

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mail from England, Ireland and Scotland.

A Curious Breach of Promise Case—Communication with Western Islands—The Pope and Father Dunlop.

In making reference, in Belfast, to the death of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Rev. R. R. Kane said:—The Archbishop, whom we lament, was also a model citizen. It is but a few weeks since he stood on the same platform with the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin to express his views on a question which is much agitated at the present, and with respect to which the Grace might have his native land had serious cause of complaint. Many Irishmen speak on this subject as if it were empty and treason to believe England—the predominant partner—capable of doing injustice to Ireland, as if England had never done any injustice to Ireland, whereas history is full of the cruellest injustice done to Ireland by England, and therefore it is quite reasonable to assume that some in justice to Ireland may still exist in the relations between the two countries. As a patriotic Irishman, and as an honest man, the Archbishop approached the consideration of the subject, and his speech was as luminous and convincing as any that has been delivered either in or out of Parliament on the subject. We are living side by side with people who passionately love Ireland, and it can but prejudice our religion in their eyes if they see us indifferent to the welfare of Ireland, and ever preferring another country to our native land.

Dr. Kelly, Rector of the Diocesan College, Ennis, has been appointed Bishop of Ross in succession to the late Most Reverend Dr. Fitzgibbon. In the voting at the meeting of the parish priests of the diocese last December Dr. Kelly was dignissimus. The other two names sent forward on the occasion were those of Mgr. O'Leary, P.P., Clonakilty, in the Diocese of Ross, and Very Rev. Canon Murphy, P.P., Macroom, in the Diocese of Cloyne.

At the first meeting of the Tralee Board of Guardians those present included the two newly-elected lady guardians, Miss Rowan and Miss Donovan, Mr. Jeremiah Roche, J.P., outgoing chairman, was unanimously re-elected chairman.

At the Nass Quarter Sessions, before his Honor Judge Kane, an old man named Michael Mooney, 85 years of age, sued Lieutenant Londsdale, 2nd Bat. Royal Dublin Fusiliers, for £25 damages for assaults alleged to have been committed on the 1st and 2nd February, and for false imprisonment on the first occasion. Plaintiff's case was that when walking along a place called Basin Lane he observed a couple of dogs proceeding a gentle man in plain clothes. One of the dogs, a setter—charged at him and caught him by the shoulder and the hip. He warded off the animal's attack, and it was making a second charge on him when he kicked it off. The military lieutenant came up, and flourishing a stick over witness's head called on him to follow him to the police barracks. Mooney, however, evinced no desire to comply with Lieut. Londsdale's request, and so the latter knocked the old man off the footpath out into the water-table, demanding if he knew who he was speaking to Mooney simply replied that he didn't know or didn't care, and Londsdale turned his back and left him. Evidence having been given, his Honor said that the conduct of either plaintiff or defendant was not above comment. He gave a decree for £2.

Something is being done by the Congested Districts Board to open up by the temporary service of a steamer communication between the western isles, Clifden and Westport. The object of the Congested Districts Board is to facilitate the traffic from the islands off the coast. Hitherto the islanders have suffered very considerably from the absence of any reliable communication with the shore. The terrible disaster in Clew Bay two years since, when a number of the Achill islanders were drowned, brought home vividly the uncertainty and the perils of the existing system of reaching the mainland. The danger, so far as the Achill Island is concerned, has been removed by the railway since made to the Sound, which is easily crossed by ferriesboats and the heavier traffic crosses swiftly and safely in hookers. The difficulties of communication between Achill and Westport were, however, as nothing compared with those that exist up to the present between Innishobbin and Glara Island and this part. An occasional hooker and most frequently an open boat was their only method of reaching the shore or of bringing their cattle to the fair or returning with goods, such as food or clothing. Neither the hooker nor the open boat could venture the trip except in the finest weather. The uncertainties of the return prevented the hookers from seeking the trade, and the spectacle was witnessed some days before a fair in this town or its vicinity of cattle being brought over in frail open boats. Innishobbin is 32 miles from this out in the Atlantic facing a rock-bound coast. Glara Island is 19 miles out, Glaggin Point

ISAAC BUTT.

