

very high order. Miss Pinder journeyed up from Wellington and contributed a couple of items, which it is needless to say were given in her usual finished style. She also took part in a duet with Mrs. A. R. Bunny, the item being warmly applauded. Mrs. M. C. O'Connell, who appeared for the first time before a Masterton audience, scored a decided success with a vocal contribution. The other singers were Miss Sheen and Messrs. Langton, Meadows, and Hall. Miss Sellar played a pianoforte solo with much taste and Candy's orchestra also assisted. At the close of the concert Mr. A. R. Bunny, in welcoming Father McKenna back to Masterton, said he was pleased to see such an immense audience present to greet their popular pastor on his return from Australia. Father McKenna's mission to the other side had been mainly in the interests of education, and he was certain his labours would be rewarded with success and that thereby an impetus would be given to education in the district.

Father McKenna, in reply, thanked one and all for the reception given to him and said if one thing was wanted to complete the pleasure of his holiday it was the greeting accorded to him that evening. Whilst in Australia he had made arrangements for introducing the Sisters of St. Brigid to Masterton for teaching purposes. They would be here about the end of next year. He had not completed the arrangements for their reception, but knowing his people as he did he had no fear but the necessary assistance would be forthcoming.

Mr. R. Darragh, on behalf of Mrs. L. Ross, presented Father McKenna with a chastely-worked candelabrum, and on behalf of Mrs. M. O'Connell with two very fine vases. In the course of his remarks Mr. Darragh said that Father McKenna had been ten years in Masterton, and although he had made many friends in that time he had not made a single enemy.

Later on in the evening Mr. A. R. Bunny, on behalf of the parishioners, presented Father McKenna with a purse of sovereigns. Father McKenna heartily thanked the donors of the gift and the purse, and also those present who had accorded him so hearty a welcome. The success of the conversation was in a large measure due to the energetic secretary, Mr. J. B. Dolan, who was ably assisted by a committee of ladies, consisting of Mesdames O'Connell, O'Malley, Hourigan, Coyle, McMullan, Leahy, Misses Pearcy, Richards (2), Cashim, Carrick, Popplewell, O'Connell, Stempa (3) and Leahy.

## Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

'98

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—At our last monthly meeting, amongst other matters discussed, was the advisability of taking some action to commemorate the patriots of '98.

I was instructed to communicate with you through the columns of the TABLET on the subject, and receive any suggestions that may be useful in connection with the matter. But seeing that you have offered those suggestions already in the TABLET it is almost unnecessary to trouble you further in that direction.

We intend to call a public meeting at a convenient time, of Irishmen and all sympathisers, without distinction of creed or party, as the men of '98 were not confined to any one creed or class. And we would also think it advisable after the different centres celebrated the event, to have a joint tribute or memento to the memory of "the faithful and the few" forwarded from New Zealand: say wreaths to be placed on their graves—the cost to be borne jointly by the three or four centres.—I am, etc.,

Wellington, November 25.

P. W. TWOMEY,  
Acting secretary, I.N.F.

'98.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—I, too, wish to express my warm admiration of your able and vigorous article on '98. Your apt aversence to and uncompromising denunciation of the brutality practised upon the Irish people of that date, as well as your manly and honourable vindication of the memory of the martyred heroes who illumine its page, was pleasant and refreshing to read, and richly deserves the high encomiums that have been so lavishly bestowed upon it. I cannot plead guilty to that fiery enthusiastic temperament with which my countrymen are generally credited, and yet I confess that when reading your article I experienced a throbbing of the heart and a quickening of the pulse at the vision it conjured up, very foreign to my every day disposition. We who live in the present day can form no adequate conception of the horrors that were incidental to that period. The wildest imagination would hardly be equal to the task of doing justice to the diabolical barbarities of the time. All the cruelty that the fiendish ingenuity of an enemy grown ferociously mad could possibly devise was brought into requisition and employed against the people. They had no rights, not even the right to live; they were unarmed and defenceless, and at the complete mercy of their relentless foes. Rapine and slaughter was the order of the day. Thousands of brutalised military butchers—yeomanry and militia—were let loose among them with unrestricted license to plunder, ravage and destroy. A favourite pastime of these incarnate ruffians was to lay violent hands upon the innocent and unsuspecting peasants, drag them to the guard-house, place pitch caps upon their heads, keep them until the warm pitch, which not unusually streamed down into their

