

'Begorra' and 'Bejabers' and 'Be Hivins'—would tax the capacity of Job himself. A happily-written article in our vigorous contemporary the San Francisco 'Monitor' gives some entertaining illustrations of the grotesque gibberish that is palmed off on the public as 'Irish brogue' and at the same time administers a much needed castigation to the perpetrators. The dialect spoken by the long procession of Dooleyites is, says the writer, in most cases a thing to shudder at. 'They don't believe—they "belave." They don't read—they "rade." They don't send for a priest—they send for a "praste." They don't sleep—they "slape." They don't rise in the morning—they "rorze." For them the fragrance of the Irish hedges and meadows is not sweet—it is "swate." They don't know what's what—they only know "phwat's phwat." For them a cailin improves her lover's ardor with "gwan ouer thot," accompanied by a few pounds of rock. For them a Shelmalzero farmer says "Oi know iv a neighbor who has a poike that wuz at Oulart" instead of saying "I know a neighbor who have a pike, etc." They make a man from the Glenties use the slang of the music halls translated into Anglo-Irish dialect, ignoring the fact that in nine cases out of ten he expresses himself only in Irish and not in any dialect of a foreign language.'

'In one Dooleyized production we have a County Clare priest allying to God not as the Supreme Being, but as the "Shooprame Bayin'." In an alleged "Irish" tale with which I was favored some weeks ago I read a dastardly libel on that intelligent, patriotic, and self-sacrificing body of men, the National Teachers, a sample passage of which was as follows: "The school-master, with the typical bumptiousness and ignorance of his class, trownd at his rival and said, 'Litthera schripta manish ducks monday seculaa sacalorum There, yer sowl, put that into English if you can.'" And this goes down with many as the "Irish touch," "the Celtic note," or "Irish humor." It is vile burlesque, and it is an insult to the intelligence of the Irish reader.'

It is not easy—on the principle of seeking to 'make the punishment fit the crime'—to say exactly what is the proper penalty for these literary manglers, but the 'Monitor' article's suggestion is near enough:

'It is so difficult to write dialect as it is spoken and so difficult to use it with judgment that unless a writer has heard it in childhood and youth and learned all its variations of pronunciation and the different shades of thought expressed by words and terms apparently the same it were better for him or her that a mill, including the millstones and laln-stones (not toiles), were tied around his or her neck, and that he or she were cast headlong into six or seven thousand fathoms of salt water than to be allowed to go around loose on the earth trying to make people "belave" that she or he "writes Oirish diolect."'

What to do with the Orangemen

Although the day is doubtless still far distant when the Orange and the Green will be found floating peacefully together there is daily increasing evidence that the old-time virulence of feeling, if not weakening all round, is at least being more and more confined to one side in the faction. Thus a late issue of 'Reynolds's Newspaper'—a thoroughly impartial authority—has the following pointed observation in answer to a correspondent: 'Have you noticed that when Cardinal Vannutelli visited Armagh the Protestants created a most disgraceful riot; that the Orangemen in Belfast and other northern towns are always attacking their Catholic fellow countrymen, who happen to be in the minority, whereas in the middle, south and west of Ireland, where the Catholics are in the majority, you never hear of attacks upon Protestants?'

A further illustration of this spirit of greater tolerance on the part of the Catholic Irish is furnished by a noteworthy utterance made by Mr. J. Redmond at the great convention held recently at New York. After expressing his respect for those who honestly differed with him, and his readiness to concede to them the same freedom of opinion which he claimed for himself, Mr. Redmond continued thus, as reported in the 'Catholic Press':

While I would cut off my right hand before I would do anything to attack or to weaken such men, I claim in the name of Ireland that no attempt should be made to thwart or to weaken me and my friends. (Applause.)

A Voice: To hell with the Clan-na-Gaels and the Orangemen.

Mr. Redmond: No. 'To hell with' no honest Irishman. (Great Applause.) My friend here says, 'To hell with the Orangemen.' No. No. Far be it from me to tolerate such an expression. (Great applause.) No. (Great cheers, the audience rising, cheering and shouting 'No, no, no.') The Orangemen are Irishmen. They are mistaken Irishmen. (Applause.) They are, to a large extent, uneducated Irishmen. I admit they are intolerant Irishmen. What is our duty? What is and what should be our mission? To drive these men from Ireland? No. (Applause.) Educate them. (Great applause.) Enlighten them. Teach them the history of their own forefathers, when Belfast was the centre of the United Irish movement. (Great applause.) And, when Nason and Henry Joy M'Cracken—(applause) and the other gallant Protestants of the North made their efforts. (Applause.) No. Parnell never said a grander word than when he said: 'Ireland cannot afford to lose a single son.' (Great applause.) Let us in God's name, be tolerant to one another. (Applause.) Intolerance has been the curse of Ireland. Let us give one another credit for honesty of intention and of motive. Let us turn our guns against the common enemy, and not against one another. (Applause.)

That is at once magnanimous and patriotic—a sentiment, in fact, to use a hackneyed expression, alike creditable to Mr. Redmond's head and to his heart. The soundness of the advice is beyond question; but as in the case of most good advice, there may be some difficulty in carrying it out. Thanks partly to heredity and environment, and thanks also to steady practice, the Orangemen have become particularly good haters. Consciously or unconsciously they have for years been acting on the lines of philosophy laid down by the genial Dooley. 'I've been thunkin' it over,' says the sage, 'an' I've argued it out that life'd not be worth livin' if we didn't keep our inimics. I can have all the hinds I need. Anny man can that keeps a liquor sthore. But a rale sthtrong mimy—wan that hates ye ha-ard, an' that ye'd take the coat off yer back to do a bad tur-rn to—is a luxury that I can't go without in me ol' days.' It may be possible to educate and enlighten the Orangeman, but the luxury of having someone to hate is one that he will certainly never part with without a pang.

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(This ain't a lie I'm telling);
Coughs, colds, etc., all take wing
When I come nigh a dwelling.
An enemy to, every ill
(Now, don't mistake, I ain't a pill),
But concentrated, perfect, pure,
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