

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest News from England, Ireland and Scotland.

An Irish Protestant Minister Declines Fidelity and Appeals to the Queen Against the Freeman-Bosnian-Fossil Catholics: Still old fossil Priest and Priestess.

A numerously signed petition is being made out to hand to the Lord Mayor requesting him to call a public meeting in the Town Hall, Belfast, for a suitable date, with the object of considering the desirability of erecting a new hospital, on a new site, in commemoration of the long reign of Queen Victoria.

At a meeting of the Belfast Board of Guardians, Mr. Robb read a letter from the Local Government Board, with reference to a resolution passed by the Guardians, practically shewing the question of the religion of a child, Richard McNally, who was admitted to the house on the 29th September. On a previous occasion Rev. Father Magill, Catholic chaplain, brought under the notice of the guardians the fact that although the woman with whom the child had been left by its mother and brought it to the work-house had stated that it was a Catholic, the workhouse officials, on its admission, registered it as a Protestant. The guardians took no action on Father Magill's letter.

After the taking of the evidence in the case of Ivory, and the publication in the papers of a description of the principal witnesses, there was little, if any, doubt in Armagh of his identity. He was readily recognized as Morris Shaw Copeland Jones, who had left Armagh about 1888, and turned up for a day or two in Armagh about a week before his appearance as a witness at Bow street. His stay on the present visit lasted only a day and a night. His very unexpected reappearance was the subject of some local gossip. He put up at a private house in the town, but lunched in the County Club.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Killoe, county Clare, was held Nov. 22nd to consider the proposal to incorporate the town under the Towns Improvement Act. The proceedings were of a most disorderly character. On the motion of Colonel Oakes, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Blood Smyth, the chair was taken by Father Sheehan. Mr. Hennessy moved that Mr. Hilliard take the necessary steps for incorporating the town. Colonel Oakes seconded, but the din was so terrific that the meeting broke up in disorder without anything being done.

A number of guardians of the Shib-borough Union are to be prosecuted by the Crown, under the Corrupt Practices Act, for their connection with the bribery scandals. Only five of them are to be now proceeded against.

The feeling over the municipal elections in Derry runs very high, and as the Unionist Party is divided into sections there is intense bitterness imported into the contests. There is no parallel in this generation for the excitement that prevails.

The celebration in Dublin of the Tercentenary of the Potato promises to be a very successful affair. The promoters have succeeded in bringing together a very representative honorary committee consisting of a number of noblemen.

A meeting of friends of the Gaelic movement was held at the Temperance Hall, Galway, for the purpose of reviewing the Irish classes taught there during the winter season. There was a large attendance. Mr. J. N. Fleming was called to the chair, and having referred in the course of his speech to the progress made in the past by the Gaelic movement, he said they should agitate in a determined manner to get the language taught in the schools, and try and force the Government to do their duty to the Irish people in this respect as well as others.

The reports which have been laid before the Lister Board of Guardians with regard to the state of the farmers and labourers disclose a very serious state of affairs. The reports have emanated by request from clergyman, rate collectors, relieving officers, and leading residents. There is a remarkable unanimity of opinion amongst all classes regarding the state of affairs, which seems to have been almost a complete failure.

At the age of seventy-one years, Mrs. Palmer, "Robbo" passed gently away at the residence of her son, Mr. Abraham W. Palmer, Drogheda. She was a sister of the late Mr. R. Armstrong, first Sergeant-at-Law of the Irish Bar.

The Ecclesiastical Bench having decided to remove the Rev. R. H. Cotter, rector of Ardanny, Pallaskey, Co. Limerick, on charges of unorthodox proceedings, proffered by the Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Graves, proceedings are now about being taken to dispossess him. That Mr. Cotter is

determined not to relinquish his home without a struggle is at once apparent, the doors and windows are barricaded, and from the flagstaff raised high from the roof of the Union Jack floated. Mr. Cotter is at present the sole occupant of the house, the other members of his family having left several days ago. Upon one of the windows of the ground floor three documents are displayed, the first of which reads in the following ambiguous terms:—"No parley with the agents of Turks and heathens, land harpies, and scorpions." Another was a letter from her Majesty the Queen to Mr. Cotter, in reply to a letter of his, asking her to interfere between him and the Church authorities. The letter ran as follows:—

"The Private Secretary presents his compliments to the Rev. Mr. Cotter, and is directed to express the Queen's regret that His Majesty is unable personally to interfere.

