

Dublin Notes.

(From the National Papers.)

THE Queen, March 30, 1872, said:—"Several members who came up to the Ladies' Gallery were speaking rather hardly of Mr. Gladstone for having risen from his seat when Mr. Butt was introduced and made a point of shaking hands with him." It appears, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone's first welcome to Home Rule may be antedated by fourteen years.

Sir Charles Russell made a good point and told a good story in his address to the Liberals of Surrey. Lord Hartington, he noted had discovered that there had been a sudden increase of legislative business while the Irish members were engaged in their own concerns in committee room No. 15. That, he said, was what the English Home Rulers had been preaching. It recalled to his mind a story told him by his friend, Mr. Russell Lowell, just after the election of a President of the United States, who was supposed to have owed his election largely to the support of the Irish vote in America. One of the opponents of the President was passing through London. Mr. Lowell said to him, "My friend, where are you going to spend your holiday?" "I guess I shall go to Ireland," was the reply. "To Ireland!" said Mr. Lowell, in surprise. "Why, you have just been informing me of the ungrateful action of the Irish party in America." "Well, I guess," said the American, "that Ireland is the only English-speaking community where the Irish don't rule."

Ireland has been the scene of an execution for murder.—Bartholomew Sullivan was executed at Tralee for the murder of Patrick Flahive, at Glenlea, so long ago as 1886. The prisoner was tried by a special jury at the Nenagh Winter Assizes. The unfortunate Sullivan left behind him a declaration of innocence, and the local journals state that there is a general impression that the wrong man has been hanged for the murder. This dreadful thought does more to weaken the law than any stringency of punishment secured by manipulation of juries and charges of *venue* can accomplish to strengthen it. The *Kerry Sentinel* writes:—"Many here say that you need only show a Kerryman to a special jury in one of the mid-land counties and they will find him guilty of any crime almost without leaving the box." While the administration of the law leaves room for suspicions of that kind there will never be well-established order in Kerry.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., received a warm welcome from the Liberals of Manchester who form the constituency of Mr. Jacob Bright. In his address to them, Mr. McCarthy denied that the Home Rule cause was dead. A cause which had joined in harmony the Irish people and the English democracy, and which had the support of their united efforts, could end only in success. Trials and troubles might make more difficult the attainment of the goal, but by mutual trust and forbearance those difficulties would be surmounted. He appealed to English Liberals to await with patience the issue of the negotiations at Boulogne, and to leave it to the patriotism and sincerity of the Irish party to find a satisfactory and final settlement of their domestic quarrel. Thus, Mr. McCarthy said, they would do, and his assurance was received with applause. He said that the influence and genius of Mr. Gladstone was entirely due to the cordial alliance which now exists between the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland. This alliance they should, in the interests of both peoples, maintain, and the result would be the victory of their cause, in which it was Ireland's lot, as it had been so often before, to be compulsory leader in the path of reform. Mr. McCarthy's hopefulness with regard to the Boulogne negotiations is an answer to the latest Parnellite lie that "the Chief" had "nobbled" Mr. William O'Brien. That was the fiction floated at Waterford.

Nearly £125,000 was the cost of the House of Commons to the country for the past year after deducting the fees (£22,000) which were received during that period. Mr. Peck's salary as Speaker is £5,000, with his official residence, coals, and candles thrown in as extras. Mr. Courtney, as Chairman of Committees, draws £2,500, without any extras. On the other hand, Mr. Paigrove, as Chief Clerk, receives £2,000 a year, an official residence, and his perquisites in the shape of fire and light. The Sergeant-at-Arms takes for his salary £1,200 a year, a residence, and the usual extras. His deputy receives £800 a year.

The House of Lords is not quite so expensive a Legislative Chamber to run. The venerable and time-honoured institution costs the British taxpayer last year only £71,000. "The Lord High Jobber," as the present Lord Chancellor is irreverently called, draws £4,000 as Speaker of the House of Lords, and £6,000 extra for being president of the Supreme Court and of the Chancery Division. The Black Rod, who is a very old retired admiral, drawing a handsome half-pay, receives £2,000 a year, in addition has a magnificent suite of apartments in the Palace, and three coals and candles to boot. Old Admiral Drummond's labours are consoled by the noble lords to be so onerous that they have provided him with an assistant, called the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. His duties appear to consist in

wearing a court dress and lying asleep in a soft-cushioned pew in the gilded chamber during their Lordship's deliberations; and for this he gets a beggarly thousand a year.

