debt. The donations of those who cannot attend will be gratefully received and thankfully acknowledged by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, the very rev. preacher, or the local clergymen.

WANTED KNOWN—"FLOWERS OF THE FREELANDS," by THOMAS BRACKEN. See page 19 of this issue.

TWO FARMERS—HARVEST HANDS (any number) forwarded on receipt of letter or telegram by
R. MCKENZIE,
OTAGO LABOR MART,
ROYAL ARCADE, DUNEDIN.

WANTED, for ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC SCHOOL QUEENSTOWN, a Certificated Male Teacher. For further particulars, apply to

J. F. TULLY, SECRETARY,
St. Joseph's School Committee,
QUEENSTOWN.

TO TEACHERS.

WANTED, a Teacher for ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, NASEBY. Salary is £8 per month. Residence provided for single person. A large attendance may be relied upon if the teacher gives satisfaction. Applications, with testimonials, will be received on or before the 1st MARCH, by

E. ROYER, Catholic Pastor.

DEATH.

GOODGER.—We learn with sincere regret of the death of Mrs. G. W. Goodger, Commercial Hotel, Cromwell, which occurred on the 7th inst. As the sad news has reached only when going to press, we are unable to give further particulars.

New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1877.

COUNTYISM.

THE patriotic phases of Countyism belong to the records of the past. We are now in the midst of the ludicrous and the painful. Whilst the question of Abolition was under discussion, its advocates were loud in their denunciations of the cost and shortcomings of Provincialism. The Provincial Governments were too expensive—in fact, beyond the means of the people; they were, above all things, an obstacle to real local government, especially in out-lying districts. It was necessary, we were told, to bring government to the very doors of even remote settlers, and to inaugurate an inexpensive system of local government. And all this, the public were assured, was to be secured by the County system.

Well, the County system is now in full fling, and will it be believed local government has not been brought to the doors of remote settlers, *vide Cromwell*; nor is the system inex-

pensive. There is a political scandal, too, which has resulted in a comical and unexpected development. Out of the four Otago representatives who voted for Abolition, two were particularly offensive to Provincialists,—two were enthusiastically devoted to the special interests of The Lakes and Vincent Counties. The souls of these gentlemen sank within them at the sight of the large sums that ought to be spent on roads, &c., in these districts, but which were not spent in consequence of the expense incurred in the administration of Provincialism. Their cry seemed to be roads, roads first and above all, then cheap local government; and lastly, the exclusive possession of the land revenue and the proceeds of land sales in their respective Counties.

What a commentary on all this is afforded by the correspondence between the member for Queenstown and the Premier and the comical voting of the member for the Dunstan, who is also Chairman of the Vincent County, *re* the selection of a County Town. It appears that when the Minister was in need of Mr. MANDERS' vote to destroy Provincialism, he promised him that the new County in which he resided should have all the funds accruing from lands within its boundaries for purely County purposes. It would appear that a similar promise was made in reference to Vincent County. The Minister, however, now that Abolition is a *fait accompli*, does not remember his having made any such promise. Probably the Minister is right, and that the over-zealous and over-officious members for The Lakes and the Dunstan permitted their heated imaginations to conjure up beautiful images of land revenue to be expended for the exclusive benefit of their constituents, which had no existence, real or contemplated, outside their own minds. It may be so, and it is probable it is so;—one is of a very sanguine temperament, the other is a real living novelist.

Or, indeed, it is quite possible the Minister may have managed in some clever way to make no promise, and yet to convey in the most innocent and honourable way in the world the impression under which Mr. MANDERS, and possibly Mr. PYKE, have been labouring so long, but so unfortunately. Can it be that Mr. PYKE profited by the experience he gained in the Minister's *own room*, to such good purpose, that he was enabled to elaborate an embryo idea into that clever stroke of policy, withal so honest and so honourable politically, which resulted in his voting, as member for the Kowarau, in favour of Cromwell, and, as Chairman, in giving his casting vote against Cromwell, and in favour of Clyde? Certainly he succeeded in devising a means of keeping the word he pledged to both. Really, what more could a man do?—he managed very cleverly to vote for opposing sides, and helped both to win; and if his casting vote gave victory to Clyde, what of that—had he not just voted in favour of Cromwell?

Is not Mr. PYKE to be commended for having kept his word under difficult circumstances to both Clyde and Cromwell? Few men in the circumstances would have been so faithful to their word. And can Cromwell complain? Is it not plain that he loves that sweet town still? In fact it is not because he loved Cromwell less, that he gave his casting-vote for Clyde, but because he loved Clyde more. Could he help this? Man is human, and as Mr. PYKE hated no place, is he to be blamed because he had a predilection for one?

To be sure not; and far be it from us to cast censure on either the casting-vote or the political motive of it.

But the interest attached to this clever and above-board vote, and the grand and useful political lesson it teaches, must not be permitted to make us forget the financial arrangements of these two model counties, so earnestly bent on economy, and the avoidance of the extravagance of defunct Provincialism. The Chairman of Vincent County has the paltry salary of only £400 per annum—£100 more, observe, than the secretary, and only just as much as the engineer. To be sure he need not devote all his time like these officers to the business of the county; he may take a trip to Wellington to help in the shooting of the political ideas of young members of Parliament, or he may devote himself to magisterial duties in Dunedin, if so disposed. But, after all, this is poor compensation for being put on a par in point of salary with the engineer, and just a little in advance of the secretary. Eleven hundred a-year, with a few more hundreds for clerical assistance, rent of offices, and travelling expenses, will make up the sum total of expenses for county administration. It is not a considerable sum, no doubt. Two counties at this rate will cost only about £3,000 per annum; at the same rate, twelve counties' administration will cost about £18,000. To be sure Provincial administration cost only about between £3,000

and £4,000 per annum. This was for the Province of Otago. Now this same Province will have to pay £18,000 probably for administration. But, of course, considering outlying districts have local self-government, and such able politicians as Mr. PYKE and Mr. MANDERS at the head of affairs in country districts, the enhanced cost is a mere bagatelle. In fact, under the circumstances, the present system, although costing about six times as much in money, is really cheaper than Provincialism!

THE "VAGABOND" AT ABBOTSFORD.

SOME months ago it was our privilege to publish in these columns testimony, borne by a tried friend of theirs, to the value of the religious orders. We were then empowered to show, by quoting from the letter of an aged priest, a letter which the writer had only intended for the eyes of those who, like himself, were members of an order, that the sole inducement which nuns, at least, require to recommend to them any particular sphere of labor, is that it may be made clear to them that they shall there find an ample field in which to exercise their self-sacrificing duties; and that the only fear, which is considered of sufficient force to deter them from embarking in any special enterprise, is least they may be prevented thereby from carrying out in its perfection the discipline which they find it necessary or advisable to observe, so that they may be prepared faithfully to perform the tasks to which they are devoted; whether these be teaching, attendance on the sick, or anything else by which the love of God and the welfare of man may be promoted on earth.

We are now, again, in a position to lay before our readers testimony that bears on the same subject; but this time, instead of a venerable missionary, dead in harness, and whose voice reaches us strengthened a hundred-fold by the witness of his life, we look to the writing of a clever and not always over-scrupulous journalist, who professes the easy philosophy of a thorough man of the world. Amongst contributors to journalistic literature at the present day, there is none who has more deservedly made his mark than the gentleman who, under the *nom de plume* of "Vagabond," enriches the columns of the Melbourne 'Argus.' His writings are anxiously looked for and read with avidity, and many an editorial scissors rejoicingly clips them as a god-send of the raciest nature. But clear-headed as the "Vagabond" may be, and of wide experience, he has not been so fortunate as to have escaped the general glamour, and the meshes of prejudice have so entangled his brain that frequently it happens his lively sentences are blurred with no-Popery utterances, and the babble of the anti-Catholic party is plainly discernible there; so that, on the whole, we cannot claim him as a friend, but rather we may, without a sacrifice of charity, rank him amongst our foes. If, therefore, by chance anything emanates from his pen of a nature favorable to Catholic individuals or institutions, we may characterise it as the testimony of an enemy, and, as it were, a voluntary gift of the Egyptians.

