

this demand. Mr. Parnell brought in a Bill to make some provision of that kind. The Bill was thrown out upon the second reading. We asked the Government to produce a Bill of their own. They absolutely refused, and what was the consequence? The people were unable to pay their rents. It was outrageous that they should be made to starve, and the Nationalist leaders brought in the Plan of Campaign. Well, gentlemen, I say this. The proof is followed up in this way that when the commission had reported in month of May or June, 1887, then the Government, when it was too late, acknowledged the necessity, and brought in a bill for the further reduction of the rents. But in the meantime the people could not starve, and the Plan of Campaign was simply a device to prevent them from starving." The authors and advocates of the Plan of Campaign desire no nobler justification, no higher praise. It was theirs in a deadly crisis of their country's fate to save the people from starvation. With such a service as this to show, they may set detraction at defiance.

The coercionists and the cranks combine in deploring the inadequacy of the Home Rule programme of Mr. Gladstone to satisfy the immortal yearnings and aspirations of the Irish people for a National freedom. They denounce the degenerate Nationalist of to-day for condescending to accept it. The patriots of '98, the patriots of '48, we are assured, would turn from such proposals with scorn, and would infinitely prefer the perpetual coercion which the Tories are kind enough to provide for the country. It is curious how popular dead Irish patriots are with the coercionists, and the accuracy with which they can divine what their action would be in any given contingency.

But Mr. Gladstone has delivered a staggerer to the cranks and Coercionists combined from which even their audacity will not easily recover. He quotes against them no less an authority than Thomas Davis himself. He proves that his Home Rule was the Home Rule of Davis's aspirations.—"I do not seek," wrote Davis in the letter to the Duke of Wellington which Mr. Gladstone quoted—"I do not seek the raw repeal of the Act of Union. I want you to retain the Imperial Parliament, with its Imperial powers. I ask you to disencumber it of those things which exhaust its patience and embarrass its attention. I ask you to give to Ireland a local legislature. It is not impossible to combine an Irish legislature for local purposes with the integrity and foreign importance of the Empire. A local Parliament granted soon, and in a kindly and candid spirit, would be fairly accepted, and would conciliate that large and varied body which, from want of wisdom or want of patriotism or ambition, are intolerant of having their local laws made and their local offices filled by Englishmen." Davis was not merely the first of Irish poets. He was the purest, the greatest, the most gifted of Irish patriots. There never was an Irishman who so concentrated on himself the affection, the respect, the confidence, the admiration of the generation in which he lived, and of posterity. All true Irishmen—the most moderate and the most extreme—speak of Davis with a reverence that comes nigh to adoration. The Home Rule that was good enough for Davis is good enough for the Irish Nationalists of to-day. Ireland wants no more than Davis claimed for her.

Three cheers, and three times three, for the firemen and sailors, staunch men and true, who taught the exterminators and their backers in the Cork Steampacket Company a sharp lesson, and a wholesome one. These are the men worth working and fighting for. The story is very short. A drove of Emergency cattle were with great difficulty got aboard the steamer at Cork by Mr. Maurice Beattie and three amateur cattle-drivers, the regular hand-liters refusing to so much as touch them with a forty foot pole. But their troubles only began when they got on deck. The firemen and sailors forthwith deserted their posts and refused to stir hand or foot to work the vessel until the horned Jonahs were thrown overboard. "They would not," they declared, "encourage wrong to their country." Soft words and hard words were tried on them in vain. "You will bring poverty on yourselves," said the benevolent Beattie. "We are well used to it and not afraid," said the undaunted men. Finally, they triumphed, as resolute combination always triumphs. The cattle were driven off the deck of the vessel with even more difficulty than they were driven on. There the matter ends for the present. If the Cork Steam Packet Company are well advised, they will let it end there. They have already had experience of the result of attempting to convert their line into a floating Emergency Association. As to the resolute men, they have but to stand firm and have no fear. The whole country is at their back.

## PRESENTATION TO CONSTABLE MULHOLLAND.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

men met in the Railway Hotel, Winton, to say good-bye to Constable ON the evening of the 12th December between thirty and forty gentle-Hugh Mulholland, on the eve of his departure for Cromwell. A light supper was served in *recherche* style by host Starkey.

His Worship the Mayor, Mr. James Gilmour, occupied the chair, and in a neat speech referred to the regret felt by the residents of both town and district at the loss of one who during his thirteen years residence amongst them they had learned to esteem as a citizen and respect as an officer of the law; one who possessed the happy knack of strictly performing his duty without making himself either obtrusive or obnoxious; one who always preferred to act the part of peacemaker, thereby endearing himself to all classes of the community. When it became known (his Worship continued) that the exigencies of the public service demanded his (Constable Mulholland's) removal from amongst them, a few gentlemen formed themselves into a canvassing committee and succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. The time at their disposal was, however, too short to allow them to purchase a suitable souvenir, he had therefore to request Mr. Mulholland to accept this purse of sovereigns and with it purchase a memento which would be not only worthy of the

