

## THE WEXFORD ELECTION.

As the poll closed a serious disturbance took place in the neighbourhood of the Tholsel, where the people had assembled to hear the declaration of the poll. The *Freeman* correspondent, telegraphing at five o'clock, says:—

"A riot of a serious character is at present raging near the Tholsel. When the polling had closed The O'Conor Don, with two of his attorneys—O'Shaughnessy and Huggard—came down to the Tholsel under a guard of about forty police. Some eggs were thrown over The O'Conor Don, but he got safely into the Tholsel. The police then turned on the people, using their rifles to keep them back. A bit of opposition met them here, and this developed into a scuffle. In a second or two stones were going at close quarters. The police charged about with batons, then crouched together in knots. Mr. Kennedy, the resident magistrate, rushed forward to try and restore order. Mr. Sexton shouted from a window to stop the stone throwing. The panic was only momentary. The crowd with a recklessness hardly to be imagined, threw themselves on the police, and the latter, with batons and fixed bayonets, dashed into the crowd, who were hemmed in by the peculiar construction of the streets. Shutters were hastily dashed up."

The same correspondent, writing at 5.45 p.m., says:—

"The encounter between the police and the people, which has now happily been quelled; after lasting nearly twenty minutes, was so close and so exciting that in many instances hand-to-hand encounters took place over the police guns. Mr. Batterly denounced the action of the police in provoking the row. The mayor and some clergymen who rushed out into the street and endeavoured to separate the two parties produced a lull, during which the resident Magistrate, under pressure from Mr. Healy and The O'Conor Don, consented to withdraw his men, and then the police, protected by several members of the Redmond Committee, made good their retreat. Shutters have been quickly put up."

Mr. Healy, addressing the people after the disturbance, said the police will be immediately withdrawn (groans), on our giving an assurance, which I have given freely in your name, that The O'Conor Don will not have a hair of his head hurt.

A Voice.—What does he want here at all? (Groans.)

Mr. Healy.—The O'Conor Don has acted in this matter like an Irish gentleman.

A Voice.—A purty gentleman, with his police (groans and noise).

Mr. Healy.—The O'Conor Don has consented to place himself at, I may say, the mercy of the men of Wexford on the police being withdrawn (cheers and groans). Is not that fair? (Noise.) The resident magistrate has acted in this matter in a way which I think shows he bitterly regrets what has occurred (groans, and cries of "So he ought"). Well, now, listen to me. The police will be at once withdrawn.

A Voice.—We have not done with the buckshots yet.

Mr. Healy.—Ah, silence now. We have promised that the O'Conor Don, while in our charge, shall have no unkind words offered to him. The police will now withdraw (groans). The peace of the town is in your hands; let every man consider himself responsible for the good order (hear, hear). If any of you are offended put up with it for the sake of Ireland, if not for the sake of Wexford (cheers).

During this speech the police were marched off under a storm of hisses, groans, and shouts of "Harvey Duff" and "Buckshot."

The *Irish Times* correspondent, describing the conflict, says:—

The police had a series of altercations with people who thought they had a right to remain and hear the result of the poll, and while this was going on a few scoundrels at the outer edge of the crowd flung stones at the police, one of which made itself seriously felt. Blood was up then, and the *melee* commenced. The constables drew their batons and rushed at their assailants, striking whoever came in their way, and unfortunately, very often coming in contact with persons who, on account of their very non-combative nature, did not feel impelled to run away. It is invariably so on these occasions. This rush did not last a minute. It was over almost before one could realise what was happening. The results, however, were very forcible. Blood was flowing freely from the heads and faces of several constables; upon the footpath lay a man bleeding as profusely as if an artery had been cut, while here and there persons could be seen staggering away from the scene of the fight, where they had received very rough handling. This charge seemed to have dispersed the crowd effectively, but such was not the case. Another minute or two and from every lane and alley volleys of stones were poured in upon the police, who appeared afraid to face their assailants. The mob growing bolder advanced as if with the intention of engaging in a hand-to-hand encounter. Again the police, stung to madness by the galling fire of missiles that poured in upon them charged the mob, this time grasping their rifles short, and driving the muzzles into the ribs of whoever withstood them. By so many paths did the constables pursue their flying enemies that some of their number became isolated, and suffered accordingly. One, being tripped up, was only saved from being kicked to death by the numbers and eagerness of his foes, who absolutely fell over each other by the dozen, and were unable to wreak their vengeance on the unhappy constable before a number of his comrades arrived and rescued him. Reprisals there were upon the other side. At this time it seemed as if every second person one saw in the street was wounded, and yet the mob appeared to be gaining in numbers and in courage. Again the constables were formed close to the wall of the Tholsel; again the stones could be heard clattering against their helmets and accoutrements, and then the order was given to fix bayonets. It did not come a moment too soon if they were not to be cut to pieces, for passion and excitement had inspired the crowd with a degree of audacity seldom equalled. Once more the police charged. It is said that two or three bayonet wounds were inflicted; but I have seen no proof of it; I can positively aver that in this particular matter of the use of the

bayonet the constables exercised a very wise degree of caution. Following this charge there was a lull in the hostilities. The crowd rightly saw that, pushed a little further, the police, if they were not to be driven from the streets, must fire upon them, and at that moment there were those who trembled in the presence of the greater danger that seemed so close ahead. Taking advantage of this pause, Mr. Healy, Mr. Sexton, the Mayor of Wexford, and others went into the streets and implored of the mob to desist. Their entreaties, joined by those of two Catholic priests, who, warned of what was taking place, hurried to the spot, had a powerful effect, and for a while, at all events, further danger was averted."

## THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL IN NORTH TIPPERARY.

THE correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing on July 16, says:—

Yesterday the new church of Ballinabinch, County Tipperary, was dedicated by His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel to the name and in the honour of St. Joseph. There was an immense gathering of people from the three converging counties of Clare, Limerick and Tipperary. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Thomas O'Dwyer, C.C., and the dedication sermon preached by the Rev. James Cantwell, Adm., Thurles. The village of Ballinabinch was most tastefully decorated, bands and banners without number enlivened the scene, and the occasion was availed of by the Town Commissioners of Nenagh, headed by their respected chairman, Mr. P. J. O'Brien, to present an address to the Archbishop, bidding him a hearty welcome to North Tipperary. The clergy of Cashel and Killaloe were largely represented, and a collection was taken up which realised a considerable sum. After the sacred ceremonies had concluded, Mr. P. J. O'Brien, chairman of the Nenagh Town Commissioners, read the address, from which we take the following passages:—

"We gladly take advantage of this joyful occasion to give public expression to the sentiments of pride and pleasure with which we have witnessed your Grace's public career since first you came amongst us—a heaven-sent messenger—to edify us by your zeal for the glory of God and the interests of religion; to animate us by word and example in the struggle for our rights—the right to live in the land of our birth, to eat of the fruits our toil has produced, and to give to our children the education that would fit them for life's duties here, and for the better life hereafter. Your commanding influence was ever used to quell the passions that bad laws and worse administration could not fail to arouse, and that the refusal of redress tended to intensify and perpetuate. We, the representatives of the people, desire to assure your Grace that we, too, are as our fathers were, heart and soul with you in the cause of God and country, looking for your lead in the fight for freedom, and full of hope that we shall see in your day the dream of our childhood, the hope of our fathers—our country's rights fully restored, and making its own laws for its people's good. In conclusion, we have the pleasure to bid your Grace welcome to North Tipperary, and to assure you that in the event (which we hope is not far distant) of your Grace's honouring our town—its capital—with a visit, that the good people of Nenagh (whom we here represent) will joyfully receive your Grace with a *cord mile faitte*."

The address was signed by Patrick J. O'Brien, chairman; and John Gleeson, Town Clerk.

His Grace replied as follows:—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I know not in what terms to acknowledge and thank you for the very eloquent and exhaustive address just read for me, and which, apart altogether from the too flattering reference that it makes to myself, deserves, I think, to be called a historic document. It epitomises the history of Ireland for a long series of years, and, in language at once calm, clear and convincing, it sets forth the indisputable fact that the struggle now going on in our midst for the right to live and thrive in our native land is only a continuance of the lengthened and hereditary contest that has been sustained though with varying success, by the men of our race for many centuries. The very insignificant part that I have played in Irish political affairs within the last few but eventful years—however, in your kindness, you may be disposed to exaggerate its importance and magnify its results—is as nothing compared with the great deeds of the good and glorious prelates who illustrated our country even in the days of her deepest gloom; and you do well to name at least one amongst them, the staunch and saintly St. Laurence O'Toole, of Dublin, who, when he failed to achieve for his native land what he desired, either by persuasive speech or at the point of the sword, went for ever from her shores, and sought in exile that comfort and independence which his high soul could never realise in a land subjected to foreign and unfriendly rule. As for me, I am disposed to take a hopeful view of things in Ireland at present. What it is that has inspired me with these cheering anticipations it were needless now to say; but surely one cannot help looking forward to bright and prosperous days for a people who have clung firmly to the faith of their fathers through ages of trial and persecution, gallantly maintaining an unequal struggle for right and life and liberty through the dark and dreary night of seven centuries. Having always ardently desired to visit old Nenagh town, the capital of North Tipperary, I am now placed under a double obligation of doing so, for, in the first place, I wish to make some return to you for the high compliment you have this day paid me; and, in the second place, I am most anxious to meet again and renew old acquaintance with your laborious and venerated pastor, Dr. Pyne, whom I knew in my college days, and whose many sterling qualities of head and heart I even then had learned to recognise and respect. For the rest, earnestly recommending to you gentlemen, and to all others assembled here, the good work which Father M'Keogh has on hand, I beg you to accept, in conclusion, my very sincere thanks for your beautiful address, and for the great honour you have done me by the public presentation of it in presence of this large and representative gathering of Tipperary men, and of other friends from the adjoining counties of Clare and Limerick (applause).