

'Yet I do not give up the country; I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheeks a glow of beauty.'

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson on thy lips and on thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

This feeling has never died in the hearts of the Irish people at home nor in the heart of the greater Ireland abroad. And nothing will be accepted as a settlement of the old wrong but a restoration of the legislative power that was taken from them 'by bribery, force, and fraud'.

Notes

A Petition

We understand that a petition for the inspection of convents—engineered (if we are rightly informed) by the usual dark-lantern associations—was recently presented to Parliament. The scroll shared the customary fate of such petitions. It was not favored even with a mention, honorable or dishonorable, by the secular press. A prayer for an investigation into the proceedings of the anti-convent associations would be decidedly more in order. And a parliamentary inquiry into one of them might possibly lead to as interesting—though, of course, not as sensational—revelations as did that of 1835.

Christian Charity

'Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun'.

The virtue that is 'noblest of the blessed three' was conspicuously rare in at least one home in Port Elizabeth (South Africa) within the octave of 'the glorious twelfth.' So much appears by the following paragraph in the 'Cape Argus' of July 19: 'A Sister of Nazareth belonging to the Port Elizabeth Community of the Order, while engaged in her daily round of collecting on behalf of helpless children and aged poor, was seized with heart failure in the street. The doctor who was summoned asked the nearest householder that the Sister should be allowed refuge in the house, but in vain. The stricken lady died upon the verandah of the house, whose shelter for greater ease in her last moments was denied to her.' It is to be recorded to the credit of Port Elizabeth that 'the case has aroused much indignation' there.

What's in a Name?

The following item (from the Westport 'News') is going the rounds of the New Zealand press:—

'The Rev. Mr. Stewart celebrated a unique wedding at Greymouth on Wednesday afternoon last. The bride was a Miss E. Smith, the bridegroom a Mr. William Smith, the bridesmaids (three) Misses Smith, best man a Mr. Smith, groomsmen (two) Messrs. Smith, and there were also guests by the names of Smith and Smythe present.'

The great Smith family (and its derivatives) certainly had a field-day in Greymouth. But the wedding was not exactly 'unique.' The O'Briens still hold, we think, the record for one-name weddings. Here is a paragraph which we clipped some time ago from an exchange:—

'The O'Briens were out in full force at a wedding in Canadaigua, New York, recently. Daniel O'Brien was the groom, Nellie O'Brien was the bride. The bridesmaid was Elizabeth O'Brien (a cousin of the bride). M. J. O'Brien (a brother of the groom) was best man. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. John O'Brien, and only O'Briens were guests at the wedding. The caterer was Florence J. O'Brien. When Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien left for the station to start on their wedding tour, the driver of their carriage was Denis O'Brien, of the livery firm of O'Brien Brothers.'

There is to this day in Wicklow town (Dean Swift's

'High church and a low steeple,
A poor town and a proud people')

a story or legend to the effect that there were twelve O'Briens (eleven of them bearing the forename Denis) upon a jury in a criminal case that was tried there some three generations ago.

New Zealand can give other strange instances of name-coincidences besides that of the Smiths of Greymouth. Some time in 1900, for instance (we are unable to give the precise date), the 'Southland Times' contained the following curious item of local news:—

'On Tuesday a lost cheque and £5 note were advertised for. The loser was Mr. Robert Campbell; the cheque was signed Robert Campbell (not the same individual), and the documents were found by a young man named Robert Campbell, who was just receiving the reward offered in this office when the Robert Campbell, the loser, came in to ascertain if his property had turned up.'

The reader is asked to note that the name Campbell is only seventh on the list of the fifty most common surnames in Scotland. It is not nearly so common, proportionately, in Otago and Southland.

Anonymous Letters

Some time at Palmerston (in June of the present year) Major Keddell, S.M., scored up the word 'coward' against the ill-conditioned varlets who had sent anonymous letters to the Waikouaiti Licensing Committee. The same subject—anonymous accusations—cropped up in the House of Representatives on last Friday. It brought the Premier to his feet. And in his brief discourse that followed he used words that flayed like the cat-o'-nine-tails. He said:—

'If there are cowards in the world, they are those who send anonymous letters. In my opinion, they are worse than assassins. I have seen scores of them in my time, and I have the greatest abhorrence of the villains and the reptiles who endeavor to shield themselves in writing anonymous letters to public men about some one else. I have had scores of these letters, reflecting on officers in different parts of the Colony, sent to me by persons who, as I say, are, in my opinion, worse than assassins. The writing of such letters is about as vile a thing as any man can do.'

It is pleasant to learn that the Premier's castigation of ruffian anonymity was 'greeted with general expressions of approval by members.'

But there are degrees in the cowardice of anonymous attack. Abyss calleth to abyss; and there is a deeper depth than that of assailing an individual. There is, for instance, the contemptible sniper who, over an 'alias' or pen-name, makes blackguardly attacks in the public press, not upon an individual (for such vermin have a wholesome fear of the law of libel), but upon whole bodies of people, and most commonly upon the devoted Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church. 'An anonymous writer,' said Disraeli in his onslaught on the 'Globe' in 1836, 'should at least display power; but we can only view with contemptuous levity the mischievous varlet who pelts us with mud as we are riding along, and then hides behind a dust-bin.' 'Anonymous writing,' said Cardinal Manning, 'is a dangerous trade. Few men can resist the temptation to write under a mask things which they would not say with open face.' And bitter a persecutor of Christians as the Emperor Trajan was, he had a sufficient sense of pagan uprightness and manly feeling to write to Pliny, Governor of Bithynia, in 111, declaring that 'anonymous reports must not be admitted for any accusation. This,' added Trajan, 'is at once the very worst precedent, and unworthy of our time.' But the principle that is unworthy of paganism and pagan times is deemed by many to be good enough for soi-disant Christians when they set out with their barbarian weapons, and their uncivilised methods of controversial warfare, to take the scalp of 'Rome.'

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