

# Dublin Notes.

(From Contemporaries.)

We find the following testimony from Rev Thomas Morgan, Presbyterian minister of Rosrevor, County Down:—"Though the Catholics are 90 per cent of the population, I have never, during the long period of forty-four years spent in the ministry of the Presbyterian congregation at Rosrevor, received the slightest insult from a single one of them, nor anything but the greatest goodwill, friendship and respect."

The first important meeting outside Dublin for the preservation of the Irish language as a spoken tongue, under the auspices of the Gaelic League, was that held at Galway, Most Rev Dr M'Cormack taking the chair. The Rev Professor O'Growney said that the great principle of the Gaelic League was their appeal to the people, knowing that tens of thousands had always been most anxious to learn to read and speak the native tongue. They had never had any doubt of the success of their appeal, but the meeting of that night in Galway would give immense encouragement to those working for the preservation of the Irish language as a living tongue. The Gaelic League had arranged with all the booksellers in Galway to procure any Irish books or papers that might be wanted, and anyone wishing for or unable to procure Irish books should communicate with the Central Branch, 4 College Green, Dublin. After paying a tribute to the devotion of many national teachers to the old tongue, he added that a great number of teachers could now easily procure certificates for teaching Irish, and thus make a handsome addition to their salaries, while at the same time doing a patriotic work. The Gaelic League would be happy to advise and assist in every possible way such teachers. The Most Rev Dr M'Cormack, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, told several stories about the hardships of those who in the past, knew nothing but Irish, and who, in consequence, were boycotted by the anti-Irish taskmaster.

We direct attention to an advertisement appearing at the foot of our military correspondent's notes. It comes all the way from the camp at Rajpur, in India, where the *Weekly Freeman* solaces the lives of soldiers during their exile from home and friends. This advertisement is the effort of a comrade to find out the relatives of an Irish soldier who had made himself beloved by every man in the battery of artillery with which he served. But there is much more to be learned than this. The private letter accompanying the inquiry for certain persons gives us the reason that influences our correspondent. He had been stricken down with cholera and was watched by his Irish comrade (Hogan), who refused to leave him, and the faithful and devoted fellow caught the disease and died within twenty-four hours. A feeling of gratitude no doubt actuates the surviving comrade in his endeavour to discover the relatives of the man to whom he owes his life, and we trust that some of our readers may be instrumental in aiding him in his object.

A meeting of the Glasgow Gaelic Society last week, ending Feb 3, was favoured by a lecture from the Professor of Gaelic in Maynooth College, Rev Father O'Growney. A crowded attendance of the members and friends assembled to hear what proved a learned and most interesting discourse on "Scotland and Irish Gaelic." Father O'Growney held and the meeting concurred—(1) That the student of early Scottish history, archaeology, music, manners, and customs must look to Irish history for a firm foundation for his studies; (2) that if we study the Christian and more recent periods in Scotland we cannot ignore the corresponding periods in Irish history with their similar characteristics; (3) that Ireland and Scotland had for many centuries one common Gaelic tongue, and that the modern formation of that old tongue must be studied in the light of the older language; (4) that the older Gaelic literature, now for the most part preserved in Irish MSS., is to a great extent a common inheritance of the Gaelic-speaking people of Ireland and Scotland, and that as it enshrines in most fitting language the thoughts and aspirations of our ancestors, it merits at our hands our most careful study and appreciation. Father O'Growney's lecture, it may be added, has formed another factor in cementing the union of hearts among the people of Scotland and Ireland.

The greatest difficulty has been experienced in obtaining information respecting the Allan Liner *Corean*, which put into Killybegs harbour on Friday, February 2, in a disabled condition. Some important particulars have been, however, obtained, from which it would appear that the vessel had a narrow escape from complete shipwreck off our coast on Thursday night and early on Friday. The crew are mostly German, and the rest are from Glasgow and Donegal, who had joined the ship at Glasgow. The passengers are men, women, and children, and most of them appear to be very poor. They had taken passage in the *Corean*, which sailed from Glasgow for New York about nine days ago, and would by this, being a ten-day boat, have reached her destination but for the late severe weather she encountered when five days on her voyage, being then about six hundred miles west of the Irish coast. Despite all efforts she drifted

