

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

At a meeting of the National League in Dublin, on the 21st ult., the Lord Mayor presiding, Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., stated the receipts since last meeting were £247 (£3,285), besides £5,000 (£30,000) brought from America by Mr. O'Brien. The Lord Mayor said he had received an invitation to be elsewhere on Jubilee Day, but he preferred to be with his own people. They were on the eve of passing a Coercion Bill which might suppress the National League, but would never effect the object it aimed at, as the Irish Parliamentary Party would take the place of any organization suppressed. Mr. Dillon, M.P., said the policy of the "Plan of Campaign" was far enough advanced for him. He had been identified with it since the beginning, and was not ashamed of the result. Mr. T. Harrington stated there was a general idea that the League should be a manifesto to the people, directing them how to meet the Coercion Bill, but at present it would be impolitic to announce their intentions. Some advised that the Irish people should decline to give evidence at the secret inquiries, but he did not think a manifesto was necessary.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien's welcome home, as manifested in the demonstration of Sunday, June 9, was a fitting ending to his mission to Canada. No idea can be given of the enormous extent of the efforts and the fervor of the enthusiasm displayed. One has to go back to the O'Connell Centenary to find a demonstration that could compare in its magnitude. The whole of the streets along the line of route of the procession—a distance of about two miles—were densely packed with people, and the windows crowded with spectators. However, as many and many a person has said, "It was no more than William O'Brien deserved."

In striking contrast to O'Brien's reception came the Jubilee celebration on the following Tuesday. The first was as popular as the second was unpopular. A few scores of flags hung from public buildings and mercantile establishments of those "patronized by Her Majesty and His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant," an athletic meeting at Ball's Bridge, and the illumination of Trinity College, the Bank of Ireland, the Ballast Office, and the Royal Bank—these were the only signs of jubilation in the capital of Ireland. At night College Green and the surrounding thoroughfares were filled with people out to view the illuminations, but as far as doing honor to the occasion was concerned, they might as well have stopped at home. Instead, the majority sang "God Save Ireland" and cheered for Mr. Parnell and the Irish party. A black flag was hung from a house in Dorset street, with a bitter inscription upon it, but it was promptly torn down and confiscated by the police. A similar fate befell a like emblem shown out of a house near the Mater Misericordiae Hospital.

Wexford.

Public opinion appears to have had a chastening effect on Mr. Thomas Harpur, Mayor of Wexford. The jubilee celebration came and went, but Mr. Harpur did not go to it, as he intended. He is still plain "Mr." instead of "Sir Thomas," but then he is no worse case than the Mayor of Belfast and Derry, who did jubilate in Westminster Abbey. The prospect of getting a handle to his name may have disturbed his judgment that he meant to bring disgrace upon patriotic Wexford by appearing as a slave rejoicing in fetters; but the thunder of the voices on Windmill Hill seems to have restored the lost equilibrium and brought Mr. Harpur back to his senses. At all events, he remained away from the rare show, in a sort of deathly repugnance, and thus were the men of Wexford saved from misrepresentation on the part of their Mayor at the Jubilee thanksgiving service.

Kilkenny.

The Nationalists of Kilkenny celebrated the Queen's Jubilee by displaying black flags. The flags were torn down by the police, and District Inspector Lawlor pulled down one of the mourning emblems himself. A deputaion waited on the Mayor, who proceeded to the police barracks and requested to be informed under what Act of Parliament the property of the people was detained. He said Constable Black could not be expected to show his cards until compelled to do so. The flags were kept by the constabulary.

King's County.

At a meeting of the priests of the Birr and Roscrea deaneries on June 24th, the Very Rev. Mr. Bugler, P.P., V.G., presiding, the following resolution was proposed by the Very Rev. E. O'Leary, P.P., V.G., Roscrea, seconded by Rev. J. Conboy, P.P., Birr. "That we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our deep sympathy with the Body's tenants of Colonel O'Callaghan, who have been so cruelly and unjustly evicted from their homes; and we cannot but declare our admiration for the spirit and the determination with which they endeavored not only to maintain their own against unjust oppression, but also to teach the farmers of the country how much can be done within the limits of the law to make evictions a troublesome and costly game." A subscription list was then opened for the evicted tenants, and £18 was subscribed on the spot.

