

The Motherland Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

A circular letter, from the Most Rev. Dr. Henry, has been read in the Catholic churches of Belfast, in which he said—'Dearly beloved Brethren—I consider it my duty to direct the attention of the Catholic voters of Belfast to the importance of taking an intelligent interest in the progress of the Congregational Committee and two delegates from each parish or district to the Central Council of the Catholic Association. It is of vital concern to the progress of Catholicity in the city that the persons selected to serve on the Local and Central Committees shall be men who will loyally cooperate with me and my clergy in furthering the work of the Association, which has already achieved so much for the social advancement and political independence of our people. I have endeavored to raise the aspirations of the Catholics of Belfast for sectional, civil, and religious equality, and to teach the lesson that in the unity of our Catholic faith lies our strength and the hope of ameliorating the lot of the toiling masses whom the party of ascendancy in Belfast treated hitherto as "heavers of water," and as uncivilized drawers of water, and as unworthy the common rights of citizens. The Catholic Association has changed the old order of things. We have now two wards carved out by Act of Parliament to give representation to the Catholic minority. That representation must not be wrested from us by either the old forces of bigotry or the now-pugilistic opposition of secularizing, quasi-political groups.

On March 14 an extremely interesting function took place in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, before an enthusiastic assembly, when Mrs. M. T. Pender, the well-known Irish writer, unfurled a new and splendid banner for the James Joyce '98 Club, a body which is doing first-class work for the National cause in the Ulster capital. Mr. W. D. Hasboun presided and Mrs. Pender, in performing the ceremony of the evening, delivered an eloquent eulogy of the brave Antrim warrior who was the hero of so many daring exploits during the Rebellion.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, on Sunday 27, we celebrated with becoming religious feeling and splendour the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Standing room was scarcely obtainable, and such a vast congregation has seldom been seen in the National Cathedral. After the Adm. of the Rosary Rev. J. Quinn, A.D.M., ascended the pulpit, and preached a brilliant sermon appropriate to the occasion and which was listened to with the deepest interest and attention. The sermon being concluded, the Expositor of the Most Blessed Sacrament took place, and Rev. Michael Quinn solemnly recited, coram sanctissimo, the Act of consecration to the Sacred Heart.

The Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kilmore and Leighlin, communicated with the officials of the Gaelic Association in Carlow, asking them to put off till after Easter meetings arranged for the remaining Sundays of Lent. In Carlow the undertaking was promptly given.

The death of Sir John Arnott, at his residence, Woodlands, Cork is announced with regret. He has passed away a man who in filled a large space in the commercial life of Ireland for over 80 years. Sir John Arnott was 81 years of age, and though born in Scotland spent the greater part of his long, useful, and honourable life in Ireland. His first prominent public appearance was in politics in 1859, when he was returned to Parliament as member for the borough of Kinsale, for which he sat for four years as a Liberal.

Deep regret is felt on account of the death of a very distinguished clerk of the Irish Protestant Church, the Rev. George T. Stokes, rector of Blackrock, of Marsh's Library, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Dublin.

When the fishing boat Maggie, belonging to Howth, was out at sea, the yawl belonging to the boat was capsized by a heavy sea, and four men named Cullin, Kane, Cooke, and Joyce were drowned. All the men belonged to Howth, except Kane, who resided in Baldylea.

Mrs. Dickenson, eldest daughter of Mrs. Dickenson, who was buried to death at her home in Avondale on March 27, gives the following account of the shocking accident. For two years and seven months Mrs. Dickenson had resided in the home associated so inseparably with the name she bore; and although eighty-three years of age she had up to the other day preserved in a wonderful degree the clearness of intellect and strength of physique which had in early life been a her characteristic. Only a few days before the somewhat sombre surroundings of Avondale were being indebted to the holding of an "At Home" of

