

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from England Ireland and Scotland

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. H. H. Kane... Save Ireland and Armenia... English Catholic Bishops and Armenia...

ARMY.

The resolution by which the... approach has been acquired... placed a man on guard to prevent...

Mr. Kane, Belfast has received a letter from Mr. Gladstone in which he says: 'As I have long been...

ARMY.

Sergeant Irwin threatened to shoot a number of people in Portlaoine on Sep. 28th. He was being an arrest at the time and in the disturbance created his prisoner escaped.

A great meeting was held at Camboigh, south Armagh, on Sep. 27th to emphasize the resolutions of the Irish Race Convention. Canon Quinn V.F. commented upon the meeting...

ARMY.

Twenty-six convicted tenants are being prosecuted for trespass in the neighborhood of Virginia.

CORK.

An apple 18 1/2 oz. in weight has been grown in Carlow by Mr. McQuade, Dublin street.

CORK.

An address and testimonial will be presented at Skibbereen to the Bishop of Ross when he returns from his official visit to the Pope.

The pilotage of Queenstown harbor is unsatisfactory since the management of it was taken over by the Cork harbor Board. Many complaints are made and the shipping trade is suffering.

Bessie Delmore, the music hall artist, who died the other day, was a Mahoney by name and Irish by birth. The Daily Telegraph says she was a grand niece of Father Prout; but the Mahoneys of Blarney, the kinfolk of the author of the 'Boles of Slieve Donard' do not know of the alleged relationship.

The mackerel catch off Glandorv is enormous.

A farmer named William Wron was killed near the Pass of Keamnanagh on Oct. 1. The affair arose out of a family dispute about some matters.

Goats have manufactured a murder near the Kenneigh Churchyard, Ballinacree. Grave diggers reported turning up a headless trunk and their statements on investigation proved to have been wild.

A quarry cliff gave way at Meelin near Kanturk on Sep. 28. Eight miners narrowly escaped with their lives.

A young man named Daniel Condon, who had returned from America, was run over and killed on the Skibbereen and Sobell railway on Sep. 28.

DEATHS.

Dr. R. R. Loooper was accidentally shot at Rathfriland on Sep. 29th. William Stephenson Irwin, teller in the Camden street branch of the Ulster Bank, has disappeared and large defalcations have been discovered.

Trinity College is considering the admission of women to university degrees. The student roll of Trinity is declining.

The particulars of competitions for prizes at the forthcoming Irish Musical Festival are published.

There are 18,077 National Foresters (Benefit Society) in Ireland.

Harvest processions are held in Limerick, Tipperary, Tyrone, Carlow, Derry and Queen's County.

GLWY.

Most Rev. Dr. Hoaly, Bishop of Clonfert, was presented with an address at Ballinalone on Sep. 30. Mass was celebrated for the repose of the souls of the prelates and priests of the diocese.

KERRY.

Mr. H. Farley and Mrs. Relihan Main street, Liswell, were burned out in a serious fire which occurred in that town on Sep. 28.

A memorial will be erected in Tralee to the late Rev. W. O'Callaghan, P.P. King's County.

The water supply to Tullamore is reported in a very bad condition.

LIMERICK.

Rev. J. Hogan, O.S.A., Limerick is dead.

Mr. James Daly, brother of John Daly, has returned to his home in Australia. He came to Ireland three years ago to assist in the movement for his brother's release.

LEATH.

The government is once more trying to displace the nursing nuns in the Hospoda union workhouse.

A novel festival of boats was seen in Carlingford Lough on Sep. 29. The string of boats stretched from shore to shore.

MEATH.

While shooting rabbits near Castleblaney James Fitzwood was accidentally shot by a companion and dangerously wounded.

MONTGOMERY.

Michael McDermott was shot and dangerously wounded in Boyle on Sep. 27. The wounded man and some companions had been spending the evening in a public house.

TIPPERARY.

A great amnesty meeting was held in Tipperary on September 20th. Mr. John Daly, John Dillon and John Redmond made the speeches. The proceedings were remarkable for unity and harmony.

mony Mr. Redmond occasionally the only hitch in attempting to make out that the Fenianites were the only tried friends of the political prisoners.

