X The Motherland England Scottand

Autrin.

Close on £20,000 is the grand result of the bazaar held in Belfast in and of the Mater Infirmorum Hospital. This magnificent total is in the highest degree oreditable to all

the highest degree creditable to all concerned in carrying out the project as well as the generous denors, both Catholic and Protestant, whose contributions helped to ensure the success of the undertaking.

Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, who was once bishop of Galway, is expected to visit Ireland next summer. His arrival is looked forward to with great pleasure in ecclesisational circles, and his Grace will not fail to receive many compliments for his success in founding, with the help of generous assistance from Catholics, the largest cathodral in Australasia.

Corr.

The probability that another Irish pilgrimage will soon come to Rome has given rise to a series of absurd reporte. It was said, first, that the Most Rev. Dr. O'dalaghan, Bishop of Cork, had, during his recent visit to Rome, made all necessary arrangements for the reception of a great pilgrimage. The Bishop of Cork was more surprised than anyone else at such a statement, which had not one element of truth in it. Now the presence in Rome of the Archbishop of Edinburgh has revived the strange story, and it is said that he will bring to Rome in the course of February no less than 2,000 Irish pilgrims i These stories have gone the round of all the papers of Rome and of several other cities beside.

grims: Interestories have gone the found of all the papers of Rome and of several other cities beside.

Kerry.

The late Professor Jevons grants to Kerry the distinction of boing the birth place of the first political economist. Jevons who was himself an economist of high standing, was the earliest to note the fact that Richard Cantillon was the first writer on economics. But his information about Cantillon was the first writer on economics. But his information about Cantillon was becessarily very ceanty and indeed largely conjectural. He tells us that he was a banker of Paris and London, who was of a Kerry family, but he implies that he had only a slight connection with Kerry, and he says that his name was clearly of Spanish origin. The truth is that Cantillon eame from Ballyheigue, where his family, originally Norman, had been settled since the 12th or 18th century. One of his descendants, the Baron Cantillon de Ballyheigue, of Paris, had in 1846 a picture in his possession representing one of his Irish grenadiers at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709, and the Chevalier Thomas Cantillon, the son of this officer, fought with great distinction at Laffeldt in 1747. The Cantillons became thoroughly Irish—more Irish than some of the Irish themselves, in deed. They intermarried with the O'Connells and other Kerry families, as Mrs. Morgan O'Connell has shown in her excellent work on "The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade," and their names are frequently mentioned in the Kerry records from about 1800 to 1088.

Anticipating to return of Hon. Eddward Blake to Ireland, The Freeman's Journal save: Mr. Blake, we understand, will return to Ireland about January 6 h, and will speak at the great Financial Reform meeting at Longford, on the 12th. The cordiality of his reception will be in proportion to the invaluable service he has rendered, and is rendering, to the frish cause. Longford has, indeed, good reason to be proud of the representative.

Limariek.

Sentative.

Limstek.

Last week there passed away our from mortal life the noble soul of a great Christian Brother, the Rev. Brother J. P. Slattery. Born in the county Limerick 78 years ago, of respectable and pious parents, he evined at an early age a desire for intellectual and mental culture. Urged on by the laudable desire he went from school to school in his native county, and ultimately he sought ascolation among the reputed literate of the city by the Lee. Here he met the man who, under Providence, did most to impress on the generous mind of the youth of twenty summers the great responsibilities of life. Brother John Wiseman, himself a remarkable scholar, was then a prominent figure in that noble band who had consecrated their lives to the moral elevation of the youth of Cork.

ed their lives to the moral elevation of the youth of Cork.

