

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Another Decision Regarding Requests for Banns. The barrister of the Killarney High Court is reported to have refused to grant a dispensation in favor of the people to marry in Dublin.

Most Rev. Dr. MacFall, Bishop of Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A., celebrated his 60th anniversary in St. Joseph's Church, Trenton, on Jan. 21. Dr. MacFall, who is paying a flying visit to his friends in the city, is a native Co. Antrim, having been born in the County of Limerick.

Extraordinary charges have been filed in the courts in connection with a suit for a declaration of nullity of marriage. Michael Donovan, said that he went through a ceremony of marriage on November 1st, 1896, at the Roman Catholic parish church of Castlebray, in the diocese of Ross, with Maria Keohane. He was compelled to go through the said ceremony owing to the violent threats of the Rev. John Lyons, Administrator, and his curate, the Rev. Eugene Daly. He alleged that in the sanctuary of the parish church, he met the Rev. John Lyons and Rev. E. Daly, Maria Keohane and her mother. The Rev. John Lyons asked Maria Keohane to repeat a charge she had made. Rev. John Lyons asked the petitioner to marry the girl then and there, as it was the only way out of it, and finally compelled him to go through the ceremony. These statements were denied in toto and the decision of the courts with costs has been given against Donovan.

The following particulars are given concerning the death of Bandon of Mrs. Hungerford the novelist. Mrs. Hungerford died at St. Brenda's, Bandon, after an illness extending over three months. Towards the end of October she contracted typhoid fever, but under the skilful treatment of Dr. J. J. Wepher, Bandon, she made good progress towards recovery after the crisis of the disease was passed. Her family and whole circle of friends were assured of her speedy restoration to health when she suddenly got a relapse which was destined to prove fatal. The late Mrs. Hungerford, who attained only middle age, was the daughter of a West Cork clergyman, and from an early age displayed marked literary talent. In private life she was extremely amiable and pleasant in her manner and characteristics, which, with other excellent womanly qualities, endeared her to all who knew her. By her death Ireland has lost one of her most gifted writers.

The death in Tasmania is reported of one of those devoted Irish ladies of the Presentation Order who have done so much to advance the cause of religious education both at home and abroad. Sister Mary Joseph Russell, who passed away at Hobart on the 10th December, 1896, after a lingering illness, entered the Presentation Convent, Fermoy, in 1856, and in the summer of that year went with the Rev. Mother, sister of His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Murphy, of Hobart, to found a branch of their Order in Tasmania.

In the Court of Appeal before the Lord Chancellor, Lord Justice Fitzgerald, Lord Justice Barry and Lord Justice Walker judgment was delivered in an appeal from a decision of the Exchequer Division dismissing an information filed for the purpose of obtaining legacy duty on certain bequests contained in the will of Christopher Ousack, of 30 Clarendon Street. The testator bequeathed £150 in three separate sums to clergymen connected with Clarendon Street, Whitefriar Street and SS. Michael and John's churches to be applied for Masses to be celebrated publicly in those churches for the repose of the soul of the testator and his wife. The Exchequer Division decided that the legatees were a charity and therefore exempt from legacy duty. The Attorney-General appealed.

The decision of the Exchequer Division that bequests for Masses for the dead to be publicly celebrated are charitable and exempt from legacy duty has been affirmed, with costs against the Crown.

Kate Donnelly, accompanied by her uncle (with whom she has been living since the big ship disaster) came into Killarney with reference to the Queen's subscription of £5 for her. The money was lodged in the Post Office, as well as also by any further funds subscribed for her benefit, until she is 21 years of age. Neither she nor her relatives are in favor of accepting the offer of Mrs. Williams, of Sussex, to provide a home for her. The Earl of Kenmore has received a sympathetic letter from Mr. Ames Van Ward, St. James' Club, Piccadilly, enclosing £5 for Kate Donnelly. His lordship also received £5 for the sufferer generally from Mr. Henry Lamont, of the Scottish Conservative Club, Edinburgh.

Soon after the South Kerry elections the Hon. J. B. Burke Roche, in accordance with his undertaking to his constituents, commenced an action in the High Court Chancery Division against the editor and publishers of "Burke's Peerage" to restrain them from publishing the statement that he was divorced from his wife. It may be remembered that certain press comments were at the time based on the statement in "Burke's Peerage," after separately consulting two eminent firms of solicitors in London, finally submitted and gave an undertaking to be embodied in an order of the Court not to repeat the statement. The order read: Upon the application of the plaintiff by summons, dated 13th December, 1895, and upon hearing the solicitors for the applicant and for the defendants, and the defendants by their solicitors' undertaking not to print, or publish, or circulate or cause or permit to be printed, or published, or circulated, in any future edition of "Burke's Peerage" any statement to the effect that the plaintiff has been divorced from his wife, it is by consent ordered that this action do stand dismissed with costs, without costs.

