

## Dublin Notes.

(From contemporaries.)

On the Feast of Corpus Christi his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant arrived in Thurles from Mount Melleray at 1.42, and witnessed the procession from the steps of the cathedral. The Archbishop of Cashel presided at the Mass, and bore the Blessed Sacrament in the procession through the college grounds, which, dressed in their festive bunting, and freshened by the morning's rain, were looking more than usually beautiful. The Vice-regal party were shown over the cathedral and college by the Very Rev Canon Arthur Ryan, and when the cathedral ceremonies were over visited his Grace the Most Rev Dr Croke, who received them most cordially, and gave them luncheon. His Excellency and party left by the 3.4 train on their way, to which they were respectfully greeted by the crowds that had come into town to take part in the procession.

Among the lovers of freedom worthy of mention is the founder of the Fenian movement, John O'Mahony, born in County Cork in 1816. His father had been a United Irishman, and from him, doubtless, the young man first imbibed his love of liberty. John O'Mahony was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself by scholarly attainments, and was an accomplished Irish scholar. He joined the Repeal movement in 1843, and in 1848 was associated with William Smith O'Brien, after whose failure he went to France, and subsequently to America, where he met with and became the friend of Mitchell. While in New York he turned his Gaelic scholarship to account by translating Keating's History of Ireland, with notes from O'Donovan's Annals of the Four Masters. His whole heart was in the one fixed longing for "freedom for Ireland." On the failure of the Fenian movement he devoted his entire time to literature, but fell into great poverty, which he hid from all. He died in 1877 at New York, and his remains were brought over to Ireland.

At the weekly meeting of the Athlone Board of Guardians on June 15, a communication was read from the Local Government Board respecting the appointment of nuns as trained nurses in the hospital attached to the union workhouse. Recently an inquiry was held here respecting the management of the hospitals, and the Local Government Board, amongst other things, recommended the appointment of a qualified trained nurse. The Guardians, at a former meeting, decided, by a majority, to appoint Sister de Sales O'Connell, of the Convent of Mercy, Moate, but the Local Government Board refused to sanction the appointment, and threatened, in the event of the Guardians not carrying out their directions to dissolve the Board. Sister de Sales, though she has not a certificate as a qualified nurse, has had considerable experience in that capacity, and the action of the Local Government Board in withholding their sanction has created very unfavourable comment. In the course of the protracted discussion which took place at the weekly meeting, the chairman, Mr A. Moone, read the following telegram from the Lord Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise: "I will take Sisters from hospital if a lay nurse be appointed. The Sisters are already trained, and a certificate was not amongst the requirements of either Board (the Guardians or the Local Government Board) when the Sisters were appointed. Give them entire control to nurse or say 'Go.' Use this.—BISHOP." The Board decided to adhere to the appointment made, and refused to appoint a lay nurse.

County Court Judge Shaw, whose jurisdiction is the Kingdom of Kerry, was presented with white gloves on June 8 at Killarney Quarter Sessions. He was also presented with white gloves three months ago. This, of course, means that there were no criminal cases to go before the Grand Jury, all of whom had, therefore, the pleasure of going back immediately to their business. The testimony to the peaceable character of the district is unimpeachable, for we all know that if there was a case to be had in the whole district of Killarney it would have been heard of. When the present Government decided to put the pen through the application of the Crimes Act to any part of Ireland there was an indignant protest raised from the Tory benches in the House of Commons, and it was prophesied what would happen when the coercive powers of the police were withdrawn. It was also said that peace in every disturbed part of Ireland (Kerry, of course, included) was secured through the instrumentality of the Crimes Act, and that without this powerful aid order could not be kept. The presentation of white gloves to the County Court Judge of Kerry twice in immediate succession, proves the accuracy of the judgment formed on advice by the present Chief Secretary, Mr Morley, when he made up his mind to cancel the Crimes Act. For three years now that hateful and obnoxious statute has been practically a dead letter, and we see that the result has been to prove that as coercion is less and less resorted to peace grows more and more profound, until at present there is no crime whatever in Ireland, except such as may be found among the thieves, burglars, and pickpockets that are to be found in and around the commercial centres.

