

The Motherland

Latest Mail from
IRELAND and
SCOTLAND

Major Cowan, a well known gentleman was summoned to appear before the Limerick City Sessions for having ridden his bicycle on the footpath at Kilmack. As he left the following day for Ballinacree the summons did not reach him till the morning before the sitting of the court. He was immediately to the magistrates to ask for the postponement of the case but Mr. O'Hara, R.M., etc., presided, proceeded with the case, and the maximum penalty—namely, £10—was imposed. Major Cowan who had heard of the decision said he would not pay the fine that to devote a case with out leaving the defence was in his opinion, unjust, and to exact the maximum fine from a gentleman amateur rider, who cycles with a ball and a brake, at the average pace of eight miles an hour, and who has never passed a footpath passenger with out putting up, is, according to his view, unjust. Mr. O'Hara was visited on the 12th inst. by two of the Danmurry constabulary, and he accompanied them by train to Belfast, where he was given into custody of the governor of the Belfast Jail.

The hundredth anniversary of the great Ulster patriot, William Orr, was fittingly celebrated in Belfast on Oct. 14th, by a magnificent demonstration in St. Mary's Hall. Messrs John Dillon, M.P., Timothy Harrington, M.P., and William O'Brien travelled from Dublin for the purpose of taking part in the proceedings. They were received at the Belfast branches of the National Federation and National League, the Young Ireland Society, Florry Joy M. Craven Literary Society, and the different local clubs. Among those present were—Messrs Joseph Devlin, Civic delegate, John Boyner, hon. secretary Belfast Branch Irish National Federation, John E. Rordan, solicitor, James M. Mahon, Hugh Martin, John T. Donovan, hon. secretary Belfast Young Ireland Society, Hugh Agnew, C. Fegan, Francis Blair, F. Bannon, P. M. Galt, George McGroarty, J. M. Cunn, T. Farrelly, T. M. G. Gahan, John Nugent, J. O'Neill, J. McCavana, A. Kerr, J. M. Guley, etc. Messrs Dillon, Harrington and O'Brien were loudly cheered on making their appearance, and as they drove to the Lincen Hall Hotel they were enthusiastically greeted by a large crowd assembled in the vicinity of the station. St. Mary's Hall—the large hall—was open to the gallery by an immense crowd long before the meeting commenced. Banners and scrolls appropriate to the occasion were displayed throughout the hall, bearing such inscriptions as "Remember Orr," "Welcome to B.I.F.", "McDonovan's Union Orr," "1797," "Ulster wants Home Rule." Two American and Irish flags occupied prominent positions, and an interesting trophy was displayed in the form of a British flag captured at the Battle of Ballyshannon. On the platform was a memorial shield in green draped with crepe, and bearing in white letters the inscription "Remember Orr. Murdered for Ireland at Carrickfergus 11th October, 1797. Ireland a Nation." This memorial was unveiled after the meeting commenced by Mr. John Dillon amidst a scene of great enthusiasm. The Belfast National Brass Band occupied the platform before the opening of the proceedings, and played in excellent style a number of Irish national airs. A remarkable demonstration of the same took place with Messrs. O'Brien and Harrington, accompanied by some prominent local Nationalists, appeared on the platform. The immense gathering, representative of various Nationalist bodies and '98 clubs, rose en masse, and continued to cheer vehemently, and to wave hats for a considerable time. Mr. Michael M'Donovan, M.P., occupied the chair.

At the weekly meeting of the Guardians of the Clara morris Union, the following letter was read:—

House of Commons,
October 10th, 1897.

