

# The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

**Anti-rim.**  
Close on £20,000 is the grand result of the bazaar held in Belfast in aid of the Mater Infirmorum Hospital. This magnificent total is in the highest degree creditable to all concerned in carrying out the project as well as the generous donors, 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 ecclesiastical 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 cathedral in Australasia.

**Cor.**  
The probability that another Irish pilgrimage will soon come to Rome has given rise to a series of absurd reports. It was said, first, that the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connell, 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! These stories have gone the round of all the papers of Rome and of several other cities besides.

**Kerry.**  
The late Professor Jevons grants to Kerry the distinction of being 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 necessarily very scanty 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 came from Ballyheigue, where his family, originally Norman, had been settled since the 12th or 13th century. One of his descendants, the Baron Cantillon de Ballyheigue, of Paris, had in 1841 a picture in his possession representing one of his Irish grandfathers at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709, and the Chevalier Thomas Cantillon, the son of this officer, fought with great distinction at Laffedit 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 1888.

**Longford.**  
Anticipating to return of Hon. Edward Blake to Ireland, The Freeman's Journal says: Mr. Blake, we understand, will return to Ireland about January 6th, 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 Irish cause. Longford has, indeed, good reason to be proud of the representative.

**Limerick.**  
Last week there passed away our mortal life the noble soul of a great Christian Brother, the Rev. Brother J. P. Slatery. Born in the county Limerick 78 years ago, of respectable and pious parents, he evinced at an early age a desire for intellectual and moral culture. Urged on by the laudable desire he went from school to school in his native county, and ultimately he sought association among the reputed literati 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.

**Sligo.**  
A correspondent of The Freeman's Journal says that along the north eastern border of the Swinford Union is the parish of Curry, county Sligo, over which the Rev. Philip Mulligan, P.P., has spiritual charge. He contains townlands without 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—Culter, Carraghane, Sargara, Buncrana, Fiel, Drumahoe, etc. in Tobarcurry Union—it is no exaggeration 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 above referred to in Tobarcurry Union, and saw and heard from the lips of the people themselves certain astonishing 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.

**ENGLAND.**  
**Catholic birth and the Peerage**  
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 proffered honor. Cardinal Manning was utterly opposed to the Catholic hierarchy being represented in the Upper Chamber, as he felt 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 being equally opposed on principle to both schemes, the offer failed in its object.

**The Rev. Price Hughes** continues his appeals to religious bigotry 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 foes of arbitration among the English-speaking races. "The opponents of arbitration," he says, "are the Irish and other European Roman Catholics, who constitute a perpetual menace to the free institutions which America inherited from the Pilgrim Fathers." No doubt a good deal of harm is done to the Irish cause in England by the dissemination of such poisonous rubbish as this by persons like Mr. Price Hughes.

**SCOTLAND.**  
**Catholic Marriage.**  
The other day it was announced that Lord Encombe, the eldest son of the Earl of Eildon, had been converted to the Catholic faith. It is now stated that he is shortly to be married to the Hon. Mrs. 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.**

It is affirmed in Paris that the appointment of a French prelate, Monsignor Chapelle, to the See of New Orleans was brought about by Madeleine Lucie Faure, daughter of the President of the Republic. The French clergy New Orleans objected to the appointment of an Irishman (they had a Belgian before), 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, Bobby, spell needle. Bobby: N-e-i-d-l-e.  
**School Teacher:** Wrong. There's no "i" in needle. Bobby: Well, 'tain't a good needle, then.

When a woman gets sickly, nervous, fretful and despondent the average husband doesn't have the faintest conception of what is the matter with her. When she gets worse, worse, and she realizes that illness of some kind is upon her, she writes to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for a doctor. Many husbands, after paying big doctor-bills while their wives grow weaker, have at last been induced to consult a physician of national reputation and learned the truth. They have been justly indignantly told that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a marvelous medicine for women. It cures all weakness and disease of the female system. It keeps all internal ulceration and inflammation and stops debilitating drains. Over 100,000 women are cured by their own signatures, to its wonderful merits.