Interesting Account of the Home Rule Leader

BY MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

The following very interesting appreciation of Isaac Butt appears in The Catholic Herald:—What an age it seems since Isaac Butt was the principal personage of the Irish race, and with what swift shadows the shadow of forgetfulness has descended on the unmissable grave in far away Stranorlar! Yet, barely twenty years have come and gone since he had the Irish cause in his keeping. Those of a younger time, dazzled by the success which the land crisis of 1879-80 brought on Mr. Parnell's leadership, sometimes smile when I tell them Mr. Butt, was, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, the only man of genius I ever had the privilege of knowing. Not that anything will ever tempt me to undervalue

MR. PARNELL'S UNRIVALLED GIFTS as a leader of men, and more especially as a leader of Englishmen. "I have come," said Wendell Phillips once at one of Mr. Parnell's American lectures, "to see the man that made John Bull listen." In that power he had no equal. It is not too much to say that he conquered Englishmen more effectively than if he had defeated them in half a dozen pitched battles in the field. And it must always be remembered to his credit that, although the famous of 1870-80 and Mr. Davitt's miracle-working Land League gave Mr. Parnell the opportunity of a National uprising for the very lives of the people, such as Mr. Butt, in his torpid time never had. Mr. Parnell had already to a great extent created the opportunity for himself by making the bones of a dead Irish Party move in Westminster before the Irish Home Rule meeting sounded in the trump of a general resurrection. Mr. Parnell succeeded by reason of his American qualities as a cool and hard hitter. He was dealing with a power that never scrupled, and he could be as merciless as his adversaries. He was capable to an astonishing degree of sentiment.

BUT HE WASTED NONE OF IT ON OPPONENTS. The mother of Parliaments was to him a place where two gangs of office seekers, reeking with hypocrisy, cruelty and greed, would do as much or as little for Ireland as expert Irish fighters could extort by throwing their swords into this scale or that at critical moments, just as the price of their services went up or down. It is true that once the Liberal Party were definitely pledged to Home Rule, he adopted a wholly different attitude; but it was first necessary to flog them out of their Coercionist heresies, and he was never troubled with the smallest constitutional scruple as to anything except the feasibility of the means for administering to them that wholesome discipline. This view of

THE DUTY OF A PARLIAMENTARY LEADER. was bitterly antipathetic to Butt's whole mental constitution, which was that of a deeply read statesman saturated with the traditions of English liberty and believing the fight to be one with statesmen like himself ornamented with principles as lofty as those of Burke and Fox. He was the worst practical Irish leader, but he lived on a mental level on which none of his contemporaries in Parliament except Mr. Gladstone could habitually dwell. Had he as a young man entered Parliament with the full faith of an Irish Nationalist his would have been infallibly one of the greatest names of the century. He spent his most golden years, on the contrary, as a racking young Tory; casting about for beliefs, and in the meantime dissipating his glorious gifts in a career that left him an unbearable burden of debts and follies to crush him in his old age. It was one of the services for which the Irish cause is indebted to

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had no more to do with Irish elections, and still less of course with English elections, than if the Irish cause, as well as its captives, had been sent down to death by Judge Keogh after the rising of '67. Middle aged men shrink from the very name of Nationalist as they would now from the name of Anarchist. An occasional funeral procession, if it is not paradoxical to say so, was the one symptom of life in the country—that and the interruption or total suppression by the popular voice of any attempt at constitutional agitation. I remember as if it were yesterday the suppression of the tenant right meeting proposed to be held by Sir John Gray and the late Dean O'Brien of Newcastle West in the Limerick Cornmarket. It was carried out with superb audacity by Mr. John Daly. He and his men took charge of each speaker as he arrived at the gate of the Cornmarket, marshing him through a double line of young men to the opposite gate, and conveyed him courteously but firmly outside.

ONE OF BUTT'S MOST FORMIDABLE DIFFICULTIES was to get even a hearing for his agitation from young men, deeply depressed no doubt by the horrors and failures of the Fenian cycle, but firmly determined to allow no revival of the Parliamentary agitation of the old kind which smelted to Heaven. One of his appeals for a trial remains very distinctly in my memory. A banquet was being given to the first batch of amnestied Fenians in Hood's Hotel in Great Brunswick street, Dublin I, a shy and inexperienced boy, completely overawed by the imminence of Dublin, was sent up by the Cork Herald to report it. It turned out that it had been resolved to be wiser, in those dangerous times, to have no newspaper report of the speeches, but as a friend intimately