Cork.

At the meeting of the Cork Corporation, on June 24th, the Mayor, in reply to a question put by Mr. Hungerford, a Tory member, said that black flags were not hoisted on the Corporation offices, and in the public market, on the "Jubilee" day, with his consent. If he had been consulted he would have given it as his opinion that it would tend more to peace and good-will among the citizens, not to display flags of any kind. He characterized all the statements about him in the Tory organ, the *Constitution*, as untrue, and said that the conduct of those owning the paper towards him and his colleagues was only in keeping with the Sheriff's lists which he had got taken from the little boys who held them in the streets. He meditated taking an action against the paper referred to. About the meeting of magistrates which he had summoned, he said that whether

they attended or not, he would hold an inquiry into the conduct of the police, and he believed sufficient evidence would be forthcoming to show that the police ill-treated prisoners not alone on the street, but in the bridewell. Mr. O'Donnell said the police acted like brutes on the night in question, and he counseled the citizens when they again came out on the streets, either to listen to a speech or see illuminations, to come prepared to protect and defend themselves. A resolution was passed approving of the conduct of the Mayor. There was only one dissenter, Mr. Johnston, a Tory member.

A correspondent of the *Cork Herald* writes:—"In honor of the Queen's Jubilee, J. G. Mason Esq., J. P., Terramont, Rathcormac, has given all his tenants in the parish of Rathcormac, a reduction of 50 per cent. in the rent now payable. That landlord's head was level; but we rather think he made that reduction in his own private interest, rather than 'in honor of the Queen's Jubilee.'"

Limerick.

On June 21st, Mr. Edmund Ryan was released from Limerick Jail, where he had been confined for the past year on an order of Judge Boyd, for having, as secretary of the Caberconish Branch of the National League, signed a boycotting notice in reference to a sale of hay under the Bankruptcy Court. Mr. Ryan, since his imprisonment, had been elected a Poor-law Guardian and Chairman of the Rural Sanitary Board of the Limerick Union. His release was in no way connected with her Majesty's "Jubilee" celebration, but was consequent on his having completed the term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced.

On June 18th, a number of ejcmptment decrees at the end of The O'Grady land lord, against tenants who adopted the "Plan of Campaign" on his property at Herbertstown, were granted at the Limerick Quarter Sessions.

Clare.

At the conference of the priests of the Ennis Deanery, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Callaghan, held on Thursday, June 23rd, a vote of sympathy and support to the tenants of Bodys was proposed by him, and seconded by Rev. Sylvester Malone, and unanimously carried; and in furtherance thereof all the priests present liberally subscribed to the tenants' defense fund.

Tipperary.

On June 21st, a largely attended meeting was held near Killaloe, called for the purpose of protesting against the proposed evictions on the Twiss property. Mr. Sheehy, M.P., was the principal speaker. The tenants had demanded a reduction of 40 per cent., and taking present prices into account, the demand was a just one. Father O'Brien moved the following resolution amongst others, which were adopted:—"That we place implicit confidence in the Irish Parliamentary Party as at present constituted under the leadership of Charles S. Parnell, M.P.; that the Plan of Campaign deserves our unbounded confidence and support, as it is the greatest means now available for procuring abatements commensurate with the depression in prices."

Waterford.

On June 22nd, a man named Michael Donovan, was arrested near Tallow, on a charge of having used intimidating language towards emergency men, who are at present engaged in the service of Mr. Pope, a landlord who lives near Tallow. Donovan had been evicted from his farm some months ago by Mr. Pope. The accused was brought before Mr. Walker, J.P., and was allowed out on bail. Mr. Pyne, M.P., and another went sureties for him.

Denagel.

On Sunday, June 19, a meeting of the parish priests of the diocese of Raphoe was held at Letterkenny to elect a Vicar Capitular for the period succeeding the elevation of the venerated Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Logue, to the Archiepiscopal See of Armagh, and the appointment of his successor for Raphoe, the Very Rev. John McManis, P.P., V.F., was duly appointed Vicar Capitular.

