

policy, the name of 'Toryine.' But as to Lord Hartington's boast that he would make all the Tories good Liberals, Sir William declared that it put him in mind of an experiment he had seen tried occasionally, without much success, that is, the experiment made by a young lady who thinks she will marry a rake in order to reform him. The ridicule, meantime, cast by the speaker on Unionists for the manner in which they felt themselves forced to deal with the Coercion Act now they had got it, has evidently been further justified and increased by what has since occurred. The action of the National League in quietly ignoring the suppression pronounced against some of its branches, and the supreme scene witnessed in the appearance in court of the editor of the *Nation* as Lord Mayor of Dublin, almost formed the culmination of all that could be arrived at. It remains, nevertheless, for us still to see whether the "Toryine" element will so far justify its title of adulteration and effiteness as to make an attempt to turn the laughter they have caused into crying. As violence and uncontrollable anger are characteristics of weakness, we may probably see that they will do so. But that will hasten the downfall that lies immediately before them. Even a manly and consistent party could not hold out in face of the disapprobation and condemnation of the country. Much less would "Toryine" be able to do so.

THE Russian designs towards Afghanistan seem as AN UNCERTAIN if they would afford a never-ending topic of discussion of one kind or another. Sometimes they

are the centre of alarm and sometimes of congratulation. All has been settled we are told at one moment, and the next there comes a report that deranges all our tranquil notions. While we write, a rumour is prevalent to the effect that three hundred Russian officers have entered Herat in the disguise of merchants, and that the Governor is taking precautions against them. But probably the rumour will be denied to-morrow, and we shall be told that nothing of the kind had occurred, and that the exact contrary was the case. What seems certain, is, nevertheless, that Lord Salisbury was completely over-reached in the diplomacy with respect to the frontier, and that the result has been an arrangement most favourable to the plans the Russians are believed to entertain. Mr. Charles Marvin, who is an authority on the subject, writes, for instance, to the *Times*, explaining the true state of affairs. The advance gained he admits, of 11 miles on the road to Herat, would not be of any serious consequence, but the acquisition of an area of 800 odd miles, within 70 miles of Herat, is a very great gain. It gives all the facility, he states, for improving on General Skobelev's recommendation, that a place of arms should be established to threaten Afghanistan and India. Merv now fulfil the conditions absolutely requisite for this, but the newly conceded tract, which lies at the other side of the desert that separates Merv from the Herat country, is still better situated for the purpose. It is capable of a high degree of cultivation, and will probably ere long share the development in that respect undergone by other districts, which, when the Russians entered upon possession of them, had also for a very long period of years run to waste. The bulk of the Russian army, therefore, may at no very distant time be concentrated here. "In one word," says the writer, "Lord Salisbury has yielded to Russia, the power to mass a force, intended to seize Herat, within 70 or 80 miles of the key of India, instead of at a distance of 240 miles from it." According to all appearances, then, we may conclude, that undiluted Toryism has been scarcely more happy in its foreign policy than "Toryine" has been in that confined to the affairs of the United Kingdom.

A FRENCH personage entitled the Baron de Mandat-Grancey has recently published a book of travels in Ireland, which he calls "Chez Paddy," otherwise "Faddy at Home." The Baron undertook a tour in Ireland in the summer of 1886 for the purpose of proving a theory which he had had the cleverness to invent before ever he knew a word about Ireland, and which he did prove to his own satisfaction—knowing much the same. For it was not by going about peering here and there through a pair of green spectacles, or spectacles that were any colour but green perhaps, since that is a colour kindly to the soil, and being crammed by all sorts of interested or hostile authorities, that much knowledge could be acquired. The Baron's theory is that Ireland's position is due to economical causes. It is the result of the economic evolution which is now taking place, owing to the facility of transport which, by levelling the value of land and population all over Europe, is ruining agriculture. Ireland, according to the Baron, has taken precedence in this evolution because of the want of capital in the country and the poverty of its soil. Unfortunately for the Baron's theory, however, the soil of Ireland is by no means poor, and as to the evolutionary results, they must certainly have preceded their cause. But such a method of progression may perhaps not be considered totally irregular, since, in this instance at least, it is Hibernian. The Baron, it will be readily believed, has brought away with him impressions of Ireland that are widely erroneous. Among those, nevertheless, who mystified him