Great excitement prevails in Limerick Ireland all the inhabitants of which are threatened with execution.

Harry Cowley, constable of the Rosslare station, South Westford Bay, by an act of great bravery saved the lives of three men during the storm of October 2nd.

ENGLAND.

Eighteen of the Fenianites, eight Rev. Dr. Austin, Vicar Apostolic of Wales, Dr. Cane, O'Hanlon and others have been sentenced to the course of England in regard to the Fenian atrocities.

The remains of Bessie Delmore were interred at St. Patrick's cemetery, Leix, on Sep. 29th. Her children and her mother Mrs. Mahoney are buried.

SCOTLAND.

The Alleged Dynamiter. I was speaking on Sunday last, says the Scottish correspondent of The Times, to two of the persons whose names cropped up at the trial of Bell, the alleged dynamiter, at Row street, London, last week.

Bell had letters of introduction to these two persons from J. F. Kearney, who was arrested at Antwerp. One of these is Mr. Patrick O'Hara, who is a prominent and highly respected citizen, and member of St. Mungo's congregation. So much is he thought of by the clergy and laity that he has been selected as the standard-bearer of the Catholics in one of the contests at the forthcoming municipal election in Glasgow.

O'Hara's name is given as O'Hara in the daily papers; of course, knows nothing about Bell or his alleged 'plots,' and the only acquaintance he had of Kearney was that the latter, when working in Glasgow as a railway man, occasionally dropped into Mr. O'Hara's shop to discuss politics over his beer.

Mr. O'Hara was in Ireland when Bell called with the letter, otherwise he would have got a very unpleasant reception, as Mr. O'Hara is physically of gigantic stature. The other man whom Bell carried a letter to Mr. Daniel Meagher. Mr. Meagher is a respectable working man who belongs to St. Alphonse's congregation, and is a door-keeper of the church.

He wears the gold medal of seven years' membership of the League of the Cross, and has little or no knowledge of Kearney, and none whatever of Bell, whom he never saw. Both of these are the last men in Scotland to have any connection with dynamite plots, and Kearney must have been fit for a lunatic asylum when he directed the vicious Bell to call on them to join him in such nefarious and stupid work.

HORRORS OF A PRISON.

The Terrible existence of Irish Political Prisoners in Portland.

John Daly, in an interview with The London Daily Chronicle thus describes the horrors of Portland Prison.

Interviewer—'I gather from you that the full rigour of the English prison system were applied to the Irish prisoners—that there were no little touches to alleviate these?'

'That is so. There are times when the warders may relax a little and chat with the ordinary prisoners—so we heard from those prisoners. But there were never such moments for the Irishmen, and even in the infirmary the warders had not a word of sympathy for us. They dare not if they would; and indeed there was a case of a warder who was fined eighteen pence because he tucked the blankets about a young prisoner—not an Irish political prisoner either—who had been shivering in the draughts which blow about in a prison. The prisoner died a few days later. You will scarcely credit that incident, but it is quite true, and there could hardly be a more eloquent illustration of your Fenian prison system.'

THE TERRIBLE TRAP-DOOR.

'Did you sleep at all well?'

'That is barely possible, and the fact is one of the things which help to destroy even the strongest physique. You are visited every hour by a warder who is responsible for seeing you. He throws the light of his lantern through the trap-door, and if a prisoner, to prevent himself from being roused by this, were to have the blanket over his head, he would next morning be put on bread and water as a punishment. Sometimes I have turned my face to the wall not to have the glare suddenly thrown upon my eyes, and then the warder would keep his flash until it awoke me. An additional terror for long at Chatham was the slamming—every hour always remember—of the trap doors in the various cells. There were ten cells together, and as each little trap-door went up and then back with a crash—the light being flashed through the opening—you could imagine what noise there was and how much possibility one had of getting a sound sleep. Afterwards they put an indiarubber lining into the trap-door, so obviating the wearing noise, but the flash light still holds its own every hour of the night at Portland.'

DISCIPLINE AND INSANITY.

'Literally, as we know, you were in the infirmary at Portland. How was your health before the final collapse?'