"DEAR SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the resolution which the Clericorum Board of Guardians recently adopted, in which an appeal is addressed to the Government to apply adequate remedies for the threatened partial famine in Mayo and in other afflicted districts in Ireland. I fear that Mr. Dalaney's appeal is addressed to the stony summit of Croaghpatrick as to Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. Have they not already provided the Irish people with a Royal visit, and are they not also contemplating a further measure of their generosity in the form of a Royal residence? This is how some of their more influential organs over here view the obligations that lie upon her Majesty's Minister, in face of the situation in which the resolution deals. I remember the late Lord Russell telling me in Turin a dozen years ago that he had evinced himself while in London that England's statement did not want to be convinced how best to legislate for the social and industrial needs of Ireland. What England would do with Irish paupers, and not Irish paupers, and this is true. One purpose here; the other begets trouble, because the sons of the soil in Ireland have always been battling for national rights and national justice, and these are never in fact to England's interest or liking. Next session we are proposing a scheme of county government, which is to be made the excuse for giving to the land owning interest of the public funds some £700,000 in two instalments, one direct and the other by way of increased value imparted to their properties through a county subsidy to tenants. This £700,000 would pay interest at 3 per cent upon twenty and half a million of money, enough to buy out every sick and starved acre of land embraced within the areas in which perpetual distress prevails. To buy out the owners, to enlarge the existing holdings to spread the people out upon wider areas of cultivation, to advance State aid in the form of interest and allow land boards, partly elected by the State (as in some respects like what obtains in the Australian Colonies) to regulate holdings and encourage better methods of tillage and auxiliary industries—all this could be done by means of the one sum of public money, and an end put once and for ever to these recurring calamities. That, however, would be legislating for the good of our race, and that is what England will not do unless compelled. Yours truly,
MICHAEL DAVID."

At Ennis Quarter Sessions a case was heard which excited an unusual amount of interest throughout West Clare. The plaintiff was a man named Patrick Markham, son to Thomas Markham, the taker of the evicted and boycotted farm of Killeaheny, and he claimed a sum of £50 damages from Rev. Martin M'Gurran, parish priest of Killeaheny, for alleged assault committed at the parish chapel on the 6th of June last. The jury found a verdict for Father M'Gurran.

The death of Judge Philip Francis Little, in his well-earned retirement at Monkstown, Co. Dublin, recalls the important part he took in building up the fortunes of the Colony of Newfoundland during many eventful years. The late Judge was born in Prince Edward Island in 1824, his father being a merchant originally from Dublin, and his mother a native

of the island but of Irish parentage. He studied law, was called to the bar at the age of twenty-one, and emigrated to Newfoundland some what later, commencing the practice of his profession there with his brother. He had found a lucrative practice in about six years time, and then a vacancy occurred in the representation of St. John's. Mr. Little stood as a Liberal, and was returned by a big majority over the Conservative candidate. His abilities quickly brought him to the front rank of his party, and soon became his acknowledged leader and lost no opportunity of assisting the cause of irremovable rule and of advocating the rights of Newfoundland to self-government. He was the leader of an agitation against the executive authority, which checked off all attempts at popular reform by the House of Assembly. In the effort to self-government for the Colony he had the strongest support of his Catholic co-religionists, who at the time had an inferior position in the Colony. Ultimately, his triumph was complete, though he did not achieve success until he made several visits to London, and enlisted men like Hume, Roe and Bright in his cause. As a result of the general election of 1855 Mr. Little was entrusted with the formation of a representative Ministry and the inauguration of self-government, his own position as Premier being that of Attorney-General. Incessant work undermined his health, and in 1858 he withdrew from the political arena, and was appointed to the senior judgeship of the Supreme Court.

According to the Dublin Cor. respondent of the Times, "the report is revived, and there is reason to believe that it is not unfounded, that the Government have in preparation the Bill for reconstructing the educational system now represented by the Royal University, and creating two denominational Universities—one Roman Catholic, to include the Queen's College of Cork and Galway, the other for Protestant Dissenters, to be established in the North."

