

Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

MR. JOHN DILLON is as irrepresible as ever. No amount of coercion will damp the ardour of his soul. His speech on Tuesday, September 25, at the meeting of the Central Branch of the National League was a ringing and sweeping denunciation of Balfour and his *regime*. He came forward, he said, in the capacity of a harden'd sinner. After thanking the people of Dundalk and the priests of East Mayo and Armagh for their kindly sympathy with him, the hon. gentleman referred to the many congratulatory messages he received from all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. "It is difficult for us in Ireland," continued Mr. Dillon, "to endure with self-control and patience the *regime* to which the people are subjected; it is difficult for us to see the crowbar and battering-ram in full swing against the homes of our people, and to watch with self-control the deadly and terrific hemorrhage which is draining the very heart's blood of the Irish race away from month to month and from year to year." It was, however, he confessed, impossible for him to close his eyes to the facts that were forced on his notice regarding the mighty change that has come over the minds of the masses of the people of England. Mr. Dillon could not see the smallest cause for impatience, but every cause for hope, and even exultation. He was not ashamed to say, coming as he did from what was meant to be degradation, that he could not find in his heart the slightest trace of bitterness against the people of England although he could recollect the day when the name and power of England were hateful to him. Mr. Dillon's speech will be perused with the deepest interest by Irishmen everywhere.

Judgment was given in Aiklow on Monday, September 24, on the cases of the Rev. Michael Clarke and the Rev. Laurence Farrelly, both of whom were charged with inciting persons to enter into an unlawful "conspiracy," to the injury of a certain John O'Connor, who has been more or less boycotted in that locality. Removable M'Leod, after a flippant explanation of the boycotting clauses of the Coercion Act, said that the court had come to the conclusion that the speeches of the rev. gentlemen were of such a nature as to incite persons to enter into a conspiracy. Of course, this judicial dignity considered that the evidence for the Crown had neither been contradicted nor explained away, despite the fact that the reporting sub-constable, who was the chief witness on the prosecuting side, completely broke down under Mr. Healy's very effective cross-examination. "We have," quoth Removable M'Leod, in solemn accents, "we have no alternative but to find the defendants guilty. We recognise the offence as a very grave one (*sic*), and one that cannot be lightly passed over." As it was, however, the first prosecution of the kind in that portion of the country, M'Leod indulgently thought that the ends of justice would be satisfied by imposing on both priests a penalty of six weeks' imprisonment without hard labour. As the court agreed to state a case, the defendants were released on their own recognisances. Mr. Removable M'Leod deserves the thanks of Paymaster Balfour for his treatment of the priests. Priest-bunting, however, is one of those games which often sends horse and rider sprawling ignominiously in the mire. Bismarck tried to indulge his passion for such lively recreation in Germany, but he soon found it playing such havoc with his system that he had to give it up. Certainly where such a giant as the Iron Chancellor has failed, Pigny Balfour cannot hope to succeed.

The name of Mr. J. E. Redmond must be added to the already long list of Balfour's criminals. Removables M'Leod and Bodkin were not slow in "disposing" of the accused, who, indeed, was himself anxious that the trial should occupy as little time as possible. All the charges save that of intimidation having been withdrawn by the Crown, Removable M'Leod proceeded to pass on Mr. Redmond a sentence of five weeks' imprisonment without hard labour. "That finishes the business, I presume," said Mr. Redmond in reply. "I do not intend to delay, and have only to say that I have the greatest possible satisfaction in going to gaol." Loud applause greeted this truly manly and spirited declaration.

Mr. Blaine, M.P., was released on Monday, September 24. Three weeks of his imprisonment had yet to elapse, and the Disunionists are pointing to his release as a further proof of the "clemency" of Mr. Balfour. We look upon the release in quite another light. It is a significant confession of the fact that, for a political offence, Mr. Blaine's strength has been so undermined that imprisonment for a further period of three weeks would endanger his life. Has it not come to a strange pass when, not only are Irish politicians subjected to the same treatment as if they were criminals, but their gaolers boast of it, as an act of clemency, that they are not absolutely tortured to death? Meantime Mr. Blaine comes forth from prison unchanged. The maximum brutality possible under the Coercion Act has been inflicted on him upon the order of Mr. Removable Hamilton, and it is an index of all that it is possible to achieve by Coercion that Mr. Blaine, the representative of what used to be Orange Armagh, is as unbendable by coercion as any of his brothers of the South.

The tactics of the so-called Unionist press in this country are becoming more and more disgraceful. Writers on the Castle organs stop at nothing in their efforts to malign and otherwise misrepresent the people of Ireland. An instance of this vile conduct on their part is aptly furnished by an incident that occurred quite recently in Cahirciveen. One of the correspondents of a Dublin daily announced that a horse which drove Judge Curran and Mr. M'Gillicuddy to that town, was maliciously buried—of course by the Moonlighters. Judge Curran lost no time in giving a flat contradiction to this libellous report, which our veracious contemporary had to swallow as best it could. The fact was that the stables where the horse in question was put up accidentally caught fire. Yet on the strength of this accident the Unionist scribes preached another sermon denouncing Kerry lawlessness in all the moods and tenses! Judge Curran acted very properly in so speedily nailing the lie on the head. Indeed Mr. Curran is mending his manners of late to such an extent that we may expect to see him thoroughly reformed in the very near future.