which Mrs. Parnell was the central figure. Mrs. Dickenson, when asked if she desired to make any statement on the subject, said—'My poor mother on good Saturday morning had risen at breakfast was brought to her in her bedroom, in which she now sat. In her room a white fire had been set as usual. I had been to everything. It was about half past twelve o'clock and my mother was then partaking of a few minutes, and was startled by hearing a loud scream, which frightened me greatly. I ran back to the room and found my mother clothed in flames. Several things in her room were also burning near to her. My daughter, Mrs. O'Clery, had already come to the room from her bedroom, which adjoined, and was endeavoring to put out the flames. We rang the bell for help, and covered the burning clothes with blankets. We succeeded in extinguishing the flames to a very great extent, and in keeping my mother free from them by my own hand. I must say that my daughter showed very great presence of mind, and indeed how we both retained our presence of mind I do not know. The servant began to scream when she came up, and I may say that in the effort to keep away the flames from my mother, they almost caught on to myself, and I was nearly suffocated, but I did not mind it at the time. After a while some men came, and the fire that was springing up about the room was extinguished with buckets of water. I should have told you that when I came back was blazing, and I had to drag her away from it, and my poor mother could do nothing but cry out. It was, after all, a miracle my mother was not burned to a cinder, but thank God, it was not so. The men lifted mother from the floor to the bed, and while they went for Dr. Leeper and Dr. Ryan my daughter and I used every soothing remedy we could think of. The injuries were not very extensive or apparently serious, and the pain soon subsided. She never lost consciousness. On the contrary, throughout she was thoroughly calm and intelligent. She passed a good night, and yesterday, indeed, wanted to get up. Dr. and Mrs. Leeper stopped the whole time, and we had the further advantage of the presence and help of a trained nurse—Mrs. Hill—from the asylum. We had great hopes that all would be well, but her heart action failed, and at about five minutes past five last evening she passed peacefully away, being conscious to the very end. Indeed she went off just as if she was going asleep."

Mrs. Dickenson added that she could not suggest or imagine how the accident could have been brought about, save that a spark must have fallen from the fire on to her dress.

A man residing at Knockash, about four miles from Loguhra, possesses a very interesting '98 relic, which he became owner of under peculiar circumstances. Not very far from his residence rises a sharp hill, which is crowned by huge rocks. It was amongst those rocks that Mass was celebrated in the "dark and evil days." A huge slab, resting on two upright boulders, served as an altar, and the blurred marks of human feet can to this day be distinguished on a smooth rock where the Holy Sacrifice while offering up the Holy Sacrifice. A deep hole scooped in a hole to the right of the altar served as a holy water font. Some years ago a rabbit made a burrow under one of the rocks, and while scooping out the earth exposed something bright to the view. On inspection a farmer found the bright material to be nothing less than a silver coin/sterling, and on further investigation another coin/sterling was also discovered. Buried in the soil they were evidently hidden by the altar.

A member of a most family resident in Avondale, miles from Athlone, has been some time confined in the hospital. While walking the gentleman approached the doctor riding a bicycle, and expressing his ailments, he was asked to get on the machine. The request was immediately granted, and the temporary possessor of the bicycle promptly commenced to "scorch" and made his escape.

ENGLAND. Irish Actors on the English Stage. Lecturing before the "Society of Actors" in London last week, Mr. Frederick Whyte delivered an address, in which he claimed that the stage—the British stage—had been indebted to Ireland for the best of its actors and

dramatists. He pointed out that it was with Farquhar that the rise of the drama began, and in the course of his remarks he referred to Irish dramatists, such as Sheridan, Sheridan, David Garrick, Jack Johnson, and many others, in support of his contention that Ireland took a prominent position on the British stage. The lecturer also referred to Mrs. Jordan who, he said, was born in 1762, and was a great rage in her time. She was the daughter of an Irishman named Bland who resided in County Kerry. Miss O'Neill was the next most famous actress after Mrs. Jordan, and Miss O'Neill owed almost her endless successes on the stage to Richard Lalor Sheel. References were next made to the Sherrards of Keady, Edmund Kean, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and other actors.

