

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 4.

DUNEDIN: THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1901.

PRICE 6D

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.
Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.
April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.

Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE 'POST'
ON THE
CARDINAL.

THE Wellington *Post* has waked up and worked off an editorial pronouncement on the vexed question of precedence at the Sydney Commonwealth celebrations. Our Wellington contemporary accuses the Cardinal of being the first—and indeed the only one—to raise the question of precedence in connection with the Commonwealth celebrations. It is thus made to appear that his Eminence alone struck the one jangling and discordant note that was heard amidst the splendid harmonies that ushered in the birth of the new nation of the South. The accusation reminds one of the wolf in *Æsop's* fable charging the lamb with muddying the water up-stream. A wide-awake daily paper might be reasonably expected to know, when dealing with this subject, that the State Governors absented themselves from the Commonwealth functions because of their dissatisfaction with the order of precedence arranged by the Lyne Government and its bungling Committee. Allusion was made to this fact in cable messages to this Colony weeks before the celebrations took place or Cardinal Moran had been compelled by official chuckleheadedness to hold aloof from them. The *Post* itself published the item that Sir William Zeal, President of the Victorian Legislative Council, walked out of the banquetting hall when he saw the position assigned to him at the feast, and subsequently wrote a very candid letter to Sir William Lyne, in which he stated that, in all the circumstances, he would no longer accept the hospitality of the New South Wales Government. The *Post* must have a sleepy head or a short memory to so soon forget what itself and every daily paper in the Colony published at so recent a date. In an interview with a representative of the *Catholic Press*, the private secretary to the Governor-General said that 'The order of precedence cannot be changed even by the Federal Government; it cannot be changed even by the Governor-General. The Federal Government,' he added, 'may make recommendations, but the order comes from the Queen, and can be altered only by her Majesty.' And yet Sir William Lyne and his now famous Committee of All the Blunders coolly took it upon themselves to alter the arrangements made by their Sovereign.

This question of precedence has been already fully dealt with in our columns. We refer to it here again for the purpose of pointing out the extent to which even journals of supposed respectability set themselves to pervert public opinion in matters in which the Catholic Church is concerned. We have already had to refer to the Wellington *Post*, in another connection, in terms of strong disapprobation. This organ of a spurious Liberalism is a pitiful sample of the school of knock-knee'd, two-stool journalism. It has chosen to adopt towards our co-religionists an attitude of pat and cuff, of vinegar and treacle—fanning them with a morgantic compliment at each full moon, and roasting them the rest of the time on a devil's gridiron of blistering calumny. Catholic readers of newspapers of this happily rare class have the remedy in their own hands. And they would be a spaniel-spirited race who would

contribute in any way towards the financial success of this contemptible form of gutter journalism.

THE DEMON OF
THE
WAR CABLE.

AND yet, despite the frequent lapses of the newspapers from what Kinglake calls 'profane fact,' the superstition of the printed page endures almost undiminished into our day. The average newspaper devourer has somewhat of the spirit of Aunt Cynthia, who held it as an article of faith that the moon is made of green cheese. 'I am certain sure it must be true,' said she, 'for I read it in the paper.' The news from the seat of war is gospel truth to the average reader. But 'Smiler' Hales, the West Australian war correspondent,—who was captured by the Boers and subsequently released—is clearly of opinion that one writer of war cables is equal to a regiment of ordinary newspaper Ananiases in his capacity for making history 'which is not so.' 'Fully three-fourths of the cable matter,' says he, 'is utter rot. I used to think that the Coolgardie mining expert was the most awful liar that this country had produced, but not now. Bless his simple soul, he was a mere novice in the noble art of dodging the truth and lighting on lies compared to the man who manufactures war news for export. The latter gentleman can stand up in a pair of blucher boots and calmly squeeze more unadulterated crimson lies out through his lace-holes in an hour than than a mining expert could turn out with a steam typewriter in a week.'

'Mr. Dooley,' the new Irish-American humorist, claims, however, to have discovered a variety of liar that will take first prize every time in the gentle art and craft of fabricating false reports. Mr. Hennessy had made a remark to the Archery Road philosopher to the effect that very little reliable news appeared in the daily papers about the crisis that drew the warships of the Great Powers to the shores of China. This leads 'Mr. Dooley' to explain to his interlocutor that in reality a grand contest is going on in the matter of lying between the civilisation of the East and that of the West. But the Western, according to 'Mr. Dooley,' is hopelessly handicapped. 'How in the wurruld,' says he, 'can be compete with a country where ivry laborer's cottage poojuces lies so delicate that the workmen iv the West can't understand them? We make our lies be machinery; they turn out theirs be hand. They imitate the best iv our canned lies to deceive people that likes that kind, but for artists they have lies that appeals to a more refined taste. Sure I'd like to live among thim an' find out the find iv bouncers they tell each other. They must be grand. I on'y know their export lies now—the surplus lies they can't use at home. An' the kind they send out are better than our best. Our lies is no more thin a contradiction iv the truth; their lies appeals to the sinse of honesty iv any civilised man.' 'They can't hurt us with their lies,' Mr. Hennessy contended; 'we have the guns, an' we'll bate thim yet.' But 'Mr. Dooley,' as usual, get in the last shot. And—as usual, too—there is a core of hard common sense within its outer shell. 'Yes,' said he, 'an' 'twill be like a man who's had his house destroyed be a cyclone gettin' up an' kickin' at the air.'

It is an evil omen that the principle of trying Catholics by exclusively Protestant juries has been introduced into these colonies.

The extension of such a principle could not fail to instil into the minds of Catholics a grave distrust in the

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