

of punishing the successful candidate of to-day, by an unanimous Catholic vote against him. In the circumstances in which Catholics are placed, their true policy is, on all occasions when it is in their power, to punish all candidates who have opposed aid from the public moneys to Catholic schools.

"FALSE, UNHEROIC."

ought not an uncorrupted and presumably incorruptible newspaper press to make it a chief object of existence, that it should instruct the public as to the truth of all it treats of? Its members form an estate affirmed to be more "important" than that of king, lords or commons—the "Fourth Estate," so constituted by the possession of a "tongue which others will listen to." In the "voice of the charmer" consists its strength and virtue, and before all things it is necessary that it charm "wisely." But if this tongue become, as the children judge, worthy of blisters, if this voice grow "out of tune and harsh," how great is the bewilderment and chaos that are introduced into the minds of men?

A *REGULUS*-like devotion to the interests of the community should distinguish our editors. The dash of *LEONIDAS* is undoubtedly commendable; but into all visions of earthly glory the idea of self enters too far to admit of conduct which may be inspired by such being considered totally free from suspicion, and, on the whole, the cold-blooded, calculating immolation, adopted after long consideration, and adhered to notwithstanding all blandishments and entreaties to the contrary, is that which is preferable, and that which they, on whose tongues such vital interests are understood to hang, should seek to acquire the power of making.

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

How badly do they savour who deviate from their lofty course; who, instead of endeavoring to explain "the Reality which lies at the bottom of all Appearance," are, on the contrary, concerned in the obfuscation thereof. "World's priests" are they who sacrifice to idols, and from whose censers are wafted fumes which, though they may seem sweet to the sense, are poisonous. But oh! for the potency of pelf, the *BELIAL* of to-day, and for the bigotry of a public that will have editors pander to its prejudices.

Let us take an example. When Cardinal *ANTONELLI* died, the hatred that had pursued him through life was not charitably allowed to be buried likewise. Some thing of panegyric there was, indeed, appearing in the columns of most newspapers. His manners, his tastes, his habits of life were alluded to, not unfavorably, but, through all, one saw that the seeming smile of approbation was in truth a sardonic grin not as yet fully developed; and the guffaw of mockery followed in due course.

Our honorable editors, no doubt, would have had it appear that when they sang pæans over the supposed dishonesty attendant on the acquisition of his wealth by the Cardinal, they had in view the exposure of a fraudulent career, and were not engaged in the spiteful pursuit of blind prejudices, nor in ministering to the depraved appetite of a bigoted public; but such a pretence is but shallow, for none of them have undertaken, as in common justice they are bound to do, to inform their readers that the hints, sneers, and scandalous statements they published, respecting the dead statesman, were totally unfounded; and that it has been shown beyond controversy that his property had come into his possession as honestly as that of the most esteemed man of substance amongst us has been inherited or acquired by him. They vilified the memory of the deceased Cardinal, and they did so for the express purpose of casting dirt through him upon every member of the august order to which he belonged; and, so long as they satisfied their readers, and gained fresh assurance of support and profit, truth and justice were alike indifferent to them. Heaven help the world in which such a "Fourth Estate" has become more important than the other three.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE prize list of the Dominican Convent Art Union has been increased by the addition of four beautiful oleograph copies of Raphael's cartoons, presented by the Christian Brothers. The pictures represent severally, St. Paul preaching at Athens, The Lame Man healed by St. Peter at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, The people of Lystra preparing to sacrifice to Saints Paul and Barnabas, and Elymas smitten with blindness. Each picture is contained in a gilt frame. The works of art now collected for the laudable purpose of being disposed of in assisting the Dominican nuns to ensure their permanent settlement in Dunedin, and to provide such buildings as will enable them to fully carry out the ordinances of their rule, as well as

to conduct their schools in the efficient manner for which they are otherwise so well qualified, have now reached a considerable value. Owing to the necessarily early issue of the tickets for the Art Union, the names of many of the prizes do not appear upon them, and consequently the value of the pictures taken altogether is much greater than that advertised in the usual manner. It is, however, hoped that the low price, half-a-crown, placed upon the tickets will make up for any deficit thus occasioned. It should be generally known to all parties interested that several handsome pictures have also been provided for a special art-union, in which there will be no blanks and for which tickets will be presented gratis to those persons who have succeeded in disposing of tickets for the general art-union to the value of £5. All things, in short, combine to recommend the undertaking to Catholics and liberal-minded people everywhere.

