

Dublin Notes.

(From the National Papers.)

ONE remarkable feature of the upheaval of opinion against Mr. Parnell is the fact that almost every priest who has been in prison during the Balfourian regime is taking a foremost part in it. Canon Keller and Father Mat Ryan, who were among the first victims of Balfourism, have been among the first to cry out against the scandal of his continued leadership. Father Kennedy of Melin who has been in gaol three times, follows suit. Father Gillespie, of Labasheeda is also on the scene as well. We shall not go into the characters of some of those who have been shoved forward as makeweights against the priests led by the Archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam. We have more respect for those clergymen than they have themselves, and we are not willing to lift the veil off the past.

Land-grabbers possess many unenviable characteristics, but the press-grabbers who have seized the places from which Mr. William O'Brien and his entire staff have been evicted possess qualities which as far as we know, are not to be found in the first-named fraternity. The land-grabber makes no effort to conceal his identity; if the evicted tenant's name happens to be over the door, he pulls it down and places his own name instead. Not one of the corps has ever been so mean as to deliberately place it there. But the press-grabbers to whom we refer don't stop at trifles. In this week's edition they have the cool audacity to print William O'Brien's name as the publisher, notwithstanding that one of his dearest and most trusted friends is bracketed with Judge Keogh of infamous memory. Rather than subscribe his name to the stuff contained in the production William would burn his right hand off.

The apparent inconsistency of certain members of the Irish party, in supporting Mr. Parnell at the Leinster Hall meeting, and now opposing his attempt at rebellion, has been commented on very freely by his followers. To grasp the significance of that meeting, the circumstances under which it was held must be considered. In spite of his deep dishonour, the men who had fought their country's battle under his nominal leadership were anxious that his retirement from the post which he could no longer honourably hold should be as easy and dignified as they could make it. Ireland and her representatives expected that this man, whatever had been his crime, could not forget the duty he owed his country. His friends whispered that this was understood, and sedulously was it rumoured that Mr. Parnell desired re-election as Chairman of the Party, in order to surrender his public trust with dignity. Mr. Parnell knew of these rumours; he passively countenanced them; he used them to secure his re-election, and having first traded on the generosity of his colleagues, he then used it against them when he had forced on them the choice between himself and Ireland.

Mr. Parnell is still appealing to the Queen's Proctor. It is about time for that old gentleman to rip up this O'Shea case, and get at the truth of it. Mr. Parnell says we do not yet know it. "They need not talk to Ireland about virtue. Irishmen and Irishwomen know how to guard their own virtue, without any dictation or advice from England, and when the time comes my countrymen will know that they have not trusted me in vain, and that I have been a faithful and brave leader of the destinies of our country during these last sixteen years. They will find some day that I am not the dishonourable man that my foes try to persuade you I am." One day, if there is ever to be a day, and if it has not already passed, is here and now. As we said before, if there is an answer to the disgraceful evidence in the Divorce Court, the thing at it is a worse betrayal of Ireland than was the conduct which laid open our cause to the injury when it has already received. But if the Queen's Proctor ever stirs, ought he not to stir in this case?

In the centre of the mining district of Kilkenny is the village of Clough. Clough will go down to history in the *James' Commission* Report associated with the name of Mr. John Dillon. It was the scene of one of the most terrible invectives uttered by Mr. Dillon against the Forster regime—an invective that shook the grim old Coercionist himself. He spoke there the Sunday after the shooting of the children in the streets of Balina, and he prayed that the blood of the slaughtered children might cry to heaven for vengeance on the heads of the members of the Executive responsible for it. The whole meeting cried "Amen!" The scene was a memorable one, indeed, and Sir James Haumen and his colleagues have ensured it perpetual remembrance.

Father O'Halloran was the curate of Clough at the time. He was an active organiser, and, rumour had it, well-fouled, we believe, that he was marked out for companionship with Father Eugene Sheehy. The news spread among the miners of the intended arrest of their priest. They prepared to resist it to the death. Night after night they mounted guard round his residence, and so plain were the indications of desperate resistance that the warrant was cancelled. If it be true, as asserted, that some friend of Mr. Parnell bribed the Kilkenny mob to hoot and insult Father O'Halloran—or Father Dan, as his people call him—the friend did him a grievous disservice. Were there a doubt in the minds of the men of Castlecomer and Clough as to how they should vote, the insult must have decided them.

The political record of the place, said to be the Parnellite stronghold, is of quite another complexion. Gowran made an unenviable name for itself in the days of the Spencer Vicereignty, by giving the then unconquerable Viceroy a magnificent welcome on the occasion of his visit thereto. It is near the residence of Viscount Clifden, of whose estates Lord Spencer was trustee during the Viscount's minority. When the Viscount came of age, his guardian went to Gowran, and though Gowran and the *Freeman's Journal* were in agreement about the merits of the Earl, before he became a Home Ruler, they disagreed then, as now with the prevailing sentiment of the country.

