

Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

It is very curious to find the thick-witted Removables hammering away at the old coercion routine, like the idiot who persisted in working the old pump-handle after it had been removed to the lumber-room in the fond belief that water would come at last if he worked long enough. We find Removable Newton Brady, for example (as bad a boy as there is to be found even amongst the Removables), holding a Star Chamber inquiry at Longford, and sending men to prison for contempt of court, for refusing to be sworn, just as if the Star Chamber section had not proved as worthless as the worm-eaten pump-handle and been carted away to the lumber-room of the Castle.

Let there be no more talk or anxiety about the famine, for Judge Curran has found out everything that will turn the black potatoes into white flowery balls. Let boycotting cease and the country will in the twinkling of an eye be flooded with prosperity. We shall want neither light railways to give employment, nor reduced rents nor food for the labourers of the West or South. Sitting on a Kerry bench, surrounded by grand jurors, country gentry, policemen, and prosecutors, County Court Judge Curran inhaled a long breath of prophetic inspiration. What did he say? Well, first he congratulated the gentlemen on the great improvement in the Kerry district. There were only fourteen offences reported; and he had to add the gratifying fact that boycotting had disappeared. Then said he:—"I trust you will find that I am no false prophet in saying that prosperous times are sure to follow this satisfactory state of facts." Nothing like this delightful news has been heard since the after-dinner prophecies of Lord Carlisle. What a pity that boycotting had not ceased in Kerry before the rain began to fall in July. Of course it was boycotting that opened the flood-gates of heaven and let loose the icy winds and caused the potato blight. So Judge Curran is almost amongst the prophets.

Cattle from the prairie lands of Lord Cloncurry and the Hon. Mr. Ponsonby have, week ending October 11, been offered for sale under the kindly hammer of Creamer and Roberts, Crewe—so, at all events, a vigilant correspondent informs us. Twenty-seven of the beasts had been fed and fattened on the Ponsonby wilds; and when we tot up the cost of herding—enormous in all cases of emergency farming—and add to the expense of shipment, fodder, commission, and roundabout methods of transmission, we must join our correspondent in laughing at the profit and loss account which harrows the soul of the syndicate to look at. Think of fat beeves going for ten to fifteen guineas a head! Why, they were worth that six months ago, when they were stores—if they were then sold as honest and unobjectionable bullocks.

The noble Lord Cloncurry did not fair better with his live stock in England than did the Hon. Noodle Ponsonby. His lordship is a long time dabbling in the emergency business, and the balance-sheet of his transactions with beasts, *vice* men, would be an instructive picture for the battering-ram speculators. Our informant gives us a pen-and-ink sketch of the way in which the Clougorey beef is knocked about in the Lancashire markets. The knowing ones over there can smell a bargain when they "twig" the Irish peeler, in the innocent get-up of a cowboy, keeping one lynx eye upon the cattle and fixing the other upon doubtful dealers. The 'cute ones set their quarry and wait until the market is over to pounce upon it at their own price. The cattle must be sold or slaughtered, in either case at a great loss. The Clougorey beaves, given to one Lambert, of Salford, were knocked down at a sum which must bring tears from the eyes of the cattle-trading evictors. Let the exterminators take all the rope they desire. The end will be financial strangulation.

Earl Spencer addressed a public meeting at Otley, in Yorkshire, on Friday, October 3, and devoted a considerable portion of his speech to a criticism of the so-called trial at Tipperary. It has again and again been charged against Lord Spencer, whenever the extraordinary doings of the Resident Magistrates (as they are very inappropriately named) are called in question, that he himself is responsible for the appointment of many of them. This charge he dealt with on Friday, very honestly and very clearly. He admitted that it was true, but pointed out that they were appointed for very different duties from those they are now called upon by Mr. Balfour to fill—to deal merely with ordinary petty session cases wherein what is chiefly required is common-sense, not legal knowledge; whereas now these gentlemen are called upon to decide most delicate and difficult problems of law such as in England are always tried by judges and juries. Earl Spencer might have forcibly illustrated this anomaly of Mr. Balfour's creation by recalling the fact that a distinguished Irish judge resigned his appointment, because of the unconstitutional character of the Coercion Act, and that a very able Crown Solicitor in the South also threw up his appointment as he could not conscientiously prosecute in the sort of cases which the Coercion Act transformed into crimes. The general election, Earl Spencer believes, will put an end to that Act and the iniquitous Government which framed it.

The formation of an influential non-political committee in the United States for the relief of Irish distress has aroused great ire amongst certain sections of the Press. These organs sneer at the idea, and make very little of the threatened famine—indeed some of them go so far as to deny that there is any danger of scarcity at all. Others see in the American movement a decided slap in the face to her Majesty's Government—a fact which shows that the rebuke is deserved. The callous way in which the impending distress is spoken of by some of those Tory papers is simply sickening, and suggests the idea that the writers would be heartily glad if by some means, starvation or pestilence, the whole Celtic population of Ireland were swept out of existence. Meanwhile the appeal of the American philanthropists is being well responded to. Money is beginning to flow in freely, and a large sum will doubtless be collected. It is to be

hoped that effective steps may be taken to prevent this fund from being grabbed, as previous ones have been, by the greedy landlords.