The "Vagabond," then, has paid a visit to the convent and asylum of the Good Shepherd at Melbourne, and has, in his agreeable style and pithy paragraphs, recorded a favorable impression of most things that there came under his observation. His mind was turned towards the establishment in question by a strange incident that befell as he was walking through the streets one night, and which, with its attendant circumstances and consequences, he relates in a manner exceedingly quaint and amusing, and with a sort of cynical philanthropy, which is not altogether uninteresting. He had already received from the rev. Mother, an invitation to visit the institution under her direction, of which, however, he had not hitherto availed himself, but being impressed with a new interest in the matter, he now repaired thither.

Did he really expect to find the convent doors barred on the inside, so as forcibly to prevent the egress of the inmates, or is the following merely intended for the information of those who are idiotic and wicked enough still to believe in the hideous inventions of MARIA MONK and Baron CAMPIN, so much as to read which it requires a certain amount of antecedent depravity. Here is what he says, "My first glance is towards the door. I see that inside it is not locked, and that it is possible, during the day, for any one to get out without troubling the Sister who acts as janitor, and that, in this respect, liberty of action is not controlled." To those whose experience of

convents is somewhat wider this sounds very funny. However, being in and perceiving that it was possible for any one who should so desire it to make his or her way out, what further came under this writer's observation. Very gladly would we avail ourselves of his own brilliant diction, and insert his description unimpaired, but unfortunately it is too lengthy for our columns, and, therefore, we can but manage to give an imperfect sketch of it, with here and there an extract from the original. He finds, then, a plain and neatly furnished building of wood, scrupulously clean, no doubt, as convents always are, and he takes a seat in the parlor to await the coming of the rev. Mother, who presently arrives. "The door opens and two ladies enter, attired, like the portress, in long robes of white serge, and hoods and bandages of the same material. There is nothing in dress to distinguish the Superioress from an ordinary sister. Falling from the throat, they all wear a broad white serge band, underneath which they can incessantly tell their beads without ostentatious display. They all have hung round their neck a chased silver locket, heart shaped, and bearing the monogram V.J.M., which I afterwards found means 'Vive Jesu et Marie!' This is the password of the Order, it having been founded in France. From the waist, beads and an ivory cross are hung. Emphatically an ugly dress, one to disguise all beauties of youth, feature, or form. The age of each individual wearer has to be guessed at." Alas, for the sentimentalism that some folk suppose to attach to the habit of the nun—a habit whose sole attraction consists in its associations.

After some preliminary conversation, the "Vagabond" is escorted by the Sisters over their establishment. They pass through several rooms where the work of the laundry is being carried on. "In all these rooms I see 'penitent fallen women' working under the eyes and superintendence of a few nuns. Their dress is of the plainest: any attempt at personal adornment being apparently discouraged. They are of all ages, but the majority are old women. On some there is a settled look of despair and discontent; they have not yet found peace. Others, and especially the younger ones, looked cheerful, happy, and contented with their lot. Except during the hour of silence, they sing at their work, French *chansons* and Welsh odes being heard; for many nationalities are gathered here, and many creeds, for it is the boast of the good nuns that they open their gates freely to women of all denominations. The rev. Mother tells me they will not attempt to influence the religious faith of any penitent, they will not press them to go to chapel, or ask them to read religious works. If they did proselytise, I, for one, should hold them blameless. The fallen woman, rescued and reformed by Catholic hands, is likely, logically to embrace that faith." But it requires something more than a mere logical sequence of events to lead a stray sheep into the fold of the Catholic Church, and for this, no doubt, the prayers of the nuns are continually offered. Some further interesting details are here given, for which, however, we have not room, and next the party proceed upstairs. "Then upstairs we marched, through rows of dormitories, spotlessly clean, and very crowded. In a room attached to each ward, one or two sisters sleep. Night and day the penitents are watched and cared for." The work-rooms are then visited, and there it is discovered that all the clothes worn by its inhabitants are made in the institution.

Inquiries respecting the inmates of the establishment elicit the following information. "There are at present 136 in the asylum, some of whom have been there for many years. Last year the total number received was 244. Of these, 48 were placed in service or restored to their friends. Others were discharged for misconduct, or sent to the hospital, and five died. The receipts from all sources, including the Parliamentary grant of £950, and £2,045 realised by the penitents' labor, were £1,807. The expenditure was £5,400, or not £25 *per capita*. Over £860 was expended in building repairs, fittings, and furniture. New buildings are, in fact, sadly needed for the health and comfort of the inmates." Further details are given, relative to the conditions of admission and the discipline maintained, in all of which wisdom and moderation are plainly evident. The paragraph concludes thus. "But this discipline is softened by the kind womanly sympathy of the nuns, who look on the fallen ones, not as lost souls, but as strayed sheep whom it is their duty and pleasure to gather to the fold of the Good Shepherd, for here and hereafter." Are not all nuns, in fact, the spouses of Him who said, "Go and sin no more?"

J. A. M. A. C. E. D. O.

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COMMERCIAL.

MR. HENRY DRIVER (on behalf of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Co.) reports for the week ending February 14, as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—A large supply of 300 head were yarded to-day, which was greatly in excess of trade requirements, consequently prices had to give way. This large number of cattle coming forward is more attributable to the destruction of grass in the Taseri, owing to the late floods, than to an excess of fat cattle fit for the butcher. To day, best pens of bullocks brought £9 10s to £13; do cows, £7 5s to £10—or equal to an average of something less than 27s per 100lbs. At the yards and privately we have disposed of 60 head at above rates.

Fat Calves.—About 20 were penned, all of which were sold at from 20s to 60s, according to weight and quality.

Fat Sheep.—About 2500 were penned, most of which were sold at about late quotations, viz., for best cross-breeds, 9s to 12s 6d; merinos, up to 10s 6d. These latter, however, were of very prime quality. We quote best mutton at 24d per lb.

Fat lambs.—200 were penned, and sold at prices equal to about late quotations.

Store Cattle.—We have not heard of any transactions of importance during the week, but there is still a fair demand for good quiet cattle, at up to £8 for bullocks, and to £6 for cows.

Store Sheep.—We have numerous enquiries for young merino sheep of both sexes, with but few offering; while on the other hand large numbers of old sheep are for sale, without any demand. We quote the following as approximate market prices: Merino wethers, two, four, and six-tooth, 5s to 5s 6d; do full-mouthed, 3s to 4s; merino ewes, two, four, and six-tooth, 6s to 7s; do, full-mouthed, 2s 6d to 3s 6d; cross-breeds, four-tooth and over, 7s to 8s; two-tooth, 6s to 7s.

Merino Rams.—We have to advise having sold, on account of George L. Sise, Esq., from his Hampden flock of American merino rams, 150 two-tooth rams, at £2 15s each.

Wool.—Since our last week's report no further advices from the London market have reached us. Those interested in the market are anxiously waiting the cablegram with news of the opening of the London February sales on the 20th instant. We shall have some good clips to offer next week, after which sale the bulk of the wool for sale in this market will have passed the hammer.

Sheepskins.—We had only a small catalogue on Monday last, some 500, pelts and shearings principally, which were in very active demand at 6d to 9d per skin, bare pelts bringing 4d to 1s; shearings, 1s 7d to 2s. Lambs sold at 1s 6d to 2s 2d; full-woolled cross-breeds, 5s 7d.