and to Mr. P. F. Johnson of Kanturk, who were the organizers of the banquet, I was made personally welcome at the banquet. Butt had been engaged at the four Courts during the day in the trial of a man named Barrett for firing at a Galway landlord, and the jury were sitting late to finish the case. It was not until the dinner was over and the speech-making begun that the great counsel arrived with the news that he had been victorious and the prisoner acquitted. Flushed with the triumph, he stood up to speak, and in a life of pretty large experience I have never yet heard a more body-and-soul-thrilling speech, with two exceptions—one being Captain Mackey's speech from the dock in Cork, when he had the very judge in a flood of tears, and the other Mr. Gladstone's lion-like flowing-tide speech the night of the Home Rule Bill of 1886 was beaten. Butt's speech was almost wholly a plea to the released Fenian leaders to give him a chance for seeking Irish freedom by conciliatory means. He was argumentative, pathetic, passionate, by turns; but the passage that will always live in my memory was that in which in language actually blazing with the divine fire of eloquence he declared that if the methods he pleaded for failed, he would not only give way to those who would lead where all the nations of the free had gone before them, but that, old as he was, his arm and his life would be at their service in the venture. At John Nolan's suggestion I had taken a note of the speech, and when the banquet was over I went up to Mr. Butt to beg his permission to publish the speech with which the blood of everybody present was still tingling. He was dismayed at the request. He said he had been told there were to be no reporters present, and that the publication of the speech would ruin all hope for his contemplated movement. I told him that of course his wishes would be respected; but he continued to show so intense an anxiety on the subject that, in order to completely reassure him, I threw my notebook into the fire, where it peacefully burned away. I thought then, as I have often thought since, that there perished in the ashes not only

an interesting piece of history, but one of the most memorable outbreaks of golden eloquence that ever left human lips. Some rumors crept into the English papers that Mr. Butt had made an extraordinary speech at the banquet, and the Chief Secretary was asked on the subject a few nights afterwards in the House of Commons, whether Mr. Butt, as Queen's Counsel, would not be brought to account for it. But of course there was no record of the speech, and the matter went no further, and the fact gave me some comfort for returning to Cork empty-handed after destroying a notebook which would now be worth more than its weight in gold. His difficulties in obtaining the assent of the extreme men to any constitutional agitation had not yet been got over on the night before

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE GREAT HOME RULE CONFERENCE, in the Rotunda, in 1873, at which the Federal Home Rule movement was founded (a Conference of which Mr. Alfred Webb and Mr. John Ferguson are almost the sole survivors in the active politics of to-day). On the previous night it was still doubtful whether the Conference would not end as Dean O'Brien's meeting in the

Limerick Cornmarket had ended it happened to be again a witness of the private consultation on the subject between the leading men who had come up from the country to deliberate as to whether they ought to be any truce with Parliamentary agitation. There can be no harm in writing now that the most influential men among them were Mr. Joe Romayne (the never-to-be-forgotten member for Cork City), Mr. O. G. Doran of Queenstown, Mr. Mat Harris of Ballyvaughan, Mr. O'Connor Power and Mr. John Walsh of Middlesboro'. I cannot at this moment recall whether Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien was of the party on that particular occasion, although I am quite sure he was one of the most determined that, within certain limits, Mr. Butt's projects should have fair play. To temper and large-minded patriotism displayed in that debate were worthy of an occasion to which probably Ireland owes the fact that all that has been achieved since by Mr. Butt, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Davitt was ever attempted. Mr. Butt assented readily to the qualifications with which his movement was to have free play, and when Mr. O'Connor Power got up in Mr. Butt's support the next day from the midst of the little group who represented the Extreme Left of the Conference a sign of relief went through the cognoscenti, who knew what a cloud hung over the birth of the movement.

But to the end, barring the one glorious month of the Kerry election, BUTT'S MOVEMENT NEVER CAUGHT THE POPULAR IMAGINATION. No public Home Rule demonstration was ever held in any of the great towns of Ireland outside Limerick, and we are painfully familiar with the conflict at the O'Connell Statue, where again John Daly bore a daring, if not a victorious, part. But Isaac Butt was beloved in Limerick with a passion which he experienced nowhere else in Ireland. In the old Farmers' Club, in which Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan, Mr. Wm. Bolster, Mr. M. O'Saigh, Mr. Joe Gubbins, and many more who have passed into the silent land (Mr. John Finucane, M. P., is almost the only survivor of the genial band). Butt had unflinching allies, and Mr. Henry O'Shea, the secretary of the famous Butt election Committee, who survived Butt's leadership and even life, and Mr. John Eiland, the Town Clerk, among the city men, were always of the number of his fastest friends. One of Mr. Butt's most excellent inventions (and one which has fallen sadly into disuse) was his annual "account of his stewardship" to his constituents in the Limerick Theatre. But he had to return year after year with a melancholy story of nothing accomplished; and to the troubles of an apathetic country and a worthless party he added embarrassments of his own which were sometimes tragical. Once when he had arrived in Limerick to prepare for his election it was ascertained that there were balliffs watching in front of his hotel to arrest him. He had to be spirited away out of the city by backways, and arrived safely in Killybegs in the evening. The people in Killybegs, hearing of his presence and little guessing the cause, brought out the band and lighted a tar-barrel in front of his hotel, and were clamouring for a speech when word arrived that the balliffs were again in pursuit, and he had to quit Killybeg and its awkward hospitalities once in the darkness, flying from the ghosts of his youth. An uninterested country was, of course, represented by

