

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ANTRIM.

The advent of the twelfth in Belfast was attended by a terrible tragedy. Between two and three o'clock this morning an Orange arch was erected by brethren connected with the L. O. L. 333, at the corner of Montrose street, off the Albert Bridge road. A large and noisy crowd of the usual description collected, and rapping at the doors was indulged in by a number of children. Amongst the houses treated in this way was that of Robert Hendon, 3 Montrose street. Hendon, annoyed at this disturbance in the small hours of the morning, armed himself with a revolver of the bulldog pattern, thinking that his house was about to be wrecked. As he was about to come to the door, as some say in his nightgown, he seized the firearm with which he had armed himself and presented it at the crowd. Five chambers of the weapon were loaded, and without further notice he fired at the crowd of children. A scream told that the bullet had taken effect, and in a moment it was found that the victim was a girl named Maglo Atkinson, who resides on the opposite side of the street from Hendon.

A alarming railway accident occurred at Larne railway station, by which thirteen persons were severely injured. It appears that the ten o'clock train from Belfast missed the points and ran into the carriage of a special at the return platform.

CIARE.

During the progress of a hurling match between the Tulla and Bridgeton Hurling Clubs, as Tulla was just outside the village of Galbally, Co. Limerick, and close to the confines of the town of Aherlow. His father was a blacksmith at the place mentioned, and at the present day traces of the forge are to be seen where his brawny arm wielded the hammer. He emigrated to the land of the Stars and Stripes to better his fortune, while his son, the Admiral, was a mere child.

DONEGAL.

The magistrates assembled at the Donegal Petty Sessions held a consultation regarding the Orange procession which was announced to take place on the 14th of July. The magistrates present were:—Mr. Crane, R.M.; General White, Rev. Charles Stubbs, and Mr. Jerome Doyle. Mr. Milling, D.L., was also present. Having carefully considered the situation of affairs in connection with the proposed demonstration, they unanimously agreed that the only way to secure the peace of the town was to prevent the Orange procession from entering it under any circumstances, and that there were different other convenient highways by which the Orangemen could reach their hall without passing through the town of Donegal. Notwithstanding this influential expression of opinion, which was left before the Dublin Castle authorities, the Orangemen were allowed to march through Donegal.

DERRY.

The Rev. James Nunan, D.D., has succeeded in winning the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the recent examination held at Rome. He is the second son of the late John Nunan, National Teacher, Ardlett, Kerry.

DUBLIN.

Dr. Kenny, M.P., and Mr. F. M. Harrington, M.P., have been exchanging compliments. The latter replies to an attack made upon him by the doctor at the Independent League. Mr. Harrington says his assailants think themselves all sufficient to safeguard the interests of national politics in Dublin. I do not, and I venture to say I only share an apprehension which is in the minds of nine-tenths of the citizens. The gang in the Municipal Council who have handed themselves over to the Tory party, and sought to deliver the city to them as well, have been supported and encouraged by Dr. Kenny, the Independent League, and the "Independent" newspaper. I challenge him to deny that when Mr. Thomas Doyle was being opposed by me for the Rotunda he cast his vote in my favour, though promising to do so. On the same occasion the Independent League passed a resolution in favour of Mr. Doyle, and its members canvassed for him. Later on, when he was honoured with the commission of peace, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Sexton, in return for his Tory votes, the "Independent" went into ecstasies over the favour which was conferred on so genuine a Nationalist.

While I am on the question of challenging the doctor for a denial, I may ask him at the same time whether he will deny that as far back as two years ago Mr. John Redmond, in his "Evening" expressed himself in favour of Sir Robert Sexton's election as Lord Mayor. Dr. Kenny tells his select audience in the Independent League that I am an anti-Farnellite. I tell him that I am now as staunch a Farnellite as I was

MAYO.

At the Mayo Assizes at Castlebar, before Mr. Justice Murphy, Allan Sutherland, who had described himself as belonging to the Ayrshire and Highland Highlanders, pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny, fraud, and obtaining goods by worthless cheques. The accused had carried on a series of the most elaborate frauds. He had circulated the statement that he purchased Rosport B. use as the representative or agent of Lord Charles Bessborough, obtained a possession of horses and sold them in Dublin, and paid with bogus cheques. He was sentenced to seven years.

WICKLOW.

The death is announced of Mr. Clarence William Bryne, J.P., of Lonzoye, Co. Wicklow, whose death took place at Mullingar, on Tuesday. Mr. Bryne was the head of one of the oldest and most respected of the Catholic families of the beautiful county in which the greater part of his too short life was spent.

ENGLAND.