The *Evening Mail* of Monday, September 24, gives a very candid account of the amount of regard a typical landlord and land-agent have for reason and argument, or for considerations of justice and humanity. It coolly states that so long as their bodily safety is not imperilled they laugh at denunciations and exposures of their iniquities. Writing of Mr. O'Brien's speech at the Maryborough meeting, the *Mail* says:—Mr. O'Brien would have done well to confine himself to prophecy, but he proceeded to give reasons—always a risky thing. "Why do I say," he asked, "that their title deeds are safe?" And the answers to this—there were two or three of them—seem to us unsatisfactory. "First of all, we claim that we have beaten Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Townsend Trench utterly out of the field—of argument!" Much Lord Lansdowne or the wily Trench cares for the field of argument. . . . "We have blown to atoms," went on Mr. O'Brien, "all the cant and all the humbug about Lord Lansdowne being the good landlord." As long as Lord Lansdowne is not blown to pieces himself in *propria persona*, or even his Mephistopheles of an agent, both will smile serenely at the same catastrophe befalling their "cant and humbug." That is exactly what "Transatlantic" used to say in the columns of the *Irish World*. It is a clear and plain admission on the part of a landlord organ—which may be presumed to know the character of its friends—that the only effectual argument with gentlemen such as Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Townsend Trench is that which comes from gunpowder and dynamite. We should be sorry to say so much ourselves; we leave the legal and moral responsibility of the statement with the *Evening Mail*.

Mr. Chamberlain is giving, day after day, more and more evident indication of mental incoherency. His utter failure as a diplomatist—a failure chiefly brought about by the antipathy of Irish-Americans to his personality—has turned his blood into gall, and made him rabidly ferocious in his insensate hostility to Home Rule. On Wednesday evening, September 26, in the Albert Hall, London, the right hon. gentleman made the latest sorry exhibition of himself, flanked by Primrose dukes and other belted knights, who are, of course, only too glad to find this ex-champion of democracy kissing—so to speak—the ground whereon they tread. Members of the Tory sisterhood were also present, smiling on this shorn Samson. In the course of his flippant remarks, Mr. Chamberlain asked how did the Gladstonians in the future propose to deal with the natural refusal, opposition, and reluctance of the province of Ulster to be placed at the mercy of the National League. Does this Birmingham intriguer seek to conceal the fact that Ulster at the last election threw in her lot with the other provinces; and that, despite the jerry-mandering of the Boundaries Commissioners, Ulster was able to return a majority of Nationalist representatives to Westminster? It is a libel on Ulster to assert that that province is not in favour of Irish autonomy. Mr. Chamberlain, turning to other matters, indulged in the usual fee-faw-fun sermonising on outrages, just as if every crime committed in Ireland were but the execution of secret decrees of O'Connell-street. Mr. Chamberlain must be conscious of being a beaten man and an exploded politician when he has recourse to such argumentative absurdities as these.

Mr. Michael Davitt addressed in Accrington on Wednesday evening, September 26, a large meeting held under the auspices of the Liberal Association. Mr. Davitt took emphatic exception to the statement that he had on a recent occasion attacked either Mr. Gladstone or the Liberal party. He expressed himself as much alive as Mr. Dillon or Mr. Healy to the party sacrifices that have been and are being made for Home Rule and Ireland by Mr. Gladstone and his followers. Mr. Davitt furthermore observed that he had no right to conceal from his critics the fact that Mr. Parnell had spoken to him more strongly than anyone else over his remarks about Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party. He (Mr. Parnell) represented that the Liberals would have undertaken to settle the Irish land question in 1885 if the Irish party pressed them to do it, and consequently they did not, Mr. Parnell thought, deserve such severe criticism at Mr. Davitt's hands. There are, however, continued Mr. Davitt, 10,000 notices of eviction falling at present in daily and weekly instalments on Irish cabin homes. There are, moreover, some 30,000 tenants whose arrears of rent can enable the landlords, when they please, to evict them. Are all these cases, asked Mr. Davitt to await the coming of Home Rule? The question which he would wish to put to the English democracy was this: Are 10,000 Irish families to be evicted from their homes without an honest and manly effort on the part of English Liberalism to avert so great a crime? Would the Liberals who refused in 1886 Mr. Gladstone's demand to lend British taxes for the buying out of Irish landlords, at present lend their soldiers, their police, and their gun-boats to Mr. Balfour and the Irish landlords for the extermination of 50,000 of a people whom they, the Liberals, called their friends. Mr. Davitt concluded his remarks with an array of emigration statistics that proved what a curse landlordism has been to this unfortunate country.

Mr. Chamberlain is not just now precisely lying on a bed of roses. His recent uncalled for calumnies on the Irish Parliamentary party have evoked a storm of reprobation sufficiently strong to shatter the political reputation of that Brummagem democrat. Mr. Justin McCarthy denies most unequivocally in the columns of the *Daily News* that any member of the party has profited by his position in the House of Commons. "There was not," says Mr. McCarthy, "one member of that party who would not, in my firm belief, be better off in a worldly sense to-day if he had never joined that party. . . . I stigmatise Mr. Chamberlain's statement as a calumny." The wild assertions of the Birmingham oracle bear with them their own condemnation. Their very absurdity goes to prove that they are the last despairing cries of an exploded politician whose jealousy blinds him to every semblance of truth. Joseph's reign is over. He may now gather the family cloak around his shoulders and retire.

In the course of his able and eloquent sermon delivered at the Marlborough street Cathedral on Sunday, September 30, Cardinal Moran referred in glowing terms to the improvement affairs have undergone in Ireland during the last fifty years. Abroad and at home her labours in the field of religion have been vast and fruitful of result. Schools, convents, churches, hospitals, and houses of charity