'On one occasion at Chatham I narrowly escaped being poisoned through medicines which were given me. Another time I was suffering from diarrhoea, and I applied to see the doctor, but was unable to do so. The day after, while I was in the

chapel and on my knees, the attack took an acute form. The officer took me to the infirmary, and there I was put into a cold bath and compelled to cleanse my clothes. The result was that inflammation of the bowels supervened, and I was so near death for days that my friends were summoned to the prison.'

'Have you any notion as to why madness had stricken the Irish prisoners so largely? It does not occur in an equal percentage, does it, among the mass of convicts?'

'No, not so far as I am aware, and I can only refer you to the severity of the discipline in the case of the Irish political prisoners—severity without element of relief. Moreover the feeling of righteousness which keeps up a political prisoner at first—that I have been applied—eventually turns upon him like a slayer. His buoyancy gives place to mental rebellion against his unjust fate, the iniquity of what he is suffering preys upon him, and the end this must help to undermine his reason. Often when I have returned to my cell I have lain down on the hard floor, prostrate mentally as well as physically. The nagging, the ordering about, the mental kicking and hammering, so to speak, crush you to a pulp. I really cannot describe it all. I loathe to think of it.'

'I suppose you are even at a loss sometimes to realize that you have been in penal servitude for between twelve and thirteen years?'

'That remark is more than true. I cannot see the beginning of that life in prison; I cannot keep track of it; it is just a horrid black cloud from which apparently I have somehow emerged. Once only there came a tangible gleam of hope—a real suggestion that perhaps the door was nearly opening. This was at Chatham—probably it is seven years ago, I'm not sure—and we were taken to the studio and photographed and measured. That goes before release; but did a Home Secretary change his mind, or what? Anyhow, we heard no more—nothing more for five years and a half but the melancholy noises of the prison.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—There must be many readers of this paper who know of non-Catholic friends and acquaintances who show, now and then, a great interest in the Catholic Church, its teachings and practices. One will be observed to attend Catholic worship more or less frequently, attracted apparently without knowing exactly why, yet clearly puzzled at the ceremonies, and anxious to understand them. Such a one will generally refrain from asking for an explanation, and few care to run the risk of tendering unasked instruction. Another will seize a chance on the street, or in the workshop, or workroom, to question a Catholic about this or that doctrine or practice, and so frequently as to give evidence of an earnest desire for light on half-understood, or wholly-misunderstood points. Many such have an idea that the Church is a sort of great secret society, and that Protestants are looked at askance when they venture within its doors, as is shown by the timidity exhibited by some at weddings or funerals. Again, there are others, serious-minded, well disposed persons, who know nothing of the ancient faith, but who are well known to their Catholic neighbors as being free of prejudice, good, honest, well-meaning persons, who have become more or less indifferent to all religion being, as they say, disheartened with the conflict and disunion of their own and the surrounding Protestant beliefs. It is well known that there are thousands of such people all over the land. The great majority of these should be gathered into the Church, and they would be, if only we come out of our solid entrenchments, get out of the rut of indifference, and realize that there is abundance of missionary work to be done by the laity, in conjunction with the clergy, right in our own land. What substantial good is it if we answer a chance question here or there put by an acquaintance? What, is generally speaking, to be gained by taking a non-Catholic friend to witness a ceremonial which is only a bewildering 'show' to him, when he knows nothing of the doctrines and devotion which give it life, beauty and meaning? What is the use of gazing at the sequent visitor as he departs from our churches, and contenting ourselves with wondering what moved him to come so often, when we know, or ought to know, that it is the promptings of the Holy Ghost, and that all he needs is a helping hand? But here comes the difficulty. If the good parish priest ventures the approach any of the above-described people in the same free way that the Protestant ministers are in the habit of doing under similar circumstances, they are prone to take to flight, so strong is their notion that the priest may take the words of Scripture too literally, and 'compel them to come in.' This would be laughable, were it not such a handicap on the work of our good, kind-hearted clergy. Even the laity are inclined to be diffident for similar reasons, though they can often approach people inaccessible to the priest. Now, here is where the Catholic Truth Societies come in. Let them spread everywhere in Canada. Let them seek out, and reach

out for enquirers. Let them find means of placing Catholic doctrines, practices and devotions before these people. No attack, no sarcasm, no controversy; only spread out Catholic truth lovingly, devoutly, freely, and above all prayerfully, by means of that great powerful engine of the age, the printed word, and great results will eventually be reaped.