The third document drew attention to the Queen's letter, and pointed out that her Majesty had no connection with those who had deprived him of his benefice. A local reporter called at the glebe house, Ardanny, to-day, when the Rev. Mr. Cotter said to him through a broken pane, "I deny the jurisdiction of Freemasons. They have thousands of altars, and they kneel around those altars and offer up corn, wine, oil and incense on them, Archbishop Plaquet, of Dublin is one of these Freemasons."

"I notice the Union Jack flying from the top of the house. What was the meaning for that?"

"I did that in order to show my loyalty to the Queen. My family has always been loyal to the Queen, and these Freemasons are its worst enemies."

A memorial, already very influentially signed, is being prepared for presentation to the Chief Secretary to have law instructors appointed at Government expense to superintend the treatment and cultivation of the crop in North Mayo.

Catherine King sued George Wilson to recover £200 damages for breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff resides with her mother and sister at Johnstown and is about 28 years of age. The defendant was described as a gentleman farmer and grazier, residing at Obertown, Tara, in the same county. The jury found there was no promise.

Lato in October the tenants on the estate of Lord Plunket, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, forwarded a memorial to his lordship seeking a substantial reduction of rent. In a letter from the agents, the following reply is given:—"The tenants, in the exercise of their rights, went into court to have judicial rents fixed so that at the forthcoming land audit the tenants are expected to pay their judicial rents as fixed by the court."

The reverend parish priest of Killybride, Rev. Father Brennan, is dead to the deep regret of his friends and loving parishioners. He was but fifty-six years of age, thirty of which had been spent in the ministry.

The Tuam Herald learns that Mr. Walsh, proprietor of the mail cars running between Sligo and Ballina, is making enquiries with the view of placing a motor car on the road. The new mode of locomotion, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Maughan, may not unlikely be availed of for the busy traffic between Ballina and Ennismore next season.

The organizing committee of the demonstration in Carrick-on-Suir on 20th November, formally invited Mr. John Daly to Carrick to address the demonstration in the cause of amnesty. The hon. sec. was directed to invite Archbishop O'Roke and the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan and the Mayors of Clonmel and Waterford to attend the meeting. It was also arranged to have a banquet after the demonstration, at which Mr. John Dillon would be asked to preside.

At the meeting of the Carrick-on-Suir guardians Mr. Kenny, M.D., applied to have a midwife appointed to take charge of the maternity ward. Mr. Rockett said there was an order on the books directing Dr. Kenny to do the work. Dr. Kenny:—You are a very ignorant old man, I am sorry to say. Mr. Rockett:—If I had you out of doors I would punch the d--- out of you. Dr. Kenny:—You can try it if you like. Mr. Rockett:—Come out, Dr. Kenny—I will be out directly. The board then broke up in disorder.

A Nationalist demonstration, large in extent and representative and intensely enthusiastic in its character, took place on Nov. 22 at Dromore. Mr. William O'Brien travelled from Dublin for the purpose of attending the demonstration. He was met on arrival at Dromore road railway station by Mr. Richard McAlgoe, M.P., and a number of the Dromore Nationalists and the Dromore band. He was warmly welcomed, and was escorted amid enthusiasm to the town, the band playing a number of Nationalist airs.

Lugh Campbell and his wife Catherine Campbell Stewartstown were charged on remand with the murder of their uncle, William Campbell.

Addressing a very large congregation in the Cathedral, Mullingar. Rev. E.

