

Poets' Corner.

OOH! REV. MR. KANE.

(From the Nation.)

["LET us organise among ourselves a Protestant Individual Life Protection Society, and let us be furnished with the best weapons made, and for every Protestant shot in cold blood let there be the priests of the parish in which the murder was committed and the Home Rule members for the county shot also."—*Speech by the Rev. Mr. Kane.*

"There is Healy now crossing the street to the post-office. Show him what you can do—how you can cheer for the Queen."—*Rev. Mr. Kane's address at Omagh.*]

Och, Rev. Mr. Kane, agra, och! Rev. Mr. Kane!

'Tis you that have the grand ideas curvetting through your brain;

'Tis you that have the fine, outspoken, loyal Orange tongue;

'Tis you can fire the "brethren" bold the Ulster hills among;

'Tis you that, *con amore*, would let loose the leaden rain

And drop the Leaguers' clane and nate—och! valorous Mr. Kane!

'Tis you that spake up big and grand, and praise the potent lead—

And potent 'tis, past doubt, agra! in one bould parson's head;

That head, of course, can not be yours—though some folk roundly swear

That you're *non compos mentis*, dear, which means you're not "all there."

But this is jealousy, agra! You're not a whit insane;

You're only—only—what you are—wise, gentle Mr. Kane.

Mavrons! why are you hid away in such outlandish place?

Let Tara old and Slievenamon and Dublin see your face,

And never fear the *righteous* won't let you to Bedlam go;

The County Down's too small for you—you want more room to "grow."

Let an admiring nation but a peep at you obtain;

Don't baulk the millions—don't, agra!—don't, Rev. Mr. Kane!

'Tis said great Barnum's on the way by special from New York,

And that he soon will landed be at our old Cove of Cork,

And sacks of goold he brings with him to tempt you o'er the sea,

To show you in his big museum all through Amerikay:

Och! don't accept the bribe, agra! don't cross the Western main!

Don't lave us to Home Rule or Pope—don't lave us, Mr. Kane!

The words of truth and wisdom great that from your lips outfall

Are manna to the unco' guid, but to Home Rulers gall;

Your only fault is modesty—of this, how'er, you'll mend

Before your glorious mission yet hath seen triumphant end.

You value Orangemen too low; you must compute again:

One Orangeman is worth ten priests—ay, twenty, Mr. Kane.

What folly, Mr. Kane, agra! what folly, Mr. Kane!

Shoot ten M.P.'s and fifty priests for every True Blue slain,

You'd shoot too few! Too cheap you hold the lives of men so good;

Each single hair of yours is worth Parnell and all his brood!

But patience till in College-green the ungodly rule again,

Then, whoo! yer sowl, for dynamite! God speed ye, Mr. Kane!

JOHN HAND.

Liverpool.

AN ORANGE MANIFESTO.

THE following letter has been addressed by Lord Rossmore to the English people. It has found insertion in almost every English newspaper:—

Sir,—As Grand Master of the Orangemen of the county Monaghan, I consider it is my duty to call the attention of the people of England to the very serious state of affairs which at present prevails in the province of Ulster.

I have the very best opportunity of knowing that the good temper and remarkable self-restraint which the Orange body have up to this exhibited cannot be reckoned upon in the future.

It has not been without some impatience that they have submitted to the control of their leaders for so far; and at the Rosslea meeting on Tuesday last the throwing of a few stones at the rear of our procession made it most difficult for myself and others who were with me to prevent the storming of the hill on which the Parnellite meeting was being held. But for strenuous efforts it would have been carried at a run in spite of the presence of the military and the police, and the consequences would have been simply frightful.

As the head of the Orange organisation in this county—an organisation which includes none but loyal men amongst its members—I would ask how long the Government will allow this terrible state of things to continue? Must we wait until blood has been shed, and civil war has broken out, before an end is put to meetings which stir the blood of Ulstermen, and which, whatever the pretence may be, are simply disloyal from beginning to end.

If the Parnellite party were not certain of police protection they would not dare to hold a single meeting within the bounds of our loyal province. I appeal to the spirit of Englishmen to consider this matter, and I call upon them to put a stop to a state of affairs which is a scandal to a civilised country. I have now cleared my own conscience in this matter, and the onus of what is certain to occur—unless immediate steps be taken to obviate it—must fall upon the shoulders of those who are responsible for the peace of the country.—I am, sir, yours faithfully.

ROSSMORE,

Grand Master of the L. O. I., Co. Monaghan.

Rossmore Park, Monaghan, October, 1883.

