

Dublin Notes.

(From Contemporaries.)

MICHAEL DAVITT ON THE VENEZUELA DIFFICULTY.

MICHAEL DAVITT spoke at San Francisco on the prospect of war in connection with the Venezuela difficulty:—"I do not believe that there is the slightest possibility of any actual conflict between the United States and Great Britain over this question. Lord Salisbury is known in Great Britain and Ireland as a bully, whose policy when he has been at the head of the Government has been to try and intimidate little nations and powers throughout the world. He has been able to do this with impunity heretofore, but now he finds that behind little Venezuela stands America, and he will discover that he will not be allowed to carry on the same policy toward this small state in South America that he and other English statesmen have carried out toward weak people and small governments in other parts of the world."

IRISH RAIN.

I must allow that it sometimes rains in Ireland, but Irish rain is not quite like other rain. It is, as a rule, softer than rain elsewhere and, if the truth must be told, I like rain, so long as one has not to say, "For the rain it raineth every day." Irish weather is not so much capricious as coquetish. It likes to plague you, if but to prepare you to enjoy the more its sunny, melting mood. It will weep and wail all night, and lo! the next morning Ireland is one sweet smile, and seems to say: "Is it raining I was yesterday? Ah, then, I'll rain no more." And the runnels leap and laugh, and the pastures and very stone walls glisten; the larks carol on their celestial journey; there is a pungent, healthy smell of drying peat; the mountains are all dimpled with the joy of life and sunshine; the lake lies perfectly still, content to reflect the overhanging face of heaven,—*Blackwood*.

CYCLIST JACK GREEN.

The ubiquitous Irishman is to the fore with a sensational cycle performance. His name is Jack Green—good name for a native of the Emerald Isle—and he is credited with knocking off a straight-way mile with flying start in the marvellous time of 1 minute, 25 seconds. He is a mere youth, is Jack, and said to be bubbling over with Celtic life and spirit.

AN AMERICAN BISHOP ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Bishop Burke of Albany, U.S.A., a personal friend of the late Bishop Moran, who recently visited Europe thus spoke to the *Argus* interviewer, of the State of Ireland:—"On arriving in Southampton I went to London, and then to Dublin, where I spent a week. While I saw prospects of improvement in Ireland I was sorry to see signs of great poverty and still more sorry to witness the dissensions and fights among those whose united action only could hope to obtain Home Rule for Ireland. The leaders are fighting among themselves and while these conditions continue there is no hope for Home Rule, which, I may state right here, is no way in prospect."

THE MEMOIRS OF FATHER JAMES HEALY.

A very cordial welcome has been given to "The Memoirs of Father Healy of Little Bray," published by Messrs Bently. The authorship is not stated in the book itself, but it is openly acknowledged by those who ought to know that these genial pages are from the pen of Mr Fitzpatrick, of "Secret Service" fame, whose death, curiously enough, occurred a day or two before the publication. Father Healy's name has long been great in the annals of wit, and the volume now placed in the hands of the public will enhance a reputation that is, in truth, world-wide. As one reviewer tells us, Father Healy was as prolific of precious sparkle as the good little girl in the fairy tale who talked pearls and diamonds. But he scattered his jewels with such careless profusion that, like the broken neck ace of which Vivier tells in the "Fylis of the King," the gems have rolled away into all sorts of out of the way holes and corners.

BISHOP NULTY OF MEATH BELIEVES THOMAS SEXTON SHOULD BE IRISH LEADER.

At a banquet in Mullingar in his honour, Bishop Nulty, after referring to the work done when Irish members were united, and the evils of present dissection, spoke as follows:—

"CLOSE UP YOUR RANKS"

"I say to the gentleman that comprises the Irish party, 'Close up your ranks' (cheers); lay aside your differences; you are all united in one common interest—the interest of your country—and the chief questions of politics. What is the force that divides you and splits you up into two or three distinct factions? (A voice: "Self.") Personal antipathies, personal feelings, personal jealousies. If you

don't lay aside these personal jealousies, well, as honourable men, vacate your positions, resign *en masse*, and make way for other men to take your place, and do not be like the dog in the manger (laughter) doing no good yourselves, and preventing others from doing it either.' Our country has the right of saying to its Parliamentary representatives at the present moment what the master of the vineyard said to the barren fig-tree, 'Three years have I come looking for fruit off this tree, and I have found none. Root it up; why should it clutter the ground any longer.' Our country should say to its Parliamentary representatives, 'Three years we have come looking for fruit from your labours and have found none, therefore let ye be cast out of the vineyard; you are no use any longer; make way for other men who will take your place and serve me much better than you will.'

