

attempt to palliate the guilt of a man concerning whom such words were justly penned, and penned by such a writer, would but disservice those making it. They are words to make sick the heart of any Irishman who is true to his country, and knows what his country owes to the man of whom they were justly written. To explain their piteous significance would form a task too harrowing for us to undertake. But are we to look upon this man, who dishonours a mother before the indignant, outraged, eyes of her children, as a man representing the statesmen and men of eminence to whom great social and moral reforms are due? Whatever it may be elsewhere—and we refuse without full evidence to believe that it is so, as a rule, anywhere—it must not be so in Ireland. It shall not be so among the Irish people. Nay, in proportion to the services rendered to them by Mr. Parnell, and to their gratitude to him, must be their reprobation of his guilt, if they would be true to themselves and to the children to whom their dearest hope should be to leave as the brightest and most precious treasure of an enfranchised country an inheritance of honour and purity, and a repudiation and avoidance of all that is base and filthy.

So we had conjectured. We find high authority to A SCANDALOUS bear out our assertion that the outbreak of the UNDEBTAKING. Indians in the North-west was the work rather of white men than of the unfortunate people themselves. We drew on the memory of what had before happened in America and elsewhere, but we are confirmed by a missionary who has recently visited New York—that is Father Kraft, some time ago appointed by the Sioux Indians as one of their chiefs, and given by them the name of "Hovering Eagle." Father Kraft makes very light of the alleged apparition of the Messiah, of which so much has been said. He describes it as a hallucination, not only harmless, but even quieting and consoling to a people suffering from distress and want, or at any rate no more formidable in itself than that of the sect of the Second Adventists. It caused no excitement among the Indians, he says. Of the "ghost dance" also, described as a preparation for and menace of war, he thought very little. No such dance, he said, had been known among the tribes, though possibly at their meetings some dance had lately been invented in honour of their Messiah. All the trouble, according to Father Kraft, in short, has originated with the whites. There, for example, is the Indian Department, whose very existence depends on the people still remaining barbarous. There are its agents interested in proving that there is still work for them to do. "Indian agents wanted to show that Indians were as wild as ever, and wanted also to show their ability to control them, that their importance might be proved, and the continuance of their positions and salaries assured. Many of the Indians were getting so near civilisation by their own efforts as to make agents fear that the transition state might end, and with it would end their positions and salaries. Something had to be done."—There also was the neighbouring population anxious for the arrival of troops among them, out of which they might make their profit. Father Kraft, in short, in an interview with a representative of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, has made the matter lamentably plain. It is the old story, as we have said. Advantage has been taken of the situation of a necessitous and dependent people to provoke them for particular ends. According to the reports received, however, the Indian Department and the other instruments engaged in bringing the matter about, would seem to have succeeded somewhat in excess of their desires. The Indian Department at least could not wish for the extermination of the tribes, whose management is the only reason for its existence. In any case the matter is a disgrace to the American Government—and no credit to the American nation.

THE line,

THE "CATHOLIC" "Life is real, life is earnest,"  
LIG "JACK-ASS, then, is a 'weary old platitude.' Is the rest of the  
verse of a like nature?

"And the grave is not the goal.

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not written of the soul."

Considering the "Catholic" quarter whence the judgment we have quoted proceeds, we conclude it is so esteemed—*Carpe diem*. The pagan maxim is good enough for us. Let us eat and drink and be merry, therefore, for to-morrow we die—and there is an end of us. But shall we not apply to the ecclesiastical herald, or whomsoever it may be that represents him, to appoint us, for example, the laughing jack-ass as the symbol of our profession. The jolly bird, more noisy than witty perhaps, should typify our calling perfectly. The symbol, indeed, might seem to some, at least to the more elephantine among us, a little out of keeping with the patronage of a Saint, under which Pope Pius IX. placed the Catholic Press. But has not St. John his eagle, St. Anthony his fishes? Why should not St. Francis de Sales have his jack-ass? It is a thought of charming originality, gaining distinction for all New Zealand, and positive glory for the particular diocese, to present him with it. Let our symbol, therefore, be the laughing-jack-ass, and our maxim, Life is but a dream—Why should we make it a night-mare with our platitudes about reality or earnest-

ness, or stuff of that kind. Nay, let us still cackle a jovial *gaw* to speed the world suitably on its way. Does it not travel *rather* ridiculous road—*de Polichinelle au néant*? But "needs must go when the devil drives," and the more merrily the better. In wit and humour, or their forced counterfeit perhaps, is all our relief.

