

"Oh, well, perhaps not, for I was younger then," remarked this sage person; "and then, being sent away from all one's friends and acquaintances was pretty trying at first. However, I don't complain now. No, I think it was wise on the part of your mother; and I am sure I thank her. And when do you go back to Stratford, Richard?"

(Concluded in our next.)

## Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

"UN-ENGLISH and vindictive"—that, in two words, is the verdict of St. Pancras upon the Pigottist campaign, whose promoters appealed to the first English constituency that offered with such effrontery and confidence. This contest is the most significant of almost all the bye-elections. It came when the game of calumniating the Irish representatives was tried out to its last act. The Commission was over; the Report was issued; the public mind was ripe. Mr. Balfour having failed in Ireland, this was the coercionists' last card. They played it with the desperation of a ruined gambler. They played it, and have lost.

The sympathy which the struggle in Tipperary excites in England is exemplified by the subscription of £5 handed to Mr. William O'Brien by Mr. Coleridge, M.P., son of the Lord Chief Justice of England. Still more valuable is the emphatic letter that accompanied the subscription. Mr. Coleridge writes, referring to the great meeting which Mr. O'Brien and Canon Keller addressed in the Central Hall, London—"I had the privilege of hearing and seeing you last night, and at the close I felt the want of a big money box at the door marked 'For the Tipperary Fight,' for I am sure your words made us all long to contribute something there and then for those brave people. Any-way here is my little trifle for the good cause."

The meaning of the great battle in Tipperary is at last dawning on the people of England, and compels their admiration. They see a courage and an enthusiasm and self-devotion in their intensity absolutely startling in this selfish, every-man-for-himself nineteenth century of ours. The people of Tipperary faced eviction, have patiently endured the confiscation of their homes and property, rather than a single coin of their hard-earned money should help the extermination of their poorer brethren on the Fensby estate. This was the spirit that set the roofs of Moscow ablaze over the heads of Napoleon's soldiers—that opened the dykes of Holland and swept the invaders from the free soil. The stubborn, straightforward plucky Englishman is just the man to appreciate this heroism when the facts are once in his head.

The report of the Forgeries' Commission was the last straw which broke the back of the I.L.P.U. Association. Their amiable secretary, Houston, has, at length, been permitted to retire. They had kept him on after he had confessed to have incited and bribed the wretched Pigott to procure the forged letters. They had kept him on after he had confessed to destroying every scrap of evidence by which the forgeries might be detected. But when the Report of the Forgeries' Commission completely broke up the vile dirt-pie of "Parnellism and Crime," in which he had so large a figure, the I.L.P.U. thought it time for Pigott's accomplice to go. It was felt that his imprimatur would not add any additional credence to the interesting legends in the leaflets of the Association. They parted with mutual compliments, and Mr. Houston's fall is broken by a special vote of thanks for his signal services to the cause. It is a pity that Pigott is not alive to share the compliment.

Nothing yet done in the name of Coercion has approached within measurable distance of the transactions of the past few weeks in and around the district of Clongorey. It is not British law, but the law of the buccaneer and the sea-rover. The house of a respectable woman has been smashed in by policemen, without a warrant, and four score men have been arrested, handcuffed, and marched off to the lock-up; inoffensive people have been set upon by hordes of armed and uniformed hirelings, and beaten and battered most mercilessly; troops have been called out and the whole town of Newbridge given into their hands, so that persons going on their lawful business have been prevented from pursuing it; and the whole district subjected to a dragonade utterly unparalleled in modern history. All this has been done for no other reason than that Mrs. O'Kelly had, out of charity, volunteered to give shelter to the evicted Clongorey tenants, and for that purpose undertook some structural alteration in her farm buildings. The incident is absolutely unique in its lawlessness. Mr. Sexton, on Monday, moved the adjournment of the House of Commons in order to discuss the proceedings; and the Government could only get a majority of 42 to back them out in a House of 350 members.

The Rev. Canon Keller had cheery news for the people of Youghal and the surrounding districts, who, with unanimous enthusiasm and affection, welcomed him home from his crusade in England on behalf of the evicted and oppressed tenants on the Poonsonby estate. Canon Keller has found in England that racial hatred has disappeared. The people of England were profoundly moved by the details of the wrongs and miseries to which the unhappy tenantry on the Poonsonby estate have been subjected: "The end," he said, "could not be long delayed. They had, in truth, to wait just a little longer. Never before had they such reason for hope as at the present time, because never before was the desire manifest among Englishmen to restore to them their native legislation." In very truth the wonderful success of Canon Keller's English mission is in itself the most cheery omen of the change of the times in England. The boundless enthusiasm with which he was everywhere received, the sympathy and admiration with which he was heard, show that racial prejudices and religious bigotry have both well nigh disappeared in England. To realise the greatness of the change, we must try to imagine what would have been the fate of the Catholic priest who set out to preach in England

a moral crusade on behalf of the Irish tenants and Home Rule, ten years ago.