before the gale on the Irish coast, and her position was extremely critical on Thursday, when showing distress signals to the coastguards at Seafield, on the Malbay coast, below Milntown. From the stress of weather in a terrible sea some of her boats were taken away, and the cargo, which was a general one, shifted, and this caused the ship to list to the port side, and a large quantity of water got into the stokehole. Her pumps, rendered defective, were worked by the crew, and a good deal of panic set in among the passengers, some of whom helped at the pumps. The alarm had reached its utmost when it was found that her fires had been quenched by the water, and the coastguards signalled to keep off the coast, as there was no possible chance of escape for the vessel on the west coast of Clare, and to make for the Shannon if possible. The pumps were again taken to with superhuman efforts, and in this way the safe anchorage of the Scatterry Roadsteads was reached on Friday.

His Grace the Most Rev Dr Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, arrived in Westport quite unexpectedly on Monday evening, February 5, accompanied by Mr William O'Brien, M.P., to whose beautiful residence, Mallow Cottage, they both drove. Great disappointment was felt that the Archbishop of Cashel's visit to the West was not known beforehand. As soon as it was learned that his Grace had arrived at Mallow Cottage the greatest excitement prevailed in town, and it was immediately decided to testify the feelings of veneration that are entertained for his Grace's name and fame in Westport. A meeting of the leading townspeople was at once held, and a deputation went down to Mr O'Brien, M.P., to request the Archbishop to give the priests and the people of Westport an opportunity of presenting an address of welcome. The deputation were informed that his Grace's visit was entirely a private one, but that the request of the townspeople would be communicated to him. To-day the Rev Bernard MacDermott, Adm, received the following letter in reply:—"Mallow Cottage, Westport, County Mayo, February 6, 1894.—My Dear Father MacDermott and Friends—I am given to understand by our mutual friend, Mr William O'Brien, that the priests and people of Westport are desirous of publicly welcoming me to their neighbourhood and presenting me with an address. For this gratifying proof of their good wishes and esteem I feel deeply grateful, and only regret that, for reasons which it is needless to specify, I am constrained to forego the contemplated honour. I am here on a strictly private visit to Mr O'Brien, and I shall content myself with thanking you, as I sincerely do, for the high compliment that you meant to pay me, and remain, my dear Father MacDermott and friends, yours very faithfully,—T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel. The Rev B. MacDermott, Adm, the Presbytery, Westport."

The brilliant and most successful conversazione held on Feb 6, in St Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, may be fairly called the secular side of the celebration of the golden jubilee of Mrs Margison, Superioress-General of the Sisters of Charity. To the singular success of the festivities there is no doubt the popularity of the great hospital in charge of the good Sisters and of its staff of medical attendants in a large degree contributed. The whole institution was *en fete* for the occasion. The spacious rooms and interminable halls and passages were all exquisitely decorated with flowers and thronged even to overflowing with delighted visitors. Never was there such a crowd. It is no exaggeration to say that every square foot sustained its man or woman as the case might be. All the world and his wife and sons and daughters and relatives to the tenth degree appeared to be there. The living stream moved slowly through the long halls, overflowed into the spacious rooms, and filled them with interested and interesting visitors. With all the throng, so admirable were the arrangements, there was nothing of pressure or confusion. The assembly was like a score of "at homes" rolled into one. Old friends met and interchanged greetings at every corner. There was the cheerful murmur of pleasant chit-chat and subdued peals of laughter from one to another of the many places of entertainment provided within the spacious precincts of the institution. The question of which room was most popular with the visitors is, perhaps, hard to settle, but the palm must, perhaps, be awarded to the room where Dr M'Arde, Dr M'Hugh and others made science, stripped of pedantry and hard names, exert itself most successfully for the general amusement. There were there microscopes and a multitude of other scopes, whose final syllable only it is possible for the lay memory to retain. But most popular of all was the table on which were piled the complicated cords and the innumerable receivers of a telephone in direct communication with a concert in Belfast. It was only necessary to place two of these receivers to one's ears and one was transported to the Northern capital, over a hundred miles away—so far at least as the sense of hearing was concerned. Here was, indeed, annihilating space with a vengeance. Everyone knows, of course, that these things can be done, and are done. They have grown almost commonplace to hear about. But it was quite a different thing to actively participate in the scientific miracle. A concert of the first class was given in another room. The demonstration theatre of the hospital scarcely knew itself, filled to overflowing as it was with a gaily-dressed crowd that shook and shouted with