THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

theifes to the Derry Hunicipal Elections— The Reglish Martyrs—Leath in Folloburgh et a Catholic Ninger

The Duke of At reorn presided at the annual meeting of the Ulster Convention Leggue held at Belfast. His Grace, in opening the proceedings, said he was not one of those who believed Home Rule dead. When the various atoms of the Liberal Party became once more organized Home Rule would be one of the first resuscitations in Mr. Morlov's reogramme Morloy's programme
Alderman Pirrio is mayor of Bolfast.

Arman

The Rev. Patrick M'Namee, late Oatholie curate in the parish of Bally-meonabb, County Armagh, is dead. Carlow.

'The Carlow Nationalist says—Read

The Carlow Nationalist anys.—Readers of the public newspapers will have observed Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., the ominent historian, from time to time expresses himself with considerable bitterness regarding reat reducions in Ireland. Mr. Lecky is the owner of property near Carlow, and some of his tenants have sought the protection of the Land Court, with the result that the rent has been reduced some 30 per cent. some 30 per cent.

per cent.
Cork.
Mr. P. Meado is mayor of Cork.
Sister Stanislaus, one of the oldest and most beloved mombers of the nuns I the Presentation Order, Mitchelswan is doad.

The Presentation Order, Mitchelstown is dead.

Berr.

The Nationalists of Derry have been greatly elevated by their first tasts of liberty in local affairs. "Emancipation is felt to day for the first time in Derry," says the Derry Journal. It has been sixty-soven years arriving since the law decreed it; and even it is restricted as the most bigoted of the Orange olique can keep it. The Journal cults from its local contemporary, The Semilind, the following:—

THE "INDEPENDENT UNIONIST" CANDIDATE

AND HIS CORRESPONDECE,

A Significant Reply.

One of the the gentlemen who had come ferward in opposition of the Orloniat and asked whether he would plodge himself to vote against the election of the Roma Catholic Mayor. He replied stating that he seald not answer in the affirmative, but wested like to discuss it with his correspondent.

Addeman Johnson is mayor of Derry. The new corporation is composed of 16 Catholic Nationalists, 21 Unissists of the official ticket, and three Unionists who fought the election on an independent basis and socured Nationalist support.

His Holiness Lee XIII. has con-ferred the Degree of Doctor of Divinity on Yory Reverend Patrick O'Leary, Senior Dean in the College of St. Patrick's, Maynoth. Mr. McOop has been re-elected Lerd Mayor.

Galway.

Mr. McOoy has been re-elected Lard Mayor.

Midhael Lyden, poor-rate collector, Clifdeu, protected by a party of twenty polisemen in charge of D. I. Lownder, proseeded to the two islands of Innisetarbot and Innishark for the collecting or endeavoring to collect poor and seed rates, as well as to make seizures for arrears of rates, dand Her Majesta's gunboat Albacore conveyed the poor-rate collector and his protection party to the islands.

Kitenar,
Alderman Thomas Cantwell is mayor of Kilkenny.

Limerick,
The Rev. Richard Henry Cotter,
M. A. late Rector of Ardeanny, Diocese of Limerick, has been evicted parish by Under-Sheriff Benjamin Lucas. He was deprived of his benefice last June by the Court of the General Sprod, Ireland, for heresy, and he refused to give up possession. Gle had his residence barricaded and refused admittance to the Sheriff, who hove into the house from the rear and formally seized the promises. The Rev. Mr. Cotter contented himself by leaving through the front door, earrying some property in a Gladstone and in the house from the rear and formally seized the promises. The Rev. Mr. Cotter contented himself by leaving through the front door, earrying some property in a Gladstone bag on his shoulder and a parcel of books in his hand.

Mr. McIonal Cusack is mayor of Limerick.

**Limethy Court of the court of th

Mr. Peter Lynch is mayor of Dro-

Silso.

Mr. McHugh is re-elected mayor of Slige.

Mr. Molfugh is re elected mayor of Slige.

Mrs. Ellen Sadier, killed her four children at Cappawhite, near Limer tek, she has been examined in Limerick jail by Dr. Holmes, Visiting Physician to the jail and Dr. O'Neill, Resident Medical Superintendent of the District Lunatic Asylum, who pronounced her to be insane, certifying that she is suffering from mel a cholia. Mrs. Sadlier appears quite caim but does not seem to realise what she has done.