Down.

The Ulster Protestant Home Rulers are still going forward—the Castle and the "brethren" having given up their attempt at suppressing them as a hopeless job. A crowded meeting held under the auspices of the Gladstone Branch of the Protestant Home Rule Association, took place on June 18th, near Banbridge, which a resolution was passed protesting against the Coercion Bill as an unwarrantable violation of the civil liberties of Irishmen, calculated to embitter the relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and to postpone, indefinitely, any real union between the two countries. Other resolutions expressing confidence in Mr. Parnell and the Irish Party, and expressing the opinion that no settlement of the Irish Question can be satisfactory to the people, or in harmony with the principles of justice, that does not recognize the right of Ireland to complete autonomy in affairs purely Irish, were also adopted. Mr. T. Dickson, Mr. Oldham, B.A., and some local speakers supported the resolutions in stirring speeches.

A Good Act.

"As a cure for all summer complaints I highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, having often used it with the best results. I have often been thanked for recommending it." William Haw, Anseater, Ont.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues. Great Gals.

"I used a great deal of doctor's medicine for kidney complaint during five years, was getting worse all the time until I tried B. B. B. I took three bottles, gained in weight from 130 to 150 lbs. I can highly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to be a good medicine." Thus testifies John Walton, of Springfield, N. B.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper medicine had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dyeantery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Galway.

The Rev. Father Ryan, late C. C. of Woodford, received an enthusiastic welcome from the parishes of Cloness and Abbey on the occasion of his promotion to that parish. An address was presented expressing the people's gratitude to God and their Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, for sending them a priest and a patriot, whom they hailed as an ideal representative of devotion to the sacred cause of faith and freedom. The Rev. gentleman thanked his new parishioners for the warmth of their welcome. All that he claimed was that in the Woodford struggle he had taken a part on the side of God and of country. He did not expect a demonstration of this nature, but he valued it highly as an instance of the strength of the golden link by which priest and people were bound together in striving for our nation's rights. He took it as an indication that he and his people would work in harmony together, and give enduring proof of the faith and patriotism that was in them.

Roscommon.

The hitherto peaceable village of Ballintubber was thrown into a state of excitement on June 23d, when the news spread that Conroy, Sheriff's bailiff, Roscommon, accompanied by Mr. John McKee, an ex-sergeant McKee, Roscommon, at whose suit the eviction of Widow Glynn was carried out, had arrived in the village under an escort of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Immediately the chapel bell tolled forth its solemn warning, and also the village drum sent forth its sonorous notes, that they were going to witness a "death sentence" in the peaceful hamlet of Ballintubber. Instantly people began to swarm into the village from the surrounding locality, and just when the eviction was completed the Ballymore Brass Band arrived, accompanied by a large contingent. The furniture of the widow's house had been removed and piled out on the street, the fire quenched—happily a rare occurrence in Ballintubber—possession was handed over to a man named Kenny, a herd to The O'Connor Don. Carts were immediately procured, and many willing hands employed themselves in loading the furniture for removal to her new home. A procession was then formed, headed by the Ballymore Brass Band and the Ballintubber Fife and Drum Band; the crowd moved on amidst the stirring strains of the music and cheers and groans of the people. After winding its way through the village, and amidst the new abode, and having safely unloaded their cargo, the last act of this mournful drama closed; after which the people quietly dispersed.

"THE BROTHERS HEALY."