Hides.—We have a good demand, shipping and local. We have sold 300 green butchers' at 14s 6d to 21s 6d; wet-salted, equal to from 34d to 4d per lb, the latter price for good-conditioned shipping lots.

Tallow is much inquired for. Fair to good brings 28s to 31s.

Grain.—The market for wheat is stagnant, waiting supplies, which have been retarded by the unfavorable harvest weather, there being no old grain. Another favorable week will no doubt bring in supplies, for which there is a firm market to take considerable quantities. Oats: For old corn there is a great demand, but no supply in stores. Farmers are too busy to attend to deliveries per rail. Value, 2s 3d to 2s 6d for good to heavy feed. Barley: Old malting is now inquired for at 4s to 4s 6d; grinding, 2s 9d to 3s.

MR. SKENE reports for the week ending February 14, 1877:—The labor market is slowly recovering from the check received by the floods. Many farmers are so disheartened, that they will not take on additional labor. It will take a good while ere things resume their wonted buoyancy. Town work and trade is also suffering. Blacksmiths and the general iron trade is very dull. There is good demand for female servants of all sorts—both for private houses and hotels. Male hotel servants are slack. There is an increase of road and railway labor, and work caused by the floods. Couples are very slow to move. Wages—Day labor, 8s and 9s; couples, £65 to £10; harvest hand, 40s and upwards, according to experience; carpenters, 10s to 15s; ploughmen, £55 and £60; shepherds, £60; house girls, 10s to 15s; nurse girls, 6s to 10s; hotel girls, 12s, 15s, and 20s; cooks, waiters, barmen, &c., from 25s to 50s; gardeners, nil; storemen and clerks, 30s to 60s per week.

MR. A. MERCER reports as follows for the week ending February 14, 1877, retail prices only:—Fresh butter, in $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1lb prints, 1s 3d to 1s 4d; fresh butter, in lumps, 11d to 1s; powdered and salt butter 1s; fresh butter is not so plentiful, and prices are expected to advance. Cheese, new prime, 1s; old cheese, good, 10d to 1s. Side and rolled bacon, 10d; Colonial hams, 1s 2d; English hams, 1s 6d; eggs are now scarce, and retailing at 2s 3d per dozen.

MR. M. C. FLEMING reports (wholesale prices) for the week ending February 14, 1877, as follows:—Oats (feed), per bushel, 2s 2d; milling, 2s 3d. Wheat (chicks) 4s to 4s 6d. Barley, malt, 4s to 4s 6d; feed, 2s 6d to 3s. Pollard, £6 10s. Bran, £5, bags included. Flour, largebags, £15; small, £15 10. Oatmeal, £11. Potatoes, new, 5s 6d to 6s per cwt. Hay (new), £3 10s; old hay, £1 per ton. Chaff, £4 10s per ton. Straw, £2 per ton.

MR. J. VEZEY reports for the week ending February 14, 1877:—Retail: Roast beef, 6d to 8d per lb.; boiling do., 4d to 5d per lb.; stewing do., 4d to 6d per lb.; steak, 6d to 9d per lb.; mutton, 3d to 6d per lb.; veal, 4d to 8d per lb.; pork, 9d to 10d per lb.; lamb, 2s 6d to 3s 6d per quarter.

There are 12,000 parish priests in France, whose salary is only 180 dols each a year.

The Plains of Abraham at Quebec, have been leased by the Corporation to Mr. Dobell and other gentlemen, residents of the neighborhood who are now enclosing them with a view of turning them into a private driving park.

England has now an efficient volunteer army of over 170,000 men. This is independent of her regular army and militia.

The visitor is next conducted to the church, but of this more anon. And then the schools are gone over. There are found there 238 Catholic children, for whom the Government pays 5s. a head per week, requiring, however, that the nuns show a set-off against each crown amounting to 7s. 6d. Everything still continues to give satisfaction. "Nuns are working in every place, and cleanliness and order are visible everywhere." "The Sisters' quarters" are described, and the foundation and design of the Order are glanced at. Again the "Vagabond" dwells upon the possibility of escape if it be so desired, and again we are amazed that any one should in sincerity think such an allusion necessary. "Their only bonds are moral ones, for any one wanting to leave could walk out of the front gate at any hour of the day. The whole question of conventual seclusion has been argued," he continues, "so often, that I doubt if I can say anything new on the subject. Of course I object to it. I object to anyone making or incurring solemn and binding obligations in their youth, which in after years they might think fit to break. Such a course infringes that personal freedom, which, so long as it does not interfere with any one else, I hold is the right of every one. I would not object to any ladies, and especially in the old world, where there is such a disproportion in the sexes, shutting themselves up and praying or working—it is the sacrifice of youth which I dislike. *Quien sabe?* Perhaps many of them, both for here and hereafter, are doing better work than if out in the world following the devices of their vain sisters." *Perhaps!* "I take the convent at Abbotsford as it is, and I am bound to say that all the sisters I met seemed cheerful, happy, and contented." But where shall we find that unique phenomenon—a doleful nun?

This most interesting paper and most valuable testimony is concluded with a pleasant sketch of the impression produced upon the writer by the rev. Mother and her companion sister. He finds these ladies, as it invariably happens to those who come in contact with the denizens of a convent, cultured gentlewomen, of cheerful mind, chastened further in thought and manner by the influences of religion, interested by all that is of interest in the topics of the day, and totally void of all prudish stiffness or affectation of a superior goodness, and he comes away evidently charmed by what he has witnessed.

We have, however, reserved certain sentences of the "Vagabond's" article, wherewith to conclude this imperfect sketch which we have given of it. They are taken from those in which he describes the convent church, with his remarks on what he finds there. "It is a pretty little church, nothing, however, very striking about it. A nun is praying, kneeling on the bare stone, and in the vestry we find another sister. Here, framed, is a diploma or certificate from the *Collegio Romano della Propaganda Fede*, the headquarters of the Catholic missions, where men are taught all living tongues, and from whence they sally forth and spread over the face of all the earth, preaching a kingdom not of this world, and carrying the Cross of Christ where the soldiers of the flesh dare not penetrate. I admit this fact, although as a scoffer I say *cui bono?*" Has not the acute become involved in the obtuse to an extent that is marvellous? "*Cui bono?*" Even for that upon which your eyes have looked, O, widely errant man. Do not such institutions afford you already a full answer?

"Non ragionam' di lor, ma guarda e passa."

There is no need to further dwell upon their excellencies, they are apparent to the superficial glance. But these things, and all their connection, are fruits of the Catholic faith, and a potent plea in favor of its propagation. Deal with the tree according to its fruits, and no longer oppose by your abundant talents the growth of those branches whereon are to be found grapes and figs, lest, hereafter, to your confusion, you be found to have promoted the too plenteous crop of briars and thistles.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE tickets for the Art Union, which it is proposed to hold in September next, for the purpose of aiding in the erection of the new conventual buildings so much needed in Dunedin, have now been pretty widely disseminated amongst those persons who are believed to be friendly to the cause of religion in New Zealand and elsewhere, who, it is hoped, will kindly endeavor to dispose of them. It is devoutly to be desired that a commendable spirit of zeal may so animate all the parties concerned that satisfactory results may follow from the steps already taken. There is no doubt but that all who will undertake to exert themselves in the matter will be