EXPULSION OF MR T. M. HEALY.

Referring to the expulsion of Mr T. Healy from the Irish Parliamentary party, His Lordship said: "When I was summoned dragged before the civil tribunals of the country, and put, as it were in the dock, in the presence of Judge O'Brien—(bisses)—and kept there a whole week, I may say, listening to myself calumniated, slandered, and defamed, and when I dare not open my mouth to defend myself; when a Parnellite press was full to overflowing of the most scandalous abuse of me and my priests and people, until after a time my priests and I were the most slandered and blackened body of men in the world, the Sullivans and the Healys came to our defence. Mr Sullivan and Mr Healy, two Queen's Counsel, stood in the breach and defended me. I listened to that defence. I never heard such marvellous eloquence, such powerful reasoning, such irresistible argument from any living man as I did from Tim Healy on that occasion. How could I turn my back on such a man without sufficient evidence—I could not do it. I say the majority of the Parliamentary party made a mistake, and they had no right to expel him, because he was guilty of no crime. . . . Therefore I say to the gentlemen of the Parliamentary party—make up your differences, you are all agreed on the main principles of politics; make up your differences lay aside your animosities and jealousies, become united again as one man (applause) and if not willing to do that, in the name of God resign your positions, and make way for other men that will do so (cheers). What would I suggest? . . . I would suggest this. When the venerable chairman of the present party retires—and I heard he intended to retire, for he is old, like myself, and in ill-health—it appears to me that the man who ought to take his place in the chairmanship of the Parliamentary party is Thomas Sexton (loud and continued applause). Now, gentlemen, I know nothing of Mr Sexton; I never spoke to him; if I met him there I would not know him; I know nothing whatever of him except in his public capacity as a Parliamentary representative of the country; but in every way in which I knew him I never failed to admire him. He is a man of distinguished and extraordinary gifts. I read his speeches, and they are modelled in the purest and noblest eloquence I ever read in any language. He is the most eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, except, perhaps, when Mr Gladstone was there. He is a most experienced statesman and a universally skilled financier. . . . Sexton is thoroughly well prepared on the land question, while on the education question I do not believe there is a man in all Ireland that the bishops and priests have more confidence in than Thomas Sexton. Then, he did not take an active, or, at any rate, an exasperating or irritating part in the action taken against Mr Healy. Asserting our rights and redressing our wrongs, Sexton is the man. There is no man better acquainted with the rules of the House of Commons. He has everything at his finger's ends, an answer for every adversary to confute and confound him. The country cannot dispense with his services, neither can it dispense with the services of Tim Healy. I would say that Sexton, Healy, and Dillon are three men that are indispensable for the interest of the country."

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, WEST PLAINS.

THOUGH we have little to say in praise of our climate (says the *Southland Times*) unless when we hear it abused by strangers, it is evident that settlement has of late years made wonderful progress in this part of the Colony, notwithstanding the rains and the winds of Murihika. There is also every reason to think that settlers are, on the whole, enjoying a degree of material comfort scarcely dreamt of by the hardy pioneers of the early days. Evidences of progress and prosperity are met with on all sides, north and west the indications are particularly marked. A dozen years ago the West Plains district presented a very different picture to that which meets the eye to-day. The tussocked plain and virgin bush are a thing of the past. A grand forest of majestic pines—once safe home of the hunted kaka—has disappeared, and another scene, less picturesque and romantic, though more homely and fairer, usurps its place. Comfortable homesteads of prosperous settlers, now enjoying a plentiful return for years of toil and labour, are the order of the day. Here and there a few charred stumps of some giants of the forest remain as evidence of how great had been the contest between man and nature. As an