At a Tory candidate on the look for Catholic votes was placed in a difficulty at the Middleton Division of Lancashire election. He visited a district where the Catholic vote was strong, and discouraged largely of what the paragonous Administration at present in office intended to do for the Catholic schools. An embarrassing incident followed. One of the audience handed the speaker a written question. Mr. Mitchell glanced at the paper and sat down. There was an awkward pause. "Get on with the answers," shouted an admiring voice at the back of the hall. The nature of the first question suggested an explanation of his singular unorthodoxy. It virtually challenged Mr. Mitchell with being a member of an Orange Lodge. He admitted that a great many years ago he did become a member of an Orange Lodge, that at that period he held Catholicism up to approbrium.

The conversion of Eastland. A Paris despatch says that one of the founders of the new society formed to promote the conversion of the Anglican Church to Roman Catholicism has been interviewed by a representative of the Matin, to whom he said: "We are going to inaugurate our work immediately. Special services have already been held at Arles, the true cradle of the Church founded by St. Augustine, and in Paris among the various sections of the Archconfraternity. Every month in all towns in France Masses will be celebrated for the conversion of the Anglican Church. Plenary and partial indulgences will be granted to the presidents, directors, and associates of the various confraternities. Our action will not fail to be fruitful. Through the centuries, as Cardinal Vaughan reminded us at Arles, the Churches of France and England have always maintained the best relations towards each other."

Cardinal Newman's Brother. The death of Francis Newman has revived an old discussion, for which he was largely responsible, as to the date at which his famous brother's "Apologia" was written. The natural answer, of course, would be 1864, with the addition that it was a direct consequence of Kingly's well remembered attack. This was certainly the impression left upon the ordinary mind by John Henry Newman's original profuso; but Francis Newman was accustomed in later years to assert that the late Cardinal had for years before 1864 been waiting for suitable opportunity for offering the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," that he had never written a portion of it, and that Kingly's onslaught appeared to him the fitting moment for its publication. It is improbable that any portion of the "Apologia" was written before the Kingly attack, but there is no difficulty in assuming that Newman was always ready for such an assault, and that when it came he was prepared to meet it, with the result that an imperishable work was added to English literature.

SCOTLAND.
Scotland and Practical Education. The visit of the Practical Education Commission to Scotland has concluded. Everywhere they went, in Dum-

blony and the extraordinary escape of a three-man. It appears that at about three o'clock in the morning, two young men named J. B. and Thomas Moore (brothers), and a third man named Michael Crehame, were returning from the fishing grounds in a small canoe through the Blasquet Sound when the craft was struck by a wave, and swamped.

A horrible occurrence has startled the people of Limerick. Mr. John O'Riordan, V.S. was killed while driving into Limerick. It appears that the deceased gentleman left Rathkilloe, where he had been attending the Quarter Sessions, to drive home. Mr. J. H. Moran, solicitor, accompanied Mr. O'Riordan, and when close to the village of Patrick's Well it seems they met a heavy cart driving in the opposite direction, with which Mr. O'Riordan's trap, a Liverpool gig, collided and he was thrown precipitately upon the road, receiving such injuries that he died soon afterwards. Great regret is felt in many quarters at the unexpected and untimely death of Mr. J. O'Riordan, the ex-M.P. for Limerick. Though he supported Mr. Parnell against the majority of the Irish representatives, he never underestimated the value of a national unity, and in later days in Limerick he actively assisted in alleviating the agony begotten of deplorable distress.

Waterford. The trustees of Maynooth College have arranged that the successful candidate for the Chair of Rhetoric and of Ancient Classics, the Rev. Michael Sheehan, of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, whose appointment was confirmed at the meeting last week, should be granted leave of absence, so that he may have an opportunity of proceeding abroad and studying the educational methods in higher classical studies in the leading Continental colleges and universities. The new professor has had a distinguished collegiate career. He was a Professor during his second year of Theology at Maynooth, and later on he was a Professor in St. John's College, Waterford, in his own diocese, of Waterford and Lismore.

