

ducting the van were so boycotted that they were unable to purchase anything to eat or drink. A liberal lady from Taunton went over and bought something, or else the men would have starved for that day. But the worst happened at Bishop's Hill. Here the church-bells were rung to drown the speaker, Mr. Laud-Brown. As soon as the speaker ceased, the bells ceased. When he commenced again the bells began again. This went on for two hours. Beer was freely handed about. The vicarage garden was the receptacle of rotten eggs, which were hurled with effect. One of the rowdy gang was heard to say, with several oaths, while in a public-house, that he would like to burn all the Home Rulers. Doubtless, these "lewd fellows of the baser sort" were made to do this unseemly act by their 'social superiors.' If two places so ecclesiastical as to be called Bishop's Lydeard and Bishop's Hill respectively are so godless, clerics must not be hard on the men who say 'the nearer the Church, the further from Heaven.' It is to be hoped that the thoughtful electors of both these places will resent such rowdiness by voting for Mr. Latham at the next election. Coercion in Ireland, evicting starving tenants, thrusting Mr. Harrison into gaol for giving a loaf of bread to the hungry, slander, forged letters, rotten eggs, and rowdiness; such are the arguments of the party which, according to Mr. Chamberlain, contains the germ of England.—We are justified, therefore, in concluding that Primrosery is not exclusively the system of gentle peace, good manners, unvarnished truth, and refined and delicate odours, that we had been required to believe it was.

OPINION in Europe, according to the latest details, AN EVERLASTING QUESTION, seemed to be that Russia was determined to form a greater Servian kingdom, including Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, and ruled over by Prince Nicholas, promoted to be king. The return of the Metropolitan Michael from Russia, where he had taken refuge some years ago, or being banished by Prince Milan for advocating in opposition to him Slavist interests, has been taken as particularly significant, and as almost an open declaration of Russian intentions. The bringing forward of the Prince of Montenegro, meantime, into a more prominent position would be of itself a very remarkable event. In his retired and hardly accessible principality the Prince has led a very primitive sort of life, and has been used to enforce his control by methods no longer recognised among civilised peoples. He is said, for example, to consider it quite an ordinary proceeding to cause a refractory or stupid Minister of State to be publicly whipped in his presence. How, therefore, he would figure as a potentate on a larger and more widely observed stage may be a matter for speculation. Before Prince Nicholas, however, could be so promoted stirring events must take place. Preparatory steps must involve the long threatened collision between Russia on the one side, and on the other, Austria, fighting to retain her influence over Servia and her actual hold on Bosnia and Herzegovina, as well as her prospective advance to Salonika, and Germany engaged for her own particular ends, in forwarding Austrian views. A point, meantime, which is by no means the least interesting to us in the matter is the position to be assumed under the circumstances by Catholicism in the provinces concerned. Of recent years its advance there has been very marked—more especially in Bulgaria, which, of course, would share the general fate of subjection to Russia, and where,—also under the impartial rule of the much-abused Prince Alexander—the Church has been most active, with striking success. But the Metropolitan Michael returns to Servia no more the herald of a Russian suzerainty than of a movement hostile to the Catholic Church. The very bond of the Slavonic Union, of which he is so devoted an advocate, is the undisputed sovereignty of the Russo-Greek Church, under the spiritual headship of the Czar. We know too well, however, the methods by which the Russian Government enforces its spiritual supremacy, and, were it successful in the Balkan peninsula no greater leniency might there be expected from it. The interests, therefore, implicated in this ever-reviving Eastern question are increasing every year. The kingdom, in short, which Russia proposes to form and cement, must involve in its establishment interests that concern the world at large.

THERE is one Thomas Clancy, in the County Clare, who must be a whole Jack-the-Giant-Killer in himself. TOM CLANCY. Tom, it seems, is able to intimidate a whole country-side, and keep them from buying the cattle of an obnoxious landlady. Irish flesh and blood, therefore, when it attains to the ripe age of fifteen is evidently a very formidable affair, for fifteen years is the whole amount of the span to which Thomas Clancy has attained, although, if judged by his prowess and fury, he might equal the most venerable of all the patriarchs. Tom, however, was not wholly invincible, and, although he could make Mrs. Moroney, the obnoxious landlady, tremble in her biggest galoshes, and scatter to the winds the crowd of the would-be dealers with her, the Peebles proved too much for him, as they had done, indeed, for many an honest lad before his time. So Tom was taken up—look up, perhaps, he himself would say—and carried before the magistrates. And what was the sentence of their Worship? Why, that if Tom would enter

into his own recognisance in £10, with two sureties of £5, to be of good behaviour for twelve months, and let Mrs. Moroney's cows sold under his very nose, they would set him free. Tom Clancy, however, was too valiant a lad for that, and had too much of the spring of the old rod in him not to despise good behaviour under the circumstances. He knew, of course, that he would never lose his £10, and that his sureties would never lose their £5, let him do what he would, for not a ten pound note or a five pound note had Tom Clancy, or any of his friends or acquaintances, except perhaps Mrs. Moroney and her would-be dealers whom he had terrified, and they must be the last to go bail for him. But, just for the fun of the thing, he chose to reject the kind offer, and go to gaol for a month. Tom Clancy's case, meantime, will make one in the list of offences that, when the occasion calls for it, will be brought forward to prove the necessity of continuing the rule of coercion in Ireland. Tom Clancy, meantime, is a plucky little chap, deserving of a word to keep us in mind of him.