The defeat of the combination of Redmondites and Unionists which tried to oust Mr. Thomas Condon, M. P., from the position of Alderman in Gloumel is distinctly welcome. Every device was tried to effect his doctat, and the result is that he heads the poll.

Alderman Burka is mayor of Cleven Alderman in Plant is mayor of Cleven Alderman in Resident and the result is that he heads the poll.

a pout. Aldorman Burke is mayor of Olon-

Waterford. Aldorman Smith is mayor of Water-

Monsieur Silvain's Secret

ENGLAND

The Faglish Martyrs

Dec. 1st, was the Feast of the Blessed Richard Whiting, Abbot of Glastonbury, Hugh Farringdon, of Reading, and John Bothe, of Col-Monsteur Silvain, who was a bachor, occupied rooms in the Ruo Vivienno, on the second floor, and below him was his neighbor, Mmo. Everard, the widow of a Colonel. The lady's rooms were generally silent, but one day M. Silvain, as he mounted the stairs, heard the voice of a fine soprano singing "La Normandie." The gentleman rang at the door of tage. His ouriosity was awakened. Mmo. Everard received him.
"I fanov that the unusuel has not escaped y ur notice," said the lady. "The singer is the daughter of an old friend of mine." Then there was an introduction, and M. Silvain paid his respects to a beautiful young woman. By Make E. Pres incanug, and John Beche, of Coloticster, and Companions, in all seven,
who suffered martyrdom in testimony
of the Catholic Faith and Papat
Supromacy in 153th. There was a
solemn truduo in each of the Benedictine
churches in Liverpool. In the year
mentioned three abbots of the Order
of St. Benedict, together with four
other members of the same Order,
suffered martyrdom under Hanry VIII.
King of England, enraged against all
who upheld the Primacy of the Roman
Sec. Richard, Abbot of Ghastonbury,
a man weighed down with yeave, who,
by the splendour of his religious virtues,
had wen the estem of all who know
him, was noted for his charitable
luspitality to pilgrims and his charitable
luspitality to pilgrims and his charitable
luspitality to pilgrims and monget his
community religious discipline that
even the royal omisseries, full of advorse prejudices, were in admiration
at it. Hugh Farringden, Abbot of
Reading, was held in equal esteem on
account of his holy life. He combated
with great learning and energy the
erroneous teaching of the herotics, and
so attached was he to the Pope that
the piously offered up Mass every day
for his welfere, and the suppression of
the English Schism. Lastly John
Beche, known also as Marshall, Abbot
of Colchestor, burning with zeal in deforce of the Faith, dared publicly to
upbraid the King for his impious
divorce from Queen Catherino, and
boldly spoke in defoace of the Church's
rights. These three blessed mon, un
deterred by threats of torture, strennously upheld the Primacy of the Roman
Pontiff, and refused to subscribe the
wicked oath of "Royal Supromacy."
They were apprehended by the king's
officers and confined in the Tower of
London; and whon during their imprisonment the frequent and urgent
attempts usade upon them had failed
to weakon or change their resolution,
they were ordered to leave the city, to
return each to his own monastery, and
there await the King's pleasure. First,
Blessed Richard, condemmed for high
treason, was placed on a hurdle and
dragged to the top

ian. Madame said, "She is a very ad-Madame said, "She is a very adventurous and independent young lady, M. Silvain. When her father died three years ago, leaving her to face the world alone, she adopted music as her profession, and, not being appreciated in her native place, Rouen, came up to Paris—"

"And she will be famous some day," remarked M. Silvain, " and maybe she will find a surer road to happiness through marriage."

be she will find a surer road to happi-ness through marriage."

"If you consider marriage equiva-lent to happiness, M. Silvain, pardon me for asking how it is you are still a bachelor."

bachelor."
"Mademoiselle, I must piead that it is not my fault, but my misfortune. Constantly occupied in my—ahen l—official duties, I have had no leisure

-official duties, I have had no leisure to think of matrimony, but I hope—"
"Your official duties?" the widow interrupted quickly. "Then you have a postunder Government, M. Silvain?"
"I—hm—have occupied my present position for a number of years, Madame. Do not let my presence provent you from finishing that charming song, Madamoiselle."

your you do moterning such containing song, Madomoisello."