A London correspondent of the *Glasgow Mail* writes:—"No members of the House have worked so hard during the twenty-two days that have been spent in Committee on the Crimes Bill as Messrs. T. and M. Healy—'Tim' and 'Maurois'—as they are familiarly called by their friends. The sentences of the bill, not, indeed, need to be proved. Of the last Bill of 1881 he was an able critic. He showed himself fully capable of arguing points with Mr. Gladstone himself, and ever since there has been no question of his intellectual penetration, whatever doubts there may be about the proprieties of his manner. Maurois, however, has just won his spurs. With his brother he has been indefatigable in opposing the Crimes Bill. The two brothers are not much to be looked at. They are both small, thin figures, with a stoop in their gait that detracts from their already meagre inches, and with a shambling walk and a goose-like way of carrying the head, that to say the least, not graceful. 'Tiny Tim' might well be the sobriquet of one; and Maurois is even on a smaller scale than the other. They are not quite two Dromedars, but they have so much in common that the younger seems to be the shadow of the older. 'Tim' is the pet of the House, and Maurois is the stronger in character, and Maurice has more acute in legal skill. His brother lacks the power of forcing the House to listen to him; but, as compensation, he possesses a calmness of manner and moderation of speech that keep him clear at all times of collision with the Chair. A small, weak voice, coming from a small, pale face and a small figure, this is Mr. Maurice Healy. 'Tiny Tim' is Mr. Maurice Healy. 'Tiny Tim' is rougher, bigger than seems suited to his appearance, has filled the House; and the stranger in the gallery is naturally indifferent when this other little man begins. If, however, he has patience to listen, he finds that Maurice is putting subtle technical points with clearness. There can no longer be a moment's doubt about his shrewdness. His capabilities were, indeed, long ago known both to his party and to his opponents. To him is ascribed the position attained by the Nationalists in Ulster. Two years ago he went into the province to take charge of a registration business for the Parallels. He was then an unknown solicitor, who had just begun practice. But the Tory and the Liberal agents speedily ascertained that he was an antagonist who required very close watching. Again and again, it is said, he bowled over experienced lawyers, and secured for the Nationalists hundreds of votes. With the same astuteness he has fought the Crimes Bill. Out of the twenty-two sittings spent in committee, at least a score have been occupied with the discussion of purely technical objections, and almost all the heated and bitter work has fallen on the Healy Occasional Mr. Chance has lent a hand, and when there was any general declamation to be done Mr. Dillon looked in; but whenever a nice bit of hair-splitting had to be done on the most liberal allowance of time Maurice Healy was the man on whom the Obstructors relied. When a last week Tim has complained that the Government had not met the opposition to their bill with sufficient respect. He declared that the Irish Secretary is entirely ignorant of the subject, and he demanded why it is that the Irish Solicitor General had not been afraid to trust him. This was a sincere flatterer, and there was much in the observation that indicates his character."

By the use of Buckingham's Dye, the whisks may be easily made a permanent, natural brown, or black, as desired.

AN EVICTION SCENE.

For forty years Paddy Carr and his wife had lived on a little farm of ten Irish acres in the County Galway, a day's walk from the city of Galway, Ireland. For forty years, since the day of his marriage, by industry and frugality, he had managed to pay promptly the ever increasing rent on the farm, which when he took it was a waste land—not even good sheep pasture. For forty years, from hopeful young manhood to the verge of old age, season in and season out, he had packed, first on his back, then on panniers, manure and much, until a once barren spot was made to "blossom as the rose"; and now alone with an ailing wife—fever sick for want of proper nutriment—he sat—dazed and motionless—in the little out, by a fire running low, while he listened to the fierce storm of hail and rain that beat without against the cabin and roof, as though it would anticipate the work of the "crowsbar brigade," and level the habitation of these two hapless beings, whose sons and daughters were "over the seas and far away," in the Irish peasant's wonderful, far America.

Suddenly the old man started, for a sharp knock is heard at the door of the little hut, and, as he starts, mechanically, "Paddy" goes to the door and opens it, saying, "God save you; come in, who ever you are." As he speaks, a tall, dark man enters, followed by two others, and "Paddy" by authority of the law, to vacate the premises. Having done so, are the stupefied old man can utter a word of protest, the followers grab him by the shoulders and lower him out into the storm and darkness, returning then to the house. But a moment passed, when they again emerge, bearing in their arms the motionless body of the now dying wife, and carefully they leave her on the wet and soggy ground, with her fever-wasted and aged form and her face exposed to the full down-pour of the biting storm.