An interesting and suggestive correspondence has just passed between Mr Jerome Boyce, J.P., of Donegal, and Mr Justin M'Carthy, M.P., on a subject that must be dear to the hearts of all Irishmen: Mr Boyce has in his time rendered signal service to the cause of Ireland, and he at present acts as Federation County Delegate for the land of Tyrconnell. Mr Boyce, it seems, has lately been reading the beautiful translation from the Irish of the "Life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell," by Rev Dr Murphy, S.J., and it has occurred to him that the story therein embodied would, if woven into dramatic form, become, as he puts it, "one of the most popular and spirit-stirring dramas ever written on any Irish subject." He, therefore, ventures to suggest that Mr M'Carthy might be able among the circles of literary men by whom he is surrounded to find "some sympathetic hand capable of doing justice to the subject." Needless to remark, Mr M'Carthy gives sympathetic replies. "I have long" he says, "thought the career of Hugh Roe O'Donnell one of the most brilliant and fascinating in Irish history;" and he adds:—"That there are dramatic possibilities in such a thrilling story of heroic devotion and patriotic enterprise must, I think, be self-evident." But, while granting that, and promising to talk over the suggestion with his friends, he feels "greatly afraid that, for the present, at least, the creation of historical drama is a lost art." Now, Mr Boyce is not by any means the first to formulate the idea that the splendid scenes of dauntless and undaunted Hugh's life might with great advantage be transferred to the stage, nor is Mr M'Carthy the first to discover or to declare the creation of historical drama to be an art that has been lost. It seems strange, indeed, that while fairly admirable, though sometimes not historically truthful, works like Teanyson's "Becket," or, to come to a much lower ground, so well known a drama as the late W. G. Wills' "A Royal Divorce," are well in favour with all classes of people, there should not be among playwrights a desire to realise for us in some degree a few of the great episodes that light up the pages of Irish history. It is said that Mr Wills, himself, an Irishman, completed a glorious work in which Robert Emmet is the central figure, and that it lies pigeon-holed by Sir Henry Irving awaiting the passage of stern political conflict for its due presentation to the public. Sir Henry is even credited with a strong desire to "create" the character of Emmet—a character, we should say, that must exercise a wonderful influence on the mind of an artist whose keynote is so distinctive.

### A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

(By K. THARINE TYNAN HINSON, in the *Ave Maria*.)

And now Miss Somers was dead, and Mary returned forlornly to Killeeney. She had an idea that, since her mistress was gone and the cottage in the hands of strangers, there was no homelike place in all the world except the valley of her childhood. Miss Somers had left her comfortably provided for; and in her bosom—which contained a few locks of hair, the relics of her dead—she had a cheque on a London bank for a considerable sum, as well as the notes and coins in her old purse. She came back steerage as she had gone. It never occurred to her to travel any other way; and her fellow passengers, jubilantly going home, had no idea of the prosperity of the poor, old woman who sat in a dazed way on a campstool all day, looking in a forlorn way out to sea. One or two motherly dames thought her scarcely fit to be travelling alone; but their advances were received in so absent-minded a way that they were discouraged and tried no more; only hoping "the creature will have some one to see her when she lands."

The big boat swept past Queenstown in a burricane, and landed no passengers. Mary saw the coast of Ireland far in the distance, and felt a return of fear in her heart; but she was not well, and on this voyage had been feeling herself very old and weak. It was very late at night when they got into the Liverpool docks. Mary landed with the rest of the passengers in the darkness. She had a confused idea of asking some of them to see her to a hotel; but one little family party and another hustled by her, and she had not the enterprise to ask. She trudged through the docks in the direction she had seen them taking. There would be vehicles at the dock gates, and she would be driven to a respectable lodging for the night. Then her head began to swim worse than ever, and she stopped to rest. She felt the dock floor going up and down beneath her more dizzily than the big ship, the noise of whose screws was throbbing in her ear. She leaned against the wall, and beat the air with her hands. Then she dropped down, and lay motionless under the thick mist of rain.

She awoke to find a small, anxious-looking boy holding a flickering match to her face.

"Get up, m'am!" he was saying. "Sure what are you doing lying out in the docks a night like this? If I hadn't fallen over your bundle, I'd go bail you'd be a dead woman in the morning."

Mary tried to get up and found she was very stiff. The boy assisted her with curious, old-fashioned good manners. When she sat up she told him as well as she could what had happened to her.

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