



HAPPENINGS IN IRELAND.

A STRANGE CASE.—From recent exchanges we learn that a coroner's jury in Cookstown, county Tyrone, has returned a verdict of wilful murder against Samuel Reid, now in America, who is accused of having killed his father sixteen years ago. The body was found by some men engaged in building a wall near a graveyard. It was found in a hole and some peculiarities of the dress clinging to the skeleton helped to identify it as that of a farmer named Reid, who disappeared sixteen years ago. Soon afterwards his son emigrated to America. It is against this son that the coroner's jury has returned a verdict of wilful murder. The evidence against him, so far, is not conclusive. He had quarrels with his father concerning a farm of land, and one witness deposed that the old man complained to him of his son's cruel conduct. In the circumstances of the commission and the discovery of the crime, there is a strong suggestion of the dark deeds imagined by the gloomy romancer. The old man was killed, according to the doctor who gave evidence at the inquest, with a heavy, blunt instrument, with a short handle. At the time it was a "mysterious disappearance." Bog-holes were searched; even the floor of his cottage was taken up. Peculiarly horrible is the incident told by a witness at the inquest:—"The murdered man had a son called John, who was paralyzed. The latter told witness that after his father's disappearance he saw his boots under the kitchen table, and was never stunned so much in his life." The boots spoke of foul play to the poor, paralyzed creature. All the time the body of the farmer was lying doubled up in the hole in which it was found on the 20th of last month. "Murder will out"—even after sixteen years. Yet this awful story, that reads like a "creepy" incident in a novel, is by no means unique in the records of crime, not even in those of our own country. About fourteen years ago William Sheehan was brought back from Australia and hanged for the "Castletownroche murder," committed many years before. It has yet to be proved that Samuel Reid did this dreadful deed, and it may be that he has already gone to his account, but the resemblance to the Castletownroche murder is striking.

THE OLD STORY.—At the meeting of Dungannon Urban Council recently, the chairman, Mr. Hunt W. Chambre, J.P., D.C., said he would read a resolution passed by the Urban District Council of Sligo. He considered it a political matter, but as Mr. Carr had asked him to read it he would do so, but he would not put it to the meeting. The Chairman then read the resolution, which is already well known to the public as calling upon all the Irish members of Parliament to use their best endeavors to have a clause in the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 dealing with Jesuits, friars, and monks revoked as soon as possible, as the clause held every Jesuit, friar, and monk in the kingdom a criminal in the eye of the law of England. Mr. James Carr, J.P., C.C., moved that the resolution be adopted. Mr. James Harkin, in seconding the motion, said the resolution was not political in any sense. It was caused for one reason by the will of the late Judge William O'Brien, who left his library to the Jesuit Order, and that body could not obtain the bequest by reason of the existence of this nefarious law. The Jesuits were a teaching order, and when Her Majesty was over here recently she visited their institutions and complimented them on the education they were giving. Mr. James Brown, J.P., thought that to save discussion, the question should be left to the chair. They had confidence in their chairman, and it should be left to him to decide whether it came within the scope of the resolution on the books. The Chairman declined to put the resolution. Mr. Carr proposed that a vote should be taken as to whether the chairman should put it or not. Mr. Harkin seconded. The Chairman said they might elect another Chairman, but he would not put it either way. Mr. Harkin described the decision of the chairman as one of the most high-handed acts ever done by any chairman in Ireland. Chairman—I have decided not to put it because I believe it to be contrary to the resolution adopted by the Board against the introduction of any political or religious question. Mr. Irwin—I believe the laws are too good. Some people would not be satisfied if they had the country to themselves. The matter then dropped.

THE JUDGE AND WIDOW.—A characteristic story, which has the advantage of being true, is in circulation about the Lord Chief Baron in legal circles, says the Dublin "Freeman." A poor woman in Limerick sued a well-to-do farmer for eight pounds, which she alleged she had lent him. The farmer denied that case came before the County Court Judge, who believed the woman's

story, and gave the plaintiff a decree. On appeal, the Chief Baron decided for the defendant, reversing the County Court Judge's decision. At dinner he talked the matter over with some barrister guests, who were Judge's view; and the Chief Baron, inclined to side with the County Court fearing a mistake might have been made, the next day found out the plaintiff's address and sent her the eight pounds. The fact only became known by an accident, for the Chief Baron is one of those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