THE following letter has been addressed to the *Times*:—

Sir,—Will you allow the people of England to read, in conjunction with the letter you publish to-day from Lord Rossmore, the

following incendiary placard, copies of which were extensively posted throughout Monaghan?—

"Orangemen of Monaghan—The late 'Invincibles' and Land Leaguers are afraid to enter Monaghan, but they have flooded our county with proclamations asking your attendance at Rosslea on the 16th to hear their treasonable speeches. Attend, then, with Sir John Leslie, Colonel Lloyd, and myself, to assist our Fermanagh brethren in supporting their rights and oppose the rebels to the utmost, thereby showing them that Orangemen are, as heretofore loyal to England. They declare you as ready to obey them as their dupes of the South; but we will show them, as did the Tyrone men, that they are liars and slanderers. Boycott and Emergency men to the front, and down with Parnell and the rebellion! God save the Queen!

(Signed) ROSSMORE G. M. Monaghan."

Having been allowed to publish and circulate a document of this kind, Lord Rossmore calmly asks: "How long will the Government allow this state of things to go on?" And having nearly brought about a conflict between his Protestant and Catholic countrymen, his conscience suddenly pricks him, and he flies to you, sir, for comfort and absolution.

No wonder the Orangemen of Rosalea were with difficulty restrained. They deserve full credit for their self-control; as do those peers and members of Parliament deserve full blame who, for the sake of the fortunes of the English Conservative party, have not shrunk from a wicked attempt to stir up in Ireland the well-nigh extinguished fires of religious hate.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

October 22.

EDWARD SHEIL, M.P. Co. Meath.

GRACE O'MALLEY.

Granna or Grace O'Malley, is the most celebrated person in the history of Mayo. Her patriotism and deeds are spoken of by a thousand hearth-stones, and the people love and reverence the name of this brave and heroic woman. She was the daughter of O'Malley, chief of the Isles of Arran on the coast of Mayo. She lived in the time when the brave Ulster Chiefs, O'Neill and O'Donnell were struggling for national independence against the English Queen Elizabeth, and Essex her deputy in Ireland. Grace's first husband was Donnell O'Flaherty. He was master of several galleys on the sea, and his wife always accompanied him in his excursions against the English. After his death she assumed command of all his ships and castles and continued the war. Her second husband was Richard Burke, "a warlike and rebellious man," as the "Four Masters" describe him. He had good opportunity for indulging his propensity for war after his marriage with Lady Grace. Many an inroad they made on their enemies, and great was the spoil they wrested from the English robbers. In 1575, Sir Henry Sidney after putting to the sword in Ulster all who were found in arms against Elizabeth, marched into Connaught to subdue Grace O'Malley. Her husband, Burke, deeming himself unable to cope with the large force under Sidney's command, accepted terms of submission offered by the Deputy, but Grace scornfully refused to submit, gathered her men together, marched to her castle of Carrig-a-hooley, near Newport, and awaited the onset of Sidney. When called upon to surrender, she replied with a discharge of grape and a loud shout of defiance. A fierce combat ensued. The English were driven back from the walls. Taking advantage of the confusion Grace opened the gates, sallied out at the head of her men and cut most of the enemy to pieces, so that few of them were left to carry the news to their commander, Sidney. After the war she engaged in commerce, and traded between Spain and Ireland. The remains of several of her castles are still shown in Mayo, and old people relate with pride how she defeated the English at Carrig-a-hooley.—*Irish World.*

THE BISHOP ELECT OF BALLARAT.

(The Advocate, Dec. 8.)

THE honour was unlooked for, and very likely was undesired, but, nevertheless, it is an honour to Monsignor Moore that he has been selected to succeed the late Bishop of Ballarat of happy memory. For two reasons a special distinction attaches to the preferment, the first being that Dr. Moore has been chosen to succeed an ecclesiastic who was eminent for his piety, his learning, and administrative abilities; the second that the Ballarat diocese being young and large, the choice of the Holy See would not have fallen on any priest of whom it was not well known that he possessed the highest qualifications for an office so exalted and arduous. Monsignor Moore has, it may be said, been trained for the episcopacy. Without all the cares of that high office, he has had for some time to perform many of its duties, and these were of the most arduous nature. Almost all his years in the sanctuary have been spent in Ballarat, and the position that city has attained as an important episcopal seat, and the centre of a widely-extending Catholic population, is very largely due to the zeal, energy, and sagacity of its Bishop Elect. If in grave affairs of this kind eminent personal services were recognised as establishing a right to succession, then we might have safely predicted on whom the choice of the Sacred College would have fallen. But as there is always uncertainty in matters of this kind, we rejoice all the more heartily with the Catholics of Ballarat that the long-established and sacred tie existing between them and Monsignor Moore has now been confirmed to his honour and their advantage. That bond is now even more sacred and stronger than it was, and that the widowed diocese has been so well provided for will be extremely gratifying to all Australian Catholics. His Grace the Archbishop had not, on Wednesday evening, received any official intelligence of the appointment of Monsignor Moore, but there are reasons apart from the Press announcement for not doubting that the right rev. gentlemen is now the Bishop Elect of Ballarat, and therefore we very heartily unite our congratulations to those which have been already presented to his lordship.