Americans find it difficult to believe that such brutal callousness as the Tory journals of England and Ireland, led by the *Times*, could exist. The utterances of these shameless organs have been read with amazement. How any perverted ingenuity could torture a purely philanthropic movement into a political trick passes the comprehension of most people in the States. The gentlemen who have initiated the Relief Fund are of different political views, but are distinguished more for acts of benevolence than for prominence in political affairs. A formal reply to the editorial of the *Times* on the subject has been drawn up and published by Mr. Vinton, the secretary of the committee, declaring that the *Times* exhibits astounding ignorance of the facts when it assumes that the movement for the aid of the people threatened with starvation in Ireland has anything political about it.

The people of Limerick celebrated on Sunday, October 5, the bi-centenary of the defence of the city of General Sarsfield and his army against the forces of Dutch William. The celebration took the form of a procession around the line of the old city ramparts, so far as it is possible to trace them, winding up with a public meeting. A very large number of people came in from the surrounding rural district to join in the procession, which, with the trades' banners and a couple of the local bands, presented a picture at once stirring and picturesque. The houses along the route were gay with bunting and evergreens, and in the evening several of them were illuminated. Three members of the Parliamentary Party took part in the meeting—Messrs. O'Keeffe, Finucane, and P. O'Brien—and many prominent local men were present. An ode to Sarsfield, written by "the Bard of Thomond," having been read, Mr. Finucane proposed the only resolution of the day, expressing the admiration and gratitude of the people for the brave men and women who kept the walls of the city against the enemy two hundred years ago in so gallant a fashion, and the determination of Irishmen to carry on the struggle for national independence. Several eloquent speeches in support of this resolution followed, Mr. P. O'Brien expressing the belief that Balfourism, in the proceedings at Tipperary, was in its last ditch.

The Star-Chamber case continues in Longford. Mr. Newton Brady, one of the most corrupt of the Removables, exhausts his suasive eloquence in the vain attempt to induce the members of the League to betray their fellows. The prattle, "childlike and bland," about the crops and the weather with which he invariably opens his inquiry are received in grim silence by the Nationalist under examination. His delicate flattery is completely thrown away. "I am astonished," he said to one Nationalist, "to see such a fine, respectable man as yourself—a man of refinement and education—associating with such a low lot of ruffianly Home Rulers." "I never in my life," was the quick retort, "was in such disreputable company as at the present moment, and I would not be in it if I could help it." Thereupon the inquiry closed abruptly.

The majority of the nonjuring witnesses at Longford are set at large to give the notion, if possible, that they have consented to be sworn. A few amongst them—John Hoey, John Ward, and Pat Ward—are specially honoured by being sent to prison. They are of course, regarded as popular heroes, and are greeted with enthusiastic cheers as they leave or arrive at the railway station in transit to and from the gaol. The police have strained every nerve to stifle this cheering as zealously as if the integrity of the empire was at stake, but all in vain. Fifty constables are constantly engaged (at the public expense) in this meritorious and important undertaking.

But the proceeding is not all a farce. The police take good care of that. When the order is once given to draw batons they always manage to use them with effect on somebody, it does not much matter whom. We take the following facts from the graphic account of the incident in the *Roscommon Herald*. The police were returning from the railway station after a vain attempt to suppress a cheer for "the criminals" who had been guilty of the universal crime of contempt of a Star-Chamber Court. They overtook a few small boys boozing for Balfour, whom they manfully charged with drawn batons and dispersed. Then they came upon Mr. Daniel Egan, whose sole crime was that his brother is president of a branch of the League. Him the police incontinently batoned with the pleasing promptitude which is begotten of constant practice. He was stunned and struck to the ground by a violent blow on the head and then dragged, bleeding and wounded, to the police station. The charge, we take it, will be for obstructing the police batons in discharge of their duty by having his head in their way. We trust the last has not been heard of this incident. The time is opportune for the exposure of the barbarity of the police.

THE ROMAN QUESTION IN AMERICA.

At the Fourth German Catholic Congress, recently held with great success in Pittsburgh, Pa., the Rev. Wm. Yappert, of Covington, Ky., delivered a notable address on "The Roman Question." We (*Pilot*) quote representative passages:—

To appear in defence of a sacred right which is attacked, of a consecrated possession which is assailed, is indeed a noble duty, and especially in the presence of free citizens of the United States, whose sense of right and justice is known to all the world. With the whole Catholic world we call, and shall never weary of calling, for help for our Holy Father the Pope, for the "Roman Question is a question of international, or universal importance. The "Roman Question" has, indeed, lost none of its importance in the course of twenty years, for in the reign of our Holy Father Leo XIII, the difficulties which were not overcome in the lifetime of the immortal Pius IX, have become more entangled and more oppressive.

After the revolt against the law of nature and of nations had, by violence, robbed the Pope, in the years 1859 and 1860, of five-sixths of his dominion, it dared, in September, 1879, without any pretext whatsoever, to take the Holy City itself, and to confine the Pope as a prisoner in the Vatican. In the face of these facts, we demand, in common with all the Catholics of the world, the restoration of the