The Mayo News says: We learn upon most reliable authority that the people of several villages in Achill are on the verge of starvation, and the sooner the officials of the Local Government Board inquire into the matter the better. Up to the present they have taken no steps to meet the crisis impending not only in Achill but throughout the congested districts of the union, and their responsibility will be very serious indeed if there be much further delay.

On January 21 one of the most interesting and memorable incidents connected with the diocese of Cashes took place, when the ceremony was completed of unveiling the memorial cross in celebration of the episcopal jubilee of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. O'Keefe, Archbishop of Cashel. The commemorative Cross is one that for all time will represent a testimony worthy of the man who erected it. To Mr. Edward O'Shea, of Kilkenny, to Mr. Buckley, and Mr. Barnes and Mr. Patrick Molloy the credit of this is due. The cross bears on its front the figure of Christ crucified, treated in the reverent and dignified manner of the 11th and 12th centuries. His right hand is extended in the act of blessing, His left being closed towards the impendent thorn.

On Jan. 22nd in Waterford a scene of indescribable excitement occurred. A vessel laden with a cargo of salt reached Waterford for one of the bacon merchants. The vessel was boycotted on account of the bacon trade dispute. A dozen men were imported from the Queen's County, and they went to work. The police were present fully armed to protect the workmen who were vigorously hoisted, and at length the excitement became so intense that a rush was made through the police cord to assault them. Terrible scenes followed: baton charges were made indiscriminately, and the mounted police pursued the retreating crowd furiously. Several persons were knocked down and badly hurt.

Mr. Casey, secretary of the Gaelic League, protests to the Chief Secretary against the recent commitment for contempt of Court at Dungavon of a witness who endeavored to give his evidence in the Irish tongue. Mr. Casey protests. (1) Because Dun garvan and the district (Ring) from which Connors (the witness) came, are largely Irish speaking, the last return showing that 61 per cent of the population admitted they spoke the Irish language. (2) An interpreter was in court at the time, and had been actually engaged in the examination of a witness in the preceding case. (3) Every person has a perfectly legal right to be examined in the language he knows best, it being held that it would be unfair to submit a man to examination and cross examination by a hostile advocate in a language with which he was but imperfectly acquainted.

The Wicklow Star states that last week the survey for a Glendalough was completed of a line of steam tram or electric railway, which it is proposed to run across the Wicklow Gap, connecting the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway with the Blessington and Doolough lines, via Rathrum, Laragh, Glendalough and Holywood.

A young man in Lowell, Mass., troubled for years with a constant succession of boils on his neck, was completely cured by taking only three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Another result of the treatment was greatly improved digestion with increased avoirdupois.

C. M. B. A.

At a meeting of Branch 222, O. M. B. A. of Canada, held at 180 St. James Street, Montreal Grand Deputy Tansey, assisted by the other deputies, installed the following officers for the ensuing year: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. F. Dault; Chancellor, Bro. Geo. A. Carpenter; President, Bro. T. M. Ireland, First Vice-President, Bro. Thos. A. Lynch; Second Vice-President, Bro. M. Kelly; Rec. Sec., Bro. W. J. McCaffrey; Assat. Rec. Sec., Bro. J. McKeon; Financial Sec., Bro. J. Rimahan; Treas., Bro. W. E. Durack; Marshal, Bro. N. Butler; Guard, Bro. B. A. Leprohon; Trustees, Bro. G. A. Carpenter, A. O. Coleman, T. R. Cowan, T. O. O'Brien, J. Donahue; Medical Adviser, Bro. Jas. A. McDonald, M.D.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The Story of Kateri Tekakwitha.

After the departure of the "black-gowns," Tekakwitha pondered long and deeply over the wonderful revelation she had just heard.

But to her relatives she said nothing, possibly through fear of her stern uncle, whose wrath would have been terrible, but more likely because the time was not yet ripe for the slender Lily to bear the storm of persecution that could follow upon her declaring herself a Christian.

She withdrew herself more than ever from the companionship of the frivolous Mohawk girls. Often she would retire into the woods when her duties were over and talk to Rawnemo (God), as the blackgowns had taught her. What the "Great Spirit" whispered to His Indian bride she shall never know, but daily her sweet and unselfish soul grew in grace, and the opening petals of the Mohawk Lily were watered by the clear streams of divine love. Other priests came to the village, but Tekakwitha never spoke with them, and they took but little notice of her, never thinking what a rare flower was growing up among those ignorant and sinful pagans in the person of the modest and timid little maiden who seemed to shrink from notice.

