

Dublin Notes.

(From our exchanges.)

FATHER McMAHON, a wealthy Irish-American clergyman, who recently endowed a chair in the Catholic University, Washington, has donated £3000 to build an *Aula Maxima* in Maynooth College. The building has already been commenced. Father McMahon has retired from active missionary work, and resides in the University which he has so generously endowed.

Mr Henry Matthews, the Orange Catholic Home Secretary, takes a special delight in dwelling on the attitude of Orangemen towards Home Rule and the dangers of Catholic ascendancy. This was the theme of a speech he delivered the other day at Worcester. There is a beautiful flexibility about Mr Matthews' principles which never allows them to clash with his interests.

The controversy on the Irish Education Bill between Archbishop Walsh and Mr T. W. Russell is prolonged by an article this month from Mr Russell in reply to one from his Grace in the April number of the *Contemporary Review*. There is not much to choose between Mr Russell as an educationalist and Mr Russell as a politician. His views are peculiar. Mr Russell pretends to be in extreme anxiety lest denominational education be established in Ireland. He shudders for the future of Protestantism, if such a calamity should occur. The faith of Protestant children attending mixed schools would, he fears, be undermined, and perhaps the whole educational system of the country fall into the hands of Archbishop Walsh. The Member for Tyrone would have Model Schools, which are practically endowed Protestant denominational schools, existing as they are now. To extend any denominational privileges to Catholics Mr Russell thinks only less detrimental in its consequences than the granting of Home Rule.

We have considerable respect for the Duke of Norfolk as a Catholic, but we do think that if he has a sense of shame he ought to feel ashamed of the political support he is giving to the hereditary enemies of the Catholic religion, the Ulster Orangemen. On Wednesday evening, May 18, his Grace moved a vote of thanks to Lord Salisbury for another vile, anti-Irish, and anti-Catholic address which he delivered at Hastings. In this speech Lord Salisbury, so far from withdrawing his recent remarks about Catholics, emphasised them, and specially singled out Archbishop Walsh and the Irish clergy for abuse and sneers. How Catholic a proceeding it is to thank him for this attack on Catholics. The Duke of Norfolk also betrays his love for the Orange parsons by signing a circular begging for £10,000, so that sixty of them—the *creme de la creme* of the bigots—may be enabled to address English and Scottish constituencies during the general election. They will repay his Grace's kindness and generosity by assailing, reviling, and misrepresenting his religion in every town and hamlet throughout the country. His Grace is, no doubt, anxious to provide work for the Catholic Truth Society.

Sir Richard Quain, one of London society's most cherished institutions, was feted at the Garrick Club on May 8, by a select clique, comprising Henry Irving, David Plunket, John L. Toole, Sir Charles Russell, and other leading theatrical patrons and big-wigs. They presented him also with a couple of handsome silver bowls. London society has done about all it can for this wonderful old man, who commenced life as shop-boy to a small apothecary in the town of Mallow, County Cork. To this day Sir Richard Quain prescribes for and attends gratuitously all patients coming from the County Cork. He lives in the very best society, and is a welcome guest at country houses among such personages as the Duke of Devonshire, the Duchess of Manchester, Baron Hirsch, Leo Rothschild and their friends. Just as American eccentricities and the American accent are accepted in society as a delightful "change," so the broad Irish peasant's brogue invariably spoken by Lord Morris and by Sir Richard Quain is their strongest point. Sir Richard is noted for his fondness for prescribing alcohol. That practice prevented his being elected president of the College of Physicians a while back, when a wave of teetotal enthusiasm put in Sir Andrew Clarke in his stead. Sir Richard Quain, contrary to the proverbial rule, consumes his own prescriptions. He makes no affectation of being a scientific doctor in the modern sense, but his insight into cases and power of diagnosis are truly marvellous. He does not believe in the modern plan of trusting largely to diet and regimen—rather in "heroic" doses of potent drugs. The Right Hon David Plunket is his dearest friend. He has a large family, and knows enough secrets about other people's families to scorch half Belgravia and Mayfair.

