

'Rome Rule'

In connection with the attack on Father O'Hara (to which further reference is made in our news columns) Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has informed the Irish Nationalist Party, in the person of Mr. Devlin, M.P., that he could not consent that the report of the evidence taken before the Court of Inquiry in the case of the constable referred to should be laid on the table of the House of Commons. The London correspondent of the Dublin 'Freeman' of July 23, reports that the Chief Secretary 'said it would be without precedent. But then,' he adds, 'the use the Orange members are making of this case is also without precedent. They and their newspapers have made it the basis of the most slanderous charges against a priest of the highest reputation; but they are discreetly dumb when the Irish Party demands publicity for the official facts or a fresh inquiry. Mr. Wyndham, while ostensibly defending the persons falsely attacked, including Sir Neville Chamberlain and Sir Antony MacDonnell, is really playing into the hands of their assailants. The only effectual method of putting an end to these attacks is to consent to the publication of the facts.' The use that has been made of this case in several New Zealand papers is sufficient apology for the extended reference which we have of late made to it in our columns.

The Annual Insanity

It seems to be generally agreed among the Brethren of the Saffron Sash that they have 'a ripping good time' when the recurrent spasm of insanity seizes them on 'the Glorious Twelfth.' A literary instance of happiness and insanity embracing and kissing is furnished by that lugubrious book, 'The Sorrows of Werter.' It tells of the demented youth whom Werter found, like another primrose, by the river's brim. Once upon a time the poor addle-brained youth had known what it was to be perfectly and serenely happy. 'Ah! poor lad,' said his mother to Werter, 'that was the time, sir, when he was outrageously mad and confined; he never ceases to regret it.' There are generally visions about—pink Jesuits and squirming swarms of Popish Plots, and shiploads of thumbscrews, and herds of horned Popes, and such-like phantasmagoria—when the July delirium turns the yellow orators into March hares and sends thrills and shivers of most delicious fright through the souls of the brethren who are 'out for a night of it.' Some cleaning up or patching or burying has, at times, to be done to statements made by reverend and other orators under the wild influence of 'the glorious, pious, and immortal memory.' One reverend sword-swallower, for instance, announced, at Invercargill, the amazing discovery that there are 50 female cleaners and fire-lighters in Government House, Wellington, and—fearful to relate—that 48 of them are Papists! The Columbus of this great discovery ought, however, to have tried to lie plausibly. Simple folk who keep their feet warm and their heads cool would be surprised to learn that even Windsor Castle has such a large fire and floor brigade whether in breeks or petticoats. But, then, your 'Glorious Twelfth' orator knows the capacity of his audience's gullet and the serene aplomb with which they bolt any Munchausen tale without taking the common-sense precaution suggested by the late Artemus Ward—to 'smell of it before swallowing.' And, by the way, the portentous, 'fact' of the 48 Papist charwomen was advanced as evidence of the scandalous 'favoritism' shown by the Seddon Administration to Catholics. Now it so happens that Government House does not come within the province of the Government at all, so far as appointments go. The Governor employs his own servants. We are informed on excellent authority that only one of the women engaged in Government House is a Catholic. Her name is before us. We are also informed that she goes there in the daytime to do her work, and that she was em-

ployed in a similar capacity by the late Governor, Lord Ranfurly. Multiplying one lone Papist by 48 is a splendid modern example of the story of the rogues in buckram.

So much for a little romance at our own door. At Junece (New South Wales) a reverend firebrand made a coarse and blackguardly attack on the moral purity of the local Convent of Mercy. The pestiferous fellow so worded his charge that an action at law did not lie. Something better, however, took place. A public meeting assembled on August 12 to indignantly protest against the unwarrantable attacks that had lately been made on the Convent schools, and the cruel insult that had been offered to the Sisters in charge of them. The meeting was attended by people of every creed (many ladies included), and among the principal speakers were the Mayor (Alderman Carter, J.P.) and some indignant members of the coarse-grained slanderer's congregation. The following resolutions were carried by acclamation: 'That this meeting indignantly protests against the unwarrantable attacks that have been made on the Convent schools'; 'We hereby convey to the Sisters of Mercy, Junece, our most respectful sympathy, and we beg to assure them that we regard the charges hurled against themselves and their schools as base calumnies, knowing as we do that the moral conduct of the children committed to their care is in safe hands, and that the religious convictions of the Protestant children attending the Convent schools are scrupulously respected.' The bright example of chivalry who made that blackguardly attack on saintly and devoted ladies must have felt black and blue all over as a result of the castigation which he received from the decent manhood and womanhood of Junece.

A final example of the July insanity comes from Sydney. One Wheeler, a prominent and noisy knight of the order of the Yellow Pup, made the following statement when under the pressure of the vertigo that is abroad when the dog-star is in the ascendant in the northern sky:

'It is the duty of the people to see that only properly qualified men and women are appointed to teach in the public schools—teachers who will not pervert the children's minds with the tenets or doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. (Applause). In this connection a little episode occurred in the Woollahra electorate only on Tuesday which I want to refer to. A little girl went to a public school with a small piece of orange ribbon pinned to her breast. She was called out of her class by the teacher, chastised, and sent home, because that piece of ribbon reminded her (the teacher) of that 'renegade and blackguard, Dr. Dill Macky.' (Laughter, followed by great cheers and rounds of Kentish fire for Dr. Macky). I want you to understand that a little episode of that character is not going to pass unchallenged—(cheers)—because it is no part of the duty of a public school teacher to find fault with any scholar who wore a piece of green or yellow ribbon. (Cheers).'

'Of course,' says the 'Catholic Press,' 'our yellow dailies published this choice item, and the department cocked up its ears. An inquiry was at once set afoot, but it was blocked at first owing to the usual vagueness of the indictment and the difficulty of identifying the school concerned. However, the man Wheeler was written to, and, much to the surprise of everyone acquainted with Orange tactics, he actually gave the information required. And upon being furnished by him with the necessary information, accompanied by a declaration from the mother of the child, Mr. Bridges instructed Mr. Senior-Inspector Willis to hold an inquiry.'

The sequel is soon told. It took the form of an official report, which the curious reader will find in the news columns of this issue of our paper. The yellowish 'Telegraph' sums up the result as follows: 'The re-