American Notes.

EVERYTHING seems of insignificance compared with the terrible catastrophe in the Conemaugh Valley, Pennsylvania. The Valley is, at the particular point concerned, little more than a gorge, extending for some hundred yards in width between the Endless Hills, and thirteen miles in length. It was a centre of busy industry and contained a large population. At its head stood a reservoir, some three hundred feet up the hills, covering 700 acres of ground, about two miles and a half in length, nearly a mile broad, and from 60 to 100 feet deep. The water had been regulated for some time by a sluice, but lately the Company, keeping the lake for fishing and other purposes of amusement and pleasure, had discharged the caretaker, and the water remained uncontrolled. The dam, nevertheless, had shown signs of weakness and alarm was felt in some quarters concerning it. On the afternoon of Friday, May 31, the water of the reservoir, swollen by heavy rain that had fallen for some days, burst the dam and leaped with terrible violence into the valley below, rushing forward there in a wave from twenty to forty feet high, and at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The results are not even easy to imagine. Houses and villages, and finally the town of Johnstown were overturned and swept away, and thousands of people perished. Above this town, meantime, was a railway bridge that for some time withstood the torrent, and against it was piled an enormous heap of houses and the debris of houses, carried down by the flood—some two thousand people, some carried there in the wreck of their dwellings, some who had scrambled there for safety, were scattered over this heap, when, from some cause or another, the dry wood caught fire, and the whole thing was burned, with its human victims, to the water's edge. The particular incidents related are very numerous, and are extremely pathetic. Others, however, are revolting; such, for example, as the robbing of the dead by degraded wretches of the locality and roughs from Pittsburgh. Whole families perished together—or one member in some cases was left to mourn all the rest. A little child was seen kneeling with her hands up in prayer on a plank borne away by the flood; a man was found sitting in agony by the drift where his wife and child were buried; a young girl, barefooted, and clad alone in a petticoat and shawl, was recognised as the belle of the place, and the daughter of a wealthy banker. The noble deed of the engineer, Parke however must not be omitted. Seeing that the dam must go, he got on his horse and galloped in advance of the wave warning the people to fly to the hills, and only escaping there himself when it was too late for him to do any more for others. Measures for the relief of the survivors, and for the rebuilding of Johnstown are being taken in the States. The number calculated to have perished is about 15,000.

The inquest on the body of Dr. Cronin, discovered in the catch basin of a sewer at Lake View, near Chicago, and the arrests consequent on the verdict of the coroner's jury, have occasioned much excitement. The most important evidence given was that of Luke Dillon, a leading officer of the Clan-na-Gael, and who testified, with great apparent bitterness, against Mr. Alexander Sullivan. Dillon described the objects of the organisation to which he belonged as being to assist in establishing an Irish Republic, in bringing about a fraternal feeling among Irishmen in America, and in the elevation of the Irish race. He denied that there was anything in his obligations that would conflict with his duties as an American citizen—with the exception that it might possibly devolve upon him to violate the neutrality laws. He said that Dr. Cronin had told him he expected that the personal ambition of Alexander Sullivan to rule both the Irish and American politics in Chicago would result in his, (Cronin's), death, and went on to testify as to the extremely violent language used by Sullivan towards Cronin on the occasion of a trial some two or three years ago, in which Sullivan had been prosecuted for the misappropriation of money, and Cronin had been one of the jurors. The witness attributed Sullivan's enmity to Cronin to a feeling of personal revenge. He absolutely denied that the executive of the Clan-na-Gael had authority to issue an order for the assassination of any of the members of their organisation, the extreme penalty being expulsion only. The verdict of the jury found that Alexander Sullivan, Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan, and Woodruffe, *alias* Black, were either principals, accessories, or had had guilty knowledge of the plot for Cronin's murder. It also pronounced all secret societies such as that of the Clan-na-Gael, not in harmony with, and injurious to, American institutions. The principal interest in the matter, as things now are, centres in the innocence or guilt of Alexander Sullivan. It is, however, quoted as additional proof of the evil of secret societies that the Clan-na-Gael has been, at any rate, shown to be distinguished by virulent hatreds and feuds among its members—such