A correspondent of The Freeman's Journal says that along the north castern border of the Swinford Union is the parish of Curry, county Sligo, over which the Rev. Philip Mulligan, P.P., has spiritual charge, lie certain townlands which are a continuation of one of the most congested and poverty stricken divisions in the Swinford Union, which everyone, even the Government officials, admits to be one of the poorest and most destitute in all Ireland. Those townlands—Culrower, Currachunane, Sargars, Bunnacana, Fuel, Drumbane, etc., in Tobercurry Union—it is no exaggration to say are even more congested and poverty-stricken than any district in Swinford Union. The correspondent says he

is well acquainted with the several districts in Swinford Union referred to, and, accompanied by the Rev. M. J. Devine, the C. C. of Curry parish, he travelled through the townlands a above referred to in Tobercurry Union, and saw and heard from the lips of the people themselves certain astonish ing facts as to their real condition. The state of affairs in this district is quite as wretched and hopeless—if not more so—as in Swinford Union.

guite as wretoned and nopeless—in homore so—as in Swinford Union.

ENGLAND.

Catholic lith we and the Perrage
With reference to the rumor that
the Duke of Norfolk had approached
Lord Salisbury with the proposal that
Cardinal Vaughan should be created a
life peer, it is now stated on good
authority that some years ago it was
proposed to confer peerages on four
English Catholic Bishops, but that
they one and all refused the profirerd
honor. Cardinal Manning was utterly
opposed to the Catholic hierarchy
being represented in the Upper Chamber, as he folt it could not fail to be
detrimental to the interests of the
Church. The admission of the Bishops to the Lords was, it is believed,
offered as an inducement to Cardinal
Manning to assent to the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between
the Court of St. James and the Vatican, but His Eminence heing equally
opposed on principle to both schemes,
the offer failed in its object.

The Rev. Price Hughes continues

opposed on principle to both schemes, the offer failed in its object.

The Rev. Price Hughes continues his appeals to religious higotry in the newspaper which he edits. He has chosen this season of peace and goodwill to hold up the Catholics of the United States and Ireland to odium as the only foce of arbitration among the English-speaking races. "The opponents of arbitration," he says, "srethe Irish and other European Roman Catholics, who constitute a perpetual menace to the free institutions which America inherited from the Flightm Fathers." No doubt a good deal of harm is done to the Irish cause in England by the dissemination of such pernicious rubbish as this by persons like Mr. Price Hughes.

Ike Mr. Price Hughes.

SCOTLAND.

A Cathelle Marriage.

The other day it was announced that Lord Encombe, the eldest son of the Earl of Eldon, had been converted to the Catholic faith. It is now stated that he is shortly to be mar ried to the Hon. Mary Fraser, the eldest daughter of Lord Lovat. The Lovats are, of course; one of the oldest Catholic families in Great Britain.

The French President and the Bishop of New Orleans.

of New Orleans.

It is affirmed in Paris that the appointment of a Freuch prelate, Monsignor Chapelle, to the See of New Orleans was brought about by Mademoiselle Lucie Faure, daughter of the President of the Republic. The Freuch clergy New Orleans objected to the appointment of an Irishman (they had a Beligan betore), and appealed to the President's daughter. A letter was accordingly forwarded to Rome, through diplomatic channels, with the full approval of President Faure, and thus Monsignor Chapelle, who is a native of the South of France, was appointed to the American See.

School Teacher: Now, I spell needle. Bobby: Ne-School Teacher: Wrong, I no "I" in needle, Bobby: 'taint a good needle, then. Now, Bobby, y: N-s-i-d-l-e. /rong. There's Bobby: Well,



mation and stops executions are one of the common of the common of the condition of the condition of the common of

Brian Bwee.

The fair was ever, the folk were flown Brian Bwee walked home alone, wer the fields he followed the path, That winds away to the haunted rath

Over the fields his way he kept, There in the mosted rath he slept, There in the meated rath he slept. Under the lonely fairy thern Such a sleep as he slept till morn!

Doop he lay in a dreamy bed,* Downy pillows beneath his head. Round and round on magical feet Flew the fairies to fiddles sweet.

Wrinkled witches, old wizened chaps, Scarlet mantles and crimson caps, Silver buckles on tiny brogues, Such a laughter of little regues!

Round and round while the piper played, In and out, little man and maid, Golden tresses and kirtles green, Clown and courtier, and king and queen

Up the middle and down again, Here and there to the witching s All night long, till the village cock Crowed at half-past three o'clock.