O'Reilly, Adm., referred in very strong terms to the circulation among Catholics through the Post Office of certain pamphlets descriptive of the work of a certain missionary society which had for its object the supplanting of the Catholic faith in Ireland.

ENGLAND.

Death of a Catholic Lady.

The funeral of Lady Huntingtower, of Han House, Richmond, mother of the Earl of Dysart, took place in the Catholic Cemetery at Mortlake, on November 25.

A Catholic Tutor

Mr. F. Urquhart, a Catholic, has been elected to a tutorial fellowship at Balliol, Oxford. This is the first instance of a Catholic being elected to such a position, and it is worthy of special note that he is to be a tutor in history.

Home Rule not Dead.

The Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, on Nov. 25, entertained at a complimentary dinner at St. Stephen's Club, London, of which he was an original member, in celebration of his being for the third time Lord Chancellor. Mr. W. J. E. Macartney, Secretary of the Admiralty, presided, and there was a numerous gathering. In reply to the toast of his health the Lord Chancellor condemned the irresponsible utterances on the question of the Armenian atrocities, but, at the same time, deprecated the cruelties which had been committed. He denied that the present Government was responsible for the difficulties which had arisen in South Africa, and hinted that they were due to the policy of the late Government. As to Home Rule, he did not think it dead.

The Old College at Douai.

A number of eminent English Catholics have accepted an invitation to attend the festivities of the old English College at Douai on the first three days in December. The occasion, which promises to be most interesting and brilliant, is the solemn opening of the new wing built by Mr. Ward, son of the famous disciple of Cardinal Newman, the Ward of the Tractarian movement. Mr. Ward has had a long connection with the old Benedictine foundation, which played such a conspicuous part in the struggle for Catholicity during the penal days, and his recent magnificent gift is only one of many tokens of his interest in the world-famed college. In addition to the opening ceremonies, which are to be conducted on a splendid scale there is to be a solemn commemoration of the English martyrs recently beatified by the Holy See. In view of the great number of Catholics, clerical and lay, who are to attend the celebration, a special train has been chartered to convey the visitors from Charing Cross on Monday, the 30th inst., on route for Douai.

SCOTLAND.

A Priest and a Presbyterian.

Prominence has been given to the scathing reply given by Father McGinness, of St. Patrick's, in an address to the Catholic Truth Society of Glasgow, with reference to a lecture on certain Catholic doctrines given by Professor Orr, Trinity lecturer in the University of Edinburgh. Amongst other strictures on Catholic teaching, the professor charged Catholics with worshipping the Blessed Virgin. Father McGinness, dealing with this point, said: "Catholics have no objection that their doctrines should be discussed, examined and criticized by anybody—in fact, they invited such— but they insisted that their critics should know what they were talking about. They protested against any man saying that they paid divine honor to the Blessed Virgin, when every Catholic child knows the Catholic Church teaches that God alone is to be worshipped." Father McGinness also criticized the professor's statement that the Catholic Church invented new dogmas, pointing out that it was shameful to find a University lecturer ignorant of the difference between a doctrine "invented" and doctrine "defined."

Completely Kicked Out.

"I was so much run down I had to give up work, and I felt as if I was not worth living," writes Wm. W. Thompson, Zophyr, Ont. "I had been scourged by the law and no real feeling as I did years ago." Scott's Saraparilla tones up the entire system, purifies the blood, and eradicates rheumatism and scrofulous poisons. Ask for Scott's and get it

Do gentle. Strength of character and sweetness of disposition are in nowise incompatible. Doubtless, the most welcome nature on earth is that which combines the naturalness and dependance of a child with the strength of a true woman. There are people whose souls are hewn to us; restful persons whose companionship is a benediction—who draw out the best of our natures, whose presence we may scarce note but whose absence creates a void which the heart hungers to have filled.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old, well-trieved remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for all the ills of infancy. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

HOW John Truman Found a Friend.

"Johnny!" called Mrs. Truman. John turned his sun-burned face upon the pillow and dreamed that a magnificent chariot, to which he was driving six coal-black steeds, had suddenly stopped.

