

THE PREDOMINANT IDEA.

(Weekly Freeman, June 2.)

ONE idea predominates over all others in Ireland, and that is the National idea of Self-Government. A quick-witted and high-spirited people will never stand foreign exaltation. Their quick-wittedness tells them it is bad business; their independent spirit feels it to be degrading. This outside domination and the making of laws in which the people have neither heart nor hand, are the cause of all the troubles. There would never be agrarian murder or Kerry moonlighting, and neither would there be any necessity for boycotting or the Plan of Campaign, if the representatives of the people had the making of the people's local laws. Nobody pretends that each separate act in the evolution of any people from slavery to self-government is by itself, and apart from the circumstances of the case, absolutely just, charitable, and righteous. But resistance to the wrong-doer is not less a duty than obedience to the moral law, and when that resistance is necessitated by the first law of nature—self-preservation—it becomes in the highest sense mandatory and moral. Politics, as Edmund Burke said, is but an enlarged morality. Now, the existence, not only of Irishmen as individuals, but of the Irish people as a nation, is involved in the struggle of which the present agitation is a period and a phase, and the Popes themselves, the highest exemplars of morality and right, have resorted, for instance, to a system of boycotting the most extreme against the land-grabbers of their patrimony. The King of Italy in the Quirinal is more effectually boycotted by Pope Leo XIII. in the Vatican at the present time than—to compare small things with great—any Irish land-grabber is banned by his neighbours. We adopt the comparison which Mr. Healy has made in his most forcible speech in the Market Square of Waterford. Common sense is the same all the world over, and the cause of civilisation is as much at stake in Ireland as it was in the States of the Church, and perhaps a great deal more so. Here two peoples are hindered for centuries from progress in the arts of peace, and furtherance of the mission of Christianity and ennobling commerce, by a handful of class robbers who have been aided for a long time by the more powerful nation, and who, when that is more or less withdrawn, are struggling with the desperation of men in the last ditch, not for life, but for the old predominance, or rather with the despair of banditti hunted by the forces of civilisation to their lair, because they know that they are unfitted for, or unwilling, to undertake the sober duties of industrious citizens.

The great meetings of Sunday in Limerick, Waterford, Wexford, and other places are evidence of the spirit of the people. One would think that it should be the policy of the clergy to guide that spirit of the people rather than to hold aloof. We believe that this is the opinion and the judgment of the ecclesiastics best qualified to judge. They are all Irishmen the same as the people, and the sheet anchor of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is the unswerving and devoted patriotism of the priests linked through weal and woe with the people out of whose loins they have sprung. The Bishop of Limerick is blinded to the facts when he writes of "an agitation conducted against our Holy Father the Pope." The whole course of the agitator has been marked by the profoundest respect for the Pope. But, as Mr. Dillon said in Kildare, if Home Rule in Ireland were to mean Rome Rule in Irish politics, no man could ask an Irish Protestant to lift his hand or voice to win it. We say authoritatively and unflinchingly, it would mean nothing of the kind. And if the present logomachy or war of words, were useful for no other purpose, it will be historical and final on this point. Irishmen would die rather than desert their faith at the bidding of England or any other Power. But Irishmen would die, too, rather than desert their country's cause at the bidding of Rome. In establishing this the Rescript or Decree has done a splendid service. And the disunion which it has apparently occasioned is only on the surface and in the corners of the land. Everybody knew Dr. O'Dwyer's views. Everybody knew that he only waited the occasion to strike in. He has done what all men expected he would do. And the meeting—the immense meeting—presided over by the Mayor and Member of Parliament for Limerick in his own cathedral city is the response. He is alone amongst the bishops. He is entitled to his opinions. But the people are equally entitled to theirs on all the political matters that concern them. He has exercised his undoubted privilege. They have exercised their equally indisputable right. The probability is that a day will come when the Bishop of Limerick will be one of the foremost in accepting and hailing the triumph of the popular aspirations. And no accession will be greeted with greater rejoicing, for Dr. O'Dwyer's many pious and sterling characteristics have won him esteem and affection. There is a danger that too much may be made of the little dissension. The enemies of Ireland will try and exaggerate it. They will endeavour to use it against us. But if we examine the matter there is really little or nothing in it. The immediate work of the Plan of Campaign is practically done. The advice of its authors was, if anyone knows anything better to hold the tenants in their homesteads, let them say so: if not, use this with us. The temper and organisation of the people may be relied upon to put down land-grabbing. It is a very suggestive fact that the county in the land which is stained with agrarian crime is Kerry, where that legitimate and open organisation is weakest owing to the opposition of the bishop God grant that episcopal ukases in other parts of the country withdrawing the clergy from participation in the people's movement may not result in similar excesses. The creation of a secret society, abhorred by Church and State, would be a sorry interpretation of a Roman document. But we feel convinced that nothing of the untowardness which would delight the foes of Ireland will occur. Our people are too intelligent, too determined, and too unitedly bent on the one great goal which is the key to peace and prosperity—the goal of a self-governing, self-respecting, justice-doing people. They will neither please the enemies of the Pope by disrespecting his spiritual authority, nor will they please the enemies of Ireland by

permitting any foreign political authority in Ireland. On the cause will go to victory—the triumph of fairplay and justice, and of the right of the Irish people to live on their own land, governed by their own laws, and working in the comity of nations, for the progress of all that goes to make up civilisation, and to promote the peace of God.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Under the above heading the *Doncaster Reporter* of July 6, 1887 publishes the following in its editorial columns:—