According to exchanges received this week, we learn that a general meeting of the Irish Bar was held recently in the Law Library, Four Courts, for the purpose of protesting against the appointment of Sir Nathaniel Lindley as Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Lord Morris, it being urged that the appointment of a member of the English Bench was an infringement of the understanding and usage that hitherto existed that one of the Four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary should be a selection from the Irish Bench or Bar. Mr. Wm. Ryan, Q.C., Father of the Irish Bar, presided, and there was a crowded attendance of members. Mr. Hemphill, Q.C., M.P., proposed "that the members of the Irish Bar in general meeting assembled hereby record their protest against the appointment of a member of the English Bench, however distinguished, to fill the vacancy created among the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary by the retirement of Lord Morris. The Bar consider that this appointment is a distinct violation of the understanding hitherto observed that Ireland should be represented in the Court of Ultimate Appeal by the selection from the Irish Bench or Bar of at least one of the four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary."

Sergeant Jellett seconded the resolution, and said they would like to have an explanation of the causes which led to the appointment which was the subject of their protest there that day. The resolution was passed unanimously.

The MacDermot, Q.C., in proposing the second resolution, said the last three centuries, and the history of these centuries, told them without difficulty why this step had been taken. It had been that same English selfishness which had been ever grasping whatever they could take from the poorer Kingdom of Ireland. After recent events they were led to expect a new reign of justice and equity and fair play, and instead of that they had an abrupt termination of all their expectations and a new career of wrong entered upon, reversing judicial history since the year '82. Irish peers were in the House of Lords. The country of Ireland was represented in that House of Lords. But in the judicial body to which all the judicial functions of the House of Lords had been given Ireland was struck out from representation, and their cases were left to be tried by English Lords. He moved the following resolution: "That copies of the resolution just passed be forwarded by the secretaries of the Council of the Bar to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor of England, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland." He had thorough reason for believing that the Irish Executive had been no more consulted in this matter than the Irish Bench or the Irish Bar.

Mr. Campbell, Q.C., M.P., seconded the resolution. He said the matter against which they protested could not be regarded in the light of past events as anything but a direct affront to their profession. He agreed with his friend the MacDermot that this was a most inopportune moment for Her Majesty's Government to have selected for an affront of that kind, not merely having regard to recent events in this country, not merely having regard to the magnificent reception which had been accorded to Her Gracious Majesty the Queen by Irishmen, without distinction of creed or class, but more especially, perhaps, having regard to the acute controversy upon this very point that was likely to be raised in reference to the colonies; and at a time when the principle of the Government seemed to be this, that if they were to unite into a closer alliance these colonies, from which at present they derive no revenue, they were to do that under a system which would have them directly represented on the highest court of appeal in England. He for the life of him could not understand why the Government should have selected this time above all others to deprive Ireland of her constitutional right. The resolution was passed unanimously.

INMATES OF HOSPITALS.—Interference with the religious convictions of Catholic inmates by workhouse officials has not yet ceased, judging by the report of what occurred at Saturday's meeting of the Derry Board of Guardians; says the Belfast "Irish Weekly." The Very Rev. Charles McFaul complained of two outrageous instances, the card indicating the religious denomination of two Catholics having been altered

without the slightest warrant. Some members of the board did not appear to take a sufficiently serious view of this proceeding, and it was urged that instead of promptly dealing with it a committee should be appointed to investigate the facts. There was no excuse for such a course, as the facts are sufficiently clear from the chaplain's report. Finally, Father McFaul's demand that the circumstances should be laid before the Local Government Board was agreed to, and it is to be hoped that that body will take steps to have the matter thoroughly sifted, and to make it clear that workhouses are not to be made convenient centres of operation for the nefarious work of the proselytiser.

ENGLAND'S PREMIER AND IRELAND'S LEADER.

Extract from speech of Premier Salisbury before the Primrose League.