Retiring in disposition as she was, however, Tekakwitha was always ready to help anyone who needed her assistance. Did an unfortunate passpoor hurt his feet? He did not forbid touch, but he would not see it there. Was a young man in trouble who knew Tekakwitha would help her; if one of the young men wanted a canoe sewn, or some piece of finery made for a dance, Tekakwitha's clever fingers were always ready. Tekakwitha's foster sister Mary had the most beautifully fringed skirts and the most gorgeously beaded moccasins that the loving care of our little saint could make for her. As for herself, Tekakwitha never troubled, her thoughts were all for others. She did not care for dress, though, as a chief's daughter, she was obliged to wear a costume in accordance with her rank, for according to the custom among the Six Nation Indians, she would, if she married and had sons, hand down to them the rank of chief, which, in this tribe, or rather tribes descends through the female line. But the question of marriage had never entered Tekakwitha's mind; she was utterly unlike any of the other girls, and never laid herself out to attract. When the young warriors were returning from the chase, with their rich booty of skins and game, the maidens of their choice were certain to come in for a particularly rich skin to make up into some article of attire; and a more than usually unscrupulous girl, by a judicious distribution of smiles and glances, could often succeed in carrying off a present from more than one brave, a practice in which, I am sorry to say, they were encouraged by their parents and relatives. But Tekakwitha was never to be found when the hunting parties returned with their spoils, and, though more than one young hunter looked eagerly around for her, nothing would induce her to show herself. Of course she got mercilessly laughed at, but that did not trouble her.

At last, however, her aunts decided that it was time for her to be married; her uncle was getting old, and a young man would be a desirable addition to the household. They broached the subject to her, but she replied that she had no wish to marry, she did not care for anyone, and was quite happy as she was. They could not understand her, and, at length, they decided that she was shy. Well, that was all the better, a modest maiden makes a good wife. As for her not caring for anyone, that did not matter, there was a young brave, the best and handsomest in the village, who was wild to marry her, they (the aunts) had only to go to his mother and arrange all the preliminaries, decide upon the amount to be paid for the girl, so many skins, and so much wampum, and, then, Tekakwitha, finding further remonstrance useless, would bow to circumstances and marry the young man without making any more to do over the matter. But they reckon without their host, as the sequel will show.

Tekakwitha, all unconscious of the plot that was being hatched against her peace of mind, and thinking no more about the matter, continued her placid life of communion with God in the depths of the forest. At length her tranquility was once more rudely disturbed; her aunts announced to her that the preliminaries were arranged, the young brave notified that his addresses would be accepted, and that she was, in fact, formally engaged, and was to lose no time in preparing her wedding outfit. There was nothing at all unusual in the announcement, marriages were, as a rule, conducted after this summary fashion among the Indians, but the news came like a thunderclap to Tekakwitha.

Of course she knew nothing of the value of virginity, she did not even know that it was pleasing to God; she knew, in fact, nothing but the existence of God, Who had killed and loved good, and was the God alike of the red man and the white. That was all the priests had thought her capable of understanding, and more than that they had not taught her. But she did not want to marry, she was conscious of intense repugnance at the thought of it, though why, or for what reason she could not say, even to herself. Modestly, yet firmly, she utterly refused to receive the young man, or even to let him hope she might relent, she would not marry then or at any future time. The storm that followed may be imagined, the innocent girl was called every name that the malice of her relatives could invent. They forgot her years of dutiful and ungrudging service, her self-denial and prompt obedience to their wishes, and because she refused to obey in a matter in which she had a perfect right to decide for herself, they heaped upon her all the abuse and indignity they could think of. The storm clouds were gathering fast over the head of the Lily, they were soon to burst in a deluge of trials and persecutions that should last nearly to the day of her death. Nearly eight years had elapsed since the visit of the priests who had shown Tekakwitha her first glimpse of God, and, during all that time, she had kept silence, and had never even hinted a wish to become a Christian. But the long probation was nearly ended.

Almost beside themselves with anger at the frustration of their designs, Tekakwitha's aunts resolved upon a stratagem as treacherous as it was unjustifiable. In justice to her uncle, however, it must be stated that he refused to attempt to coerce his niece in any way, or to have anything to do with the designs of his wife and relatives. He did not forbid touch, but he would not see it there. One day, or rather, evening, Tekakwitha was ordered to dress herself in her best clothes, and put on all her ornaments. She obeyed, as she always did, though without any interest in the matter, beyond supposing they were about to have company, as often happened for the chief was popular.

A very rich present of skins of great value, had arrived that day, and had been carefully put away. Tekakwitha was out at the time, but if she had been at home she would have thought it only the usual tribute paid to a powerful and respected chief. The gift, however, bore a very different significance. Tekakwitha sat by the fire, dressed in all her best finery, her hair had been carefully arranged by her aunt, and was interwoven with strings of beads and wampum. Her tunic was of the finest deerskins, bleached almost snow white, and was confined at the waist with a beautiful wampum belt, the sign of authority. Richly beaded moccasins covered her tiny feet, and as she sat thus her face partly hidden by a bright colored blanket, she looked up the very embodiment of Indian vanity. But her thoughts were like those of Queen Esther, far from the empty pomp of show, and occupied only with the greatness and majesty of Rawnemo.