The Assizes have come on, and the judges are putting into prosaic language the good chorus, "We've got no work to do." The card is practically a blank. There are white gloves in Westmeath—white gloves in the county of the Special Westmeath Act! The saturnine judge, O'Brien, to whom it fell to open the Commission for that county, could not help commenting with emphasis upon the fact. There seems to be a touch of the "Othello's occupation's gone" about the tone of his lordship's remarks over the historical circumstances. To Baron Dowse it fell to open the Commission for the county Clare; and his facetious lordship found scope for the wit in his wig at the expense of the police. But, joke or no joke, the great fact remains that Coerced Ireland, with all the brutal provocation of Mr. Balfour's paid emissaries, is at this moment the most crimeless country in Christendom. Here is something for the political student to moralise over.

One of the pretty fables started by the Coercionists recently relates to New Tipperary. No doubt it served a useful purpose in amusing the gullible for a day or two, but its career was very brief. The fiction was that the builders of the Mart in Tipperary were running up that edifice for Mr. Smith-Barry's use and benefit, rather than for the good of his evicted shopkeepers, inasmuch as the ground upon which it is located had been bought by that gentleman, and when the Mart was finished it was a question with him whether he should evict the occupants and take possession of their property. Here was a fine joke certainly for the Coercionists, and they must have chuckled over it hugely. But the *Freeman's Journal* has remorsefully set down the pegs which made the music. It despatched a chief to find out the truth about the matter, and he reports that the whole story was a weak invention of the enemy. Mr. Smith-Barry has nothing to do with the ground on which the Mart stands, nor is he likely to have. Since the denial appeared the matter has not been referred to by either the *Daily Express* or the *Irish Times*, both of which published the fable with elaborate circumstantiality.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of League suppression was admirably displayed the other day at Cashel. The local branch of the League was "suppressed"—that is to say, a proclamation was issued suppressing it. Otherwise, everything, of course, remained exactly as it was before. The members of the League, who comprise the entire inhabitants of the district (except the police), did not vanish into thin air at the issue of the proclamation. They were all still there in the flesh, alive and kicking, though they were all, of course, "suppressed" in point of law. This condition of things puzzled the local sergeant of police, as it might well puzzle a wiser head than his. The members of the League were members of the town council, and attended a municipal meeting at the Town Hall. Then arose the nice question of metaphysical criminality which puzzled the sergeant. The meeting was a meeting of the Town Commissioners, therefore it was legal. But it was attended by members of the "suppressed" branches of the League, therefore it was illegal. The sergeant was a man of action, so he ended by forcibly breaking into the board room with an armed troop of police. Thence he was immediately and ignominiously expelled in a greater condition of puzzledom than ever.

We had hoped to give a summary of Sir William Harcourt's slashing denunciation of the "Forger" and its confederates. It is impossible. The hits are so many and so brilliant that it is quite out of the question even to attempt to concentrate them in a paragraph. There is, however, one touch for the sanctimonious Attorney-General which is too inimitable to be omitted:—"The Attorney-General," he said, "in his speech at Oxford, said he was extremely glad that Mr. Parnell had been acquitted of the most serious charges (laughter). But small thanks to the Attorney-General. It is very much as if a man were to come up to you and discharge a pistol at your head, and, having missed you, to say 'Sir, I am extremely glad that I have not taken your life, but I sincerely hope I have hit some of your friends in the legs' (loud laughter)." It was, indeed, hardly worth Sir Wretched Fibster's while to tell a lie which not one person in the wide world was simple enough to believe. He "glad," forsooth, that Mr. Parnell had been acquitted—he, the prime mover in the vile charges! The very horriest of the horse marines would reject such a transparent fable with scorn.

Lord Spencer, than whom is no man more competent to speak on Irish affairs, has come out strong on the Forgeries' report. He points out with pardonable pride that it completely justifies his declaration which made the coercionists so furious at the time, that the Irish leader and party were in his belief, founded on ample official information, entirely free from crime or incitement to crime, in the ordinary meaning of the word. The political findings of the Commission Lord Spencer treats with indifference and contempt.—When will the baffled coercionists, blind with defeat, come to realise the tight place in which they are now? If they will still persist in reviling the Irish leader and party as criminals and associates of criminals, they must include Lord Spencer and men like him in the same category. This is a little too much for their most credulous dupes.

Now that our editor is safe out of the jurisdiction, out of the way of newspapers and letters, we venture to print the enclosed from "Toby's Essence of Parliament" in *Punch*, a journal, it must be remembered, more lavish of sneers than compliments for Ireland and the Irish:—"Speeches all night in continued debate on the address. Parnell has moved amendment arraiging Balfour's administration in Ireland. William O'Brien, chancing to be out of prison, looks in and delivers fiery harangue in support of amendment. But yesterday, Balfour, his gaoler, ordered his food, not too much of it and not full variety; fixed his hours of going to bed and getting up. Now prison doors open by lapse of time; O'Brien walks out through Westminster Hall into House of Commons; stands before Speaker on equal terms with his whilom gaoler, and scolds him magnificently. By-and-bye Balfour will probably have his turn again, and O'Brien will be eating the bread and water of affliction. Meanwhile, storms at top of his voice, beats the air with long, lean arm and clenched hand, and makes dumb dogs of English members sad with musing on the