

to cast the oppressed tenants out of their homes. The earlier stages of the campaign were devoted to attacks upon the weaker tenants, but in no case did the unfortunate people yield up possession without more or less resistance. Many gallant stands were made, and many people arrested in consequence. But on Saturday there was serious work for the crowbar-men and their allies, the police. Formidable preparations for resistance, it was rumoured, had been made at the house of Mr. Tully, boat-builder; and the event showed that the report was not without substantial ground. Unusual pains were taken by the emergency fellows to make a secure attack upon the house. They advanced against it under the protection of a movable shed, and attempted to plant their ladders against the walls, but were driven back with pole-thrusts and showers of stones. They made several attempts of this kind, but all in vain. A battering-ram had been provided, but as earthworks had been thrown up around the house, as in the case of "Somers' Fort," it does not appear that any attempt was made to utilise the primeval implement.

As the Emergency-men could not succeed in making any impression on the edifice, the police were ordered to advance to the attack. With fixed bayonets they essayed the escalade in great force, but at first with very little success; for they were tumbled off roof and ladder as fast as they mounted. But numbers at last won the day. Numerous holes had been broken in the roof, and into these the police thrust their bayonets with savage force, and many serious wounds were inflicted on the defenders. Yet these held their ground defiantly. A desperate struggle took place on the roof of the house, in the course of which many of the black-coated gentry were sent toppling over, before the plucky garrison was overpowered; and when at last the police effected an entrance with naked sabres and bayonets the defenders stubbornly held their ground until resistance was no longer possible. Thirteen men and boys and two girls constituted the garrison. Nearly every one of them bore bloody marks of the fray, some of them very serious ones. "Dr." Tully was borne from the field in an ambulance waggon. His injuries appeared to be of an internal character, and very grave. While the emergency carrion were clearing out the place after the fight was over, one of them brutally illused a sister of Mr. Tully's, who was endeavouring to protect a calf which the fellow was knocking about. He struck her a blow in the mouth which broke some of her teeth; and so far from this cowardly conduct being prevented or punished by the representatives of authority, it was the woman who was taken into custody, and not her assailant. In accordance with the now usual custom, all those found in the house were arrested, and many of them handcuffed preparatory to being marched off to gaol. It should be noted that the house where this violent scene was enacted was one put up entirely at Tully's own cost, and the Most Ignoble Marquis had not, in strict ethics, a right to a single brick in it.

Mr. Davitt and Mr. W. K. Bedmond, M.P., were announced to be present at a great public demonstration at Ballygarrett, near Gorey, on Sunday last, but at the last hour the Government took the usual steps to prevent it. A proclamation notifying the prohibition of the meeting was posted on Saturday evening, and a large force of police was drafted into Wexford to enforce it. But as usual the proclamation was not in the least effectual. Mr. Davitt and Mr. Bedmond arrived on the scene, and took measures to hold their meeting. While the police were cooling their heels in the village of Ballygarrett, they were taking part in a series of demonstrations—one in Gorey, and another in Quarr; while at the close of the day a third was held in Ballygarrett itself. The immediate object of the originally-intended demonstration was to make a declaration of public opinion on the question of eviction in general and the threatened eviction of Mr. Lawrence O'Connor by Captain George in particular. Mr. Davitt's speech on the subject was, as usual, trenchant and to the point. He spoke, amongst other things, of obedience or resistance to the Crimes Act, and only repeated what every philosopher of history has recognised to be an established axiom in the struggle of progress against despotism when he declared that it was a higher and nobler duty for a man to resist an unjust law than to submit to its dictates. Mr. Davitt incidentally referred to the part taken by some so-called Nationalists in Wexford in promoting a testimonial to Earl Fitzwilliam, and strongly deprecated any such movement, no matter for how good a landlord. But in the case of Earl Fitzwilliam there were very particular reasons why no Wexfordman or Irishman should take part in any presentation to him. His son was lately the Unionist candidate for a Yorkshire constituency, and lost no opportunity of trying to forward the cause of Unionism by representing the Irish Parliamentary party as the abettors of assassination and crime.

Stand forth, Constable Cooper, and go up head! This eminent public servant has beaten all previous records in his desperate endeavours for promotion. It seems, from a statement he made at the Cork Police Office on Friday last, that he was referred to as one of "Balfour's bloodhounds" by a disorderly crowd. The members of this crowd were perious, he added, ranging in age from eight years to eighteen. He produced one of this formidable crowd whom he had succeeded in capturing—a miscreant named Bat Murphy. Bat appeared in court under the protection of his mother; and it transpired that his age was neither eighteen nor eight, but only five. The case was scouted out of court by the magistrate, and Constable Cooper departed very crestfallen at this want of appreciation of his high public spirit.

The Tory Press by no means relishes the notion that Englishmen and Scotchmen who do not happen to be Tories or Unionists should come over to Ireland to see for themselves how things are going on here. They are sneered at as "strangers" and meddlers, and what not, and it is by no means unnatural that they should be so regarded. Landlordism can no longer enact its atrocities in the dark, and the clever arrangement by which the rental of these atrocities was so long successfully kept out of the English papers is no longer possible. The *Daily News* is not now served by Mr. Dunlop, but by a special representative sent over to write a true account of what he sees and hears, and those English visitors who come over to witness evictions are filling the papers on their return with recitals which make every decent English man and woman

tingle with shame that such things can be done in the name of English law. Many English papers are now publishing narratives of the Olanricarde atrocities last week, which cannot fail to rouse the most intense indignation wherever they are read, and to prove that the Ireland presented by Mr. Balfour's cooked official reports, and the Ireland that may be seen by unprejudiced English eyes, are two very different things. In some of these letters we find facts related for any account of which we look in vain even in Irish journals.