Suddenly, the skin which served as the door of the lodge, was drawn aside, and several people entered. One of the party, a handsome young hunter, dressed in all a chief's bravery, cast a glance around the apartment; his eye fell upon Tekakwitha, and, with a flush of pleasure, he strode firmly towards her, and seated himself beside her upon a heap of skins which one of the aunts had quietly placed there. Startled from her reverie, Tekakwitha glanced up, and no sooner did she see who was sitting next to her, than she sprang to her feet, and stood, her eyes cast down, and a burning flush mantling beneath her clear olive skin. Slightly surprised at this reception the young man, Swift Arrow by name, also arose, but, on the motion of Tekakwitha's aunt, sat down again.

"Tekakwitha," said her aunt, sternly, "Fetch the cup and give Swift Arrow the drink, and drink thyself, after him, we have promised for thee that he shall have thee for wife, the price is paid, refuse at thy peril, fetch the cup!" The girl heard, but stirred not. Through all the burning sense of wrong, and her fear of her uncle's wrath, completely taken by surprise, only one thought was uppermost, to escape. Submit she would not, they might tear her to pieces first. Slowly she raised her head and looked her relatives straight in the face one after the other. That look, should have awakened whatever feelings of shame or compunction were in their hardened hearts, but it did not. "Fetch the cup," commanded her uncle's wife again. Raising her figure to the full of its slender height, she uttered one agonizing voiceless prayer to God, who never yet had failed her, and then, looking neither to the right nor left, she took firmly to the door, and left the lodge, without a word.

Swift Arrow was furious, he would be the laughing stock of the whole tribe, to be scouted like that, by a mere girl, daughter of a chief, though she was dead! In vain the equally angry women tried to pacify him, he and his relatives demanded back the skins they had brought, and upon these reluctantly returned, they left the lodge. Meanwhile the cause of all this commotion, had fled as fast as

HOPE ENTHRONED.

LIFE PROLONGED AND ITS NECESSITY GREATLY ENDED.

The Ruthless Hand of Nature Permits Only the Survival of the Strongest, but Medical Science Secures the Survival of the Weakest.

The science and art of medication holds a unique place in the esteem of the entire civilized world, because by a judicious application of progressive scientific methods to the art of healing, innumerable triumphs are won in the struggle for health. The profession of medicine, we may safely say, is no science of its triumphs and successes are achieved daily by the million. Those who are in the vanguard of this noble and our greatest benefactor. They discover a boon to humanity, they have given a fact to thousands who would have dragged out a miserable and weary existence, but for their aid. We witness the many cases of his Pink Pills, has earned and enjoys the gratitude of untold numbers who were on the verge of isolation or death, because their case defied the skill of the ordinary medical practitioner. The ruthless hand of nature permits only the survival of the fittest, but the tender ministrations of medical science, as exemplified in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, secure the survival of the weakest which is in harmony with the divine injunction, "We then that are alive ought to bear the burden of the weak and not please ourselves.

These famous pills have given strength to the apparently hopelessly weak, and vitalized and invigorated fragile and debilitated constitutions, enthroned health and strength, thus increasing every value and enhancing every joy. In substantiation of the reputed merits of these famous pills, we present the following testimonial of one of Glengarry's responsible citizens, Samuel Neill, of the village of Lanarkshire, one of the best known men in the county. "For three successive winters," says Mr. Neill, "I suffered from severe attacks of the grippe. Owing to the exhausting effects of these attacks I was unable to attend to my business half of the time. The last attack I had was in December 1895. It was the most prolonged and the subsequent effect was most severe. All the winter of 1896 I was under medical care, and being somewhat advanced in life I presented a very frail appearance. My weakness was so pronounced that I became a victim of weak nerves, and even with the assistance of a cane I was liable to faint and attempts to walk were risky and often to be regretted. I was troubled with a dizziness in the head that rendered locomotion difficult and unpleasant. Besides this general weakness I had pain in my shoulders something like arthritic rheumatism in its fluctuations and attempts to walk a few months later I was not any very better in fact the doctor gave me very little encouragement. He said I had palpitation of the heart and it must run its course. The truth is I felt so weak that my last hope of recovery was almost abandoned. One day I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was the dizziness left me day by day my pains vanished into imperceptibility, and I began to feel myself again. The improvement continued until I was able to follow my business with unexpected vigor. I am increasing in flesh and in the general signs of good health, and I unhesitatingly attribute my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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To ask the maiden to share his lot, But his living was quite precarious, She looked up his rating and all he got Was a card and cash calcarous. —Chicago Times Herald.

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