eyes and blinded them, became perfectly cold, and then sent them adrift maimed and mutilated for life. This pleasant practice they sometimes varied by rubbing moistened gunpowder into the hair in the form of a cross and then setting fire to it, or cutting off the ears and noses of their hapless victims. Thus entirely surrendered to the ruthless fury of their hellish foes, without the faintest hope of protection or redress, can we wonder that, grown desperate, they took the law into their own hands and did execution upon their merciless persecutors? Their doing this may be called rebellion, to me it is known by quite another name. Yes, the people took the law into their own hands, and maddened and desperate as they were, and often having entirely at their mercy the wives and daughters of their bitterest and most relentless persecutors, not one of all their calumniators has ever dared to charge them with having offered insult to a woman. Think of this, my countrymen, and rejoice for the honour of your race. Think of this, my countrymen, and say if the centenary of those martyred saints—for saints in heaven they are to-day—who have handed you down intact through the century the glorious inheritance of bravery and virtue deserves not to be commemorated by you? But if the excesses committed by the military before the outbreak were bad, those committed after it were infinitely worse. The cruelty of the yeomanry was not unsurpassed by that of the regulars, notably the Ancient Britons. Of this latter regiment it is recorded on unimpeachable testimony that after the battle of Arklow some of the soldiers belonging to it (eternally accursed be their names and memory) seized upon the body of the heroic priest, Father Michael Murphy, who was killed during the action, cut out the heart, roasted the body, and oiled their boots with the grease that dropped from it. Men, women, and children, were indiscriminately slaughtered—sabred or shot down at sight—and this continued for many months. Those who had to go through the mockery of a trial were without exception sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. This sentence enacted that the person adjudged guilty be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, there hanged, then cut down, disembowelled, and his entrails burned before life was extinct, the body then beheaded and quartered. In 98 31 Irish gentlemen were put to death in this way. Of these five belonged to the Church of England, eight were Presbyterians, and 18 Catholics. But enough for the present. I will not harrow the feelings of your readers by dwelling further upon the devilish atrocities perpetuated upon poor, unhappy Ireland at that sad period of her history. Times have changed and for the better. A century has well nigh rolled away, and the day is not far distant when Irishmen of all creeds throughout the world will join issue in commemorating one of the most glorious events in the national life of their country. Of the importance of the occasion to my countrymen in New Zealand, I need not speak. You have already pointed out very clearly to them the road that leads to the throne of duty. Poor Ireland is still dragged at the chariot wheels of the oppressor, and God alone can tell what her future destiny will be. But let it be what it will—let it be that of province or nation, in the temple of her fame, in the hearts of her children, no names are, or ever will be, more lovingly inscribed than the names of the brave men who suffered and died in her cause in 1798.—I am, etc.,

ANOTHER IRISHMAN.

## PERSONAL.

SOME three months ago Mr. J. A. Scott finding himself a good deal troubled with insomnia deemed it wise to send in his resignation as Editor of the TABLET. The directors after generously giving Mr. Scott an opportunity to reconsider his decision, passed a resolution accepting the resignation with regret and leaving in the hands of Bishop Verdon the recommendation of a successor. Mr. Scott's resignation should take effect on December 3, but he has agreed to remain a week longer. He will then take a holiday trip to his home on the West Coast and on his return will practise the profession of the law at Dunedin. Arrangements have been made to give the new editor competent assistance in his work, and it is expected that his services will be available about the middle of January. Satisfactory arrangements have been made for carrying on the paper in the interval.

The *Lancet* says that the first hospital in London was a monastic establishment, and that it was the Catholic Church that "drained fens, brought waste land into cultivation, and taught the people the advantages of leading a regular life." What record in these directions has the Church created by law in England queries *Reynolds*'s.

One hundred and twenty-five converts from Protestantism in six years is the record made by the Rev. Theodore A. Metcalf, of the diocese of Boston, U.S.A.

Next year, at any rate, British statesmen will see a great demonstration in Ireland. If they are cherishing any doubts on the subject of the decay of national feeling they will be laid to rest by the demonstrations which will take place in memory of the men of '98. They will see at once that in nationality Ireland is a "living blaze, which nothing shall withstand," and that the idea of getting rid of it by Royal visits or such like nonsense is a ridiculous one to cherish.

Mrs. Navarro, *nee* Mary Anderson, has discovered a new talent, no more nor less than an ability to sing well. It was pointed out to her that she had a good contralto voice, which she immediately had trained, and she is now, it appears, to make a single appearance as a concert singer in aid of a charity. The public, we should say, however, would, when all is over, have preferred to hear her recite.