"Johnny," repeated Mrs. Truman, "got up." The wagon's ready. "I am too," replied John, rubbing his eyes and tamping out of bed and into his clothes in less time than it takes to tell it.

Ordinarily John had to be called half a dozen times, he slept so soundly, but this morning Uncle Peter, the colored man who took care of Mrs. Truman's garden and orchard, was going into town to carry a wagon load of fruit, and John was to go with him to hold the horses while Peter went into the houses to deliver the fruit.

Still rubbing his eyes with one hand while he buttoned his jacket with the other, John tore down the gate like a shot, where stood the wagon filled with boxes and baskets. Dobbin and Joo, the two horses, were munching the hay spread in front of them and Peter stood by eating his breakfast from his hands. In his eagerness to be off, John had forgotten his until his mother called him back to the house.

While he hastily swallowed his food, she smoothed his hair and straightened his collar. Soon he was on the wagon seat by Peter's side, a basket of lunch nicely packed under the seat, and a roll of hay in the back part of the wagon for Dobbin and Joo. Mrs. Truman was merciful to every beast and taught John to be also.

"Don't let Peter forget that the jolly apples are for Mrs. Jones and the pearngarins are for Mrs. Smith, Johnny," called Mrs. Truman as they drove off.

"No'm," answered John, holding tight to the reins and guiding the horses skilfully through the gate. For, to his great delight, Peter allowed him to drive every step of the way, only watching the wheels closely as they drove over the narrow plantation bridges.

After they had gotten into town and all the fruit had been disposed of except the pears for Mrs. Smith, Peter stopped the wagon under the shade of a great tree.

"Now, Johnny," he said, "while I take this bucket of pears into Mrs. Smith, you put the hay in front of Dobbin and Joo, so they can eat, and I'll bring a bucket of water back for 'em."

John scattered the hay and climb back into the wagon, was about to open the lunch basket when he heard a great hurrah up the street. "Kill him, kill him!" were heard and a crowd of white and colored boys came tearing down the street, pelting with stones and bricks a poor, miserable dog, which ran as fast as his tired legs would carry him. His head drooped, his tail hung hopelessly down, and he panted as if he would fall at every step. A big boy who led the crowd threw a brick which struck him on the head, when, with a weak howl the poor creature fled under the wagon for refuge and for hiding.

"Let the poor dog alone—won't you?" begged John of the boy who threw the brick, and who was stooping to throw again.

"It's my dog," angrily answered the boy, "and I'll do what I please with him."

"The other boys crowded around, ready with sticks and stones to strike the dog as soon as the big boy should drive him from under the wagon. John dropped the basket, leaped to the ground, and, creeping close to the terrified dog, said to the boys:—"You'll have to hit me first."

fond of ours I'll make you a present of Ponto, and much good may he do you." And, shying a brick dangerously by near John's head, he ran around the corner.

"Thank you," replied John, busy with pouring some water into an empty pan, which he set before the dog, the famished creature lapping it eagerly. Then he put into the pan some meat and bread from the basket.

When John and Uncle Peter had finished their lunch, and Dobbin and Joo had eaten the last whisp of hay, and the dog had lapped the pan dry, the horses were hitched to the wagon for the homeward drive.

"Good bye, doggie; I am sorry to leave you," said John, patting the grateful dog on the head.

But Ponto had no idea of being left to the cruelty of any boy who might come to ride along. So he whined, even wagged his poor, limp tail, and, when the wagon started, trotted after it with all his might.

"Uncle Peter," said John, after vainly telling Ponto that he must go back, "the boy gave him to me. Can't I take him home?"

"I don't believe that boy had any claim on him. It's my 'pinion that dog ain't got nobody to take care of him, and he's a orphan. But I don't know what your ma will say 'bout your making a 'sylum of her house," replied Peter, gravely.

John was not afraid of his mother's objecting to any act of mercy, so, while Peter stopped the wagon, he got out and lifted the dog in. The dog strothed his tired limbs upon the straw with a deep breath of satisfaction.