One, two, three!—and the weird spel broke:
Briau Bwee from his sleep awoke,
From the crown of his head to the sole
of his shoe,

With the feet of the fairles black and

Now in his chimney hob he sits, Robbed, they say, of his five wite Old and feeble and sorry and sor And he hears the music for ever -- Ратвіск J. Coleman in The Irish Monthly.

THE HAUNTED ABBEY.

It was Christmas eve. The great yule log burned brightly in the old fire-place, through whose broad and spacious chimney the silvery moon had oft peered down, despite the smoke and flame of orackling wood, whose pop-gun reports and showers of sparks had often caused a quick reteat from the warm atone seasie in that old-fashioned chimney corner. As every cau produces an effect many a roar of merriment re-effect through the ponderous archways of that old and once venerated abbey (another sad memorial of the so-called Reformation), now in a state of decoration.

On this particular night the season

Reformation), now in a state of dese-cration.

On this particular night the ser-vants and retainers of the old Baron of Ben Abbey were seated around the festive board enjoying the foaming mead and oracking jokes upon one another, utterly heedless of the raging storm outside, whose hurricane blasts sent huge columns of snow upon the ivy clad old walls.

Ever and anon there came a fearful cry of dire distress outside, and yet they still played on.

"It is only the cry of the screech-owl," said one. And they resumed their games and cards.

Suddenly the doors and windows of the abbey were violently shaken and then thrown open by some invisible power.

""" the passage night of the

the abboy were violently shaken and then thrown open by some invisible power.

"This the passage night of the spirit of Ben Abbey," whispered a voice as the startled servants sprang from their seats.

"Move not for your lives, for the shadows of death are near, and woe to the one who is curious." It was the Baron of Ben Abbey who had spoken. He was an old man whose pallid features bore the impress of a disturbed mind. His keen, restless eye glanced upon the assembled group with somewhat of displeasure. In truth, he himself looked like a spectre of the night, for his long white hair fell upon his shoulders and he wore a knightly robe of dazzling whiteness, "Have you forgotten," he cried, "that this night is the anniversary of the curse?"

And again the abbey walls shook to their very foundations. And a shriek of horror ran through the lonely aisles as Baron Ben Warren returned to his room.

"Oh, when shall 'the curse' depart from the house of Ben Warren?" he moaned as he fell back upon his face with his hands.

"Popa!"

The wretched man started to his feet at the sound of that name, and wasnalty gazed at the beautiful shill before him.

"What alls my Edgar? Why so pale and cold—and trembling, too?"

vacantly gazed at the beautiful child before him.

"What ails my Edgar? Why so pale and cold.—and trembling, too?"
And the Baron took the boy upon his knee and fondly embrased him.

"O paps, a stranger in the blue room," he gasped.

"Noneenes, Edgar, be a brave boy."
But he himnell was trembling.

"Edgar," he whispered, "you know you are not Edgar, but you bear the name for your father a sake."

"I know I am not; but why do you call me by that name, papa?"

"Do you question me, my boy?"
And the Baron's brow grow dark.

"Oh no, papa," returned the child sadly; but I teel so strange sometimes."

"It is only fanny." interrunted the

"It is only fancy," interrupted the Baron uneasily. "Go back to your room. Ha! here comes old Bertram

room. Hat here comes old Bertram for you."

The dark eyes of the boy glistened wildly as he beheld the stranger of the blue room walking behind the old man. He wore a long black habit and cowl, which partly concealed, the death-like features within.

"Papa, do you see him?" cried the excited child. "He's behind Bertram." And he covered his face with his hands.

"I see faithful cld Bertram, and no one else," responded his father.

"No one is behind me that I can see, eaud Bertram testly. "Master Edgar shouldn's make game of an old man like that the Onristmas eve."

The boy answered not, for he had famted away in the arms of his father.

They carried him to his cot in the blue room, and the unconscious child was left alone. But there remained outsede a lonely watcher—the un happy Baron of Ben Abbey. P. L. why does he stay there, a victim to suspense and agenzing remorae? The cld abbey clock has already tolled the midnight hour, and yet he moves not.