engaged in forwarding an excellent cause. Elsewhere will be found a sketch of the impressions received by one who is known to be anything but friendly to the Catholic Church, from a visit paid by him to an institution conducted by nuns in Melbourne. True, it is an institution differing widely from that whose interests it is sought to promote in Dunedin; but it has so much in common with the latter that it affords a striking example of the thorough manner in which all works undertaken by the members of a religious order are carried out. And it stands to reason that it should be so, for it is evident that they whose firm and constant conviction it is, that their eternal welfare depends upon the faithfulness with which they perform their tasks, and who have, moreover, already sacrificed all worldly pleasures and advantages to the promotion of that welfare, will not now be held back by any considerations whatever from energetically fulfilling their duties; therefore, the work they do is always the best of its kind. A printed appeal has been forwarded by the Lady Superior of the Dominican Convent together with each parcel of tickets issued by her, and there may, perhaps, be persons who are ready to believe that it has cost this lady no effort to solicit the aid of the public in her undertaking; such, however, is not the case. It is never pleasant to apply for pecuniary assistance, and still less so when it is done with the full conviction that the applicant, however unfairly, will be considered as benefitted personally by the advancement of the cause upheld. Where nuns are concerned this is not so: they have literally nothing to gain by any increase to the size or importance of their convent, asylum, hospital, or schools, as the case may be. In all probability they will suffer rather in personal comfort by being called upon to work all the harder, and it is but just to remember that when they solicit help they do so not for themselves, but altogether on behalf of the community in general. In the present instance this is especially so, and we know for a fact that the Dominican Sisters would now hardly have courage for their present task, were it not that they believe that by making one bold and determined effort, they will be able to accomplish, once for all, everything that is requisite, so that in future they may depend on their own earnings, and instead of feeling themselves obliged to claim the aid of their friends and well-wishers, they may become in their turn the dispensers of material charities, amongst whom it is the custom for members of their order to be reckoned.

His Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin purposes to leave Dunedin to-day for Invercargill, in order that he may officiate at the dedication of the church of St. Columbkil at Riverton on Sunday next. His Lordship will be accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Kelly, S.J., and O'Sullivan, who are about to return to Melbourne. The Rev. Father Kelly, however, has consented, prior to his departure from New Zealand, to deliver in the Southland metropolis one of his eloquent and much appreciated lectures.

It is our privilege to announce, the conversion to the Catholic faith of Miss Emily Buchanan, a young lady well-known and much esteemed in Dunedin, who has been received into the Church at London.

It is not necessary for us to comment at any great length on the improvements made in the appearance of our journal, they speak for themselves, and are evident to the duller eyes. We desire, however, to draw particular attention to our new heading, which is taken from the design of a local artist, Mr. Power, and which we think will be generally allowed to reflect much credit on the inventive genius and taste of the gentleman alluded to. We would further hold up to special notice the method in which our advertising columns are arranged, as we believe that the conspicuous position in which the advertisement of each of our patrons is placed cannot fail to meet with his approbation, and deserve for us a continuance of his support.

At a meeting of the Dunedin Catholic Young Men's Society, held in St. Joseph's Schoolroom on Friday evening last, the following appointments of officers were made—*nem con.* President, His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese; Vice-President, the Rev. T. Crowley; Warden, Mr. R. Dunne; Secretary, Mr. A. Norman; Treasurer, Mr. J. Griffen; Librarian, Mr. A. Corrigan. It was decided that in future the meetings of the Society should take place on the evening of Wednesday, instead of that of Friday as heretofore.

It is to be hoped that the mystery which seems in some degree to have been allowed to attach to the management and inmates of the Fever Hospital, is not about to be dissipated in a most unsatisfactory manner. Above all things, we should say it ought to be made clear to parents, that the tactics of Mesdames Gamp and Prigg are not those in vogue in an institution, whither the law may compel them at any time to send their children.

The correspondent of a contemporary in a telegram dated Berlin, Tuesday, says:—With regard to Prince Czartoryski's denial of any agitation amongst the Poles to improve the present occasion in favor of unfortunate Poland, I may be permitted to quote some remarks from the Polish papers. While the "Gazeta Toruńska," published at Thorn, is quite satisfied with the Prince's statements, and professes that the time to act has not yet arrived, the "Gazeta Narodowa," at Lemberg, demands that the Polish question shall be mooted at Constantinople, that the Powers shall ask for the same rights for the Poles under Russian dominion which Russia claims for the South Slavs. If there were any pleading for the rights of the Poles the aspect of affairs would be totally changed, because 200,000 Poles now serving unwillingly in the Russian army would, in the event of war, go over to Russia's enemies, and consequently bring about a disorganisation of the Russian army, composed as it is of so many heterogeneous elements. The "Gazeta Narodowa" concludes thus:—"The holy duty now devolves upon us to remember the Polish business." At the same time a pamphlet has been published at Lemberg pleading for the rights of the Poles, and bearing as its title, "We also stand upon our guard."

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Correspondence.

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To the Editor of the NEW ZEALAND TABLET.

SIR,—I see by the TABLET of the 17th ult., you had some correspondence from the Thames, evidently from a new chum as he takes all credit for what has been done in Catholic affairs, and leaves none to the credit of the old chums, he either forgets, or perhaps never heard of what was done in the Rev. Father Nevana's time; but I will not quarrel with him. All honor to him and his new chums to do what they can in a good cause, although it may be over a good old road well metalled with Thames quarts, and Church and School allotments payed for with Thames gold years ago. My object is to give your readers some idea of the progress of Catholicity in this part of her Majesty's dominions. I suppose you will call it very slow progress when I tell you we have only Mass once a month. The French priest that pays us a visit is one of the most zealous I have seen, for from the time he comes till he leaves, he gives us Mass every day. So if we are not good Christians it is no fault of his.

We had a meeting here about two months ago, and passed resolutions requesting his Lordship the Bishop to send us a resident priest. I am not aware that anything further has been done in the matter up to the present. We have a neat little church with a large piece of ground, quite large enough to build a clergyman's residence on. One of our body will undertake to build a six-roomed house on this fine property for a resident clergyman till they can find cash to pay him. Long life to him, say I. I have been sorry to see the children of Catholic parents running about the streets daily, or going to Protestant schools. This want is about to be supplied, as I have been informed that a very accomplished young lady is about to open a Catholic school in a central position. I hope, as I have no doubt, it will be well supported from the number of good Catholics I see in the district. We have a Sunday School every Sunday well attended by the children, and well looked after by the teachers; one gentleman in particular gives it all his spare time. We had a Catholic concert here at the new year, a number of friends, nearly if not all Catholic, from Napier, together with some local talent, that would have done credit to any stage. It was well supported by all classes of the community, and was a financial success. I might state in passing that it was held in the newly erected Oddfellow's Hall, which, if I am rightly informed, was given, if not free, for merely the expense of lighting. It is one of the neatest halls I have seen in New Zealand.

We established a branch of the now far famed Hibernian Society about three months ago. They hold their meetings monthly. I see they are increasing in numbers, although it is a very scattered district, I think they will succeed, as I see some good old stagers among them. In Society matters I see the South Island has made a move, if not in the right direction, at least in one that will secure them representation at the A. M. in Melbourne; one that will enable them to keep the funeral funds in New Zealand, one that will entitle the members to pay less quarterage, together with many other benefits embodied in the general rules. Seeing that the North Island has made no move in the matter up to the present, it is very natural to suppose they want no representation at the A. M., that they do not want the handling of their own funds, although they are obliged by the Friendly Society's Act to keep them in the Colony. I suppose the reduction of quarterage is a thing quite below their notice. Wishing your little Catholic TABLET every success.—I am, &c.

Waipawa, January 27, 1877.

P. G.

FATHER KELLY'S LECTURE ON MARY STUART.