Canon Brosnan publishes in the Irish papers the following letter from the new Archbishop of Westminster:—"Archbishop's house, Westminster, S.W., April 27, 1892. Dear Canon Brosnan,—Many thanks for your kind words and good wishes, which are a great consolation and help to me in the new responsibilities of this diocese. I shall be glad to do what I can for you, in the meantime I send you my hearty blessing, and to all your good works, and hope you will be able to finish them according to your heart's desire. With every

best wish, I am yours very truly, † HERBERT, Archbishop-elect of Westminster." The friends of the O'Connell Memorial church (writes Canon Brosnan), the friends of Ireland, will, I am sure, be glad to see this warm-hearted letter of the new Archbishop of Westminster. It is, indeed, an auspicious letter—a pronouncement full of hope and encouragement. The heart of the great Cardinal Manning always beat warmly for Ireland, and from the very beginning his Eminence declared heart and soul for the Memorial Church. In the presence of the assembled venerable bishops of England he declared to me that he would stick to it; and he did. He stuck to it unflinchingly to the end. Only a short time before his death he renewed his most generous subscription. He was ever proud of its progress; many a time did he bless it; many a time did he wish it complete success, and never lost an opportunity of recommending it to his friends and to the world. Is it not, then, a happy augury—a matter of hearty congratulation—that his Eminence's immediate successor, by the first act of his new reign, has so warmly taken up the cause? On its behalf, on behalf of Ireland and of the Irish race, on behalf of the sacred cause of religious freedom won by O'Connell, I most humbly and respectfully thank Dr Vaughan; and may I not add that, as the mantle of Cardinal Manning has fallen on his Grace, so may we fondly cherish the hope that his Eminence's fatherly care, his affectionate and unwearied concern for the welfare and happiness of his numerous Irish children and for poor Ireland, will form an ennobling feature in his Grace's future life and labours.

M. L. Nemours Goudre, editor-in-chief of the *Paris Univers*, who worthily fills the chair left vacant by that staunch Catholic and patriotic Frenchman, Louis Veuillot, has placed his pen and his paper at the service of Father Brosnan and in a stirring article in that able journal says:—"Of all the monuments that the gratitude of Ireland has erected or will erect to the memory of the Liberator none seems better adapted than the edifice undertaken by Canon Brosnan. It was for the religious emancipation of his brethren that O'Connell fought such hard fights. He triumphed; he set at liberty the Irish Catholics and with them the Catholics of England and Scotland; besides he taught the Catholics of the whole world that eloquence and courage in the service of justice and truth can triumph over the greatest wrongs. It was the Liberator of Ireland who stood on the threshold of this century as the champion of religious liberty, and who still shows to Catholic France, discredited by the Revolution, how victories of courage and faith are gained. We are sure that if Canon Brosnan obtains the authority of any French bishop to preach a sermon in favour of his work, he will witness again an immense audience, eager, like that which listened but a year ago to the Rev Père Olivier. Notwithstanding their trouble and sorrows, the Catholics of France consider it an honour to contribute their mite to praise the Catholic Liberator and to show a fresh proof of their affection for the sister nation which, during the disaster of 1870, not content with having given the blood of her sons, in a few weeks raised from her poverty the royal sum of a million francs for our wounded."

N A N H A G G A R T Y.

(Concluded)

The child was too happy to be timid. Besides, were not the angels there, and the Divine Presence, and had not Father Tom blessed every room in the house, and the staircase too. It did not even occur to her that the figure was a ghost or a goblin.

"I must go down and ask the poor woman to come in. She must not be out in the snow on Christmas night!" thought Blanche. "I shall never be like mother unless I am brave. I must go—I must."

She ran her little feet into soft slippers, and found her dressing-gown of the blue forget-me-nots, and got her arms into its sleeves, and pulled her long bright hair from under the collar, and flung it loose. One button, two buttons, three buttons—and the belt. Now she was quite ready. Which was the door? How she hoped Pinkie would not wake. Softly she stole out. The landing was very cold and dark. Oh, what would happen if she fell downstairs?

No; here was the top step—the top of the back staircase; and that staircase was narrow and steep. It took her a long time to get down to the back hall, and she was terribly afraid the poor old woman would be gone.

She looked into the kitchen. There was a turf fire still burning. The window had bars instead of shutters. The child saw a face outside. She almost screamed, but in a moment she understood it was only the face of the poor wanderer looking in at the firelight. She ran to the door, unbolted it, looked out, and saw what anyone having only a moment to observe, would have believed to be a white face appearing in the night, for the blue cloak around the figure was merged in the darkness.

"Come in," said Blanche, with that gentle courtesy which she had been taught to use towards her poorer neighbours. "Do come in, please; there is a nice fire here."

In warm-hearted, unintelligible Celtic the old woman poured out her blessings on the child, and certainly if the beggar woman had been mistaken for a ghost, the fair child, robed in the blue of the