On Sunday, February 8, the usual Lenten Pastorals of the Bishops were read throughout Ireland. In addition to the usual Lenten notices and regulations, allusions were made in several of them to the present political crisis. Their Lordships were outspoken and unwavering in their determination that the cause of Ireland shall not be entrusted to the guidance of those who ask that private morality and virtue should be excluded from their political and public conduct of the nation. No issue or reconciliation of the present differences can receive the sanction or support of the clergy that recognises any leadership of Mr. Parnell, and in the Primate's eloquent Pastoral this is already indicated. His Grace criticised severely the Parnellite Press, which teaches that politics are to be regarded apart from morality, and points with warning to the disastrous results which similar doctrines have produced in France and Italy. He cautions his clergy that it is not only their privilege, but also their duty, to use every care that their flock shall not be led astray by such pernicious doctrines. The other prelates join in the same warning, and reiterate the advice they that have already given in their Manifesto.

In the accounts which have reached Europe of the insurrection in Chili, mention is made of two Chilean war-ships bearing the familiar names, The O'Higgins and The Admiral Lynch. The names commemorate the lives of two Irishmen who won renown in that far-off land. Patrick Lynch though not actually born in Ireland, was of Irish parentage. He was the best seaman whose services Chili has ever had, and did much to bring the fleet of that Republic to its present state of efficiency. He died so recently as 1886. Don Bernardo O'Higgins was born in Ireland in 1780. Both his father, Ambrose, and himself showed themselves good soldiers and capable rulers of men. The former, who died at the beginning of this century, bore the titles of Viceroy of Peru and Marquis of Osorno. Don Bernardo O'Higgins led the Chileans in their revolt against Spanish rule, and, after defeating over and over again the legions of Spain, finally emancipated his adopted land from all foreign sway. He became President of the Republic he had founded, and after his death in 1846 an equestrian statue was erected to him in the leading thoroughfare of Santiago.

We are admirers of Mr. Labouchere. That is, of Mr. Labouchere the witty editor and the friendly politician. But we have only a modified confidence in him as a guide in matters religious. We have every respect for his advice on secular affairs but we feel a distrust—not wholly inexcusable, he will admit—in his lectures on our spiritual concerns. He is thoroughly competent to suggest the best method of winning a contested election; but his guidance as to the best means of satisfying the requirements of our own conscience is not so thoroughly reliable. In last week's *Truth* Mr. Labouchere "publishes with pleasure," and, we presume, with approval, the letter of a correspondent who assures us that "the wise thing for the Irish Bishops and priests to do will be to retire altogether from politics. Thus, a good thing only, can the Faith be preserved." We fear that Mr. Labouchere's worthy correspondent does not understand us. With us the priest in politics is so very familiar a figure that we have difficulty in representing to ourselves Irish politics without him. That his presence there has been harmful to the Faith in the countries that are gone by we do not believe, nor, we venture to assert, does the correspondent of *Truth*. That such presence will be harmful in the times that are coming we have no good reason to anticipate, and the columns of *Truth* do not furnish us with one.

Our English friends had best make up their minds to take us as we are. Their attempts to reform us religiously will only breed disagreements. With us religion is a serious element of life, quite as much so as the National Debt or Septennial Parliaments. It occupies as important a place in our thoughts as does the state of the Funds or the prospects of the Ministry. To ask us to put it out of our minds when we are voting at elections is as large a demand on us as to ask us to forget our nationality. This, Mr. Labouchere's correspondent will say, is not a worthy frame of mind in which to approach the ballot box. On this opinion will differ. We claim the right to hold our own.

To prove the mischief of clerical interference in politics, the correspondent cites the case of Belgium:—"I am old enough to remember when Belgium was a Catholic country. It is now something rather less than half a Catholic country. What has wrought the change? Simply the virulence and unreasonableness, and pernicious activity of the Clerical Party." But, my dear candid friend and adviser, if Belgium is less than half Catholic, how is it that the so-called Clerical Party is again and again triumphant at the polls? How is it that they have, at every election that has taken place for many years, secured a majority of the voters? And what is the golden age of Catholicity in Belgium to which you look back so regretfully? Is it not that reign of Pierre-Orban and his brother Marions, to which most of our memories also reach back, in which the religious instincts of the people were outraged, their religious institutions oppressed, their schools prohibited, and themselves heavily taxed to pay for M. Pierre-Orban's vagaries in government? Was it