

The meeting that would be dispersed with violence in New Tipperary is, it seems, strictly constitutional at Thurles. Surely the assemblage did not become more legal or less objectionable in the eyes of the authorities because it was addressed by Mr. William O'Brien as well as by Mr. John Dillon. What, then, is the meaning of this forbearance? Both were guests of the courageous and patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, and to baton his guests on the threshold of the Episcopal palace was a performance in which the Coercionists, who are at present engaged—to borrow the famous phrase of Sir George Errington—in intrigues to keep the Vatican in good humour, did not think it prudent to indulge.

There being no attempt to suppress the meeting, there was, of course, no disturbance of any kind. For it is a permanent Irish bull of the present administration that the peace is never broken except by the official "preservers of the peace." In another respect the meeting was most remarkable. It consisted largely of two great deputations of the Smith-Barry tenants evicted and defying the evictor at Tipperary and Cashel respectively. Enthusiastic addresses of confidence and esteem and affection were presented to Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon by the men whom the Coercionist orators proclaim they have ruined—by the men who, the same oracles declare, hate and curse them in their hearts. How is it all managed? The explanation is simplicity itself. It is all done by "intimidation." The addresses are prepared by—intimidation; the crowds are assembled by—intimidation; they are made to laugh and cheer—all by intimidation. How they are intimidated and by whom the Coercionists are not good enough to explain, unless, indeed, they intimidate themselves. There is the bald chat that Primrose Dames and I.L.P.U., orators think good enough for English electors. The meeting was a splendid success. The ringing cheers with which the encouraging and approving speeches were received shows plainly that Tipperary means to fight this battle out to the bitter end. Not a very comforting assurance, we should say, for Mr. Smith-Barry and his abettors.

Surely there never was witnessed a more comical scene than the great Colonel Removable Cad—the master of many legions—hopping about like a tom-tit in the streets of New Tipperary, to avoid the terrible truth-telling instantaneous photographing apparatus of Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P. It was a regular case of "Don't fire Colonel; I'll come down." Only it was the colonel that came down. "I will send you my photograph, sir, if you want it," said Colonel Cad. "Thank you," responded Mr. P. O'Brien, tapping his trusty kodak with exasperating politeness, "I have you here. If, however," he continued, in his most insinuating tone, "you would be kind enough to stand with your tongue out, and your thumb to your nose, in your customary attitude addressing Catholic clergymen, I would be most happy to take you again." Colonel Cad did not continue the conversation; but he commanded two tall and trusty sub-constables to interpose between him and the deadly kodak during the rest of the day. It was a sight to make a dead man laugh to see him dodging the "infernal machine" behind this living rampart, and issuing his commands from ambush. Never was the Governor-General of a city placed in a more ignominious position.

In connection with the proposed new "plantation" our Tory contemporaries have been favoured with a document of a rare and astonishing character. It purports to be a report of an "interview" with Mr. Tener, obtained by a correspondent in Armagh, but a perusal of the narrative must convince anyone that the thing has been supplied by Mr. Tener himself, and that the "interview" is a mere myth. Mr. Tener seems to have gone down to induce some Ulster farmers to take up his evicted farms, but he has evidently found that it will require some extraordinary power of persuasion to do so. Hence he goes bald-headed, so to speak, for the damsel called Truth. He tells the imaginary correspondent some marvellous things. What must the Ulster farmer think of his Connaught brother, if he believe the ingenuous Tener? A man who is fool enough to pay two rents is a phenomenon; yet this is what Lord Clanricarde's agent tries to make Ulstermen believe that many of the tenants about Portumna are doing. Although, he says, almost all the farmers about there have paid their money into the war-chest of the Plan of Campaign, a large number have also paid the landlord. But Mr. Tener very judiciously abstains from giving the names of those simple beings. The Plan of Campaign, he says further, has utterly broken down on the Portumna estate; but how this is compatible with the other statement, that the farmers have all joined the plan, he does not think it necessary to explain. Boycotting, again, he assures the Northern farmers, has utterly broken down, although he in the next sentence says a large number of persons were lately sent to gaol for it, and the Catholic bishop and his administrator are constantly denouncing it, publicly and privately. It is hardly necessary to tell the Northern farmers that Mr. Tener is simply trying to gull them. They are not the fools he seems to think them.

ASK THE POLICEMAN.

(Wellington Evening Post.)