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VISHING THE TOMBS... OF THE DEAD

A day or two ago, in company with the Rev. Father McLoskey, I visited the Roman Catholic Cemetery in Campfield, and on looking at the silent abodes of those who have gone into the house of their eternity I could not help thinking what care and prudence were exercised in the selection of the spot, for the grave yard is beautifully situated in an elevated place in the south eastern outskirts of the picturesque village itself.

Of course, the first thing that attracted my attention was the splendid granite monuments that bespoke the love and veneration of certain of the living for the remains of departed relations who rested underneath, but while admiring these costly monuments of the pious at least would do, I did not ignore the humblest grave of the poor, for in the instrument of man's mortal remains graves and ranks are forgotten in the common fate that awaits all the children of Adam. A narrow clay bed six feet long by a few feet in depth is all the possessions that remain to mortal man once the animating soul has left his body. Side by side with the polished granite shafts few graves marked by humble resting slabs, and some others that had no monumental functions save the raised mould covered by the green sward which Heaven itself had bestowed. In one of these latter graves, which had neither name nor headstone, the good pastor pointed to the enclosed bones of a former much-respected and beloved friend of my own, whose tragic and awfully sudden death caused a shock to the community. I purposely refrain from citing names or circumstances, but let it suffice to know that the victim was a thoroughly practical Catholic man, and that among those who made contrite confession and partook of the Holy Communion on the previous Sunday he counted as one. In this diversity of the rich and the poor, I could discern a type of the various tastes, ideas and financial circumstances of the survivors who decorated the tombs of their departed ones, and in the humble inscribed stone or tablet I thought I could see, perhaps, as strong a proof of veneration as that conveyed in the most expensive monument there.

The true sentiments of heart and soul and sorrow for loved ones that are no more cannot be measured by outward manifestations nor by the costliness of the decorations that cover their tombs. The value of the widow's mite, as determined by its circumstances, recurred to my mind, and I readily conceived the notion that in this sense, the slightest real grief over the lonely grave should stand for much, and again I thought that how over different may be the conditions of our social rank and station in life in death and in the grave there is perfect equality. In the eternal decree has gone forth that all men shall die, and the same great underlying principle can be of no further use to us, for we are doomed to go under ground, to rot in the grave and become the prey of worms and maggots. Hence, the inevitable leveling of all social distinctions, and the destruction and mouldering of all earthly pomp and pretension.

The boast of heraldry, of pomp and power,
All that beauty, all that wealth ere gave
Alike await the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

I know that reflections of this kind are apt to bogt gloomy thoughts in the mind, and are assuaged by people of timid dispositions, still it is well that even unpleasant subjects should be considered, when we know that they have a deep meaning for us and are inseparably connected with our present and future existence. As I wandered through the graves of the silent dead I noticed the tombs of sorrowful infants as well as those of adult and middle life, together with that of ripe old age, and from this fact the inevitable conclusion was drawn that humanity has been placed in an uncertain and dependent state, and that the life of the youngest as well as that of the oldest may be snatched at any moment. From this thought came the sacred truth of the supreme necessity of being at all times ready to face death.

Then again as I read the various inscriptions on the headstones I saw that there were hardly any other records of the buried persons than that they were born on one certain day and that they died on another. While this epitome of one's earthly career may be enough to write on a tombstone, it may, in some cases, be regarded as typical of the short lived honors paid to our misery when we are gone, and if rightly pondered, should think less of the fleeting world around us, and to provide better for that life which will never end. When I looked still further at the different dates and ages engraved upon the tombs, I read records of individuals who died many long years ago, as well as of those who had gone, as it were,

with them. When I read upon the inscribed plate of some children I saw a sort of participation in the bitter tears of the parents, but as I looked at the graves of the parents themselves, I thought of the folly of grieving for departed loved ones, because of the shortness of even the longest life. And again I strove to think of the great day of reckoning, when young and old and all of us will meet together as contemporaries, and make our appearance before the Sovereign Judge.