"The recent contest at Maidstone may" writes a correspondent of the London Westminster Gazette, "render it of interest to know that the town of Maidstone was in 1798 the scene of a famous Irish Stage trial—that of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, a member of the Irish House of Commons, and a nephew and son-in-law of Lord Lovell, for high treason in connection with the Irish insurrectionary movement. Fox, Sheridan, Grattan, and Erskine all appeared as witnesses for the defence, and O'Connor was acquitted. When the verdict was announced there was an extraordinary scene. O'Connor, who had been arrested, bounded over the dock, the lights were extinguished, and in the darkness a confusion there was a scuffle and conflict, in which O'Connor was seized and thrust back into the dock. The judges returned to the bench, and asked what was the matter. The Sheriff said the prisoner was from Ireland, and he supposed it was the custom there for prosecutors when acquitted to behave thus. The judge informed Mr. O'Connor that he could not defend himself, but must be discharged by the Court. O'Connor never returned to Ireland. He entered into the military service of France, became a General, and died in 1866 in his eighty-ninth year.

Declared Dead, But Was Alive. LIMA, Peru, April 4. The Archbishop of Lima, Most Rev. Manuel Antonio Bandini, D.D., after an illness lasting many weeks, apparently expired at noon on Saturday last. He was seized with a paroxysm, and as he fell back in bed those in attendance quickly felt his pulse and listened for his breathing. Both, it was said, had ceased, and the Archbishop was declared dead.

Physicians who were present at the time when the Archbishop apparently expired were not entirely satisfied that life was extinct, and on the bare chance of reviving their distinguished patient they resorted to heroic measures. They injected caffeine and ether, and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, scarcely an hour after his pulse had ceased, the Archbishop opened his eyes languidly and gazed on the expectant group which surrounded his bedside. At first he will be only a few days before the prostrate is carried off, for he is weak and sinking rapidly.

A Convert's Beautiful Words. Mr. Kegan Paul, the well-known London publisher, as everyone knows, is a recent convert to the Church. A Positivist before conversion, he declares that that belief prepared his mind for the Church. His conversion was brought about by Newman's writings. He concludes an account of it in the following beautiful language: "It was the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and the one bitter drop in a brimming cup of joy was that he could not know that he had done for me, and his was the hand which had drawn me in when I sought the ark floating on the stormy seas of the world. But a few days afterward, as I knelt by his tomb at Egham, I felt that indeed he knew, that he was in a land where there was no need to tell him anything, for he sees all things in the heart of my first communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the mystery of the altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, Our Lord more a tender, the great company of saints more fraternal. If I dare use the words—my Guardian Angel closer to my side. All human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church, but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all.

"May He forgive me that I so loved Him, and lead those I love unto the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell! It will be said, and said with truth, that I am very confident. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel who also was cured. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes; but this he could say with unfeigned certainty: 'One thing I know—that whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

Proposed Anti-Catholic Legislation in Massachusetts. There are various bills pending in the Legislature containing provisions unfair to Massachusetts Catholics. They stand as follows says The Pilot: Three bills received from the State Board of Education, in House Document 209.

1. In relation to school attendance and truancy, which includes intermodding with private schools, and the creation of a new commission to establish four great Parental Schools in different parts of the State. To these all the State will be committed until twenty-one years of age. At present released or discharged. All transient children, when committed to institutions, are committed to those in

the immediate neighborhood of their homes. This bill is before the Legislative Committee on Education.

2. In relation to the employment of minors and the school attendance required of them, is the one providing that minors shall have their names placed up at the entrances to their places of employment, which it appears that they are not able to read and write simple sentences in English, though they may be well instructed in other languages. This bill before the Legislative Committee on Labor.

In relation to neglected children. This bill is in character like all the rest. It makes it mandatory on magistrates to commit neglected children to institutions. This bill before the Committee on Education and the Committee on Public Charitable Institutions, sitting jointly.