AMONG all the great names of romance or history there is, perhaps, none more deathless, or one around which more undying interest centres, than that of Mary Stuart, the last, the loveliest, and most ill-fated queen that ever reigned in Scotland. She, whose life promised so fair at the dawn, and closed in such deep tragic gloom. As her beauty, her grace, and accomplishments were once the theme of every poet's song, so, even at this distant day, does the story of her wrongs and her untimely death awaken the chord of chivalry in every generous heart. Dark shadows have always surrounded her name, and though these may never be entirely cleared away, yet much has been done to free her memory from the guilt of that worst crime imputed to her by many historians, that of having been an accomplice in the murder of her second husband, Lord Henry Darnley.

This was the point upon which the lecture of the Rev. Father Kelly, delivered in the Temperance Hall on Monday evening last, turned. Those who were present and heard the conclusive arguments of that learned theologian, must have felt that if, three hundred years ago, Mary Stuart had had such an advocate to plead her cause, that deep, dark stain would never have rested upon her name. The rev. gentleman premised his lecture, by stating that he had no intention of appealing to the sympathies or feelings of his audience; he would simply lay before them the result of careful historical investigation. It might be asked, knowing who and what he was, could he be supposed to take a fair and impartial view of any circumstance concerning the guilt or innocence of the Scottish queen. To that he would simply say that, were he not fully persuaded of her guiltlessness, her name or life would never have been chosen as the subject of a lecture by him. He then proceeded briefly to sketch the events which led Mary and Darnley to reside in the place near Edinburgh, known as Kirk o' Fields. These circumstances are so well known as to render recapitulation unnecessary. On the evening of the 9th February Mary was absent from the house in which her husband lay ill, in order to attend a ball in Edinburgh, given in honor of the marriage of one of the royal household, during which time the house in Kirk o' Fields was blown up by gunpowder, and the unfortunate Lord Darnley was killed. Bothwell was suspected and brought to trial; but in consequence of no

one coming forward to give evidence against him, he was acquitted. The abduction of Mary by Bothwell shortly after, and her marriage with him, together with other circumstances, had been adduced by historians as tending to establish a *prima facie* case of guilt against Mary. He denied that Mary's marriage with Bothwell was through her love for him but in compliance with the request of the Scottish lords, and not in accordance with her own inclination. Upon the day of her marriage with Bothwell, the French Ambassador, who, through Mary's relations with the French Court, entertained a warm interest in all her affairs, visited her, and found her in tears. Now it was very unlikely that if Mary had plotted so long to bring about this marriage then when her schemes were about to be crowned with success she would betray such signs of unhappiness and distress.

He then referred to the celebrated letter said to have been found in the silver casket, and said to have been written by Mary to Bothwell prior to Darnley's murder, and in which she minutely detailed every circumstance of the plot. Upon that letter and the confession of Mary's page, French Paris, all real evidence of her guilt rested; the rest was only suspicion and might easily be explained. He admitted that if that letter was written by her, and if the page's confession was true Mary's guilt was unquestionable; but it was impossible, he said, viewing the matter without prejudice, to arrive at the conclusion that she should have written a letter to Bothwell, fully revealing her crimes, and, in the unsettled state of the times, entrust it to the care of French Paris to be carried throughout the breadth of Scotland, when he might at any moment fall into the hands of the Scottish lords. It was quite unnecessary that she should do so, she could easily have made herself understood by Bothwell without going into details. Considering all the circumstances connected with this letter, they had a right to demand the clearest proofs before accepting it as genuine. It should be viewed with the greatest suspicion. The casket had fallen into the hands of Mary's enemies, and the letter came through the hands of one of the most unscrupulous, the Earl of Morton. Again, as a most convincing proof that Bothwell had never received such a letter from Mary, Morton, in his dying confession, stated that he was cognisant before hand of the plot to murder Darnley, and would have taken part in it if Bothwell could have shown him any writing of Mary's, containing her acquiescence in the proposed assassination. Bothwell was most anxious that Morton should become a participator in the crime, yet he produced no such writing, and if he ever received that letter from Mary, it must at that time have been in his possession. This fact alone went far to prove that the letter was never written by her but was a fabrication and an after invention of her enemies. Neither was there any evidence to show that even if such a letter ever had been written by her that it came from the hands of Morton unaltered. This letter was one great point upon which Mary's guilt rested, the other was the confession of French Paris. He dwelt at great length upon the unreliability of the page's testimony, and showed it to be untrustworthy and deserving very little consideration. His evidence was not given voluntarily but under the influence of fear. Between his first and second statements there were great discrepancies; in the first he implicated Bothwell alone, in the second both him and Mary. It was extremely improbable that Bothwell would entrust such a message to a page as to send him to Mary for the keys of her chamber for the express purpose of blowing up her husband. The confession of French Paris was signed by George Buchanan, one of the highest names in Scottish literature, who was a most bitter enemy of Mary's; yet in all his writings against her he never once mentioned the confession. Therefore it was clear that he attached no importance to it. He (the lecturer) felt disposed to regard the confession as an entire fabrication, and came to the conclusion that Buchanan never signed it. Having disposed of the casket letters, and the confession of French Paris, he next proceeded to answer questions of minor importance, which he did in the most satisfactory and conclusive manner. He concluded by saying that, though dear to him as were the name and fame of Mary Stuart, truth was dearer still, and it was only after the fullest historical research that he asked for a verdict of not guilty in regard to the Scottish queen.

The subject was most fairly considered with Froude and Robertson as authorities on one side, and Hosack and Lingard on the other. At the conclusion of the lecture, which was a brilliant specimen of argumentative oratory, the rev. gentleman was loudly applauded.

A vote of thanks was proposed to the lecturer by Mr. Scanlan, in a neat speech, expressive of his pleasure at what he had just heard, which vote was seconded by Mr. John Callan—a gentleman who is a member of the Victorian bar, and who is preparing himself for the exercise of his profession in New Zealand. He said:—Your Lordship, ladies and gentlemen,—Father Kelly has so delighted me with the lecture he has just finished, that I have great pleasure indeed in seconding the vote of thanks just proposed. The lecture has been, I may truly say, so fascinating that the time of its delivery has seemed to me—to use a common expression—"to pass away in no time," but though the time may have seemed short, the eloquence and erudition lavished upon us by the rev. lecturer have been, by no means, small. After hearing Father Kelly I cannot help thinking that if it had been his fate to have lived some centuries ago—in the rude times when, in the absence of all settled law, it was the custom to redress the wrongs of injured ladies by the sword and spear, he would have been the most valiant and chivalrous of Knights errant. Certainly if the defenders of female honor did their work in those times as effectually with the sword as the rev. gentleman has defended the memory of Mary Stuart to-night with his brains then, all I can say is, they must have been stout warriors. To my mind, Father Kelly has most effectually "blown up" with his arguments, the idea that Mary Stuart ever "blew up" with gunpowder her husband. It seems that none responded to Bothwell's challenge of an appeal to the sword when charged with Darnley's murder. I have an idea

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that if the rev. gentleman had been alive at the time, the challenge would not have gone unanswered. I second therefore the vote of thanks most heartily. Proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the Most Rev. Chairman, proposed by Mr. John Carroll.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

CHARLES LAMB says that "the smell of a theatre is worth all the money," and for my part I quite agree with him. It may cause head-ache and nausea and has not seldom done so with me; but nevertheless to complete my happiness in witnessing a good play well performed, a most necessary element is that peculiar odour which is the combined result of escaping gas, nuts, oranges, lemonade and dust. Now the smell of gas and dust in a church is hateful to me and causes serious derangement to that proper disposition which one should possess in such a place, and the smell of gas in one's own house leads to all sorts of disagreeable consequences—it is worse than a chimney going on fire.