I will practice what I preach. Let anyone send to the undersigned address the names and addresses of parties who show an interest in, or a leaning towards learning something of our most holy religion, giving me some particulars by letter as to age, sex, education, denomination, general character, principal objections to Catholicity if they happen to be known, and any other useful information, and I will send from time to time, from the stores of our local Catholic Truth Society, with some of the best of our short, readable and convincing literature explaining inoffensively our holy religion, its practices, its devotions, its truth and its beauty. Even if it does not convert, in every case, it will assuredly break down prejudice. The laity can do much, and duty calls, let us be up and doing. We have numerous converts, but we want them by thousands. The clergy most deeply engaged in this work in America state that the time was never so favorable as at present for the fulfillment of the prophecy that 'the children of them that afflicted thee, shall come bowing down to thee, and they that despised thee shall bend themselves down at thy feet, and shall call thee, The City of the Lord, The Holy One of Zion.'

Yours truly,  
POLYCARP,  
Care of CATHOLIC REGISTER,  
TORONTO.

Canadian Women Writers.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register: Sir—I beg to thank you for your kindly reference in THE REGISTER to my study of 'Canadian Women Writers' in the September number of The Catholic World Magazine. My purpose in the article was, as you have pointed out, to do justice to all our Canadian women writers in every portion of this great Dominion. Literary aspirants should worship no idols—for the office of the critic is not to magnify and extol, but to assess.

I aimed too at making my article comprehensive, that readers of The Catholic World in every land might see what a broad roll of gifted womanhood we hold in this great north land.

Why should I not speak a kindly and generous word of that noble band of Canadian women who are toiling for our country without money and without praise? Where can you find such devoted patriots as in the ranks of the Canadian women writers? Surely if the politician who reaches power and sovereignty by travelling through mud and dirt deserves our huzzas the litterateur of our country who holds aloft the intellectual torch is worthy of some honor and praise.

I hope in the near future to do the same work for our Canadian historians and novelists: For Hanny Halliburton, Murdoch, Richard Garneau, Withrow, Kingsford, Dent, Dean Harris and many others as historians; and Grant Allen, Gilbert Parker, William Kirby, E. W. Thomson and a host of others in the realm of fiction.

You were pleased to make reference to some of the Catholic writers whom I discussed in my paper. My study of Canadian women writers I hold would be complete or representative that failed to recognize the merits of such gifted Catholic women as Mrs. Leppohn, Mrs. Sadtler, Miss Sadtler, Mrs. Burlington, Mrs. Leflore and Mrs. Barry.

We cannot afford to let Catholic talent be ignored. Yet we must be careful and not praise mediocrity because it is Catholic.

There is no doubt that frequently Catholics are personally ignored as writers—and it is done with malice prepense.

As I write I have before me a work on American Literature written by Prof. Pattee of the Pennsylvania State College and published a few months ago in the cultured city of Boston. Not a Catholic writer is mentioned in it from cover to cover. Where are Father Ryan, Brownson, Gilmary Shaw, Boyle O'Reilly and Brother Azarias? The author devotes eight pages to the poetic nightmare and barbaric yawns of Walt Whitman.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, TORONTO.

Obituary.

Mrs. ANOUS N. MACDONELL. We regret to record the death of Mrs. Mary Macdonell, widow of the late Angus Norman Macdonell, of Peverly, Que., at the age of 86 years. Her death occurred at Peverly, on Thursday, Oct. 1st, after an illness of two weeks, and the remains were interred in St. Telephore Cemetery on Saturday, Oct. 3rd. Thus passed away another of the oldest inhabitants, and one more link which connected the past with the present has been severed. The deceased was much respected, and the large number that attended the funeral testified to the esteem in which she was held by her friends and neighbors. The only surviving daughter, the deceased is Mrs. Dunes J. Macdonell, of Alexandria, sister-in-law to His Lordship Bishop Macdonell. She also leaves three brothers, one in California, one in South Indian, and one in Peverly. We extend our sympathies to the relatives of the deceased in bereavement.—The Glengarran.

