

## Dublin Notes.

(From our exchanges.)

FROM a reliable source we learn that it is the intention of the "Unionists" to contest the 33 Ulster seats at the general election, together with 44 seats in the other three provinces—77 in all. Thirty Ulster candidates have up to the present been selected, and at the coming Ulster Convention the other three will be formally announced. The 44 other candidates, seven of whom have been selected, will stand chiefly in the southern and western constituencies, and, of course, in those particular constituencies in which division in the national ranks offers a prospect of success. The electoral arrangements are being rapidly completed in order that a definite announcement in connection with the matter may be made at the Belfast Convention.

Already the gentlemen seeking Parliamentary honours at the approaching general election are announcing the sacrifices they are ready and willing to undergo and the benefits that will "certainly" accrue to their proposed constituencies should the latter but favour them with the distinction sought. Statistics recently compiled and issued enumerate those professional patriots, and also give their politics and occupation as follows:—They are 1056 in number, and out of the 520 Unionists 91 are lawyers, while out of 536 Home Rule candidates, 142 are lawyers. The disparity between the landlords among the Home Rulers and Unionists is sufficiently marked, the former having 118 and the latter only 43. Of the journalist candidates 13 are Unionists and 29 Home Rulers. Brewers and distillers—17 Home Rulers and 11 Unionists. Naval officers—4 Unionists, 0 Home Rulers. Medical profession—3 Unionists, 13 Home Rulers. Teachers—4 Unionists, 11 Home Rulers. There are 31 labour candidates, of whom one is a Conservative, and it is by no means unlikely that the elements within this number, or some of them, will unite in opposing either the Gladstonian or the Unionist candidates.

Mr O'Leary, a colleague of Mr James Stephens in the Fenian conspiracy of 1867, speaking on May 13, on the occasion of the presentation to the latter of a house at Luton, near Dublin, said the time, perhaps, had not yet come to say what Fenianism did for Ireland. It might fairly be said that it brought back hope and resolution to a country that had lost both, after the failure of the tenant right movement and the abandonment of the national cause by the Sadliers and the Keoghs of the time. It might be said that they failed to attain their main object, but the same thing might be said of the men of 1848 and 1798, and going back further, of Sarsfield, Owen Roe, and Hugh O'Neill. When they came to the constitutional movement the same story was to be told. Grattan, in a sense, achieved his object; O'Connell did not succeed in his, neither did Parnell in his. The main question now was the present, and it was not a very agreeable outlook. It seemed as if they were now drifting back towards the state of things from which Fenianism rescued the country.

Scrutiny of the recent returns presented to the English Commons touching the Removable Magistrates discloses the fact that there are 70 of these interesting judicial specimens in Ireland. Forty-one of the 70 judges who have the administration of the law of conspiracy in charge are ex-military officers or ex-policemen. To 35 of them not even a Lord-Lieutenant would impute any suspicion of legal knowledge. There are only 14 of the 70 barristers. Only two of these are certified to act under the 1st and 11th clauses of the Jubilee Coercion Act and the 22nd clause of the Act of 1882; 2 others are certified for the first of these clauses; 5 for that and the 22nd clause of the Act of 1882; 1 under the 1st and 11th of the Act of 1887, and 1 for the 22nd clause of the Act of 1882 only. The rest of the "judges" are drawn from the camp and the police depot, and are declared by Lord Zetland competent to administer the most difficult of the unwritten laws of the land. Of a truth they are, for the unwritten laws in question are simply the written expectations of Mr Balfour, recorded before administration. Hence the competency of these learned gentlemen cannot become a subject of argument.

Gladstone's opposition to the Woman Suffrage Bill was the immediate occasion of its defeat. It had a great Conservative backing. Lady Florence Dixie was unable, owing to ill health, to attend the meeting. The promoters of the meeting wanted to accept Sir Albert Rollit's Bill, conferring the franchise on a minority of qualified women, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, while advocates of absolute equality of the two sexes declared that they would have everything or nothing. Lady Florence Dixie has had to ease her feelings by writing a letter to Mr Gladstone, the tone of which may be understood by the following extract:—"Unwilling to lose the maid-of-all-work-like services of the Women's Liberal Associations at the approaching elections, you have sought to still by your pamphlet the demand made by the nobler spirits of that band of women that woman's enfranchisement shall be a plank in the Liberal platform. Willing to accept women to do the dirty work of politics, you dread to invite them to trespass on their delicacy, purity, refinement, etc, etc, by giving them the vote. Ah, sir! can you wonder

that many a reader of your pamphlet, friend and foe alike, impelled equally to a conviction of such inconsistency, have exclaimed as they read your words, in tones of amusement and derision, 'What a grand old humbug!'

