

## Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

By an exceedingly narrow shave the Government escaped defeat over the Bill providing for Colonel King-Harman's salary as "bottle-washer" to Mr. Balfour in the Irish office. Eight votes barely saved the Ministry from a position which would leave at least one Member of it—to wit, the Chief Secretary—no alternative but to throw up the sponge. Although Mr. Parnell had issued an urgent whip, many Members of the Irish party were absent. Had but a bare third of the absentees been in their places, the Bill must have been thrown out. To miss such a triumph, and at such a time, was a terrible mischance. Some of the absentees were not in a position to come—dangerously ill or confined in gaol. But there were plenty besides to make Mr. Balfour's place too hot to hold him; and it is to be earnestly hoped that should such another glorious opportunity arise the mistake may not occur again.

Cold comfort for the coercionists who made so great a cackle over the Hartington and Goschen Avatar was the result of the election in Dublin. High hopes were entertained about the result of that event. Somehow the Unionists had persuaded themselves into the belief that their cause had made great advance by reason of the visit of the false Liberal chiefs. Some were so fatuous as to flatter themselves that there was a possibility of Mr. Sexton's getting in; while the general body, who were not altogether victims of such self-deception, believed that there must at all events be a great reduction of the Nationalist vote. This calculation was based upon the knowledge that Mr. Dickson was at some disadvantage as compared with the late Dr. Gray, as well as the well-known fact that several hundred Nationalist votes were lost, through some mishap, at the last revision. The result has shown that the Unionists had been all along living in a fool's paradise. Mr. Dickson has triumphed over his opponent by the magnificent majority of 1,887 votes. Taking all the facts into consideration, it must be looked upon as a splendid victory, and a crushing retort upon the cock-a-whoop Unionists.

There was only one branch, so far as we know, in the whole of Ireland in which practical effect was attempted to be given to the rescript. The result was certainly not encouraging to imitators. The Very Rev. M. J. Murphy has—alas! that it should be so—succeeded the Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh in Kildare. The mantle of the zealous priest and patriot fits uneasily on the shoulders of the Rev. Mr. Murphy. The moment the rescript was published in the new-papers, without waiting even for his bishop to receive it, the rev. gentleman prepared a silly letter of abject submission for adoption by the League. He was on his way to Rome, and, no doubt, he thought the resolution would help to make him welcome there. The Plan of Campaign, which has never been heard of in his county, was to be abandoned by the peasants of the South and West, for whom it is the sole protect on from absolute ruin. Evictions and land-grabbing were to be encouraged, and the rack-renter, the evictor, and the land-grabber, the crowbar brigade and the evicted tenants were all to be united in the bonds of Christian charity by the resolution of the rev. gentleman. The last meeting of the League at the courthouse, Kildare, showed that he reckoned without his host.

Already the Coercionists are beginning to realise they will have to pay dear for the aid of the foreign ally they invoked. The Radicals of England did not much relish government of Ireland by coercion. They relish still less the government by coercion and the Inquisition combined. Balfour on his own bottom was a pitiful spectacle enough, but Balfour beaten and broken after all his silly or spiteful devices—the author of "Philosophic Doubt," the second and greater Cromwell, whining to Rome for help in the work of Coercion, is the most pitiful spectacle it is possible to conceive. It is sufficiently comical to find the coercionists who played the No-Popery card so freely—who were never tired of declaring that Home Rule and Rome Rule were identical—now striving night and morn to establish Rome Rule as the very antithesis of Home Rule in Ireland.

The intolerant and rancorous triumph with which the English Catholics are brandishing the Inquisition Rescript knows no bounds. To give an instance. In one diocese in London on Sunday, May 13, the Bishop, who was once a chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, had sermons preached upon the subject at last Mass at several of the churches. That at Clapham was a good sample. The preacher was a Father Bridgett. Irish iniquity, as illustrated in the Plan of Campaign, furnished him with a theme which evidently set in eruption all the slumbering volcanoes of his soul. One mused, if the same amount of fire and zeal were devoted to the apostleship of holy charity, Father Bridgett should prove an irresistible missionary. He was more papistical than the Pope. He did not think the Inquisition had gone far enough. "For my part," he screamed, "I would excommunicate anyone who, after this Rescript, dared to take part in the Plan of Campaign or boycotting." And in his exultation he seemed to see with holy satisfaction the soul of this wicked brother already within the flaming jaws of hell—banished, cursed, anathematised, the culprit-victim of the Church's awful boycotting decree. Above his head was a figure of the Church's Founder hanging on the tree upon which He died for love of all His brethren. Behind him was the tabernacle, where the Miracle of Love and Mercy had just been consummated. Happily the Inquisition is—as yet—more merciful than Father Bridgett.