Our readers may recall the circumstance of a young clerk, named Arthur Richold, falling insensible on the Wheately Lane in this town some time ago, and being picked up, as he continued perfectly helpless, and taken in a cab by two gentlemen to the office of F. W. Fisher, Esq., the solicitor who employed him. On restoring him to consciousness it was ascertained that he was afflicted with what seemed to be an incurable disease. When he was able to speak he said he had been to his dinner and was on his way back to his work, when suddenly his head was in a whirl, and he fell in the street like a man who is knocked down. On coming to his senses in the solicitor's office, he thought what this might mean, and feared he was going to have a fit of illness, which we all know is a very dreadful thing for a poor man with a family to care for.

With this in his mind he at once sought the best medical advice, telling the doctors how he had been attacked. They questioned him and found that his present malady was exhaustion of the nervous system, resulting from general debility, indigestion, and dyspepsia of a chronic nature. This in turn had been caused by confinement to his desk and grief at the loss of dear friends by death. The coming on of this strange disease, as described by Mr. Richold, must be of interest both to sick and well. He had noticed for several years previously, in fact, that his eyes and face began to have a yellow look, there was a sticky and unpleasant slime on the gums and teeth in the morning; the tongue coated; and the bowels so bound and costive that it induced that most painful and troublesome ailment—the piles. He says there was some pain in the sides and back, and a sense of fullness on the right side, as though the liver was enlarging, which proved to be the terrible fact. The secretions from the kidneys would be scanty and high-coloured, with a kind of gritty or sandy deposit after standing.

These things had troubled Mr. Richold a long time, and after his fall in the street, he clearly perceived that the fit of giddiness was nothing more than the steady and deadly advance of the complaint, which began in indigestion and dyspepsia. His story of how he went from one physician to another in search of a cure, that his wife and little ones might not come to want, is very pathetic and touching. Finally he became too ill to keep his situation and had to give it up. This was a sad calamity. He was appalled to think how he should be able to live. But God raised up friends who helped to keep the wolf from the door. He then went to the seaside at Walton-on-the-Naze, but neither the change, nor the physicians who treated him there, did any good. All being without avail, he visited London, with a sort of vague hope that some advantage might happen to him in the metropolis. This was in October, 1885.

How wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence, which dashes down our highest hopes, and then helps us when we least expect it.

While in London he stated his condition to a friend, who strongly advised him to try a medicine which he called *Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup*, saying it was genuine and honest and often cured when everything else failed. He bought a bottle of a chemist in Pimlico, and began using it according to the directions. He did this without faith or hope, and the public may, therefore, judge of his surprise and pleasure, when, after taking a few doses he felt great relief. He could eat better; his food distressed him less; the symptoms we have named abated; his dark spots that floated before his eyes like smut of soot gradually disappeared, and his strength increased. Before this time his knees would knock together whenever he tried to walk. So encouraged was he now, that he kept on using *Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup*, until it ended in completely curing him.

In speaking of his wonderful recovery, Mr. Richold says it made him think of poor Robinson Crusoe, and his deliverance from captivity on his island in the sea; and added, "But for Mothe Siegel's Curative Syrup, the grass would now be growing over my grave."

Our readers can rest assured of the strict truth of all the statements in this most remarkable case, as Mr. Richold (now residing at Swiss Cottage, Walton-on-the-Naze) belongs to one of the oldest and most respectable families in the beautiful village of Long Melford, Suffolk, and his personal character is attested by so high an authority as the Rev. C. J. Martyn, rector of that parish, besides other excellent names. We have deemed the case of such importance the public as to justify us in giving this short account of it in columns.

The Catholic party has achieved a signal triumph in Rome. The project of raising a monument to the memory of the heretic monk, Giordano Bruno, at the expense of the ratepayer of the city, has been rejected by the Corporation, thanks to the votes of the Catholic councillors. The Freemasons are in high dudgeon over this defeat. The lodges spent no less than 200,000 francs in vain efforts to influence the corporate fathers by organising demonstrations in the streets on behalf of the subsidy. Every possible attempt was made to make the enterprise a success; but Rome—to its honour, be it said—refused to lend itself to a movement, the real object of which was to annoy and exasperate the Vatican.