"I see that you admire my young friond," said Madame, when the two were chatting aside.

"Sho is adorable! such a union of grace, beauty, and sweetness I have

grace, beauty, and sweetness I have never seen."

"You must be a very acute observer to discover her angelle qualities after being only five minutes in her come, pany. But perhaps you have heard something of her history—though I don't know who can have told you." Its shock his head with a smile. "Renee is the daughter of Raymond Duvilliers of Rouen."

He shook his head with a smile. "Renee is the daughter of Raymond Duvilliers of Raymond Duvilliers of Rouen."

"I have heard of him, Madame."

"You have heard nothing to his credit, I fear," she remarked, shaking her head significantly. "He began life with every advantage, but after squandering his fortune, he retrieved his fortune by a rich marriage, though, of course, he soon rant through half his wife's money. After her father's death, Renee found among L's papers a memorandum concerning a certain M. Mathieu, an ex-dancing master of Paris, whom the Captain had—swindled. Duvilliers had managed to keep on the safe side of the code. Well," she continued, "you may think how shooked his laughter was by the discovery. She never readed till, by means of advertisements in Parisian papers, she had discovered her father's victim and made restitution. She at once refunded the greater part of the money, and under took to pay the rest in annual installments out of the pittance she had left hereelf, which she proposed to increase by teaching."

M. Silvain coughed, and changed his restition abrunty." And she

M. Silvain coughed, and changed his position abruptly. "And this person—Mathieu—how could he ac copt the reparation, knowing that she had reduced herself to poverty in order to—"

order to—"

"He did not know it. The meney was refunded through her lavyer, Maitre Delaunay of Rouen, in her father's name Delaunay was her agent in the matter—solely against his will, as it deprived his son of a fortune, for Renee was engaged to be married to Maurice Delaunay, whom she had known from childhood, but when she insisted on beggaring herrelf, the notary and his wife peremptorily broke off the match."

Her commanion shut, his arm@h-

off the match."

Her companion shut his snuffbox with an indignant snap. "You must have a poor opinion of my eox, Madame, if you think that beauty and goodness such as hers...."

goodness such as hers—
"Eh, my good Sir, you are sadly
behind the times! But, hush," she
broke in, "Rence is coming back."
"It is strange," said Rence, slowly;
"your face seems familiar to me. I
can't think of whom it is you remind
me."

M. Silvain presently took his leave.
When the little gentleman had bowed himself out, Mme. Everard turned to her companion and demanded abruply; "Well, what do you think of my neighbor?"

neighbor?"
"I think he is charming, charming," she replied, with a droll imitation of his manner; "but he is a living anachronism. He ought to have been a functionary of the vieille cour, instead of a clerk under the republic.

instead of a clerk under the ropublic a "In fact, Rence, you have made a conquest. He can't be much over fity. It is the prime of life for a man. He is rich, good natured, and good mannered; occupying, it appears, a responsible post under the Government—let me tell you, Rennie that suca a match is not to be despised by a girl in your position."

R. THURSDAY, DECI
"Perhaps not," she acquiesced mildly, "but as I happen to be already engaged to Maurice Delaunay—"
Did you not tell me that the engagement had been broken off by his people three years age?"

"Yes—but no. by himself. He would have married me in deflance of them, but I told him that I would not be hes wife till—till I had fulfilled my task and cleared my father's name of the stam of dishonor."

"And you think he will wait for you?" her friend questioned, with a opnically compassionate smile.

She answered softly, "I am sure of his fidelity. 'Work, wait, and trust,' that is my motto."

As she crossed the Pont Nouf next day Rence paused for a moment to drop a contribution into the leathern walte of an old wooden-legged fiddler, familiarly known to Parienaus by the soubriquet of Pero Javeux. For moverare than any one cared to count he had haunted the same sheltered corner near the end of the bridge.

Coins of any sort were not very plentiful with Rence.

"My little hady, you have given me a silver piace; did you know?"