... And now he beholds the black-cowled monk pass him, and enter the room of the sleeping child, and still he is unable to speak. A cry of agony and of horror now bursts from his pass he sees the phantom monk return, bearing the unconscious boy in its arms. He springs forward.

"Forbear," said the ghost. "Remember the curse."

"Spirit of my murdered brother, forgive." And the Baron of Ben Abbey fell heavily to the ground

** The Christmas joy-bells are ringing, but they bring no joy to the bereaved house of Bon Warren.

The shadows of the night have again fallen upon the old abboy, and werrd sounds are heard from one of the vaults below. And old Bertram believes he has heard the cry of a child in distress, and hastens with the news to his unhappy master.

"My sin has found me out, Bertram," moaned the Baron. "The Baron has gone to rest, but not to sleep. His frenzied brain works fearfally and brings the past before him. Again, he sees he at his feet, pleading for freedom and for her child. But, he heeds her not, for the demon of jealousy has taken possession of his soul, and he believes her guilty..... And, then, his selfish and deceitful treatment of her child. But, he heeds her not, for the demon of jealousy has taken possession of his soul, and he believes her guilty...... And, then, his selfish and deceitful treatment of her child and his, that so he might de prive another of his lawful right of the broperty of Ben Abbe

one of the men, as he held up the boy's night-dress, all stained with blood.

"He has been murdered by the spirit of Ben Abbey," moaned Bertram, trembling from head to foot. The two men stood aghast.

"Leave me," said Bertram. "I will watch here tenight." "Don't be a fool, Bertram," respondeded one of the men, "but, come away from this cursed spot."

"Go," returned the old man, "I wish to be alone."

As soon as the two men had gone he proceeded, with lamp in hand, to the vault prison of the Baroness, but, it was empty! The iron-dasped door was torn from its hinges, and thrown upon the ground, and everything was in confusion.

"She has escaped," mustered the keeper, "and I am not sorzy—but what will the master say?" "He will say that the curse is still upon him, in letters of blood," said a voice. And the black-cowled monk stood before the terrified old man.

"Go to thy master," said the phantom," and tell him to do justice to the rightful heir of Ben Warren, or let him beware of the black monk of Ben Abbey."

Again the yule log burned brightly

him beware or successful and brightly again the yule log burned brightly in the old Chapter room of the haunted abboy. And the same old servants of the previous year were gathered there.

of the previous year were gathered there.

"May heaven save us from the ghost of the aboy to-night," murmur-do dld Bertram, as he drew nearer to the fire, and looked fearfully around. Its the passage night of that swful spirit—the black monk of Ben Abbey. I verily believe he is a demon, although, our poor master thinks that he is the spirit of his brother, Rupert Ben Warren.

"I wish we had a Roman priest here," said one of the men. "He would soon send that devil about his business."

"Aye, aye, friend, muttered Bertram. "We have to thank old Harry the Eighth for being minus of them. I don't think there is one in England

I don's think there is one in England at prevent."

"By my troth, I believe thee, Bertram," rejoined the latter; "otherwise, the lost heir of. Be. Warren would have been found ere this."

"Stop, somrade, whatever you do, don's mention him," returned the old man. "This is the anniversary of his being taken away by the Black Monk.

A low mean was now heard outside the great abbey door, and then a loud knock.

"Some poor wanderer," muttered Bertram, as he rose to open the door.

"Can you give hospitality to a mighted traveller who has lost his

"Can you give hospitality to a benighted traveller who has lost his way?" acked a voice outside.
"Tarry awhile until I ask the master, saul the old man.
"Keep me not long, for my time is short," "cutrued the traveller.
After a few minutes' delay, the stranger was admitted. He was a small, sinister looking personage, with long, black curly hair falling upon his shoulders : a moustache the same colour as his harr, and dark piercing oyes. A plentiful supper was placed before him, but he ate sparingly, and accomed ill at ease: a proceiving some of the company crossing themselves.
"I ween ye have travelled a good distance to day, friend," renarked Bertram.
"Distance is nothing to me," responded the stranger with a grim smalle, "I'm used to the road. Where is the master of this fine old abboy?" he asked suddenly.
"Alias! good sir, great sorrows have touched his brann and he is bed ridden,"
"I must see him to night," rejoined the stranger. "I have a message

have touched his brain and he is bed ridden."