For instance, in the *Oldham Evening Chronicle* of Tuesday, September 4, we find a description of the eviction scenes from the pen of Mr. Buckley, one of the visitors who accompanied Councillor Lee and two other visitors from Oldham. This letter gives us a powerful, but altogether unlaboured account of the chief transactions which came under the writer's observation. He records a piece of shocking brutality which he witnessed at the house of Pat Page, Rosemore. The house was defended by Mrs. Page, her three daughters, and a boy of fourteen; and the resistance offered was desperate. Mr. Buckley says:—"After making a breach in the house, the order was given to enter, and one of the policemen, in attempting this, was met full in the face by a pail of cold water, which for the moment dazed him, and caused him to fall on the slippery stones. He speedily regained his feet and effected an entrance. I was standing close by at the time, and was the first to enter the house after him, as I was anxious to see what would transpire. In the semi-darkness of the hut, I discovered the policeman struggling with Mrs. Page on the floor. She said that he was murdering her. She said he had nearly throttled her to death. I said, 'Has he throttled you?' She said, 'Yes, sir; and he has bit my arm; but I will never let him go till I know his name. What is his name?' she enquired of me. Of course I could not tell her, so she repeated the question to several policemen who had now entered the hut, but none of them would tell. She, however, kept a firm grip of him, notwithstanding his struggles to get loose. He then dragged her through the breach in the wall and across the stones and debris. In doing so they both fell. This was in full view of the crowd on the slope, who booed vigorously, and called the policemen all sorts of names. When outside, in order to make no mistake, I examined the poor woman's arm, and saw a distinct impression of the cowardly and brutal policeman's teeth. This fact can be confirmed by others, who also saw the teeth marks. One could not help admiring the plucky action of the woman and her three daughters in defence of their humble homestead. As the evictors were moving from this place to the next house, I overheard one of the officers remark that he had never seen such a plucky fight in all his life."

The death-roll of coercion is swelling rapidly. Last week it was poor old Mrs. Magrath, of Moyasta, who was sent to her account by the eviction specific; this week a respectable young man, named John Fahy, one of a family put out by Olanricarde on Monday, August 31, succumbed to the shock. Poor Fahy, it appears, had been in bad health for a couple of years previously, but the local dispensary doctor would not certify to his unfitness for removal. The military doctor who accompanied the evicting expedition, expressed his surprise at the refusal of the local doctor to give a certificate, but stated that when he refused he himself could not give one, although he believed the young man to be in a very delicate state. When the evicting forces appeared, Fahy's parents earnestly entreated to be allowed to remain even a few days longer in their home to nurse their dying son, but the agent was inexorable. The poor young man became quite nervous on being placed against the wall outside his own house, and never recovered from the shock.

Last week (ending September 7) Messrs. Michael Cusack and Thomas Phelan, of Drangan, were released from Clonmel Gaol, having undergone their full term of three months' internment. Every preparation had been made to give them a hearty greeting, but this the astute official mind endeavoured to frustrate, by the familiar dodge of liberating the "criminals" at an hour not likely to be anticipated. This little ruse was not, however, altogether successful, as a great concourse of leading citizens, headed by the Mayor and most of the local clergy, waited on them during the day to offer their congratulations. The prisoners were entertained first by Mr. Condon, and afterwards by the Mayor; and in the afternoon a great procession, headed by the Kickham Band in uniform, escorted them through the town, and a halt having been made opposite the gaol gates, the band played "God save Ireland," and tremendous cheers were given for the late prisoners and the Irish popular leaders. A start was then made for Fethard, and outside that town the liberated captives were met by another great glad procession and escorted in triumph to the Priory, where they met with a hearty greeting from the patriotic Father Anderson, Father Byan, and other gentlemen. Speaking, subsequently, to a large gathering in the Priory grounds, Mr. Cusack declared that, come what might, he would continue to refuse to aid landlordism by supplying goods to its Emergency-men, and spoke some stirring words with reference to the Kilbury farm and Mr. Pat Mockler. There was another joyous demonstration on the arrival of the "criminals" at Drangan. The police will endeavour to have their innings on Friday at Mullinabone licensing sessions. They intend to oppose Miss Cusack's license once more, but as all previous like vindictive attempts have failed, there is reason to hope that this new one will be equally futile.

The National League reminds one of the old fable of the Phoenix. Mr. Balfour, by *Gazette* proclamation, pronounces it defunct, but it always rises in a curious way from the ashes which he decrees it to be its state. In no place has there been a more remarkable instance of this striking fact than in the "suppressed" barony of Duhallow. The arrest of Father Kennedy and his able lay lieutenants seems to have only added fuel to the fire down there. The curate being put into gaol, the parish priest steps into the place which Mr. Balfour declares illegal and unauthorised. The usual meeting of the suppressed branch took place last Sunday, and a Father O'Keefe took the chair. He was supported by two representatives for Cork county, Dr. Tanner and Mr. Flynn. No attempt was made by any hanger-on of Mr. Balfour's to prove that the branch had a right to regard itself as a non-existent and ghostly body; but, on the contrary, everything went to show