"Yes, I have no coppers. Is it not a good one? She asked.
"Quite good, and a new one, too I shall keep it for luck," he replied, and he broke inte the tune of "Mor."

a good one? She asked.

"Quite good, and a new one, too!
I shall keep it for luck," he replied,
and he broke into the tune of " Monsieur et Madama Donis."
Rennie found herself humming the
refrain of the foolish old song as she
went her way. Her heart thrilled
with the longing to see Maurice again;
to hear once more the dear familiar
volee which to her was the sweetest
music the world could give.

"Rennie!"
She paused with a start at the speak-

"Remnio!"
Sho paused with a start at the speakor. It was Maurice himself.

"Rence, don't you knew me?" he
questioned.

"Oh, Maurice, is it really you?"
was all she could find to say. "I
had no idea you were in Paris."

"Nor has any one else," he replied.
"And how has the world been using

u, sweetheart, since we parted

"And how has the world been using you, sweetheart, since we parted a year age?" he went on.

"Fairly well, through, to tell the truth, I find the road to success steeper than I expected.

"Vhy will you not give me the right to help you, Renee?"

"I have put my hand to the plow, and I must not look back," she rejoin ed with a serious smile.

"Is it no hardship that you should be wearing out your youth in toil and poverty to atone for your father's fault?"

Then the sound of a church clock striking the hour made Renee start.

"Twelve o'clock! You have beguiled me into forgetting all my pupils," she exclaimed. "I must go now."

"I intend to spend New Year's Day with you," said Maurice. "Till then, good-bye, sweet love. I leave my heart in your keeping.
"As mine is in yours," she whispered as they parted.
I was the last day of the old year. For the first time on record M. Silvain so far departed from his usual habits as not to leave home till afternoon.

"And he was d'essed like a Prince,

habits as not to leave home till afternoon.

"And he was deessed like a Prince, Madame! a brand-new overcoat with a fur collar, and a hat you could see yourself in. I was to give his compliments and say he would have the honor of waiting upon you at 4 o'clock, when we hoped to find Mile. Renee also at home," said Martha, Mme.

also at home," said Martha, Mmo. Everard's maid.
Meanwhile his fellow-lodger, walking with his most juvonilo stop, crossed the river, along the Boulevard to the Palais Royal, where he entered a floriet's shop and purchased, at a fancy price, a superb bouguet of hothouse roses.

After a stall the part of t

fancy price, a superb bouquet of hothouse roses
After a stroll through the brilliantly lighted arcades of the Palais, he turned toward home, which he reached shortly before 4 o'clock.

"The ladies are in the salon," Marthe told him; "there is a visitor with them, a friend of Mademoiselle, who has just arrived."

"Very good," he answered absently. The old bachelors's checks were flushed, and his heart beat fast as he approached the door of the sitting room. It was partly open, and as he paused, furtively adjusting his collar and cravat, he heard as sound of laughter within—Renee's musical voice mingling with the deeper tones of a man.

On the hearth, opposite to him.

ter within—Renee's musical voice a mininging with the deeper tones of a man.
On the hearth, opposite to him, stood Rance, flushed and radiant, looking up into the handsome bronzed face of a tall, dark eyed young fellow of three or four and twenty, who had imprisoned both her hands in his own, while she was laughingly endeavoring to disengage herself.

"Let me go, Sir; don't you see that Mmo. Everard looks quite sandalized?" she exclaimed, glancing at Mme. Everard, whose face expressed the most unqualified disapproval.

"It is at you, then, not at me!" he declared. "Madame is naturally astonished that you should object to be respectfully saluted by your fance—so!" and suiting the action to the word, he bent and kissed her.

M. Silvain started as if he had been strucky and hastily drawing back, before any one had perceived his presence, turned from the door.

"Make my compliment to the ladies, and say that as they have a visitor I will not introde this ovening," he said, and walked away.

Safely looked in his own rooms, he stood for a moment looking vaguely round, like one waking from a dream, then, becoming conscious of the roses round, like one waking from a dream, then, becoming conscious of the roses in his hand, he thing them from him with a passionate ejaculation, and sitting down at the table, let his head fall on his shoulders and cried like a child.

Them there came a gentle knock at his door and he opened it.