MR. BALFOUR is angry, and, as men will do when in that condition, he has forgotten his manners. The Irish Secretary's irritation is, however, excusable under the circumstances. He has been completely out-manœuvred, and no doubt been subjected to a good deal of chaffing in consequence. In the game of wits with Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien Mr. Balfour has been worsted, and he has lost his temper. Money, of course, is essential to the purposes of the Home Rule party as it is to the maintenance of every other political agitation. If Mr. Balfour could cut off the supplies, he could easily crush the movement. Mr. Dillon and his fellow-delegates did well in their mission to these colonies, greatly to Mr. Balfour's annoyance. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien have, on former occasions, done well also in America, and the supply there has not been by any means exhausted. They propose to tap it again. Mr. Balfour was extremely anxious to prevent this, and so he had them arrested on one of the numerous

accusations to which every man, woman, and child is exposed in Ireland under the elastic provisions of the Crimes' Act. If Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were locked up they could not go to America. They managed, however, to delay the proceedings, obtain bail, and then, despite the strict surveillance and close shadowing of the police, they contrived to make good their escape to France *en route* for America, where they will no doubt meet with a triumphal reception. The circumstances of their departure will add *celat* to their visit and probably aid greatly to swell their collections. No wonder Mr. Balfour is angry at his plans so miscarrying that the proceedings intended to crush the enemy have actually proved blessings in disguise. He must be very angry indeed when he declares that regarding a matter of fact he would prefer the word of a policeman to those of Mr. John Morley and Mr. Harrison. Mr. Morley's name will live in history as one of the foremost Englishmen of his day, long after Mr. Balfour's will be remembered only as a shocking example. Mr. Harrison is not even an Irishman, although he has enjoyed the distinction of being batoned and imprisoned in his capacity as a Home Rule member. He is a young man, fresh from an English University. Mr. Balfour, however, prefers believing a policeman's testimony as to the Tipperary proceedings rather than the evidence of such witnesses. We do not admire his taste or his judgment, but the choice is characteristic. Mr. Balfour's idea of government is police espionage, and in his opinion there is no preservative of order equal to the baton.

THE BANSHEE'S WARNING: A STORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

(By JAMES MURPHY, Author of "The Forge of Clohogue," "The Cross of Glencarrig, etc., etc.")

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Roger Leix was sitting at a small table covered with maps and papers, reading a letter. He did not lift his eyes as they entered, perhaps from the fact that the officers were in the constant habit of entering, and so footsteps did not distract his attention from his work. But in the first passing glance, now that he could see him in the broad light of the morning, Maurice was struck by the change in his appearance. The face, so lately handsome and bright, was pale and thin and clouded with gravity—the gravity of sorrow and disappointment. His hair, once black and curling, was tinged with white. The form, bold, alert, and vigorous—the beau ideal of a gay and dashing leader of men—was bowed and bent, and looked as if several years had passed over his head since last they met instead of a few weeks.

"Well, Roger Leix," said the Friar, after pausing a moment in contemplation, "I come with glorious news."

The chieftain looked up mechanically and with absent eyes. Clearly his thoughts were fully preoccupied. But they flashed with some of their old brightness as they fell upon his visitor.

"Friar!" he said, as he extended his hand. "Is it really you who are here?"

"I? Yes, I have so changed that you wonder at my presence?"

"Changed? No, you could not change. But I heard you had been taken prisoner by those raiding scoundrels in Wicklow."

"So I was, Roger; but they could not keep me. The Hand that impelled me to come to Ireland brought me out of their keeping—eternal thanks to Him!" And the Friar crossed himself, whilst, as he turned for a moment his eyes upward, a gleam of confidence and trust shot from them.

"Indomitable as ever," said O'Moore. "I am as glad to see you here as if a thousand men had crossed from Spain."

"Talking of men coming!" said Tully. "Talking of men coming! Do you know the news I bear, Rory? The forces of the Government are nearing us; must be even now hard by the bridge of Julianstown."

"What?—No?" cried Roger O'Moore, starting from his seat.

"It is even so, Prince of Leix. Out of the cloud of disappointment God has sent a silver ray of light to cheer the hearts of his drooping people. Even as he sent in the olden days a pillar of fire to guide his chosen people, so he has sent us a sudden light of victory."

"I fancy your zeal has misled you, Tully," said O'Moore, after an instant's pause. "See here. Here is a report of a detachment sent out under a most capable officer—a detachment of capable men, too, for they are nearly all officers from abroad. No force is coming from Dublin. See—here it is."

"Don't heed it. It is you and they who are misled," said the Friar, vehemently. "They did not know the country, and took the wrong road. I tell you the British forces marching along passed me where I lay sheltering in a grove during the night. Fully armed and in close marching order—a thousand men, I should guess, at the least. When they had passed, I took a wide detour, came before them, and my horse dropped dead under me the other side of the bridge—else I should have been here before now."

"This is wonderful news!" said O'Moore, impressed with the manifest knowledge of the speaker.

"And as true as it is wonderful," cried the Friar.

"And as woeful as it is true," said O'Moore.

"Woeful!" said Tully, with a start of surprise. "Woeful! What is the meaning of this, Roger Leix? What do you mean by using such words?"

"I mean that it is woeful news if true," said O'Moore, in a burst of sorrow. "The greater portion of our men marched to Drogheda before daylight. From the report before me we inferred that the expected forces had abandoned their march and gone back to Dublin, or only made it as a feint to withdraw Sir Phelim's troops from Drogheda, where he is pressing the siege and means to attack and capture in a day or two. We have but few men remaining here, and they were to follow by mid day."