There was buried in Cork last week (ending December 23) a respected dignitary of the Protestant Church, whose death many

Home Rulers will regret to learn—Chancellor Webster. He was a Protestant of the Whately School, but with a difference. Strong in opinion, he was eminently tolerant, and being tolerant he had no fears. He was a Protestant Home Ruler. One of the most useful little pamphlets issued by the Irish Press agency for the conversion of English opinion on the Home Rule question, before the conversion of English opinion became a matter of inexplicable indifference to the officers of the agency—now, on their theory, without a reason for existence—was Mr. Alfred Webb's collection of opinions from Protestants on the alleged dangers of persecution in the event of Home Rule. To the series of testimonies to Irish Catholic tolerance, a very remarkable one was contributed by Chancellor Webster. He was born in Dublin, and lived his clerical life in Rebel Cork; so he had some experience, and his witness to Catholic tolerance could not be gainsaid. Of course he shocked the bigots thereby; and though he continued to preach at the Chapel Royal in the Castle Yard, he received more than one caution from the scribes of Unionism. He did not heed them, for he was guilty of an even more shocking act since.

On one of the several occasions when that subservient traitor, Father Kennedy, of Melin, was being conveyed to prison for his miserable obsequy to English dictation and the prejudices of the English wolves, the ranks of his police guards were broken through by a portly Protestant clergyman—aproned, gaitered, and shovel-hatted, in a fashion that would make the most impudent cadet of a District Inspector of the R.I.C. come to respectful attention. He made his way up to the captive C.C. and shook him warmly by the hand. The intruder was the Protestant Chancellor of the Southern Diocese. Needless to say Unionist Cork was scandalised. The *Cork Constitution* gravely took him to task on the error of his ways. But the disciple of Whately could not see it, for all the logic and Protestantism which he had imbibed from his master. He died, like Professor Gairraith, an unregenerate Home Ruler; and his is one of the graves over which Protestant and Catholic, Unionist and Home Ruler, have stood in common sorrow. Men like him do not live in vain, as Irish Protestantism will yet recognise.

THE STRANGER FROM AMERICA.

(Translated from the Spanish of Falsosio by Mrs. HELEN S. CONANT.)

THE Bay of Corunna was lying blue and placid in the afternoon sun. The polished cannon of the two old forts caught the sunbeams and glistened in peaceful splendour, and the great glass windows of the Tower of Hercules, the tall lighthouse which lights the harbour, caught them, too, and shone as if the lamps were all ablaze.

A ship was swinging with the tide in the offing. The sailors were climbing up and down the masts unfurling the sails and preparing for departure. The pier was crowded with men, women, and children, and small boats were plying back and forth, carrying the passengers on board. The crowd was composed of the poorer classes, who, lacking means to farm their native land, were bound for South America in search of fortune.

There were the usual sorrowful leave-takings. Anxious looks were cast toward the vessel which was to bear its living freight across the sea, as if it could tell the secrets of the tempestuous waves which awaited it between haven and haven. Men and women were embracing, children were crying, and as each boatload departed carrying the emigrants and the chests containing their scanty possessions, a wail arose from those who were to remain behind.

Antonio, an old sailor who had been ordered by the Captain to remain on the pier until the last emigrant was aboard, to see that no children and no packages were left behind in the general confusion, declared that he would rather face a dozen Java pirates than such an army of weeping women.

"Come, good people, this is no time for ceremony," he called, briskly. "Hurry into the boats and get on board."

He stopped and turned away his head to avoid the sight of a mother who was clinging to her son and saying good-bye for the hundredth time.

"Come, my good woman, let him go. The Madonna will protect him," he said. "This way, my dear"—addressing a pretty girl—"Buenos Ayres will be better than ever if you are going to live there. Come into the boat quick, all of you. Hello! my son, what is the matter with you? Have you lost your chest?"

"I haven't any," replied a boy, who stood holding a little bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief.

"Where are your folks—your father and mother?"

"There is nobody belonging to me," said the boy.

His voice was so weary and his whole appearance so utterly forlorn and hopeless that the sailor looked at him sharply.

"My eyes! If my heart was not as hard as a coconut I should pity you," he exclaimed. "Into the boat with you, and shame, I say, upon those who sent so young a lad off into the world alone."

The good sailor was too much of a diplomatist to express his opinion of the boy's chances of success in the strange world beyond the sea, but he added—

"Jump into the boat, quick; and if anyone on board teases you, just remember that my name is Antonio, do you hear? If you get into trouble and do not come to me, by heaven! I'll catch you and beat you black and blue. Hello, baby, what are you doing here? I don't suppose you have the—true—good fortune to sail with us," he continued, addressing a lovely little girl of about six years, who was holding the boy's hand and crying bitterly.

The child did not answer, and he turned again to the boy.

"Who is this little girl? And what is your name, boy?" he asked.

"They call me José Benito," said the boy.

"That is a good name. But the baby, who is she?"

"She is Maria."