hall in celebration of their triumph. One other scene—the last in which I saw him—lingers sadly in my memory. It was THE FINAL TUSSEL IN THE HOME RULE LEAGUE. In the Molesworth Hall in Dublin, in which Butt was for the first time beaten by a narrow majority by Messrs. Parnell, Biggar and Dillon. Who that heard him can ever forget the bowed and broker old man's heart-breaking appeal to give him back the days when he had a united country behind him? Ireland is woefully rich in such tragedies. The days in which Mr. Parnell in his last tragic struggles went through a similar ordeal in his turn were not more pitiful. Those who deposed Mr. Butt were absolutely and inevitably in the right; but the pity of it—the dropped shoulders, the genial old face, the vast arched forehead, with the rings of silver hair tossing about it, the vice in which you heard the last rattle of dying genius! There was this difference between the scene in the Molesworth Hall and the scene in the Cornmarket Room No. 16—that the people's parting with their leader was effected without the slightest trace of the hideous personalities that will make the latter scene eternally disgraceful in Irish recollection. The thing had to be done; but it was done sorrowfully and cleanly by a surgeon and not by a butcher. I saw Butt carry on a genial chat with John Dillon just after he had spoken the last word against his leadership, and, if my memory does not deceive me, I think it was the arm of his victorious successor, Mr. Parnell, the great old fellow took in leaving the hall, with the glorious courage of the days of chivalry. I never saw Butt again. Many months afterwards I was returning from Egypt, having just escaped from the grave by one of life's curious chances; and at Naples, where the boat of the Messagerie Maritimes called, I paid 6s for a copy of the Daily News, which a Neapolitan news-vender came on board to sell. The first paragraph of its Irish news announced that

MR. BUTT WAS DEAD, and before I reached Ireland he was already sleeping in his quiet Donegal churchyard, not very much remembered perhaps amidst the fever into which the Irish town meeting was already throwing the country. The Irish heart, however, is a merciful and loving heart, and whatever passing gusts of passion may blow over it, and as time goes on I have no doubt Irishmen will more and more fondly treasure the memory of a man who failed in life by the very exuberance of his Irish qualities of geniality, recklessness and softness, but who has left undying evidence of his genius and patriotism in the foundation of the movement which others in more fortunate times built up to such a wondrous height and in which another evil turn of fate has in these later years wrought such woeful havoc. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

Death of Mr. Michael J. Murphy.

THE REGISTER shares in the heartfelt sorrow of the following announcement, which is taken from The Quebec Telegraph:—It is with the deepest personal regret that we announce the death of our esteemed friend and respected fellow citizen, Mr. Michael J. Murphy, one of the best known members of St. Patrick's congregation and for many years the popular leader of the choir. The sad event occurred from heart failure after a severe illness and a more or less protracted period of failing health during several years past. It is no exaggeration to say that the deceased endeared himself to all as much by his quiet, unobtrusive manner as by his sterling character and marked abilities, and that he leaves behind him a wide circle of friends who sincerely deplore his loss. For many years past he had filled with great acceptance a prominent and trusted position in the Quebec Public Works Department and was a general favorite among the officers of the Provincial civil service. As a musician he also excelled and to him St. Patrick's church is indebted for much of the training and efficiency of its choir. He was also an expert chess player and was for some time the chess editor of our morning contemporary, The Chronicle. He was a son of the late Mr. T. J. Murphy, well known local contractor, who built the Quebec Gaol, and who was also one of the founders of St. Patrick's church and for many years one of the members of its old Committee of Management. Deceased was educated at the Quebec Seminary and at one of the leading colleges in Ireland. He was married early in life to Miss Charlotte Lambie, a sister of our fellow citizen, Mr. W. H. Lambie, the well-known druggist, but had been a widower for many years. He was also a brother of Mr. Peter Wright, of the City Hall, and of Rev. Mother St. Isabella, formerly of the St. Bridget's Asylum, Quebec, but now Superioress of the Grey Nunnery, at Charlestown, P. E. I. To these and all his other sorrowing relatives and friends, we present the respectful expression of our sincere sympathy in their affliction.

No small objection which young folks had to the old-time spring-medicine was their unacceptance. In our day this objection is removed and Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful and purest of blood-purifiers, is as pleasant to the palate as a cordial.

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