Ponto evidently thought a great deal was due John. He fattened and became so sleek and handsome that no one would have dreamed of him. He made himself generally useful, driving the chickens from the garden and the hogs out of the fields.

In the fall the negroes carried every evening the cotton they had picked during the day to the gin-house to have it weighed by Uncle Peter. John and Ponto were always on hand. John to ride down the weights and Ponto to stand by, wagging his nose strong tail in general approbation of everything.

One night John and his mother were suddenly aroused from sleep by Ponto's furious barking and bounding against the door, to find that the gin-house which stood near by, was on fire. Peter was called, and the other negroes aroused, in time to put out the flames with buckets of water. But for Ponto's watchfulness and timely warning the fruits of a whole year's toil would have been destroyed.

Anti-Catholic Zealots.

FOR THE HONORABLE.—Sir—We have a certain class of pseudo, anti-Catholic philosophers whose constant aim is to misrepresent and calumniate us. They go about like the Wandering Jew in quest of some calumniating food congenial to their mental equilibrium. Josephus informs us that there was in Jerusalem when besieged by Titus a certain class of chronic grumbles called Zealots. These by their unprincipled peccadilloes created quite a sensation among the community by their indiscriminate falsehood spread among the people.

We trace a few of similar calibre whose flap-doodle is generally concentrated on Catholics. We respect our Protestant friends and are glad to chronicle the fact that the respectable element among them condemn this atrocious and un-Christian crusade against their Catholic neighbours. These abominable assertions have been repeated time after time, year after year, day after day. We thought the embers of bigotry had vanished, but still they are rekindled occasionally by the professors of religious animosities. In these tactics they degrade religion and bring contempt on themselves. These parties are like the deaf and dumb judge who condemns without hearing. Images it appears are very obnoxious to the no-popery scribes, but still they are willing to respect the image of our gracious Queen and many other images. Catholics in accordance with the doctrines of the Church entertain sentiments of veneration and respect for images as they recall to the mind the originals which they represent. In the British empire we have statues of her prominent heroes and statesmen in her principal cities. Catholics have a certain respect for sacred images. A picture of the Crucifixion reminds us of the passion and the entering into the garden and the restoration from the tomb. They inspire our minds and elevate our thoughts to heaven. They represent Christ, His apostles, and saints. They exhibit to the unbiased mind in one grand and sublime panorama what Christ suffered for our common humanity. In fact they are sermons to the heart and eye. I visited the church of the Jesuits once in Montreal where I beheld the pictures of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, St. Peter and St. Paul and other Christian martyrs. I was impressed with reverential awe at the scenes displayed before me. The impression on my mind never can be obliterated.

Copper was a Protestant. His poun on the receipt of his mother's picture is one of the best in the English language:—"My mother when I learned thou wast dead, I saw thee conscious of the tears I shed I vowed thy spirit 'er thy sorrowing soul. Watched 'o'er then, tho' my journey just begun, Perhaps thou gavest me though unfit a kiss."

Perhaps a tear if I could can weep in bliss, And I'd have had my full share of thy bliss, I heard thy bell toll on thy burial day, I saw the hearse that bore thee slowly away, And turning from my nursery sorrowful drew A long, long sigh and wot I have said."

In the House of Lords and Westminster Abbey there are pictures of eminent men from the Norman Conquest to the present time. All over the world there are statues to the memory of eminent warriors, statesmen &c. If we look at the picture of our gracious Queen it indicates the original of our temporal sovereignty to whom we owe allegiance and render tribute. It is a beautiful image of Christ and the intentions of the Cross:—"awaken to our minds His incarnation, resurrection and ascension into heaven. He is our heavenly King to whom we owe our spiritual allegiance. The Council of Trent recognizes veneration of images, because they represent the originals, but no other honors are attributed to them."