Indeed, with some prudent and economical housekeepers the latter event is looked upon in any way but as a calamity. I remember when, shortly after I found bliss in this world by joining my fate to that elderly party who sits opposite assiduously working some article of attire for her dear scapegrace of a son, who, heaven bless her innocent soul, is, I have no doubt, at this present writing, breaking the very heart of some hard-worked usher by what he joyously terms a lark. His fond and deluded mother thinks that her darling has too much heart to play pranks on his master—that he is too like his father. Dear woman! she had not the misfortune to meet me until my larking days were long over. I remember, I say, that our one chimney took fire through a too generous use of firing material by a member of that much-abused class—the maid of all work. What a row there was, to be sure!—How that stout lady opposite did scamper and flit about!—How she and Mary-Jane, the aforesaid cook, laundress, butler, and chambermaid did get in the way of a certain active young fellow who shall be nameless, and how that agile young man—now to my certain knowledge 15 stone weight and to whom a stick is an absolute necessity—got buckets, water and ladders as if by magic; what gallons of water he poured down the flaming throat of that fiery furnace at the imminent risk of being burned or scalded to death. What a battle it was—how the flames leapt at first higher and higher, and how he also leaped backwards and forwards like one possessed in the presence of all his frightened but admiring household;—how at last after a desperate conflict valor—true valor—as it always should do—won the day;—how the victor was duly rewarded, according to the custom of "the brave days of old," with a pewter pint of foaming beer, tendered to the champion by the trembling hands of a lady whose admiring and fluttering heart said as plainly as eyes and heart could say it—"such another deed and such another champion this world did never witness," and the champion, I assure you, rested well satisfied with his deed—but not for long.

This world is full of crosses. In the words of the song which "Madame Bishop" made so popular, "The fire was gone out, the house was all dark, and we were kept waiting for tea;" in plain prose, we had no fire to cook our humble evening meal. Our neighbor Brown's fire, therefore, was put into requisition, and Brown himself came down to look at the dying ashes of my enemy. He could only put his head inside the kitchen door, to go any further would necessitate wading ankle deep in water. But what was it caused the lines of Brown's satirical face to deepen? He knew there had been a fire and a terrible one, for I, the extinguisher, had told him so—he could not be ignorant, therefore, of what to expect; he was too old a stager not to know, I thought, the appearances of such a battle-field after the conflict. True, I had not gone into details—I had with difficulty left them until we reached the scene of the conflict. Then I thought, like the man with the panorama, who used to descant in my youth so eloquently on the moving pictures and tell us of the battles, sieges, fortunes that the various illustrious persons depicted therein had passed, and who never failed to inform us that that figure on the left of the picture, ladies and gentlemen, mounted on the white horse is the great *Napoleon Bonaparte*. In like manner I determined to reserve my full description for Brown until I could illustrate it by pointing out the scarp and counter-scarp, the exact spot where the battle raged most furiously, where the scaling-ladder was placed, etc. I merely remarked to Brown, on the way down from his house, whether he was aware when Rome was burning and Nero fiddling, any attempt had been made to stay the fire; Brown did not recollect, but he rather thought not, as it would have been efforts thrown away. His companion was of a different opinion, and rather inclined to the belief that it would have been a good thing for Nero's reputation if Brown's companion had been an ancient Roman of those days. It also passed through his mind that things might have turned out differently if he had been alive two centuries ago at the great fire of London, but he said nothing of this to Brown.

But why did the latter smile so pleasantly when he saw the kitchen floor concealed entirely from view by a lake of water. The usual ghastly sight I surmised was there after such an event—perhaps, indeed, a little more intensified in my case, I thought, on account of the violence of the struggle. There were swimming on the surface various culinary articles (all new and paid for) too numerous to mention, the elements—half cooked—of as comfortable a dinner as a young couple could sit down to (the only alloy to that moment in my otherwise perfect contentment in the thought of an heroic action gallantly performed was the destruction of this dinner), little islands of suet from which graceful spiral wreaths of yellow, thick smoke floated upwards to blacken everything above water-mark. And the smell—well, Brown did not like it. He drew back his head, and remarked in a gentle,

half pitiful, half surprised tone—"Well, you didn't, I see, set this chimney on fire yourself."

"Set in on fire myself! no; don't I tell you that it went on fire and I put it out."

"Yes, yes; but you certainly took a funny way to do it; when I look in at that kitchen it reminds me of a story told of a man setting fire to his house for the purpose of roasting a pig."

"What do you mean?—I do not understand you."

"Well, Smith, my verdant young Benedict, let me give you a wrinkle. Whenever my chimney goes on fire—but it seldom does, for I generally anticipate that by setting it on fire myself—but in either case, I simply put a wet sack across the grate, shut close the doors and windows of the room in which the chimney is, and let the fire rip—you will find it the most effectual, the most cleanly, and certainly the most economical method to clean chimnies. You have made a nice mess, and you yourself, I perceive, have not escaped. I presume it is to the fire you owe the loss of half your left eye-brow and the dingy appearance of your whiskers."

Instinctively my hand darted up to the parts indicated, and down tumbled a handful of fire ash—the remains of a carefully-cultivated whisker, which had been the pride and admiration of two young hearts. For the first time in my short married career I harbored feelings of anger against the young partner of my life—where had been her eyes that she had not perceived this terrible calamity? Had not these ornaments been a source of constant wonder and admiration to her? How, then, had she allowed me to present myself before that cool, cynical Brown in such a plight? I was touched in a tender point; all my love was suddenly turned into wrath; but Brown, perfect master of the situation, went on, "there's no help for it now, however; so you had better come and take tea with us; Mrs. B. won't mind the loss of your whisker." I replied, barely thanking him, and informed him that we had a prior engagement—that, in fact, I had to take Mrs. Smith over to her mother's. A look—the first time my wife had seen it in my eyes, and it must have been rendered doubly severe by the loss of the before-mentioned adornments—quelled any expression of surprise at this awful crammer. It was the first time, and I protest it was also the last, that I ever looked at that being except in the way of kindness; but then it must be remembered that since that evening we, or rather she—for I never would have any hand in it—has invariably set fire to our chimnies whenever they required that operation.

After excusing myself as above to Brown, that gentleman did not say too much, but his eyes said as plainly as they could—"well, you are a pretty object, certainly, to go into the presence of a mother-in-law; I should think the best place for you is bed," and took his departure. Then ensued our first matrimonial breeze, in which I am proud to say I had considerably the best of it. Over that first experience of every man I shall draw a veil—suffice it to say that abundant tears were shed, and that the writer said some very cutting things, as for instance, in reference to the tears, that he could not see the necessity of them, as there had already been enough water needlessly expended. I think it is from this scene that I first date the use of the term *Madam* when addressing my other half. It sounded, I remember, strangely in my ears then, but it is wonderful what habit does for one. It comes trippingly off the tongue now, I assure you—but alas! it has not the same effect.

The married man can measure the intensity of my disgust with Brown, when I voluntarily, without any pressure from without, offered to take my wife to my mother-in-law's (how my flesh creeps when I write the words down). As we were new-comers in the place I had no other family to fall back upon, or I would not willingly have walked into the lioness' den. It is curious how little love there is between these two classes of the human family—the mother and the husband of her beloved child. But as there are exceptions to every general rule I know of one son-in-law who absolutely invited his wife's mother to his very house with himself, and strange to say that man still lives outside the walls of a lunatic asylum—I mean outside the walls of a professed lunatic asylum; but there must be some rare old scenes inside that house. And such a mother-in-law! one of those malicious old fribbles, who three-fourths of her time is talking drivel and the other fourth devotes to inflicting sly, malicious prods on the people who are apt to turn rusty at her everlasting flood of wishy-washy nothings. Active bodied, also—giving no sign of caving in—holding out a hope only that her ceaseless rushing about the house, interfering by hand and tongue in everything, may cause her to fall some day and tumble down stairs.