THE Sydney 'Morning Herald,' which for anti-Irish ravings is a fit mate for certain of our New Zealand contemporaries, speaks of the Irish in America as being, in common with the Germans, Negroes, and Chinese, "the hands and feet of the community;" while "the native population of British descent constitute its brain and nervous system." At any time such an assertion could but brand its author with ignorance, but at present it comes particularly inopportune, since the whole literary world of the great Republic is now beside itself with rapture over a poem written by an Irish-American, Dr. Joyce, and to which we alluded in our last issue. Enthusiastic criticisms concerning this splendid production meet the eye in the columns of all the American papers. Amongst others an eminent lady writer, who signs herself H. H., thus speaks of it:—"It was with the half-perplexed incredulity of a great delight that we laid down 'Deirdre,' after our first perusal. 'Too good news to be true,' we said, took the volume up, read it again at a single sitting from cover to cover, and laid it down a second time, the delight strengthened, the incredulity vanquished. The incredulity was natural, however. Could it come easy to believe, in this year, not of grace, but of machinery, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, that a man had written a poem which for simplicity in word and loving guilelessness in pictures of Nature might have been written by one of close kin to Chaucer, and in Chaucer's day? A poem which for fire in its stories of battle and for severe splendor in its metaphors may stand unhurt and triumphant by the side of all the old classic epics which have been held sacred since the days of Homer and Virgil." The review from which we have extracted the above appeared in the 'Independent,' and the style in which it is written abundantly bespeaks the power of the writer to pass judgement. American litterateurs will hardly agree with those who direct the columns of the 'Herald.'

In consequence of the threatening state of the weather on Saturday last, the Taieri races were postponed to the Monday following. Unfortunately, however, there was not anything gained by the change, as, although the ground on the latter day was in better condition, the atmosphere was still more unfavorable. The various events were well contested, and the sport good, but the attendance was limited.

We can have no better proof of the indestructibility of humbug than that afforded by the reports of the discovery of the true Orton, which are circulated from time to time. With "Sir Roger" in Millbank, to look out for the appearance of the first-named deponent elsewhere, seems to us no more reasonable than it would be to sit by a man's tombstone and expect to see him pass by still in the flesh.

ARROPOS of the precautions recommended in order to prevent the introduction of small-pox into Otago, it may, perhaps, not be out of place to suggest that the rules supposed sufficient to isolate infection are not always held inviolable. We know for a fact, that some ten years ago, when a ship having on board persons recovering from the above-named disease was approaching Port-Jackson, she was met by a boat conveying a butcher from Sydney who came out to solicit custom, and who, with two men that accompanied him, passed at least half-an-hour on the infected vessel, and then departed unhindered. On entering the bay the ship was sent to the quarantine station at Spring Cove, and detained there a month. The pilot who had come on board a little after the butcher's boat had left the vessel's side, as well as a customs' officer who came on board in the harbor, was obliged to remain in durance with the passengers and crew.

BESIDES its ability to stick to an adversary with all the good taste and tenacity of a puppy dog worrying the decayed remnants of a rat, our contemporary, the 'Otago Guardian,' is generally distinguished by a forced smartness and a wit in convulsions, that are suggestive of the "spoken" part in the humorous songs of a half-penny book of ballads; but for a galvanized attempt at fun, resulting in a sputter of ribaldry, we have seen nothing to surpass our contemporary's pitiful local on St. Patrick's Day. It is to be hoped, however, that so painful an effort has been productive of the desired effects, and that it has obtained for the brilliant columns in which it appeared, additional circulation amongst those roughs whose peculiar prejudices and literary qualifications it was designed to minister to.

As we have been unable to receive any particulars relating to the lamented death of the venerable Archbishop of Sydney in time for our present issue, we reserve our allusions to the career of the deceased prelate until the arrival of the Australian mails.

WE do not know whether we are singularly unfortunate, but, owing to some cause or causes best understood by themselves, postmasters, in general, throughout the colony of New Zealand display a most shameful carelessness with regard to the due forwarding of the TABLET to our subscribers. We beg leave to remind these gentlemen that common honesty requires them to attend to the safety of newspapers quite as much as to that of letters. The regulation, by which it is required that notice be sent to the office of any newspaper when the journal issued by it is not claimed by the party to whom it is addressed at any post-office, seems to be held in utter contempt.

THE ordinary meeting of the Dunedin Catholic Young Men's Society was held in St. Joseph's School-room on Wednesday even-