DEATH OF MOTHER ODELLA. Mother Odella, the much-loved superior of Guethel convent, died in Toronto at Loretto Abbey early Thursday morning, after a lingering illness. The mother had been suffering from dropsy for the past two years, but her condition only became serious in August. When her physician at Guethel gave up all hope of her recovery she came to the abbey in Toronto, knowing that her end was fast drawing nigh. The immediate cause of death was heart failure.

The deceased had been connected with the Church for the past twenty-six years. She was born in Montreal, and was a niece of Mr. Quinn, of Lodge Pointe, and a general favorite with all who met her, and was deeply loved by every sister with whom she had been associated in her long and useful career. Her full name was Mother Odella Smith.

Regular mass was celebrated on Friday morning in the chapel of Loretto Abbey by Rev. Wm. McEann, assisted by a number of priests from Mother Odella. The singing of the young ladies of the abbey added much to the solemn effect. After the solemn service the funeral procession left for St. Michael's Cemetery, where the interment took place. The pallbearers were Messrs. Hugh Ryan, B. B. Hughes, W. T. Murray, Dr. Murray, Geo. Foy and L. J. Casgraves.

Alexandria. His Lordship Bishop McDonnell, of Alexandria, on Sunday before last, made his episcopal visitation to Dickinson Landing where Rev. Father McMillan sang High Mass and preached an eloquent sermon. Meanwhile some 30 and 40 children had been examined before His Lordship, and immediately after Mass they received the sacrament of Confirmation.

In the afternoon a large number of the residents of the village and surrounding country turned out and formed in a procession behind His Lordship's carriage as he drove to Farran's Point, where a very large number of people—Protestant and Catholic—had assembled to witness the dedication of the new chapel, which was built this summer to accommodate the Catholic families of Farran's Point, Aultsville, and the surrounding country. Fully 600 people were present. The imposing ceremony of blessing and dedicating the chapel to the service of God, under the name of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, was conducted by Bishop McDonnell, assisted by Rev. Fathers Corbett, McMillan and Campbell.

The chapel is a very pretty brick edifice capable of seating about 250 persons. The chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary will be attached to the parish of St. Columban's Cornwall, which also has within its borders the chapels at Mills Roches and Dickinson's Landing.

An Irish Song. (The Odelet). 'A Farewell to Ireland' is the attractive title of a new song just published by Whaley, Royce & Co., 128 Yonge street. The words are by Mr. David Battle of Thorold, Ont., and the music by Miss Helen M. Moore of the Toronto College of Music in this city, who recently presented to the public the song, 'Fair Canada,' which we noticed in this column when it appeared, and which is meeting with great success. A note of expression with a deep meaning is strongly present in the arrangement of words forming the three eight-lined stanzas and chorus of 'A Farewell to Ireland' Mr. Battle has certainly paid a graceful tribute to the land of his parents, making charming reference to Ireland's sons and daughters and her delightful scenery. Some of the lines run as follows: 'O! patient fair island of Harp,' and of Shamrock, Your children as exiles have gone the world o'er; Their fame and their deeds, told in song A bright halo cast round thy ever green shore.

'I've trod your green hills and I've seen your sweet valleys, Your lakes and your rivers so lovely to view, 'Killarney' and 'Glendalough,' 'Causeway' and 'Blarney,' Sweet gems of dear Erin, I bid you adieu!'

In the musical part Miss Moore has provided for the words a melody most suitable, easily sung, yet varied, and of a very high class. While more specially intended for our Irish friends, this song is one that can be sung by all, and we wish it success.

A London Literary Society. LONDON Oct. 7.—The St. Peter's Musical and Literary Association has been organized, with the following officers:—Honorary President, Bishop O'Connor; President, T. J. Murphy; Vice-President, H. Beaton; Second Vice-President, Dr. Jento; Third Vice President, J. Dromgole; Secretary, G. Green; Treasurer, Rev. Father Newman. Among the officers not yet elected are the Trustees and a paid Secretary.