BUT may we really claim for New Zealand this GIVE THE DEVIL charming inspiration of a union between facetious- HIS DUE. ness and piety? Are we to see it made for the first time among ourselves, and in the delightful form of a Catholic *Alley Sloper* or nondescript *Bulletin*? We are afraid some doubt exists as to our claims to originality in the matter. We have it, at least, on high authority that many centuries ago a combination of a similar kind, though not exactly in the same form, had become somewhat famous. Dante, for example, gives us to understand that in the Italy of his century, the preachers, as a rule, were very much imbued with a love for fun. So highly did they appreciate it, in fact, that, as the poet complains, no man among them was satisfied with his sermon unless it made his congregation burst their sides with laughter. They vied with each other, consequently, in telling ridiculous stories. Nor is this the only manner in which fun and frolic have found their way into the sanctuary. There was a time also when church music was made the vehicle of a similar expression. The solemn magnificence of the Church's hymns was wedded to the rellicking airs of the day. The Mass took its name from the lilt to which it was set, and, for instance, the "Mass of the Red Noses," was a reigning favourite. We saw a proposal a little time ago made in an American paper, not, however, one assuming the epithet "Catholic"—that the popular tune known as the "Mulligan Guards," should be made use of in a like manner. But why should not the secular paper also have its little joke? Perhaps the Punchinelloising of the Catholic Press may bring religious matters generally back into pleasant ways that were, mayhap, abandoned with a mistaken zeal for the promotion of the ponderous and doleful, and an affected and silly pursuance of the genteel. We fear, then, that in mingling piety and jocularity New Zealand, or its more Northern portion, to give honour where it is due, cannot claim to be completely original. Nevertheless, some degree of originality must be justly accorded to it. It is, for example, strikingly original to have the slight offered by a chief of the freethought platform to a lesser light of the same school, avenged week after week in the columns of a Catholic newspaper. Sir Robert Stout, indeed, we have ourselves frequently opposed and sometimes ridiculed. It was in his capacity, however, as an aggressive champion of freethought and a declared foe to Catholicism and to Catholic institutions that we did so. In other respects we share the esteem in which Sir Robert is universally held throughout the colonies, and we fully appreciate the talents and other admirable qualities that have deserved for him the place he holds in popular regard and affection. It is a somewhat bitter fun to find him pilloried week after week in a print pretending to be Catholic because he did not connive at the degradation of the platform on which he himself presided, or pander to its being vulgarised and made the means of gross demoralisation. We are, however, perhaps a little old-fashioned, too elephantine, ponderous, and doleful, it may be, to understand a joke. We confess we have no desire to return to the days of the comic preachers, and the "Mass of the Red Noses" or the "Mulligan Guards" would be to us an abomination. Some respect also we have for the Catholic Press. It is under the patronage of a Saint, and Popes uphold and advocate it. How, therefore, without glaring inconsistency and some slight approach to impiety, and even to a betrayal of the Catholic cause, it can be made a facetious organ vying with the "Alley Slopers" and "Bulletins" of the period we are unable to understand. But, at least, let our clever friends at Wellington have credit for all they deserve—that is, the degree of originality we have pointed out.

The drawing off of the water from Feather River, California, exposed gravel rich in gold, and the present expectation is that the yield will be millions of dollars.

Under the head of "Men and Women who write," the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives a sketch of M. Aubrey de Vere. The writer says: "He is a Catholic of the type (no uncommon one either) of that Howard who led England's fleet against the Armada, and whom Mr. De Vere has glorified in a fine sonnet for his brave resolve that, come what might, no 'foot of Parma' should 'stain the household floors' of England. Though not a Nationalist, Mr. De Vere has also keen sympathies with Irish character and history—especially religious history."

The *Berliner Volksblatt*, the organ of the German Social Democracy, announces that the next International Workingmen's Congress will be held in Brussels on August 1891. All labour organisations of the world will be invited to send representatives. The reports and other documents must be presented printed in English, French and German. Reports are limited in length to sixteen octavo pages. The Executive Committee has decided on this order of business: First, discussion of international and national legislation for protecting the workingman; second, consideration of the right of organisations and combination of strikes and boycotts, from the international point of view; third, definition of duties of workingmen towards militarism.