That same spirit of contempt for—or, if that is too strong a word, of depreciation of—our Empire which was the one great blot in Mr. Gladstone's intellect led him to deal, under the influence of the same ideas, with the difficult and intricate Irish problem; and, careless of the future of the country or of its deepest interests, in a moment—in an evil moment for his fame, an evil moment for the party with which he was connected—he attached himself to the idea of separation between England and Ireland. You need not be told that that also has failed. It has been a long struggle, but it has been a successful struggle, and nobody can say or think that the Home Rule cause presents any elements of sanguine anticipation for the future. But it has been, no doubt, the result of strenuous exertion all over the country—strenuous exertion of which every constituency has borne the mark, and in which no agent has borne so splendid or fruitful a part as that which has been borne by the Primrose League. You may tell me that there is still a future to look forward to, and prophesy is always the comfort of the defeated. They may tell you that the time is coming when the Irish idea will arise again, and Mr. Gladstone's aspirations will be fulfilled. I do not believe that causes which have been once well beaten reappear to any purpose in English history. But even if I was not warned by the fate of former struggles I should still tell you that now there is no hope that the predominant partner will ever consent to give Ireland practical independence. We have learned something from the South African war. We have been warned how a disloyal Government can, in spite of any precaution, accumulate munitions of war and artillery, and the elements of military force, which will give, even against the most powerful combatant, a most terrible advantage. We now know better than we knew ten years ago what the risk would be if we gave a disloyal Government in Ireland the power of accumulating forces against the sovereignty of the Queen. I do not, therefore, apprehend that the verdict which has been given upon the Irish claim is likely to meet with any early or prompt reversal, or any reversal at all. For all that I cannot ignore the effect which Mr. Gladstone's great mistake has had upon the constitution of parties and the working of English politics.

Extract from speech of Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., at Manchester.

The Prime Minister of this country had seized this opportunity to administer to Irishmen a valuable reminder of how little they had to expect, so far, at any rate, as he and his class were concerned from British gratitude and British goodwill. How far Lord Salisbury in his recent speech reflected the prevailing voice of Great Britain he knew not, but he believed that he represented faithfully the prevalent voice of his own class, he might say of the ruling classes of England, and, at this moment, when Great Britain had been ringing with praises of Irish troops and the genius of Irish generals. He believed that so far as those for whom Lord Salisbury was concerned, arguments were wasted and words of conciliation were thrown to the winds. He thought it wise to seize every opportunity to reason this matter out in a spirit of moderation and conciliation with the masses of the English people. Lord Salisbury also said that England now knew better than she did ten years ago what the risk would be if England gave a disloyal Government in Ireland the power of accumulating forces against the Sovereign. That meant that the Home Rule proposals of 1886 and 1893 would have created in Ireland a Government as free and independent as existed in the Transvaal. He asked the English public was it not somewhat unworthy of a man in the position of Lord Salisbury to be guilty of so flagrant an attempt at misrepresentation. Under the schemes of 1886 and 1893 Ireland would not have had a separate and independent Government in the sense that the Transvaal had. Ireland would have had no power to accumulate munitions of war nor to control a single soldier, nor a warship, not even an armed policeman. Mr. Redmond proceeded to give details of the schemes of 1886 and 1893 and said this demand for the restoration of the Irish Parliament was a century old, and England had not been able to put it down by coercion or to weaken it by concession. Every increase of the franchise had increased the demand for self-government. The main argument against Home Rule in the past had been that Ireland was not fitted for self-government. Since the local self-government had been granted to Ireland and had created a revolution in that country. The Government of Ireland under the Local Government Act was pure and more economical than it was when it was in the hands of an oligarchy in that country, and he believed the experiences under that Act should advance the cause of Home Rule enormously.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

A couple of weeks ago the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow, Lord Bishop of Salford, in England, blessed and laid the memorial stone of a new school-chapel in Dukesbury; after the ceremony His Lordship delivered a most able and eloquent address upon education under Catholic auspices in England. The greater portion of what His Lordship said has special reference to his own diocese and to the modern conditions in regard to education in the country. But there is a portion of his remarks which chimes in most beautifully with a number of editorial expressions which, from time to time, have appeared in the "True Witness." In view of this fact we will skip the introductory remarks and the statistical portions of his address, and merely quote a few sentences that find application in Montreal, as well as elsewhere. His Lordship said:—"In nothing perhaps had the Catholic Church inherited and displayed more abundantly the spirit of her Divine Founder than in her love for little children, and in supplying them with temporal and spiritual and educational wants (applause). Nor was this a new enterprise upon which the Catholic Church was entering now for the first time. This was no new departure for a Church which had seen the beginning and could trace her life in unbroken continuity up to the very origin of Christianity. As the Catholic Church introduced Christianity into this country, so also did she introduce for the first time Christian education. It was a deep rooted and growing impression with some people who were ignorant of the past history of this country, that until the sixteenth century, England as regards learning, was almost in total darkness, and there were others who cherished the delusion that we should be all in comparative ignorance now, had it not been for the introduction of Board schools (laughter). Those who dream those dreams could have no desire