"I must see him to night," rejoined the stranger. "I have a message for him."

"Is it from the Black Monk?" oried Bortram trembling. "My master is in continual dread of him."

"Who is the Black Monk? asked the Unknown. "Is he a papist?"

"I suppose he is," said Berkram thoughtfully; "for the new religion has no monks in it."

"At any rate, I'm no Papiet," said the stranger rising. "This will prove it to you," and he showed them his cloven foot.

"The devil !" burst from the lips of the assembled servants, as they rushed from the room with cries of terror. Meanwhile the supposed devil had made his way into the room of the sick man, and stood in silence, beside his bed.

Meanwhile the supposed devil had made his way into the room of the sick man, and stood in silence, beside his bed.

"Who are you that dare intrude upon the privacy of the Baron of Ben Abby?" Ben Warren asked with a scowl.

"Your people down stairs believe that I am the devil; but you, sir, will, no doubt, recognize me as 'Redolph of the cloven foot,' the faithful friend of the rightful heir of Ben Warren.

"I dely both you and the hound who is seeking my inheritance," roar dit he Baron. "Bertram, where are you? Rid me of this scoundrel."

"Bertram is too much afraid of meeting, the devil,' returned "the cloven" grimly. And he seized Ben Warren by the throat. "Aye, you shall hear me to the end."

With one desperate wrench the Baron engaged himself from Redolph and shouted, "I know that you have been always a devil, and may he take you out of this before I send a bullet through you. He pulled a pistol from under his pillow and pointed it at Redolph who suddenly dashed it to the ground with one blow, and again seized him by the throat. "There!" he eried; "don't make a second attempt if you value your miserable life. Hear this message from the son of Rupert Ben Warren, the brother whom you basely betrayed and murdered five years ago in the crypt of the abbey. Restore the right of your nephew, young Rupert Ben Warren, the brother whom you basely betrayed and murdered five years ago in the crypt of the abbey. Restore the right of your nephew, young Rupert Ben Warren, the brother whom young Rupert Ben Warren, and acknowledge him as your lawful heir."

And he tightened his grasp upon the Baron's throat.

"I —I —I—have an heir, but—but he is lost—but—but—may—be found," gasped the half-suffocated nobleman.

"Repeat that lie again, and I'll squeeze the villainoue life out of you, reared "the cloven." "albouch mur-

—he is lost—but—but—may—be found," gasped the half-suffocated nobleman.

"Repeat that lie again, and I'll squeeze the villainous life out of you," roared "the cloven," "although murder is not to my isate. Hear now the story of your reachery. There were two brothers. The youngest loved the eldest with all the strength of his noble heart. At length he married and had one son. The eldest brother also married and had one daughter. A dispute arose between the brothers concerning the property, and they parted in anger. Some time after the youngest brother's wife died, and he entered the cloister of Ben Abbey, and in time became a priest. He was known as 'the Black Monk."

"For heaven's sake!—say—say no more," groaned Ben Warren.

The pressure on the throat became greater, and "the cloven" continued: "The abbey and ground being a very fine property, the eldest brother determined to get is for himself; and applied to Cromwell, who gave it to him on condition that he would turn Protestant. He did so, and, of course, sent the monks about 'their business, moluding his own brother in the Grypt. Words of anger again arose between them, and the Master of Ben Abbey became another Cain."

"Spare! spare, oh, spare!" moaned the hables victim.

became another Cash,"
"Spare I spare, oh, spare I" moaned
the hapless viotim..
"Life for life I" returned "cloven,"
unless you acknowledge the lawful
heir."

heir. "What do you want me to do?" said the Baron moodily.
"Sign this in favour of your nep-new, Rupert Ben Warren, son of the Black Monk. It is only his right."
And Rudolph of 'the cloven foot' handed him a drawn up will of the estates of Ben Warren.

estates of Ben Warren.
"Ourse him," mattered the Baron,
"Ill have revenge yet."
And he signed the deed.
And now the man of the "cloven foot" has departed, and the midnight Christmas bells are sweetly chiming the Venite Adoremus; but, the Baron hears it not—he is only conscious of.

one dread presence which fills his soul with fear.