Can one fathom the malevolent insolence of this—this ex-chaplain of the Duke of Norfolk setting his English priests to preach such sermons in English churches to English congregations? No, not quite to English congregations, and herein lies the worst poison of the sting. At Clapham, as at most English Catholic churches, the bulk of the congregation is either Irish or of Irish blood. The humble folk in the back-ground and in the side aisles certainly. A sprinkling of superior English or forsworn Irish adorn the front seats in silk and broadcloth. It is for the benefit of these that Irish depravity is held up to scorn and denunciation, that Irish patriots

are anathematised, that the sentiments of those humble Irish in the background are lacerated, spat upon, trampled on. One has only to know the typical English Catholic to understand Bloody Mary and believe in Foxe's Book of Martyrs. In reality these people are not Roman Catholics at all. They are Norfolk Catholics if you like, or English Catholics, or Bloody Mary Catholics. Just as an Irish Orangeman may be said to be a Nationalist turned wrong-side out, so an English Catholic may be said to be a Puritan turned wrong-side out. The Puritan was respectable and logical. He believed in predestination. He believed he was the Lord's elect, and that he had a right to hew in pieces all the Lord's enemies. Because he could not practice his religion with a free hand at home, he emigrated to a wild virgin colony in which he established a country of his own, where in due time he burned witches and allowed no heretics to cross his borders. The typical rabid English Catholics believe in their hearts that all who are not of them will be damned, and, what is worse, they wish them damned. But they have not the courage to say so. They call themselves by the name of the religion which is all tolerance and all mercy. If they had their way to-morrow they would give over Catholic Ireland to fire and sword as a heretic country, and they would set up the stakes again in Smithfield. It is these people, led on by the Duke of Norfolk's ex-chaplain, who are now exploiting the Papal Rescript against the Plan of Campaign, as if it were another Bull of Adrian, handing them over Ireland for conquest and conversion. What a comment this is upon the whole business.

Under the civilising influence of sublimated Toryism we are steadily going back to barbaric methods. This may sound paradoxical, but it is the fact all the same. For instance, the battering-ram, this archaic military engine, disintegrated from the mould of ages long anterior to the period of Edward III., is now a weekly recurrent reurrection in agrarian struggles. It played a prominent part last week in some evictions in Tipperary, at a place called Modeshill, where a number of tenants had rebelled against the tyranny of the agent, a fellow-farmer named Hanly. The landlord of the place is a Mr. Michael Cormack. A large evicting force, under the command of Colonel Carew, R.M., and County-Inspector Stephens, directed the operations. A few tenants were cleared out on the first day, and there was but one notable incident. It was at the house of Martin Morrissey, a very old man, and a sub-tenant of Mr. O'Keeffe's. The door of his house was forced open without difficulty, and the old man was put out. He declared that he had built the house himself at the cost of £40. Mr. Hanly said that he did not want any rent from him, but would allow him back as a caretaker. The old man replied with great spirit—"There is no fear I will take care of it for you." This pucky reply was loudly applauded by the people. Next day the battering-ram was brought into play. The house of Edmund Cody—a neat cottage—which was found to be strongly barricaded, was attacked, and soon a large hole was made in the wall. The Emergency gang—at the head of whom, it is stated, worked Mr. Robert Power, son of Mr. Richard Power, J.P., of Ballydavid, and a brother of Mr. Arnold Power, solicitor—then swarmed into the house and ejected the tenant and his father, a feeble octogenarian. Some other tenants were evicted before the "ram" was again called into play, and at several points there were narrow escapes from violent collisions between the people and the police. The "ram" was then moved off to the house of a tenant named Patrick Tobin. After much trouble a breach was effected, and the tenant and a neighbour who had helped him to "hold the fort," Michael Neary, came out cheering for "The Plan."

And here is the Roman correspondent of the *Times*, the paper which coined the phrase, "surplused ruffians," laying down the law about the Decree with the air of a professor of theology. "The Decree begins with 'atrum hœrat,' it ends so-and-so. Its real meaning is so-and-so. The reasons are no part of the Decree. Their soundness or unsoundness has nothing to say with the matter. 'If Mr. Parnell's new Plan,' we are told, 'is within the limits of morality, as recognised by the Christian church of all sects, it will not be condemned by the Pope; but as sure as it violates justice and morality it will go under the ban with the old one, and on the same grounds.' Things have come to a pretty pass, surely, when we have to be lectured on Christian morality and Catholic theology by the correspondents of the *Times*, and when the 'thunders of the Vatican' are content to play a sort of second fiddle to the thunders of Printing House square.

The following is the latest cipher despatch that has fallen into our hands: "To Inspector-General, R.I.C., Castle. Plan of Campaign on Massereene estate not quite collapsed, but breaking up.—D. T., Drogheda, May 4." "Not quite." Well, we should say not. This is the estate for the particular benefit of which Mr. Ross of Bladensburg, has managed to get the Inquisition to issue their Rescript. It will be a rather poor result for all his trouble if by-and-by the only answer he can give to the inquiry of Cardinal Monaco, as to whether the Rescript has succeeded in breaking down the Plan of Campaign on his brother-in-law's estate, is the answer of "D. T., Drogheda," "not quite." And this is the only answer, with the blessing of God, he will be able to give.

So much for the pretence of the Government that the Coercion Act was not to be used against combination or political opponents, but to put down crime. There is no crime in Louth, nor has there been any for years. The monotonous presentations of white gloves to the judge is evidence of that. But there is a combination against a dissipated and broken-down rack-renter; and there political opponents galore. This cipher telegram throws a flood of light upon the motives and secret doings of the Government and the Castle gang. The Massereene tenantry now see with what lynx-eyed vigilance their every move is watched from Dublin Castle, and they will be able to estimate the degree of joy which any show of weakness on their part would bring to the hearts of the amiable persons who burrow in that famous fortress, and mole-like, control the destinies of a whole nation.

If the report as to the identity of the second Mr. Power mentioned in a foregoing paragraph be correct, the facts are not without some food for the moralist. Mr. Arnold Power is, we believe, brother to Mr. Frank Power, who is supposed to have perished in the Soudan