to enjoy a reputation for learning, otherwise they would not display such deplorable ignorance (hear, hear). The fact was that during the whole period that England was Catholic, from the king on his throne to the peasant in his mud cabin, that is, from the second to the sixteenth century of our era, England, considering her population, was supplied with more and cheaper schools than she had ever been since, or than she was at the present day. In those past centuries Catholic charity supplied the whole country without any Education Department or without any educational rates or taxes whatever, most abundantly, with all needful elementary, grammar, and university education, so that the child of the poorest man, almost without cost to his parents, could climb the educational ladder step by step from the country school to the university, and thus qualify itself for the very highest offices in both Church and State (applause). Our Nonconformist friends were clamoring to-day for free education and for free places in schools, but in those Catholic times, so numerous and so munificent were the endowments for education of every kind, that practically free education prevailed throughout every county in England (applause). All the old universities were Catholic foundations as well as innumerable middle or grammar schools, which then studied and enriched and adorned the face of our dear country England, and had not these endowments been confiscated at the time of the "Reformation" by acts of rapacity that now were generally condemned even by Protestant writers, there would be no educational question to vex and oppress us at the present day."

We need only add that what has been here set forth as applying to England may be, with equal justice and exactness, applied to Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Italy, and almost every European nation.

"A NIGHT IN ROME."

Elsewhere we make a reference to Dr. Croke's interview with Hall Caine on the subject of his forthcoming novel. While we know the hostility of the now famous novelist to all that is Catholic, we cannot deny that he is an elegant and frequently a forcible writer. During his stay of a year in Rome, collecting material for his new book, he has kept a very elaborate and detailed diary. Dr. Croke has succeeded in getting possession of one page of his notes—all destined for subsequent publication. The account given by the author, of two different phases of Roman life, is certainly a wonderful piece of dramatic composition. It runs thus:—"It was a night in February. The air was dank and chill. I was invited to a reception at one of the old Roman houses in the neighborhood of the Capitol, and I walked to it by way of the Corso. On a doorstep near the Condotti a woman sat selling newspapers. Two little children were with her. One of them lay asleep in her arms, the other played by her side. At the corner of the street going up to S. Silvestro a boy of six or seven was selling matches. His little face was very pale, and he coughed frequently in the damp air. Going by the end of the Via Minghetti I saw that a number of persons were standing outside the office of the Tribune. They were the sellers of journals in the streets and were waiting for their papers. I went up to look at them. There were women, women and boys, and they seemed to be thinly clad and badly nourished. The doors of the office were opened, and they rushed in, snatched at the supplies that were handed to them, and fled back into the streets. In a couple of minutes twenty or thirty of them were flying down into the Corso, crying "Tribune," and fighting for the first sales. Within half an hour they would be all over Rome, sweating, panting, still running and shouting. I buttoned up the collar of my overcoat. In that chill air it made me shiver to think of the price they paid for their bread. "It was a beautiful reception. Inside the dark stone walls of the prison-like palace of old Rome, with its barred windows and guarded portals, there was warmth and color. Beautiful women in lovely gowns, and men with magnificent decorations. The brilliant apartments, the more brilliant company, the troops of liveried servants, the bright music, the bright talk, I stayed late, and returned, as I had come, on foot. "The narrow silent streets without seemed very dark after the blaze

of many lights within. I was picking my way in the darkness when I heard the low, tired, hungry cry of a child. It was a boy, apparently of four years, who at midnight was dragging his weary little feet home by the hand of his father. The man was evidently a seller of newspapers. Two or three unsold "Tribunes," carefully folded, were protruding from the side pocket of his jacket. He was carrying a younger child in his arms, asleep. "A tall, thin, scraggy, underfed man of perhaps five and thirty. A few paces behind him there was a woman, also carrying a child, and whom I thought I recognized as the woman with the children in the Corso by the Via Condotti. She overtook the man, laid hold of the other hand of the little boy who was crying, and between them the child dragged, still crying in his low, broken, tired way all up the street. "I followed them, and spoke to them, and tried to comfort the little fellow with some soldi, but he took no notice; the soldi dropped out of his cold fingers, and he continued to cry. "Poor little man, he's very sleepy," I said to the parents, who smiled and were pleased, said yes, he was very sleepy, but they were taking him home and they would put him to bed. "The poor souls had their arms full. Why didn't I carry the little boy myself? Heavens knows I wanted to, but I did not. I appeased my conscience for the moment by giving a trifle to buy milk for the little fellow, and then turned away. As I went off I heard all the way down the silent street the same low, weary, sickly hungry cry of the child. God knows how far they had still to go. "A long line of carriages stood waiting in a street near to one of the great embassies. Splendid horses in beautiful harness and coachmen and footmen in liveries of buff and brown and blue with cockades and fur tippets and gold braid. There was a great ball in Rome that night. "Going back by the Corso I came again on my little matchseller. He was propped up in a recess of a doorway, leaning his head on the plinth of a great pilaster. His eyes were closed, his pretty delicate face was very pale, and his tray of matches was almost slipping out of his fingers. He was fast asleep. "Oh, the cry of the children! the cry of the children! The little helpless, innocent victims of the social maelstrom! All the world over their suffering cries to heaven, and woe to the nation or the dynasty or the people that will not hear and heed them. HALL CAINE. (A leaf from my Roman note-book.)

