

use language more worthy of a moss-trooper than of a nineteenth-century magistrate. Mr. Carew's question to the Chief Secretary, as will be seen by a reference to our Parliamentary report, put the charges in plain language. Colonel King-Harman, who, as is usual when embarrassing matters have to be dealt with, acted as bottle-holder for Mr. Balfour, was not at all so plain in his reply. He endeavoured to suggest that Major Traill was actuated by a desire to be lenient when he passed a sentence of three months' imprisonment as an alternative to giving bail upon a young lad whose offence was so trifling that it could be treated only as one of misbehaviour instead of crime. As for the expression, "Witnesses be d—d," alleged to have been employed by the Major, Colonel King-Harman said that the allegation was denied. Mr. Sexton brought him face to face with the main question, whether the magistrate had exceeded his jurisdiction, and all that the deputy Chief-Secretary could say was that he presumed the law officers considered he had not. The matter will not end at this point. It appears that this is not the first occasion on which Major Traill has adopted a procedure of his own, and it is certainly advisable that the public should know definitely what constitutes the "knowledge of the law," which is a statutory qualification of a Coercion Act magistrate. The grave accusations brought against Major Traill were pointed and emphasised by the inspired foolery of Mr. William Johnston, who gravely suggested that any magistrate in whose district no murder had been committed should have his services recognised by receiving permission to dispense with the forms of law and to do what he pleases.

What an admirable person is your typical aristocrat, and how much does he deserve of a grateful country! Look at what Lord Annesley, for instance, has done, in the way of providing employment for perhaps some deserving person who looks after an artificial pond which he has on his property at Greenvale. The long-continued drought had made it a question whether this pond should proceed on its useful course, or whether the large bleaching factory of the Messrs. Murland should continue to give work to a very large number of industrious operatives. With the true spirit of antique patriotism, Lord Annesley has decided that the pond must go on. Its conduits bring him the water which otherwise must go into the turbines or other aquary apparatus of the factory. Representations have been made to the noble pond-owner with the view of keeping the hundreds of hands employed in the factory at work. But the Spartan courage of Lord Annesley prevails. Through his solicitor he has decided to hold on to the pond were the last drop in the well and all Ulster parching on the brink. Lord Annesley should assuredly have belonged to the suite of Marie Antoinette.

A Governmental return has been prepared, intended evidently to serve as a flying buttress for the Coercion Act. It tables, by provinces and counties, the number of persons wholly or partially boycotted in Ireland, as well as the number of persons under police protection. By an ingenious process like that which makes supers in a pantomime appear at one time as members, say, of the Thundering Legion, and anon as the Demon Denizens of the Den of Despair, the "wholly boycotted" persons in one column are made to do duty in another as persons requiring police protection. But with all the ingenious duplicating, the whole number of persons entirely or partially boycotted in this island of nearly five million inhabitants is but 4,385. However, this is only an official return. It refers to merely overt cases, such as come within the cognisance of the zealous policeman. There is no means of obtaining statistics of the real boycotting—that which takes place over the dinner-tables of the survivors of shipwrecked landlordism and the orgies of the "Lodges." The Parliamentary Under-Secretary could tell a tale about that—if he chose.

Jubilee knightships were conferred upon eight gentlemen by the Lord Lieutenant, at the Viceroyal Lodge, on Monday, August 22. The recipients were—Mr Howard Grubb, the celebrated telescope manufacturer; Mr. Patrick Maxwell, President of the Incorporated Law Society; Mr. Robert Herron, J.P., Chairman Kingstown Commissioners; Alderman Cochrane, D.L.; Alderman Moyers, J.P.; Mr. Thomas Lecky, Mayor of Londonderry; Alderman Haslett, Mayor of Belfast; and Mr. Jas. Spaight, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Limerick. The newly-created Knights were entertained at luncheon by his Excellency.

The great and much-talked-of race between Conneff, the young Irish lad who has recently come before the public so prominently through his performances on the track, and E. C. Carter, the amateur long distance champion of America, came off at Ballebridge on Saturday evening, August 20. It is no exaggeration to say that no recent sporting event aroused anything approaching the interest felt in Dublin, and far beyond, in this four-mile race. It will be remembered that about three weeks ago Conneff defeated Carter in a two-mile race at Manchester. Carter was naturally dissatisfied with the result, wished to again enter the arena against the young Irish man and the result was that the editor of *Sport* arranged for the exciting event of Saturday, the winner to get a £20 gold medal. The sequel was that the Manchester achievement of Conneff was followed up by a still more glorious victory. Several thousand people witnessed the event, and when Conneff breasted the tape by about 15 yards ahead of the American champion there went up Ulster cheers than were ever heard in connection with any kindred event.

How was Northwich won? As surely as the sun shines at noon, the Irish members who visited and spoke in the constituency are chiefly to be thanked for this magnificent Home Rule triumph. There is something, of course, in the very flowing of the tide in a Gladstonian direction; one conversion leads to many. A considerable effect was produced, too, in Northwich by the stirring appeals of the working-men representatives in Parliament—Messrs. Broadhurst, Fenwick, and Rowlands—to the working-men electors. Mr. Brunner, again, was an excellent candidate. But, beyond and above everything else in producing the result, was the influence exercised by the Irish speakers who took part in this memorable contest. The service rendered by Mr. John O'Connor, and Mr. William Abraham, who never left the constituency from the commencement to the end of the fight, is simply incalculable; nor would it be easy to exaggerate the effect

produced by the speeches delivered in the last stages of the fight by Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Mr. Mahony, Mr. O'Kelly, Mr. Clancy, Mr. Carew, and Mr. M'Cartan were the other Irish representatives who assisted in spreading the light, and, therefore, in rendering possible the triumph at last achieved.