occasion but acceptable to himself and Mrs. Mulholland. His Worship concluded by wishing Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland, on behalf of the company, all health and happiness. Then followed the toasts: "Our Guests," proposed in a happy speech by Mr. Horan, and spoken to by Messrs. James McArthur, T. McWilliam, and G. Sims, who each spoke in feeling terms of Mr. Mulholland's worth as a citizen and a constable; song, "For he's a jolly good fellow." Mr. Mulholland, in returning thanks, said the matter had taken him by surprise, as, although he had always striven to do his duty to the best of his ability and would always continue to do so, he did not think he deserved any thanks for that, as he was paid for doing it. As for the kindly feelings and good wishes expressed towards him and his wife, of the genuineness of which their handsome present that evening was a substantial guarantee, they never could forget, and he hoped the day would come when he and his family would return to live and perhaps die among the friends they were now so reluctantly parting with (applause). "The Mayor and Councillors," ably responded to by ex-Mayors T. McWilliam and James McArthur; Gaelic song by Mr. C. McRae; "The Agricultural Institute," responded to by Messrs. Henderson and McRae; comic recitation by Mr. M. O'Brien; "The Host and Hostess," recited to by Mr. Starkey, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the company, brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

## H. A. C. B. SOCIETY'S FETE.

THE annual fete of the H.A.C.B. Society, St. Joseph's Branch Dunedin, took the shape this year of a picnic and sports, and was held on Boxing day, in the gardens of the Friendly Societies, at Sawyer's Bay, near Port Chalmers. The place is a very pretty one; the grounds well situated, nicely planted and sheltered, among scenery which on every side affords a charming view. There was a very large attendance, and the visitors seemed throughout the day thoroughly to enjoy themselves. The weather, with the exception of a shower, which fell in the forenoon, and whose effects were soon dried off, was fine and warm, so that those of the guests who were more advanced in age had no fears as to the consequences of sitting to look on at the fun. As to the younger folk present, there did not seem to be much thought of sitting still among them. Not to speak of the sports properly so-called, which however, were carried out with immense success, swings, skipping-rope, and games of all sorts were kept going. There was also an excellent brass band, the Kaikorai Band in attendance, whose performance added much to the pleasures of the day. Among the visitors were the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, and the Rev. Fathers Lynch, Adm., O'Donnell (Port Chalmers), Golden, and O'Neill. The rev. gentlemen, indeed, did much to promote the amusement of those present. Father Lynch acted as one of the judges, and Father Golden proved a host in himself where the school children were concerned. The Rev. Brothers Murray, Hughes, Magee, O'Hare, and Moore, were also on the ground, and also engaged in doing their best, with happy results, to make the time pass pleasantly by. To this also the efforts of the officers and members of the Society very efficiently contributed. The events on the programme of sports were spiritedly contested and caused much interest. The hurling matches, of which there were two—one for boys and one for men, the Hibernian Society, captained by Mr. O'Driscoll, against the Dunedin Irish Rifles, captained by Mr. Clancy—being especially exciting and each proving a sharp and protracted struggle. The Society are to be congratulated on the success that has crowned their undertaking, and, no doubt, the results obtained this year will be remembered so as to ensure for their next year's fete a still greater measure of success. The fact, moreover, that the day served as a holiday and festival for the children attending the Catholic schools, of whom but few could have been absent, makes the event still more a matter for congratulation. The following is the programme as it was carried out:—

200yds Handicap Race, boys under 16. First prize ham, second trophy, third trophy—Flanagan 1, Booth 2, Irvine 3. There were 14 entries.

Race for Girls (under 12), 220yds. First prize a pair of boots, second trophy—Miss O'Keefe 1, Miss Power 2, Miss Carter 3. There were 20 entries.

Sack Race for Boys under 16. Distance, 220yds. First prize bag of sugar, second trophy, third trophy—Keyes 1, Mitchell 2, Molloy 3. There were eight entries.

220yds Handicap Race, for members of the Hibernian Society. First prize box of tea, second meer chaum pipe—W Carr 1, T Curtain 2, C Rodgers 3. There were eight entries.

Handicap Walking Match. One Mile. First prize 15s—Alexander. There were 10 entries.

Boys' Wrestling Match (Cumberland style).—First prize 7s 6d—Stevenson. There were nine entries.

Married Women's Race (220yds). First prize half-ton of coal, second tin of coffee—Mrs Walsh 1, Mrs Gramm 2.

Three-legged Race, for youths under 10. Distance, 220yds. First prize 5s, second 3s—Irvine and Gibb 1, M and T Butler 2, Tracey and McKay 3. There were nine entries.

Race for Unmarried Ladies (220yds). First prize silk umbrella—Miss 4. Watt. There were 13 entries.

440yds Race. First prize half-ton of coals, second bag of sugar—Lloyd 1, Nyhon and Stevenson 2. There were five entries.

Girls' Race (under 16), 220yds. First prize trophy, second trophy—Miss E Tracey 1, Miss Drumm 2, Miss A Power 3.

Grand Hurling Match—Hibernian Society 1, Dunedin Irish Rifles 2.

Michael Davitt, in the *Contemporary Review*, asks why external help should be asked or expected by Ireland when there are thirty millions now in Irish banks and other institutions, a fraction of which would avert starvation and the shame of receiving alms.