MARRIAGE IN THE OPEN AIR. A special military service has taken place in the open air at Strensall Camp, in the presence of a large number of troops. Long before the appointed time the service was held in the parish church of St. John's. Mr. Delany (Catholic Organist) played the Dead March (Saul). His Eminence Cardinal Moran said he had no intention of detaining them at that ceremony, as he knew that further proceedings awaited them. But he would avail himself of that opportunity of congratulating the friends of the distinguished patriot on whose remains had just been pronounced the Benediction was to be pronounced on the special honour which had been today decreed on him. For he was a genuine patriot—a good man and true. His patriotism was not of that class so common nowadays—patriotism of words; it was a patriotism of heart and deed. Every man who was faithful to his domestic and social duties might well be styled a patriot; but the notion of patriotism was to extend one's life to right the wrongs of one's country, and to assert its liberties. Michael Dwyer had not lost his life in the cause of his country, but he had bravely faced every peril, and gave abundant proof of heroic patriotism in his efforts to redress his country's wrongs. He loved Ireland, and Ireland was a country worth dying for. He loved his country, and he loved his people; he loved his life, his traditions, and his laws. And, coming to Australia, he loved Australia with the same devoted love, and served it with the same heroic patriotism. We needed patriots at the present day; and it was to be hoped that the example set by this true patriot might excite amongst us the true spirit and raise up men who would be true in their love of country, and no less in their love of religion. Such men would be a blessing to Australia, a blessing to their families, and a blessing to themselves.

At the head of the procession rode the marshals, Mr. William Walsh and Mr. Eugene Ryan. After them walked the Australian Holy Catholic Guild, 500 strong. They were followed by the members of the Catholic societies, in full regalia, had been arranged four deep along the centre of College street, and their ranks were completely filled with fresh arrivals. With the exception of the regalia of the societies, the decking of the funeral cars, and the various-coloured ribbons that were pretty generally worn, there was a marked absence of colour. Even among the sightseers, at least 200,000, who might have had no sympathy with the objects for which Dwyer had struggled, there was a genuine feeling of respect. A hundred feet from the resting-place, to see go by the remains of a man who was a romping child when the people of Boston threw the East India Company's tea into his harbour, who was a fairly grown boy when Gibraltar was besieged, and before the independence of the American colonies was recognised, was an unique experience. A hundred years ago Dwyer took an element of romance present, too, for the remains of the wife who had succoured him as a fugitive, and subsequently shared his distant exile, were being borne in the same casket to their final resting-place.

It was considered that there were about 15,000 or 20,000 people in College-street at the start of the procession. It was not long to follow that nearly as many more joined in, while the number of spectators might be put down at two hundred thousand. The cemetery was reached about 4 o'clock. The site of the proposed monument is about half-way down the cemetery on the south, and on one side the ground slopes up from it somewhat, like a vast amphitheatre. This great slope, and a wide space all round, was literally packed with people of both sexes when the acolytes and clergyman who preceded the coffin reached the grave. The attitude and demeanour of the vast crowd was mostly orderly and reverent.

The theatre, or funeral State Car, had open sides, and was drawn by six horses. The horse-cloths were of green, ornamented with shamrocks and hares. On the hearse there was a canopy, the draperies falling from a Celtic cross formed of polished oak. On the cross was hung a laurel wreath. On the four draped urns on the hearse

there were green wreaths, and from these hung garlands of green. The Irish flag was used in forming the canopy, and the white and blue colours, representing Australia, were blended with the green. The casket containing the remains was mounted with gold-plate handles, and the shields with the inscriptions were of polished brass. There were no wreaths on the casket—only sprigs of laurel. The monument is of white marble, or chiefly of white marble; the length and breadth, respectively, 30 by 24 feet; the height, from the top of the Celtic cross to the ground level, 30 feet. On the base appears the inscription—"Remember '83," done monogrammatically, and it is interwoven with sprigs of laurel and shamrock. On the lower panel will be the following:—"Underneath the canopy of the National Hero, Michael Dwyer. (Other names follow.)" On the sub-base—"In loving memory of all who dared and suffered for Ireland in 1798." The cross is flanked with walls "stepped" at the sides and carrying along the top a frieze for further inscription, to consist simply of a prayer for the patriots. Names of many appear, such as Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Brothers Skirrows (Protestant), the Rev. William Jackson (Anglican), William Orr (Presbyterian), Michael Dwyer (Catholic), the insurgent priests, Fathers John and Michael Murphy, Fathers Quigley, Roche, and Keenan. Beneath the frieze panels for bas-relief head-models in bronze of the principal patriots, also medals of historical events of the '98 period. On the terminal part of the wall, each side of the entrance, carved in Irish wolf-dogs, and beneath, on one side, the words:—"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blunders at the name?"