As we anticipated, the Lords could not keep their hands off the amended Land Bill. What we did not anticipate was that it was the Lords themselves, through the very peer who had charge of the Bill in the Upper House, who would go in for spoiling all the fruit of their pain, and trouble, and humiliation. Lord Cadogan's amendment plays the very mischief with the only clause in the Bill worth a brass farthing to the tenant. The striking out wholesale of the clause exempting holders of land near villages and small towns from the town park restrictions of the Act of '81 was a wanton piece of depredation. Forty-two amendments in all their lordships added to the Bill, every one of which was in favour of the landlord. The old Adam of that august assembly would have still further displayed himself, we understand, if at the last moment apprehensive friends of the Government did not prevail upon him to be satisfied with stabbing the measure in a vital part, and hacking and slicing it in forty-one other pieces.

The first prosecution under the Jubilee Coercion Act has been tried, and failed, and the country is very much wiser than it was before. The prosecution did not provoke any very widespread terror, nor has its failure given rise to any very widespread rejoicing amongst the community at large. Bernard Reynolds (grocer), his assistant, and some others were charged with ill-treating a Sheriff's bailiff who came to execute a civil Bill decree for eggs and butter, and the majesty of the Jubilee Coercion Act was invoked to bring the criminals to justice. The ordinary law was put out of court as quite incapable of tackling a job of this magnitude. We must confess that the police court practitioners did not seem by any means sufficiently impressed with the dignity of the legislation with which they were dealing. Mr. Moorehead (Mr. Coll declined to turn up at all on the occasion), Deputy Crown prosecutor, threw sheep's eyes at his old love the ordinary law. "However," he said, resignedly, "as we find this Act here, I suppose we may as well use it." Here, surely, is a dignified position for that imperatively-needed and powerful legislation which was to crush agitation in Ireland like a blind hazel reed. This majestic Bill, after occupying the House of Commons for a session, and having attained at last to the dignity of an interview with her Most Gracious Majesty, a few days afterwards, is found cadging round the Dublin Police Courts in search of a stray job. The magistrate, as we read his decision, dismissed the case, holding the bailiff deserved what he got, and the Jubilee Coercion Act left the Police Court without a stain on its character.

Mr. Chamberlain, attended of course by the faithful Jesse, and escorted by Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Lea, is to give us an Ulster tour in the autumn; a dazzling combination which must take poor Ulster's heart by storm, and rout her Nationalist wooer, horse, foot, and dragoons. This is its object. Ulster is to be won from her allegiance to Mr. Parnell, just as dear old Scotland was to have been won from her allegiance to the daft old man of Hawarden, who has the impudence to keep living so long and standing in the illustrious Joseph's light. We sincerely hope there will be no disappointment this time, and that the tour will come off for certain. If you ask the Liberals of Glasgow to what they attribute the doubling of the Gladstonian majority, a couple of weeks ago, they answer, "To the visit of Mr. Chamberlain in the spring. If he only 'does' Ulster thoroughly, allows Jesse plenty of rope in his speeches, and follows it up afterwards by a series of letters to the candidates, we may, we think, without being over confident, count upon at least half of the now hopelessly Tory constituencies of the North coming round to the National banner. Come, Joseph! We shall say to thy expedition with all our hearts, "*Vogue la galere.*"

An extraordinary correspondence has passed between the Lurgan magistrates and the Castle. A week before the July anniversaries the magistrates met in council and requisitioned a force of two hundred police and a proportionate number of officers to assist in preserving the peace. Past experience of the disorders attending the celebration of "The Twelfth" certainly justified the action of the magistrates. But the Castle ignored the representations of the local authorities, and the result was that the town was left practically at the mercy of the Orange party. Disturbances occurred, as might have been expected, and although there was no rioting of the dreadful character that disgraced previous years the mischief done was rather serious. Sir Rodvers Buller, writing on behalf of the Lord Lieutenant, has refused to state specifically why no police were drafted into the town, beyond suggesting the economy of the course. He takes credit, too, for the fact that no very serious consequences resulted—a house only was wrecked and a few people beaten to the point of death by the Orangemen. Well, if economy be the cause of action of the Castle how are we to explain the fact that the police have not intervened to prosecute any of the Orange crowd for the disturbance of the Twelfth? A number of private persons, Catholics, have sworn informations inculpating some of the assailants, but no action has been taken by the authorities. Are we to have a revival of the good old "Croppie lie down" style of government, and is this the beginning of it?

We confess to an hour's reading of the Coercion journals, at once interesting, amusing, and encouraging, the morning after the thunder-bolt had fallen at Northwich. We were curious, like Prince Harry in the play, to discover "what trick, what device, what stratagem they could find to hide them from this open and apparent snare." Some hid their heads, like ostriches, in a hole, some stood up and brazened it out. The two "*Timoses*,"—the big *liarish* in London and the little *liarish* in Westmoreland a rec.—were the most amusing. The "*Forger*" declared—"The labourers of Cheshire have voted for a popular local man, a large employer of labour, and a man who has very properly spent money in and upon the town he lives in." It omits to state that the same electors rejected this same popular man and employer of labour, etc., in the general election of 1886. Seduced by the calumnies of the Liberal Unionists, and that the