"Wretched sinner," said the Black Monk, "it is well that thou hast done an act of justice, even at the last moment. I am permitted to warn thee that thy death is at hand. Arise, and fall not to meet me in the chapel in the Abbey ere Christmas morning

Why are the bells of Ben Abbey ringing so wildly, and the people hastening in all directions to meet once more beneath its sacred dome?
Wondrous to relate, there was the priest in his vestments before the altar, descon and sub descon by his side, . . . And the Mass wint on in all its sedemnity. And the Baron (no longer a cripple) knelt with his head bowed to the ground. And the sen of the Black Monk knelt there in all his manly beauty, his dark eyes flashing with hope and joy as he joined in the sacred ritual of his forefathers. And now the Holy Sacrifice is over, and the three recalled monks of the abbey approach the old Baron to thank him for giving them possession of their abbey once more. And in his bewilderment he turns to ask the meaning of it all.

"Undle, I have invited them in your name and in mine," said young Ben Warren advancing "that the curse on our house may cesse, and that the son of the Black Monk may testify to all that he has forgiven his father's murderer.

The old man looked half dazed at the tall handsome youth before him, and then said:

"Rupert Ben Warren, I have deeply injured you. Btay and be master of Ben Warren I, go to do penance in Ben Abbey crypt."

"Not so," returned the youth; "but make me the happiest of men by bestowing upon me the hand of your daughter, the fairest flower of Ben Warren.

"It eshe alive? Impossible." And the old Baron covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly.

"The child whose sex you had con cealed was found in the crypt," continued Rupert, "and the prison doors of the innocent ledy of Ben Warren in the Baroncess, with joy, opened a vein in her own arm and stained the night robe of the Lady Ella, and this deceived the Baron of Ben Warren.

"I deserved it," returned the old man in a tone of repentance. "Bit who are the benefactors of my wife and daughter?"

"My wife," gasped the Baron.

"Fearful of losing her child again, the Baroness, with joy, opened a vein in her own arm and stained the night robe of the Lady Ella, and this deceived them in the cr

And the phantom monk disappeared.

Another Christmas eve has come, and the midnight bells are sweetly pealing, as a noble couple stand before the altar in Ben Abbey.

The old Baron is there and his amiable lady, who has long forgiven and forgotten the injuries of the past.

And now the unptial Mass is over, and the happy pair kneel for the old man's blessing; but he heeds them not. The soul of Edgar Ben Warren has gone to its last account.

The last Christmas eve in this story has now come.

Rodolph of the cloven foot stands before the alter in the abbey as godfather to the infant heir of Ben Warren. And the voices of a hundred monks chant forth the Te Deum in grateful thanksgiving to God for removing the curse from the house of Ben Warren.

Branch 145, C. M. B. A.

Branch 145, C. M. B. A.

The ceremony of installing the following officers of Branch 145, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was carried out Wednesday by Chamcellor Kernahan; Spiritual Advisor, Rev. L. Brennan, O.B.S.; President, H. F. MoIntosh; lat Vice President, D. J. Leonard; 2ad Vice President, D. Bennett; Recording Secretary, John Grant; Financiel Secretary, John Grant; Financiel Secretary, F. X. Kormann; Tresseurer, L. V. Byrne; Marshal, J. J. Ryan; Guard, P. Merkensara; Trustees, D. Bennett, D. Miller, P. O'Brien, J. Fullerton, M. Costello; Bepresentative to Convention, J. D. Warde; alternate, D. Miller. Vote of thanks to the retiring officers were unanimously passed, and a most prosperous year was brought to a successful close.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we add a cough, a cold or any affilcion of the threat or lungs, we would try Bloide's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far absed of all other preparations recommended for such corplaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Bad Time.—First neighbour: "All that my daughter seems to lack in music is time." Second Neighbour: "Heavens and earth, man! she thumps that piano nine hours a day. How much time do you want her to