The current number of the *Gaelic Journal*, the first issue under the editorial management of Rev Eugene O'Growney, Maynooth, is in many respects an excellent and interesting publication, and if it continues on these lines it cannot fail to achieve good results on behalf of the old tongue. The first paper, "Anecdota from Irish Manuscripts," is from the pen of Professor Kuno Meyer, and like all contributions from the same source is scholarly and instructive, and bears evidence of much close research among the old manuscripts. The Irish poetry in the number is also of a high standard. To the average reader the paper on "The Irish Infinitive" will be of the most interest and profit. The contents of the present number are varied, and Irish readers who know the language will derive much pleasure from their perusal. To the reader whose acquaintance with the old tongue is either little or nothing, the current issue of the *Journal* will be of practically no profit. This is a defect which we would be glad to see removed, and we trust the present editor will do his best to secure that readers who are ignorant of the language may derive some interest and instruction from the *Journal*.

### CRONIN'S DAUGHTER.

(By ANNIE S. PACKARD, in the *New England Magazine*.)

It was a still, clear, cold night in the heart of the Maine woods. Mary Cronin drew her frayed shawl closely over her head and shoulders as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the night. She was very tired, for the day's work had been hard, and her invalid mother had needed more care than usual.

The dishes had been washed and the table reset for breakfast, the pail had been filled at the ice-encircled spring on the mountain road, her mother's gruel had been made, her bed smoothed up, and Mary had sung one tune after another, as she held her mother's wasted hand, till sleep came to the sufferer.

The girl stood motionless on the door-stone and looked eagerly at all the works. Through the windows and doors of the casting-room, which were open this December night, a fiery gleam shone from the red-hot iron running through the molds. Now and then came a sharp explosion, with a superb play of fire-works around the mouth of the furnace.

The violet, orange, green and crimson stars did not attract Mary's attention. It was an old story to her, and her heart was too heavy for her eyes to see any beauty in it. She looked above the casting-room up the high brick chimney to the "top-house," which was perched on an immense staging just at the mouth of the chimney.

Her father was there—for it was his night on—and he had been drinking when he came home to supper. Fortunately her mother was asleep, and had been spared cruel anxiety. Mary's heart stood still as her father took his lunch can, without his usual kiss or the "Good-night, Molly! take good care of your mother," which made her happy every night. He had stumbled over the rag mat, and uttered a curse under his breath. He never did this unless he had been drinking heavily.

Poor John Cronin! His appetite for liquor and his weak will had caused him to drift from one work shop to another, from city to city, and from State to State, carrying with him his wife and only child. The factory quarters of St Louis, Pittsburg, Newark, and other manufacturing centres are woefully alike, and had it not been for her mother's stories, Mary—the little girl—would have believed the whole world paved and cut into narrow, dirty streets, with a streak of sooty sky above, crossed with clothes lines.

Her mother came from the Catskill Mountains region and her nature revolted at the wretched places they called home. The sunny old brick farm-house, built in the Dutch way, the fertile fields and crowded barn-yard, grandmother's flower garden across the road, the mountains framing the little vale, the peace, the cleanliness, the stability—Mary knew them all through her mother's words and sighs and tears.

A great resolve had crept into the child's heart to try and reproduce that peaceful life. "To be respectable and stay in one place" was what she lived for. If only her father would not drink!

There came a day to the child when she began to see her way clear. A letter arrived from a man with whom her father had worked before his marriage, in a Penobscot logging camp. He wrote of an opening for a family at the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine—fair wages and a comfortable home were ready.

When John Cronin read the letter all his old love for the woods came back to him. He could feel the cold steel of the gun-barrel and the supple rod bend in his hand. Before long the money was got together which carried the family from Boston to Bangor, and from there to the works, sixty miles north.

Six months had gone, every day brought new beauties to Katahdin. Now and then the child left the works, with its black unsightly buildings, long row of charcoal houses, heaps of purple-tinted slag