Try It.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and irritating. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

REV. DR. BURNS.

We are glad to find the following letter in The Hamilton Herald in reply to an editorial in that paper. The Herald took favorable notice of a communication to the New York Herald by a correspondent who called himself 'A Real Irishman' and who said the July curao of Ireland today is her agitators:

Editor Herald—In your issue of the 5th, under the heading 'The Curao of Ireland,' you write, 'What is the curao of Ireland? Some have said it is whiskey. Orangemen say it is Popery.'

Statistics show that Ireland's whiskey bill is less per capita than that of England, much less than Scotland's. I admit that it is too much, but Ireland is not peculiar in her drinking habits. As to the Popery cry, that is still weaker. Oulgans as much more Catholic than Ireland. With a population of over six millions, with the exception of fifteen thousand Protestants and about three thousand Jews, all are Catholic. But peasant proprietors prevail, the mass of the people owning their little farm in fee simple, hence they are a contented people. You rarely see a Belgium immigrant. In Ireland it is just the opposite; the small farms are being absorbed.

Neither is Ireland hurt by over-population. It is acknowledged to be one of the most fertile countries in the world, and it could support three times its present population. Nearly every country in Europe has three times as many to the square mile as Ireland. The curao of Ireland has yet to be found, and you seem to accept the theory furnished by a writer in the New York Herald, singing himself a Real Irishman. He condenses it all into one word Agitation.

We might go a step further back and ask, 'Why the agitation?' Irishmen are not agitating more than others in Canada, Australia or the United States. Permit another Irishman to attempt an explanation of Ireland's agitation.

First, only about 3 per cent. of the farms of Ireland are owned by those who cultivate them, 97 per cent. of the farms are worked by tenants.

In the next place, a large portion of the rent collected from the tenants is carried across the channel and spent in England. Thus the land is constantly drained to enrich a country almost suffering from a plethora of wealth. When Ireland lost her parliament at the beginning of this century, a large number of her leading families, members of parliament and others moved to England, where, amidst the luxury of the metropolis, they have lived in affluence, some almost regal splendour. If the farmers of Ontario were similarly situated, I imagine there might be some vigorous 'agitation,' and if a change was not in view, there might be a stepede across our southern border, and if a 'real Irishman' were here he might be leading the van.

In the hopelessness of their condition Irishmen have left their native land by the million, as soon as they could save enough to purchase a steerage ticket to America. Let her parliament be restored, her representatives would return. Millions that are now extorted from the tiller to enrich the non-resident landlords and support their foreign luxury, would then be spent at home.

I am amazed that any one wishing to be considered 'a real Irishman' should call 'agitation' a curse. Through the long, dreary night during which (Catholic) had no representatives in the British parliament, O'Connor's one advice was 'agitate, agitate, agitate.' In 1830 the flagrant wrong was righted. Forty years later, through the same means, agitation, an equally disgraceful abuse was terminated by disestablishment. Agitation is an honorable, a rational method of securing our rights and terminating wrongs. Canadians have learned the power of 'agitation' in breaking family compact and scattering to the winds exclusive privileges in either church or state, and I will trust that my countrymen will continue to agitate while an incubus oppresses or a wrong remains to be redressed.

The College, Hamilton, Oct. 7.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes and speedily effects a cure. It is a perfect remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spits, Pains in Left Side and all symptoms of Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.

Chiefs of the Campaign. 'The Throno Strategical Chiefs of the Presidential Campaign,' i.e., the chairmen of the National committees of the three leading parties, are the subjects of character sketches in the October Review of Reviews. Murat Halstead writes about Mr. Hanna; Willis J. Abbot Jacobus Senator Jones, of Arkansas the hope of the 'Popocrats'; and Marion Butler, the energetic and able young leader of the Populist forces, is portrayed by Carl Sydney.

TKL THE DRUG.—Mr. J. F. Kellook, Druggist, Perth, writes: 'A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week.'