I could give further proof of sacred images but I think this is sufficient. Our no-popery scribes cannot find one text of Scripture in antagonism to sacred images from Genesis to Revelations. They are very weak-minded in Christianity when they object to images. Their arguments are flimsy, puerile and effeminate and deserve the contempt of honest men. Catholics, what a glorious heritage we enjoy in the veneration of sacred images! We are proud to chronicle the fact that God ordered them. We are proud to chronicle the fact that King Solomon participated in their equipment and construction. We are proud to chronicle the fact that King David furnished the pure undiluted gold for their construction, that these were hung up conspicuously in the house of the Holy of Holies. What glorious venerable and sanctified associations have Catholics of the veneration of sacred images. We have a few Jewish prophets and pure chronic grumbler, their calumny and vindictiveness recoil on themselves. They are fully respected in the following language:—"We are your faithful prophets who follow your own spirit and seek nothing. (Eccles.) Connaught Oct., 1890."

SPANISH NEWS.

The departure of a youthful Spanish Bishop from his native land for his Island Seat. An illustrious Prelate who later Ireland, its Forests, its People and its Episcopacy. FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

On Tuesday, Nov. 10, the distinguished prelate of Minorca, Valencian Isles, left his native country by the Turia, and preceded, via Barcelona, to the scene of his future episcopal labors. His departure was the occasion of an ovation—a spontaneous outburst of Catholic feeling that rarely was ever witnessed in the great city by the Turia. The noble Cardinal, accompanied by his illustrious patron—to the humblest of his admirers, all hastened to the railway station to bid him both a hearty "adios," and to swell the loud cheers of joy, at one of their city's most illustrious prelates, called on to proceed on the episcopal journey of a "good shepherd" to hasten his steps to a flock who awaited his arrival just as warmly as his fellow citizens now regret the severance of familiar ties that united them. Yes, the departure of the youthful Prelate was a "golden day" in the city's records.

This new addition to the episcopal roll of the Peninsula is young, not having yet reached his 40th year—thus he is the youngest as he is the latest to ascend the bench of Spanish prelates. The days are past when many a young man—ago, virtuous old man—was in Spain an indispensible recommendation for episcopal honors and fine royal patronage, but the religious strife of to-day is too different for the foolishness of advanced years; the unrelenting eye, ever increasing hatred of Masonry, now so successfully and energetically warring against Cardinal Saencha—the metropolitan Archbishop of Valencia, and the episcopate of the nation—against the University of Alcala, the center of the Catholicity of the now and old world requires him who is to wear the mitre and bear aloft the crosier to be truly an athlete of the faith—a Christian Hercules, prepared to vince the three-headed monster of the 19th century, and the two-headed monster of Dr. Castellet's labors, be an index to the future, there is no fear, but he will prove himself equal to the responsibilities which his episcopal office imposes on him.

The new Bishop is, too, a distinguished linguist, being a ready speaker of five European languages, amongst them the English, which during a brief residence in the "House of Missions" by the waters of the Lea, in historic Cork, of the session of the general assembly of the Bishops of the world, acquired a thorough knowledge of its delicate language, to foreigner soon as first so difficult. But whilst studying its language, and admiring its unmatchable scenery he did not forget to learn the details of the chequer-board history of that Catholic nation of which he was to wear the honored crosier. And few are the foreign prelates who discourse so enthusiastically of Irish history to the faith of St. Patrick, or who sympathize more earnestly with its past sufferings, or who rejoice at the glorious story of his life, especially his martyrdom during the present century than Dr. Salvador Castellotes.

I cordially again wish him, through the pages of the truly Catholic Register, many happy years amongst such a history of the noblest of men. The contents of Minorca have ever proved themselves to be a people generous and devoted to their prelates and to the clergy, as the enthusiasm with which they have welcomed their youthful prelate—the illumination which which they honored him, the music and song, joining with which they greeted him, are sufficient to convince the most skeptical, that Minorca is not slow in receiving him whom the noble Leo has sent to rule over them. Barcelona, Nov. 17. JUAN PEDRO.