"I am come to scold you, M. Silvain," said Rence, with a sweet smile. "Marthe tells us that you refused to come in because we had a

silvain, said Renee, with a sweet smile. "Marthe tells us that you refused to come in because we had a visitor. Surely you did not think you would be intruding? M. Delaunay wishes to be introduced to you. I ought to tell you," she added shyly, "that we—that we are engaged, though our engagement has not the sanction of his family, and—you are not ill, M. Silvain?"

He shock his head, smiling constrainedly. "No, not ill, only a little low spirited."

"I am very sorry," she said. gently.

low spirited."

"I am very sorry." sho said, gently.

"Wohwe all our troubles—you have yours also, my child, have you not? but you are young, and in youth, 'though sorrow may endure for a night, juy cometh with the morning."

"My 'morning' seems still far off,' sho answered, with a smile and a sigh.

"Thanks for your sympathy, my sweet friend. Good night."

"Until to morrow," she cried.

He watchied her out of sight, then stood for moment on the landing, looking down deep in thought. When he raised his face it had recovered its usual serenity, and wore a look of resolution which gave it a new dignity

"Yes," he muttered, "I will do it; she shall be happy. And as for mewell, I shall be no worse off than I was formerly. Allons!"

Daylight was waning when at last Rence and Maurice turned their faces homeward. Half way across the Pont Nouf, Rence paused with a regretful exclamation.

"I quite forget Pere Joyeux!"

"Who is he?' her companion demanded.
"An old pensioner of mine; a crip

manded.
"An old pensioner of mine; a crip pled fiddler who always plays on the bridge. There he is, on the other side. Let us cross over."
"Nover mind now, Renee; it is getting dark, and beginning to snow again. Give him something to morrow."

orrow."
"But this is Now Yoar's Day, and

"But this is Now Year's Day, and it seems unkind to neglect him when I am so happy. Look, he has seen me—he is looking so wistfully! Stay here, I shall not be a moment."
The toad was slippery with freshfallen snow, and when half way across the girl's foot slipped. She made a vain effort to recover horself, and fell just in the track of the heavy vehicle, which came thundering along, drawn by two powerful horses. The driver, on his high perch, did not perceive what had happened till the bystauders uttered a warning shout, which was selned by a cry of alarm from Maurice, as be hurried to her assistance.

Poro Joyeux, who had been watching her movements, flung his violin saide, and before Maurice could reach the spot, he had senatched her literally

ing her movements, flung his violin saide, and before Maurice could reach the spot, he had snatched her literally from under the horses' hoofs.

"What an escapel" Maurice gasped.
"Are you hurt, Renee?"
"No, no; but where is Pere Joyoux who has saved my life?" she asked, anxiously looking round. Then Renee saw the figure of her old friend structhed insensible upon the asphalt. The next moment a policeman approached, and after a few brief in quiries, which Maurice answered, peremptorily dispersed the lookers on, and bailed a passing carriage, giving the order: "To the Hotel Diou."
"Is he seriously hurt?" asked Renee, when she went to the hospital. "He is dying," was the grave reply.

"He is dying,
"Y u are surprised at the change
in his appearance?" the surgeon remarked in an undertone; "he had
been wearing a false board, and with
out it he looks quite a different man.
It is possible that he—"
"Is she there?" the patient asked

"Is she there?' the patient asked faintly.
"I am M. Silvain to you," he said when they were alone; "but your father know me as Silvain Mathieu."
"What lit was you whom my father wronged?" she faltered.

"What I it was you whom my father wronged?" she faltered.

"Dear child, you have repaired the wrong and left me your debtor," he gently replied. "You know what was formerly my profession? I was a danning master; I met with an accident and became a cripple. I had little money. I lost in a speculation. I had the natural instincts of the vegabond. I became the street musician. I am the Pere Joyoux. Do not look distressed. It was a life just suited to me. I could be a gentleman at times—as M. Silvain. I had not as many friends as Silvain. I had as Pere Joyoux. I loved you as a daughter when you first put manney in my hand. But there is more than that."

Renee kissed the hurt man.