None of these bills provides for respecting the belief of the parents of children committed to these institutions; nor for furnishing them with means or religious instruction in the institutions; nor in the families in which they may be placed to board or to work.

Bobby. "Pa, what is an her-at-law?" Pa. "Usually the lawyer Bobby."

"A Frenchman says that love is a disease that cures resembles alcoholism." "There may be some truth in that. I have noticed that the gold cure is frequently efficacious in both diseases."

"Don't let me catch you in here again!" roared the grocer as he spotted the boy that had been filling his pockets with ginger snaps. "I've your own fault that you caught me this time," sobbed the struggling lad.

Suburbs. "After all, it doesn't make much difference where a man lives." "Yes; it makes all the difference imaginable, my boy. All that half the world remembers about Diogenes is that he lived in a tub."

"Well, prisoner," said the judge, "if you have anything to say the Court will hear you." "I'd rather be excused, your honor," replied the prisoner. "If I said what I'd like to say I'd be committed for contempt of court, and I've got trouble enough without that."

"Ah!" said the blustering lawyer, whose client had just been acquitted, "now that it's all over, would you mind telling me how you replied your verdict?" "Certainly," replied the judge. "We felt sure that if he had been guilty he wouldn't have hired you to defend him."

Cor. "I see that statistics prove that only one out of every ten female college graduates ever gets married." Merritt: "I guess those figures are right. A man is naturally shy of marrying a woman who can talk in more than one language."

The following is a good story in which the aged poet, Aubrey de Vere, speaks of '98: "I have heard it said that during the earlier part of what is '98 some of the King's troops in Ireland did not fight particularly well. General T. was named among these. When that war was over, and all went away as a marriage bell, the Lord and Lady Lieutenant gave a grand party in the Park. All the nobility were there; but of course none of the poor people. Notwithstanding a beggar-woman forced her way into the circle, asking for charity, which General T.—regarded as unseasonable. To his attendants she replied: 'It is I that am proud to see your honour here in the red coat you wore the very day when you saved the life of my boy, little Mickie!' 'Indeed,' replied the General, 'not sorry to hear anything in his credit on such a distinguished occasion.' 'I had forgotten all about it. How did I save his life?' 'Well, your honour, when the battle was the first to occur, and when little Mickie saw the General run he hid, and only for that he had been killed, and many a honest boy was killed that day, the Lord was praised!' 'Non sense,' said the General; 'there was no danger that day.' The old beggar was of a different opinion. 'No danger!' she repeated. 'What can be more dangerous than death?'"

Disraeli and the Catholic Church. In "The School for Saints," John Oliver Hobbes' novel, just published by Fisher Unwin, Disraeli is brought on the scene (writes Israhel Lucy in the "Sydney Morning Herald"). The novelist has evidently made a careful study of a master of his craft. In one respect the result is surprising, for Disraeli is minutely described in a manner at the service of a Roman Catholic Chapel. A well-known literary man, himself a member of the Church of Rome, writes to me on the subject makes a still more curious assertion. He says it is within his knowledge that Dizzy was an occasional visitor to the Catholic Church in Farm street. He hears—but this is not vouched on his personal authority—that when Disraeli was certain that the end was approaching, he manifested a desire to be received into the bosom of the Catholic Church. A messenger was dispatched to one of the priests in residence at the Farm Street Church. The servant was informed that the Rev. Father was not expected for a couple of hours. He did not respond with information as to whose messenger he was, nor did the hall porter, unaware of the urgency of the case, say where the priest might be found. The priest applied did not come till long after the usual opportunity of receiving an invalid convert into the bosom of his Church. This is a curious story, but not improvable on the face of it. As Dizzy showed in "Lithair" and elsewhere in his writings, the ceremonial of the Romish Church had a peculiar fascination for him. He is not the only tired toiler who, under the shadow of the Valley of Death, has sought light and guidance in that quarter.

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