in a jocular sort of a way, we should not have expected to find Lord Lansdowne's sanctimonious agent, Mr. Townshend Trench. It happened a good many years ago that a professor of music was engaged in London to instruct the students at a certain college belonging to the members of the Church of England in Ireland. The gentleman arrived at his destination, evidently a Cockney newly risking his person without the sound of Bow Bells. It was the early summer time, and, as was customary, the corncrakes thronged the meadows and their note was heard on every side. The new professor hearing this on the evening of his arrival, and having all the curiosity of an adventurous traveller abroad for the first time, made inquiry as to what a sound so strange to him might be. "It's only the Irish rebels," answered a wag to whom he addressed himself "that are signalling one another but if you keep quiet they'll do you no harm." The Professor turned visibly pale and uttered an exclamation of surprise and alarm. "Oh, you need not be frightened," said his informant, "only just keep away from the window so that if any shots are fired you may not be hit." Nothing more was said but next morning the Professor found the situation would not suit him, and without vouchsafing any explanation, presented his resignation to the head of the College and got him back to London in all possible haste. And Mr. Trench seems to have been playing the jester by the Baron de Mandat-Grancey.—Even in a country house in Kerry nobody will believe that the inmates of any room are obliged to keep shifting their places continually lest correct aim should be taken at them by peasants armed with rifles in the grounds. Such, however, was the information given to the Baron, and so he was kept on the alert for a whole evening. From this credulity or fertile imagination, whichever it may be, for jocular lying can hardly lie much in Mr. Trench's way, as well as from the nature of the Baron's theory, the value of his book may be discerned.—But the cause of Ireland is now too well championed, and her true condition too well explained by men of undeniable authority to admit of much harm's being done by such a publication.

QUITE ANOTHER THE account of the affray at Mitchelstown, as given VERSION. by the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who was present there and personally witnessed it, and in which he was borne out by Mr. Labouchere speaking in Parliament, puts quite a different face upon the matter from that with which it has been exhibited here by means of the cable.—On the 9th of September Mr. O'Brien was to be prosecuted at Mitchelstown, but it was known that he would not attend there. The opportunity, however, had been appointed to hold a meeting, and Mr. Labouchere, with Mr. Brunner, the newly-elected member for Northwich, and Mr. Ellis, the leader of the Welsh Liberals, known as the Parnell of Wales, as well as Mr. John Dillon and, what shows plainly the peaceable intentions of the party, accompanied by some English ladies, went down from Dublin. There were about 8000 people assembled, a number of mounted farmers forming the outer circle of the crowd. On the higher side of the ground a row of vehicles was drawn up, and one of these was made to serve as a platform. Great good humour prevailed among the people, and everything seemed to promise cheerfully. It was, nevertheless, known that a large body of police had been brought into the town the day before, and, as they were unable to obtain lodgings, it was said that they had spent the night drinking in an untenanted house. But nothing at first was seen of them. It was proposed that Dean MacCarthy should take the chair, and he was about to address the meeting when the police appeared, forcing their way through the crowd in a rough manner, and making room for a Government reporter whom they had with them, but to whose presence no one had any objection. Some marks of dissatisfaction at this disturbance were shown by the people as it was felt that the reporter should have come upon the scene in a more convenient and orderly manner, but on Mr. Dillon's beginning to speak quietness was restored, and the crowd gave him all their attention. The police, however, now attacked the horses with their batons, and, a matter that should be noted by those good folk who are so much and so laudably distressed at any rumour of the mutilation of dumb animals, Mr. Labouchere testifies that one of the constables wounded a horse with a sword. This was too much for the patience of the people, who turned on the police and, after a short combat in which those who had blackthorns made use of them—they being in the minority, since, for the most part a light ash stick used in riding was all the men were armed with—the police turned and ran away to their barrack. Mr. Dillon seeing this retreat, and feeling persuaded that it boded no good, hastened off, accompanied by two priests, to the barrack, which, he affirms, was not attacked, and whose immediate neighbourhood was free from people. He found the police-inspector in a state of wild excitement, declaring that he would take his men outside and form them in the street, but, knowing that mischief must ensue and blood be shed, he begged of him to desist from such an intention, and, meantime, the priests who had accompanied him were driven out by a couple of the constables. An utter state of confusion seems to have prevailed in the barrack, and while