He continued: "The false beard and the wooden log made all the difference to some—but not to you. Yes, kiss me again," and with the ghost of his former gallant manner he raised Renee's hand to his lips. Renee was sobbing. "Hush," he interpreted continued.

obbing.
"Hush," he interrupted gently; "Hush," in interrupted gently;
"what botter fortune can I have that
to save your life and scoure your
happiness? Renee, you will find a
parcel in my dest, directed to yourself.
I restore your gift, dear—as I meant

to have done—if I had lived. There is no obstacle now between you—and—your lever. God bless you both. How dark grows and cold! Do not be sorry for me, dear—I am quite content," he continued, with a tranquil smile.

"Quite centent," he repeated; and with the smile on his lips he died.
On the afternoon of their wedding day, before strating on their journey into Normandy, Rome and Maurice crossed the Pont Neuf once more, to pay a last visit to Pero Joyeux's old

pay a last visit to Pere Joyeux's

pay a fast view to continuit.

"I am glad no one has taken his place," Rence said softly, after a mismont; "it would seem almost like desecration. I fancy I can still hear the sound of his violin!"

Maurice looked down at her ton dorly.

Maurico looked duwn as deferty,
"Yes," she concluded, with a
happy smile: "Sorrow endured for a
night, but joy has come with the
morning!"

Catholic Novelists.

THOM THE NEW YORK EVENING POSTS

The schools of fiction multiply and vary so rapidly that it is hard for an ordinary memory to retain oven their names. A Macaulay might know them backwards, as he did his Archbishops, but such feats are not for the rest of 18. Wo should be duly thankful, accordingly, for an attempt to systematize and clarify our knowledge in this important uphere. For such an attempt we are indebted to a recent publication, "A Round Table of the Representative A morican Uatholic Novelists" (Bonziger Bros.), together with which we receive an article by Mr. Charles J. O'Malley on "The New School of Catholic Fiction," reprinted from the November Catholic Book Nows.

It seems that the American School of Catholic Fiction was "in its infancy" for years ago. "Its first movementa, "asysMr. O'Malley, "were watched with some suspicion." This would be justified, we think, in the case of any new school of fiction. And the worst fears seem to be realized when, it was found that what the new movement appeared to be developing into was a Controversial School. The novels it produced wore animated at that, as we are assured that "there was little of life; there was a great deal of logic." Much logic and little life can hardly combine to make an interesting novel. In fact, Mr. O'Malley admits that the Controversial School was a failure. It had the praisoworthy intention of making converts, but, unluckely, this design "was too evident." We can well believe this. In vain is the centroversial school gave way to the Oatholic Realists. Mr. O'Malley does not seem to us very cloar about the exact order of evolution. He affirms that Cardinal Nowman's "Apologis," discouraged the writers of "stories of conversion," but the "Apologia" was published in the very thin disguise of a novel.

But gradually the Controversial School gave was far as chap, iv, before discovering that what he has in hand is a tract, not a novel. Yet Mr. O'Malley is confident that the new school will, in time, oversome its resent limitations, and be in the future "a giant force." This

SAPE, CEPTAIN, PROBUT, ECONOMO, Those fow adjectives apply with pec liar force to Dr. Thomas' Felkering O —a standard extremal and internal ready, adapted to the relief and cure coughs, sore threat, horseness and affections of the breathing organs, ki noy troubles, exceptations, sores, law noss and physical pain.

SCOTLAND.

The obscaules of Mr. Joseph East who for twenty five years has been connected with the Oarl Rosa Opera

who for twenty-ney years has been connected with the Oarl Rosa Opera Company, were celebrated at the church of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 22ad, after the last Mass. As an evidence of the popularity of the deceased, and a testimony of their regret for his death after a short illness, the entire chorus and several of the principal artists of the company were in attendance. Father Whyte, S.J., having read the funeral service, the company, assisted by full orcheatra, sang several pieces from Rossin's "Stabat Mater." The remains were then conveyed to the Morningside Cemetery, where a touch long seene was witnessed, when the Carl Rosa Company Chorus sang a piece from "Tannhauser," the opera in which Mr. East had made his last appearance, over the grave by his old comrades.

So rapidly does how irritation epread and deepen, that often in a row weeks a simple cough culminated in tubercular consumptions of the consumption of the consumptio