On the other side:—"When cowards mock the patriot's fate, Who hangs his head for shame?" Celtic interweavings, such as emblems as the Round Tower, Ogham Stones, etc., with suitable mottoes in the Irish language, will find a place in the monument. Ample room will be left for additional sculptural elaboration about the base of the monument. The cost of the contract is about £2,000. The procession having arrived at the cemetery gates, the coffin was taken out of the catafalque, and the Rev. Father Kennedy, O.S.F., and a number of acolytes headed the procession, followed by about 20 priests, who recited the prayers for the Dead. Then came the coffin, followed by the members of the Holy Catholic Guild, and Irish National Foresters. Arrived at the sepulchre, the platform near it was soon crowded, and an immense concourse gathered in front and around the grave. The burial prayers were then said, the priests joining in the responses. The coffin was then placed in the tomb, the green flag of Erin hoisted on a staff, and one of the bands played "The Adeste Fideles." The Dwyer family was strongly represented. Among the descendants of Michael Dwyer present on the platform were Mrs. Chivers, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Courtney (grandchildren), Mrs. Chivers (great-grandchildren), the Misses Donnelly (3) (great-great-grandchildren), Mrs. Donohoe, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. Doyle, Miss Doyle, Mrs. Quinn. Among the members of the Dwyer family who could not attend on Sunday may be mentioned Sister Mary Walburg (Good Samaritan Order), Mr. Michael Robert Dwyer (Burke), Mrs. John Dwyer, Mr. Peter Chivers, Mr. Benedict Dwyer, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Murphy, and John and Michael Dwyer (sons of James Dwyer).

The remains of Michael Dwyer and his wife having been placed in the vault, a public meeting was held, at which eloquent and patriotic speeches were delivered by Dr. C. W. McCarthy, chairman of the '98 Centenary Committee, the Hon. Daniel O'Connor, M.L.C., Dr. Kearney, of Farranmatta; and Dr. O'Malley, of Melbourne. The Guildhall, Castlereagh-street, was crowded on the Monday evening following, by guests at a banquet in connection with the Commemoration. Dr. C. W. McCarthy presided. There was an unusual scene in the old Catholic cemetery when the remains of the Dwyers were exhumed in presence of Dr. McCarthy, Mr. John Sheehy, secretary, Mr. Chivers (granddaughter of the Dwyers), and others. There were two small coffins in the vault, one that of a child,

and the other that of Michael Dwyer. The latter had been placed there by the late Dea Dwyer, properly known as "Father John," a grandson about 20 years ago—63 years after death at Liverpool. On being opened was found to contain adult human remains, which Mrs. Chivers was perfectly satisfied was also present who had seen the coffin placed in the vault. Of the two coffins containing female remains (Dr. McCarthy explaining), one was that of a very tall woman, daughter of Michael Dwyer; the other that of a very small woman, Mary Doyle, Dwyer's wife. The man who placed the tall woman in the coffin identified it by the position and the peculiar soldering of the lead."

"I ordered the smaller coffin to be opened," said the doctor, "and it was shown to contain the remains of a very small woman in a remarkable state of preservation (of 35 years). The features and hair were perfectly recognizable. There was white fluff cap on the head, and a white shroud, with garters at the neck. This body, Mrs. Chivers was perfectly satisfied, was that of her grandmother. She and others recollected distinctly that it was interred with a white shroud, and the other body had a brown shroud of the Carmelite Order. By permission of the police, a photograph was taken of the face by Mr. H. J. McGuire. Particular interest attaches to the name of Mrs. Dwyer, owing to her romantic marriage. Dwyer, when under arms on Wicklow Hills, went by stealth to her house, and carried her off on horse-back (aided by some of his men, to prevent arrest), and they were married by a priest after which Mary Doyle shared his perils on the hills and his exile afterwards."

"How do I account for the remarkable preservation? First, the exclusion of the air, owing to the perfect sealing of the lead coffin; second, the bodily tissues not containing much fluid (Mrs. Dwyer being very old, the body was semi-mummified); third, the dryness, owing to the sandy soil."

"The remains were each left in their respective caskets, but enclosed in another outer one, which was inscribed as follows:—"Herein are deposited the remains of the well-known insurgent Chief, Michael Dwyer, who died August 23, 1825, aged 63 years. Also the remains of his wife, Mary Doyle, nee Doyle, who shared in his perils and exile, and who died on June 12, 1860, aged 55—R.I.P."

HONOUR, NOT HONOURS. Denser and mightier hour by hour Sweals the throng upon life's highway. Flerce the struggle for place and power, For the giants of old were as babes to-day, And the heart of the novice with child dismay Grows faint at the sight of the hopeless race; For how shall he soar if there be no wings to play? True, there may be many that throng the start, And eagerly locate a place to win; But only the patient and stout of heart Go on as bravely as they begin. And the ranks of the runners are straggling thin. When the road grows steep and the pathway rough; And each will find there is room enough. As he nears the goal where the race comes in.