The husband hitherto held by members of the pitiless "crowsbar brigade"—for such were the evictors of Paddy Carr and his suffering wife—was now released as the parties inside had applied the torch to the thatched roof and wrenched with their bars the slight door from its hinges, leaving beds, cupboard, and stools to be consumed by the flames or covered by fallen debris. The poor husband, with a muttered, "Oh, Mary!" staggered towards the body of the poor wife who feverish and dying as she was, passed her last earthly moments earnestly saying her beads, and lovingly kissing the form of him who had "died for all." Reaching the hapless partner of his woes, Paddy strove to raise her in his arms, but was too weak to do so until one of the brigade assisted him, when together they carried poor Mary to the ditch, where, placing her feet below the level of the top-land on either side, and on some sticks, to keep her body out of the running water, poor Paddy, spread across the ditch his old coat, and more than well worn coat, in a vain endeavor to shield his dying love from the chilling beating of the sleeting rain and the freezing gusts of the fierce wind; and then, sitting partly and partly kneeling in the cold, muddy waters of the ditch near Mary's head, he closed the blue lips, and soon closed the sightless eyes; for at last the spirit of poor Mary Carr had winged its way from earth forever!

And Paddy! Poor "Paddy" died only a few days ago the 14th of March last—in the cabin of a plying neighbor, who raised the water of the ditch his old coat, and more than well worn coat, in a vain endeavor to shield his dying love from the chilling beating of the sleeting rain and the freezing gusts of the fierce wind; and then, sitting partly and partly kneeling in the cold, muddy waters of the ditch near Mary's head, he closed the blue lips, and soon closed the sightless eyes; for at last the spirit of poor Mary Carr had winged its way from earth forever!

Paddy and Mary are dead and gone; the heartless landlord lives; but, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

"We Don't Eat Meat on Friday."

At a recent excursion given by the charitable citizens of Exeter to the poor children (newsboys, bootblack and others) of their city, an edifying incident occurred. The excursion happened to take place on Friday and no pains had been spared by those in charge to prepare a substantial dinner for the little ones. Sandwiches were included in the bill of fare, and after they were distributed to the children to order and told them that a dispensation was obtained, before leaving the city, from their priests to eat meat. But the story was "too thin" to convince them, and their curious faces as they pushed aside the sandwiches said plain words: "We don't eat meat on Friday."

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To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
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Bartimaeus.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him: 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that might receive my sight.' I would receive my sight; my clouded eyes. Kiss the gliding radiance of the morning and the changing lights that glorify the skies. With rosy splendours when the day is done: The shadows soft and gray, the pearly light of summer twilight deep and late at night. I cannot see to keep the narrow way, And so I blindly wander here and there, Groping amidst the tombs, or helpless stray Through pathless, tangled deserts, thick and bare; Weeping I seek the way I cannot find— Open my eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind."

And on I laugh, with some light, though less just, Nor see how anguish lines some face more dear.

And write my mirth a mocking palimpsest, On blotched scrolls of human pain and fear, And never see the heartache interlarded— Pity, oh son of David! I am blind.

I do not see the pain my light words give, The quivering, shivering heart I cannot see; So light of thought, midst hidden grief I live; And smother the cypress tomb with sighs and sighs; Open my eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind. Jesus, have mercy on me—I am blind.

My useless eyes are reservoirs of tears, Doomed for their blind mistakes to overflow; To weep for thoughtless ways of wanderers' years. Because I could not see—I did not know These sighing eyes—than angriest giant, less kind— Light of the World, have pity! I am blind.

—Robert J. Burdette

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"I have compassion on the multitude; for behold, they have now been with Me three days, and if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint in the way; for some of them came from afar off."

This multitude spoken of in so many Gospels numbered about four thousand, and evidently contained representatives from many places, "for some of them came from afar off." Such a large congregation could not be assembled in a compact body within the narrow streets of small towns, so they were led forth in the open country, and for three days were absorbed in the consideration of the great truths of religion. In the arduous their devotion, these first followers Christ had left their houses without providing food for themselves. They were deeply concerned about the needs of their own bodies, that they gave no attention to the wants of the body. In the presence of our Lord they found that peace which the world cannot give; those who were heavily burdened with labor found a consolation to be got nowhere else. Those whom that came a long journey, were amply repaid for their efforts by interior joy which filled their hearts.</