That is what my friend has brought into his house, and that not in the first gush of his married life, when everything is seen through roseate hue, but after some years of that state had passed over his head. Verily he will have his reward. X.Y.Z.

There is to be a second "Pan-Anglican Synod." It will probably be much worse than the "Comedy of Convocation." What can these unfortunate bewildered prelates attempt? They cannot repeat any of the creeds together, at least with honesty—they dare not cut off the Ritualists, as a body, by any sentence such as that of excommunication used by the Church of God—they dare not trifle, on the other hand, either with the free-and-easy, the Broad, or the Low Church. They will have nothing to do, these respectable old gentlemen, but to dally, to trifle, and to hope themselves well out of it. We shall have from them a pastoral letter full of unmeaning nothings, deploring all sorts of evils, both in clergy and laity, but offering no manly or intelligible remedy. And for the simple reason that they are not bishops, and that Protestantism is only a civil association arranged by the State, of larger proportions indeed, but no more spiritual in its character than is "the Farmers' Defence Association" or the "Beef-steak Pudding Club."

SLESINGER'S RHEUMATIC BALSAM.

NO MORE POISONOUS DRUGS
For you to swallow!

No more are you to repeat Bottles and Pills, or other noxious nostrums.

No more are you required to pay half-guineas for medical advice! You are only to apply externally the above BALSAM once or twice within twelve hours, as directed on each bottle, and you are relieved.

And as to CHILBLAINS, a few drops is quite sufficient for a cure.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

None genuine unless doubly sealed on wrapper and cork

S.S.,

V.S.,

(in circle),

With red sealing-wax, and my signature on the green label on the bottle.

£10 REWARD

Will be paid by the Proprietor to prove to conviction against any person counterfeiting

SLESINGER'S

RHEUMATIC BALSAM

NOTICE.

R O B E R T G R E I G
Carpenter and Joiner,

DUNCAN AND ARTHUR STREETS, DUNEDIN.

Jobbing work done in all its branches.

Estimates given.

NEW LIGHT! NEW LIGHT!! NEW LIGHT!!!

J. MCGREGOR, PHOTOGRAPHER,
(Late of Stuart street),
is now producing really fine Portraits, clear, with bold relief. Specialities—Cabinet and large sizes. See the cases, and at Rooms. Note the Address—Farley's Buildings, Princes street, Top Flat.

U N I O N H O T E L,
INVERCARGILL.

JOHN HILL begs to inform the public of Invercargill and surrounding Districts that he has opened the above Commodious Hotel (next to the Hospital) and hopes to merit a share of the public patronage.

First-class Stabling.

T H O M A S S T E W A R T,

BOOKBINDER, PAPER-RULER, &c.

(Over Messrs. H. Wise & Co.'s),

PRINCES STREET.

J. G R O G A N,
GENERAL PRODUCE DEALER,

CORNER OF

MACLAGGAN AND CLARK STREETS,
DUNEDIN, N. Z.

Fine qualities of Teas and Sugars kept in stock

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MOSGIEL.

SAMUEL O'KANE, PROPRIETOR,
Wishes to intimate to his Friends and the Public, that he has purchased the above Hotel, and having made considerable alterations and improvements, he is now in a position to offer first-class accommodation. Good stabling with paddock accommodation. One of Alcock's Prize Medal Billiard Tables.

MILLS, DICK, AND CO.

ENGRAVERS, DRAUGHTSMEN,
COPPERPLATE, LITHOGRAPHIC
COMMERCIAL

AND
GENERAL PRINTERS,
IMPORTERS OF
PAPER AND PAPER BAGS OF EVERY
DESCRIPTION,
STAFFORD STREET, DUNEDIN.
Estimates given for all kinds of Fancy and Colored Printing.

MANUKA FLAT HOTEL,
(On the direct road to Lawrence).
W. KAVANAGH, PROPRIETOR.

W. KAVANAGH wishes to inform the Public that he has now erected a commodious building on the site of the old one, and is now in a position to supply first-class accommodation to the travelling public.

C A L E D O N I A H O T E L,
Great King-street,
D U N E D I N.
P. COTTER, PROPRIETOR.

Every comfort and accommodation for travellers. All brandies, whiskies, and wines kept in stock are pure and unadulterated. Ales and porters of best brands.

F O R S A L E, or **T O L E T,** the remainder of those splendid SECTIONS in Duke-street. For health, shelter, and beauty, they are unequalled in this city.
One-third cash. Balance up to two years.
Apply

W. REID,
Seedsman.



NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

F. BEISSEL, HAIRDRESSER, begs to inform his Friends and Customers that he
RESUMED BUSINESS
In all its Branches,
Opposite his late establishment (destroyed by fire), Princes street,
Next to Messrs. BURTON BROTHERS,
Photographers.

V.



R

G O U R L E Y A N D L E W I S,
UNDERTAKERS
GEORGE & MACLAGGAN STREETS.
Funerals attended to and supplied at most reasonable prices.
Undertakers to the General and Provincial Governments.

NOTICE.

T H O M A S B I R C H intimates that he has resumed business as Wine and Spirit Merchant, in Jetty-street, adjoining the hotels of Messrs Couzens and Moss. Best selection Wines and Spirits to choose from.

J O H N D R U M M'S
VETERINARY SHOEING FORGE,
Royal George Stables, Moray Place, Dunedin.
J. D. is holder of First prize medals from Port Philip Agricultural Society for the best shod saddle horse.
Mr. Farguerson, M.R.C.S., may be consulted daily.

BASKETS — BASKETS

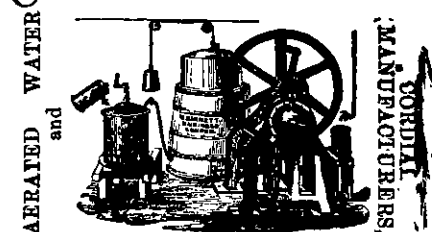
Undersigned has always on hand, Baskets of every description.
Orders promptly attended to.

Note the Address—

M. S U L L I V A N
Wholesale and Retail Basket Maker,
Princes-street, South Dunedin, (opposite Guthrie and Asher's.)

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CAREW AND COMPANY,



GREAT KING STREET, DUNEDIN,
Wish to notify to the Dunedin public that they have commenced business at the above address, as

MANUFACTURERS OF BRITISH WINES,
CORDIALS, LIQUEURS, &c., &c.,
and feel confident, from their long and practical experience in the above business, that they will be able to offer a superior article in every branch of their manufacture.

The undermentioned goods, which will be found of first-class quality, can be had either in case or bulk:—



Tonic Orange Wine, Curacao, Marshchina, Sarsaparilla, &c., &c.

Observe the Address:—

GREAT KING STREET,
Opposite Knox Church,
DUNEDIN.

W E I R A N D S A M S O N,
Importers of
CHINA, GLASSWARE, EARTHENWARE,
STONEWARE, LAMPWARE,
HOUSE FURNISHING, IRONMONGERY,
PERFUMERY, AND FANCY GOODS,
PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

N.B.—Large Shipments of the above Goods are being opened up ex "James Nicoll Fleming," including Goods for

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

Parties furnishing will find it to their advantage to give us a trial.

S M I T H A N D S M I T H
Wholesale and Retail Painters, Paperhangers, Glaziers, &c. Every branch of the trade plain or most artistic done at lowest prices. We employ the best workmen, and it is our endeavor to give every satisfaction. We are direct importers from the best manufacturers of Paperhangings, White Leads, Varnishes, Brushware, Oils, Glass, and every trade requisite, and we give special advantages to Cash Purchasers.—**SMITH AND SMITH**
No 5, Octagon, next the Athenaeum.