"Several years ago I suffered with prolapsus of the uterus," writes Mrs. Schuster of Chicago, Ill. "I had a fall from my horse, causing retention of the urine. My doctor treated me for kidney trouble and everything else but the right thing. I grew weaker and weaker. My body was emaciated and feet slung and cold, stomach weak, and I was unable to do anything. I tried to get up, but I would suffer from nausea all night, and so I continued until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I began to improve right away. I am now well and happy."

## Brian Twoe.

The fair was over, the folk were flown,  
Brian Twoe walked home alone,  
For the fields he followed the path,  
That winds away to the haunted rath.

Over the fields his way he kept,  
There on the moated rath he slept,  
Under the lonely fairy-thorn  
Such a sleep as he slept till morn!

Deep he lay in a dreamy bed,  
Down 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 rogues!

Round and round while the pipers 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 wailing strain,  
All night long, till the village cock  
Crowed at half-past three o'clock.

One, two, three!—and the weird spell broke:  
Brian Twoe from his sleep awoke,  
From the crown of his head to the sole  
Of his shoe, of the fairies black and blue.

Now in his chimney hob he sits,  
Robbed, they say, of his five wits,  
Old and feeble and sorry and sore,  
And he hears the music for evermore.

—PATRICK J. COLEMAN in The Irish Monthly.

## THE HAUNTED ABBEY.

It was Christmas eve. The great ivy 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 crackling wood, whose pop-gun reports and showers of sparks had often caused a quick retreat from the warm stone seats in that old-fashioned chimney corner.

Every cat produces an effect, many a roar of merriment re-echoed through the ponderous archways of that old and once venerated abbey (another sad memorial of the so-called Reformation), now in a state of desecration.

On this particular night the servants and retainers of the old Baron of Ben Abbey were seated around the festive board enjoying the foaming mead and cracking jokes upon one another, utterly heedless of the raging storm outside, whose hurricanoes blasted sent huge columns of snow upon the ivy clad old walls.

Ever and anon there came a fearful cry of 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 spirit of Ben Abbey," whispered a voice as the startled servants sprang from their seats.

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

"No one is behind me that I can see, said Bertram testily. "Master Edger should make some of an old man like that Christmas eve."

The boy answered not, for he had fainted away in the arms of his father. They carried him to his cot in the blue room, and the unconscious child was left alone.

The shadows of the night have again fallen upon the old abbey, and weird 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 boy has been taken to the Bloody Crypt—the scene of the murder."

And again it is night. The Baron has gone to rest, but not to sleep. His frenzied brain works fearfully and brings the past before him with all its crimes.

"I dare not go near that Bloody Crypt," he said aloud. The vision of a gentle and much injured wife now rises before him. Again, he sees her 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.

"Good heavens! look here," cried 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 to-night."

"Can you give hospitality to a benighted traveller who has lost his way?" asked a voice outside.

"Tarry awhile until I ask the master," said the old man.

"Keep me not long, for my time is short," returned 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 hair, and dark piercing eyes.

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

"It is from the Black Monk?" cried Bertram trembling. "My master is in continual dread of him."

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

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

"At any rate, I'm no Papist," 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.

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, deacon and sub-deacon by his side. . . . And the Mass went on in all its solemnity.

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

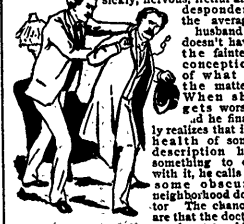
The old man looked half dazed at the tall handsome youth before him, and then said:

"Rupert Ben Warren, I have deeply injured you. Stay 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."

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

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



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 Chancellor Kernahan; Spiritual Advisor, Rev. L. Brennan, O.S.B.; President, H. F. McIntosh; 1st Vice President, C. J. Leonard; 2nd Vice President, D. Bennett; Recording Secretary, John Grant; Financial Secretary, F. X. Korman; Treasurer, G. V. Byrne; Marshal, J. J. Ryan; Guard, P. McNamara; Trustees, D. Bennett, D. Miller, P. O'Brien, J. Fullerton, M. Costello; Representative to Convention, J. D. Ward; 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 had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Biddle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is so pleasant as a syrup.