CORRESPONDENTS AND THEIR MOODS.

There are some regular correspondents who are invariably successful in creating attention; they are certainly the exception, but they do exist, and of their number, Howard, in the "Boston Globe" is surely one. Under the peculiar heading "A penny for your thoughts," he has a highly interesting communication in a recent issue of that organ on the subject of thoughts and the close relationship between the writer and the reader. A very good illustration of how we are frequently absorbed in a conversation, and still have our thoughts far away from the active present, is the following:—"Some one has said, 'As a man thinketh, so is he.' What do you think? Every man has a thinker, and we all use it. Do we abuse the power or do we utilize it to the best advantage. It's great fun to study men and women in public. If perchance they are studying you at the same time, what of it? What do you read and what do you look for in reading? A canvasser came to me a few days ago with a beautiful edition of a well-known author, at \$10 a volume. I was pleased with the work, for it was printed in superb type, on glorious paper, and its illustrations were the finest specimens of the art. The fellow was not content to show me the beauties of his wares, and hadn't sense enough to guess that if I wanted the books at all, I knew what they were, but, in a manner that sickened me, he turned, with assumed carelessness, to certain passages that are best read in one's closet, and turned to sundry engravings that pointed the immoral and adorned the tale. I took his measure at once, and was mortified to feel that he thought he had taken mine. "The phenomenon of dreams is treated in this same letter in a manner well worthy of attention. We might say, at once, that we have no superstitious belief in these queer events of the dreaming hours; but the fact of dreaming, of having the physical in a state of inertia and the mental in a state of abnormal activity is one of the best proofs of the immortality of the human soul. He says:—"Do you dream? If so, what of it? It's a thousand pities that there is no possibility of preserving the fantastic nonsense that jumps through our queerly constructed brains, when we are in the land of Nod. Oratorical flights are taken, magnificent battles are fought, personal achievements are accomplished in the sha-

dow land, which, when brought beneath the stony glare of wide awake examination, are as flimsy as the baseless fabric of all dreams is. In our dreams we meet the friends of our boyhood. Incidents not even remotely connected with the facts of our everyday life become, for the time being, part and parcel of our most nervous existence. We do things and say things that were never encountered in our daytime thoughts. No philosopher has ever yet satisfactorily explained the length and breadth, the structure and the substance of dreamland. In spite of this, it cannot be denied that our daily life has a direct bearing upon the action of our minds in sleep. I met a man to-day, whom I haven't seen since the Sprague-Paddelford campaign in Rhode Island in 1860. He was then a clever youth in the employ of a manufacturer, and on one occasion did me a very great good physical turn, taking my part in a hand-to-hand contest with a half dozen roughs. He is now considerably over 60, white-haired and portly, yet the instant I laid my eye upon him, the key turned, the door opened and a very flood of reminiscence overwhelmed me. Where all this memory has been during the past 41 years I don't know. That it has been somewhere was evidenced by the fact that the simple sight of this individual laid it before me. "About modern improvements and the spirit of education that prevails there are a few sentences, which we could well ponder over in the quiet hours of study or reflection. He says:—"Consciously or unconsciously, we affect the tendency of our thought every hour in the day. I daresay there are 10,000,000 of people in this country who never read anything but the newspapers. Newspaper reading to-day is equivalent to the magazine literature of 20 years ago. A man can keep abreast of the news, the scientific developments and the literary procession of the time is a realm of education, however, beyond that of the development of the day in which we live. The classic reading, the poetic reading, familiarity with what is recognized as standard authorship. These enable one to stand upon a plane somewhat higher than that occupied by one who confines his study to daily literature. One can accustom himself to desire of all sorts. Some men desire education, some long for excitement, some regard the future as of more consequence than the present."