In the midst, however, of all this solemn musing, one thing fastened itself upon my attention, and that was the extreme care bestowed upon the place of the dead, by the devoted pastor. He told of the improvements already done and of those yet to be done, and occupying his mind I pointed to the pieces of stone removed, of the blasting of huge ones, and to clearing up of the place generally and the opening of a new road through the middle of the plot, and of a general beautifying of the grounds throughout. From all this I came vividly into my mind what scrupulous care the Catholic Church bestows upon her departed children for every inch of the Catholic grave yard in consecrated ground made holy by the sacred rites of the Church, and fit recipients for the bodies of the faithful departed until the great accounting day, when the long sleep shall awake to quit their narrow beds at the sound of the last trumpet. This great veneration for the faithful ashes from the glorious doctrine of Catholicity which insulates the holy precinct of the Communion of Saints, and of the tender spiritual bond that unites the souls of the living and the dead. As I instinctively knelt in prayer over the grave of my departed friend alluded to above, my consoling doctrine of a belief in Purgatory came more forcibly into my mind, and rising from the spot I looked more intently upon the huge black cross, in the middle of the cemetery, which spoke of man's redemption and of his hope of eternal life beyond the tomb.

I know then clearer than ever before what it means to pray for the dead, and in some measure I realized that this holy function has its root in the supernatural, for dust and rotten bones would not deserve a visit to the grave, and to be prayed for with fervor and devotion.

Thinking of this spiritual link that unites the faithful of the living and the faithful of the dead, I shuddered at the coldness and emptiness of non-Catholicism which is content to lay its beloved dead in their cold graves with out ever offering a single prayer for their souls' repose. Wm. F. LLOYD.

The Nunery.
Along the Kentish lanes we spread
O'er the last day of lonely June,
Like harvesters among the weed
Laying the hedge, we lunch at noon
O'erward at last our who's are stayed
Reverent an ancient abbey's shade.

Here, all Faith's D'forders reigned,
The Benedictines held their sway,
Their pillaged houses now worn in gain'd
For prayer, an abbess' robes to day.
O'er a few poor nuns, who those days
Are spent in labor, prayer and praise.

Knock at the nunery's open gate,
May we see some pleasure land, intrude
For prayer, an abbess' robes to day.
O'er a few poor nuns, who those days
Are spent in labor, prayer and praise.

We break the little chapel's peace,
A nun before its altar bowed,
Offers the prayers which never cease
According, like an incense cloud,
To Heaven, for the world's sins unknown.
Their sisters' sorrows, and their own.

We paced the garden: fall away
The curtains, and we seem to be
The pilgrims of an earlier day
Of earnest, active piety;
For when a former found it meet
To make man's mind his judgment seat

The order we air around is filled
With quiet, low incense might
Whose words divine once claimed and still
Satisfied.

The troubled waters of Galilee,
Repose at evening gladly seek,
And would as once with Mary speak
With the young man who thro' the walks
Directs our steps, a soul so zealous
Happy and in love; she talks
Like one who's early childhood dreams
Have not by doubts been clouded o'er,
Or by thinnish hold no more.

And other ones we see, whose forms
Show black against the bright June
flowers;
Souls who seek shelter from the storm
Of life in those, we think, beloved;
Whom you seek, who love, they crave
The joy they hope, beyond the grave.

We in the whirlpool of the town
Are drawn about; our eyes are bent
On Pleasure; but we seek to know
Of Duty and a calm content;
Then who shall say their lives are vain
If, what we sigh for, they attain?

For we are saddened men; we tire
Of life, whose aim we cannot tell;
Hopeless, we live in vain desire,
Like swine, which Dante saw in hell
Our hearts by norms of doubt are driven,
Where there are fiends, and fixed on Heaven.

Come hither, you who seek release
From turmoil; men of fever'd blood!
Here let this order's annuity's peace
Repose you, and calm your restless mood!
Think far, reflected upon your way,
As we do on this holy day!
—JOHN HURSTWOOD IN THE SPECTATOR.

"Industry must prosper," as the
husband said when holding the baby
while his wife chopped wood.