O'DONNELL & M'CORMICK

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

PRODUCE & PROVISION
MERCHANTS,

FREDERICK STREET, DUNEDIN,

Opposite the White Horse Hotel.)

RISEING SUN HOTEL,

Walker street.
D. MELICAN, PROPRIETOR.

Wines, Spirits, and Ales of the best brands
Good accommodation for Boarders at
moderate terms.
One minute's walk from the centre of the city.

STARKEY'S

KAWARAU HOTEL, CROMWELL.

Gentlemen and Families visiting this pro-
perous mining district will find the above
house replete with every comfort. The Pro-
prietor has spared no expense to make the
Kawarau Hotel a first-class establishment.

Horses and Buggies for hire, and none but
first-class grooms kept.

One of Alcock's Prize Billiard Tables.

GOODGER'S

JUNCTION COMMERCIAL HOTEL, CROMWELL.

Strangers will find a first-class residence at
the above establishment. The larder is
stocked with the choicest viands, and the
liquors sold by Host Goodger are of the
purest quality.

Horses, Buggies, Waggonettes, &c., always on
hire.

Alcock's Prize Billiard Table.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL, TIMARU.

THOMAS O'DRISCOLL, - PROPRIETOR.

Good Accommodation for Boarders and
Travellers.

Private rooms for Families.

Good Stabling.

LYON'S UNION HOTEL,

Stafford-street, Dunedin.

Good Accommodation for Boarders.

Private Rooms for Families. Charges
moderate. Wines and spirits of ex-
cellent quality. Luggage stored
free. One of Alcock's Billiard
Tables.

CITY BREWERY,

DUNEDIN.

JAMES SPEIGHT AND CO.,

BREWERS, MALTSEERS, AND BOTTLERS.

WILSON AND BIRCH'S

LATE PREMISES, RATTRAY STREET.

JOHN CAHILL,

THAMES STREET,

OAMARU,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

FAMILY GROCER

AND

CRACKERY AND CHINAWARE SALESMAN.

VICTORIA BOARDING HOUSE,

Thames street,

OAMARU.

ANDREW COSTELLO, PROPRIETOR.

Good accommodation for the
WORKINGMAN.

THOMAS HANNAN,

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER,

Bevern street,

OAMARU.

PADDLE STEAMER PORTOBELLO. DURING THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.



THE above STEAMER is
open for Engagement for
PIC-NIC PARTIES, EXCUR-
SIONS, &c. Rate as per agreement.

Apply

BOWMAN, MACANDREW & CO.,

Jetty-street.

KENSINGTON WOOD AND COAL DEPOT.

C. CAMPION wishes to intimate to the
Inhabitants of the FLAT that they can now
procure Firewood and Coal at the above
Depôt at town prices.

Newcastle, Kaitangata, and Green Island
Coal always on hand. Orders punctually at-
tended to.

MELBOURNE HOTEL

Naseby,

JOHN COGAN, Proprietor.

Good Accommodation for Travellers.
Good Stabling and Loose Boxes. Buggies and
Horses for Hire.

JOHN COGAN.

OAMARU BOARDING HOUSE,

J. COGGIN, PROPRIETOR.

Excellent accommodation. Good atten-
dance with every comfort com-
bined, with moderate
charges.

KRULL'S FAMILY HOTEL

GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

MR. KRULL begs to inform his friends
from Town and Country that he has now
completed the enlargement of above HOTEL,
and that he is prepared to afford them every
possible ACCOMMODATION.

Best attention and civility as hitherto.

BURKE'S OTAGO BREWERY, DUNEDIN.

BOTTLED ALE AND A1 STOUT.

UNRIVALLED XXXX PALE AND XXX ALES.

Depot: PRINCES STREET SOUTH.

J. T. ROBERTS,

HOUSE AND ESTATE AGENT,

VALUATOR, SHAREBROKER, &c.,

Manse street, Dunedin.

ANDERSON'S BAY HOTEL

DUNEDIN.

MICHAEL MALONEY, PROPRIETOR,
Wishes to intimate to the residents of the
Peninsula and surrounding districts that he
has taken the above Hotel, and hopes by
careful attention to business, and by keeping
nothing but the best drinks, to obtain a large
share of public support.

First-class accommodation for boarders
Private rooms for families.

The 'Bus starts from the Hotel every
hour during the day for Dunedin.

ROYAL HOTEL

(George-street, Port Chalmers),

JAMES MORKANE, - PROPRIETOR,
Wishes to intimate to his Friends and the
General Public that he has purchased the
above Hotel, and is now in a position to offer
accommodation second to none in the colony.
Under his supervision, the Royal is being
entirely refitted and renovated. Meals ready
at all hours. Suites of rooms for private
families. Large Commercial and Sample
rooms. Billiards. Livery and Bait Stables.
Saddle Horses and Buggies for Hire. Car-
riages for Hire.

JAMES T. OAL,

PRACTICAL TAILOR AND HOSIER,

(Four Doors from British Hotel),

GEORGE STREET,

DUNEDIN.

OCEAN VIEW HOTEL,

SOUTH DUNEDIN,

FORBURY.

NICHOLAS MOLONEY

PROPRIETOR.

ROYAL GEORGE HOTEL,

Corner GEORGE ST. AND MORAY PLACE.

W. P. THORNTON (Late of Invercargill and
Queenstown), Proprietor.

W. P. THORNTON wishes to inform
the travelling and business Public of Dunedin
and Country that the above hotel has been
thoroughly renovated, and is now fitted up in
the most comfortable manner, no reasonable
expense having been spared to make it one of
the best family Hotels in the city. The bed-
rooms are lofty, and have good ventilation.
Private sitting and sleeping apartments for
families. Charges for Board much below late
rates.

One of Alcock's first-class Prize Billiard
Tables. Stabling attached.

ALLIANCE HOTEL

Thames street, Oamaru,

MATHEW GRANT - Proprietor.

Good Accommodation for Boarders, at
Moderate Charges.

The Miners' and Mechanics' Home.

Good Stabling.

WALKER STREET GENERAL STORE,

EDWARD SHEEDY, PROPRIETOR,
FAMILY GROCER, HAM AND BACON CURER,
AND FRUIT DEALER.

All goods kept are of the very best descrip-
tion. Orders left will have prompt attention
Charges strictly moderate.

THE CHEAP SHOP, No. 9, ROYAL ARCADE.

BUY OF THE MAKER & IMPORTER.

E. LOFT thanks the public of Dunedin and
Suburbs for patronage during the past two
years, and informs them that he is manufac-
turing Men's, Youths', and Boys' Boots of
every description at prices and quality that
defies all competition. A choice assortment
of Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes
always on hand. Measures strictly attended
to. A perfect fit guaranteed. Repairs neatly
done, and new elastics put in on the shortest
notice. All goods sold guaranteed. Inspec-
tion invited.

E. LOFT.



FUNERAL REFORM.

ECONOMY AND RESPECTABILITY,
COMBINED with the strictest decorum in
the performance of its duties.

The expense of a Funeral, however COSTLY
or HUMBLE, may be ascertained at the time
of Giving the order, and carried out accord-
ing to the wishes of friends.

WALTER G. FÉDDES.

Undertaker, Octagon,
DUNEDIN.

W. G. G. imports Coffin Furniture of the
newest designs, and every Funeral requisite.
Mourning Coaches with SEPARATE COM-
PARTMENTS FOR CHILDREN'S COFF-
INS, white and black Ostrich Plumes and
Head Feathers, and every equipment of the
best description.

Pinking in Cloth, Silk and Satin.

Printed for the NEW ZEALAND TABLET COMPANY (Li-
mited), by JOHN DICK, of Royal Terrace, at the
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edin and published by the said Company this
19th day of Feb., 1876.