Yet not to all is the lot assigned To win the laurel and wear the crown; For Fate's fickle and Fortune blind, And sheds unseeing her smile or frown. And the foremost runner is smitten down. When the bay-cad summer is well nigh scaled; What then? Dr a truth to have striven Is a nobler thing than unearned renown.

For the deafening roar of the cheering crowd Falls sweetly on vantage's eager ear, And the foot is flattered if praise be loud; And discears not the true from the false; But the still small voice that the wise holds dear, Is the voice that whispers within the breast; "Thou hast fought thy battles and done thy best; When thy Captain calls thou hast sought to fear."

Then work while the blood in your veins runs strong, While limbs are supple and hearts are light; While life is summer and days are long. Ere winter comes with its sunless night, While the deed that is done be slight— Feebly wrought and with lack of skill! Not the work itself, but the worker's will. Avaleth aught in the Master's sight. False and hollow the voice of Fame, Fades the gilt on her glittering scrolls; Nor shall she any with full acclaim, Till she hears the knell of his passing toll. Then seek not a place on the heroes' roll; But take for your guide, in the world's despite, Not "What shall it profit?" but "God and Right?" Honour not "Honour," shall be your goal. C. E. J., in the Spectator.

ALWAY ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Pryor, L. F. Ireland, P. Q., writes:—"My son, 18 months old, had scump so bad that nothing gave him relief until I brought him some of Dr. Thomas' Kidney Pills, which I gave him in 15 minutes he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

A '98 Demonstration in Sydney.

Exhumation of the Body of M. Dwyer.

On Sunday last, reports the Sydney "Freeman's Journal" of Saturday, May 28, the Ninety-Eight Commemoration Committee had their "day out" in Sydney. Even regarded as a spectacle it eclipsed the O'Connell centenary. The remains of Michael Dwyer (the Wicklow Rebel Chieftain) and his wife (Mary Doyle) were exhumed on Thursday last and taken from the Devonshire-street Catholic Cemetery to St. Mary's Cathedral on Saturday evening. While the High Mass was being celebrated on Sunday, the casket holding the remains of Michael Dwyer and his wife rested in front of the Lady Altar at the rear of the sanctuary. By one o'clock fully 60,000 were assembled in College-street, and in Hyde Park facing the Cathedral. At half-past one there was a solemn ceremony in the Cathedral. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney officiated, assisted by the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Brien (Rector of St. John's College), the Rev. Very Rev. Dr. O'Haran (Administrator of the Cathedral), Rev. Father Phelan, Rev. Father Whyte, Rev. Father O'Gorman, Rev. P. C. O'Connell, and the Rev. Canon Dr. Delany (Catholic Organist) played the Dead March (Saul). His Eminence Cardinal Moran said he had no intention of detaining them at that ceremony, as he knew that further proceedings awaited them. But he would avail himself of that opportunity of congratulating the friends of the distinguished patriot on whose remains had just been pronounced the Benediction was to be pronounced on the special honour which had been today decreed on him. For he was a genuine patriot—a good man and true. His patriotism was not of that class so common nowadays—patriotism of words; it was a patriotism of heart and deed. Every man who was faithful to his domestic and social duties might well be styled a patriot; but the notion of patriotism was to extend one's life to right the wrongs of one's country, and to assert its liberties. Michael Dwyer had not lost his life in the cause of his country, but he had bravely faced every peril, and gave abundant proof of heroic patriotism in his efforts to redress his country's wrongs. He loved Ireland, and Ireland was a country worth dying for. He loved his country, and he loved his people; he loved his life, his traditions, and his laws. And, coming to Australia, he loved Australia with the same devoted love, and served it with the same heroic patriotism. We needed patriots at the present day; and it was to be hoped that the example set by this true patriot might excite amongst us the true spirit and raise up men who would be true in their love of country, and no less in their love of religion. Such men would be a blessing to Australia, a blessing to their families, and a blessing to themselves.

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Test the KIDNEYS They are the Great Filters of our Bodies The Purity of the Blood is Dependent on their Cleansing Powers

There's a time to all, old and young, man or woman, when poor health betrays the body, and burdens build up under, and one's efforts to rid himself or herself seem only to be baffled at every step. This is not the time to give up—but the time for action. The kidneys are the great filters of the blood, and act as your best judgment and the experience of others will help you, by giving aid in various ways. Do not neglect your kidneys.

MR. GEORGE BENNER, WILSON, ONTARIO, says:—"As a life saver, I mention, I hereby state that Dr. J. C. Mason's Kidney Pills cured me. For nearly four years I was greatly troubled with Constipation and general weakness in the kidneys, and in my serious condition was strongly advised to use Chase's Pills, and to day I can safely and truthfully state they have saved my life."

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY PILLS are the only Combined Kidney and Liver Pills—What they have Accomplished is a full guarantee of what they will do