

**Coercion.**  
The reign of coercion is over. With the death of the Parliament that gave it life its hateful existence is ended. For more than three years it supplanted the ordinary law; the hand of despotism armed with its powers was upon the throat of Ireland, and during all that time no man obnoxious to the ruling authorities could securely call his liberty his own. Passed with the avowed purpose of repressing crime in the moment when a desperate deed committed in our midst lashed England to madness and plunged Ireland in shame and woe, its provisions, which were stringent beyond all precedent, were soon converted into an engine of political warfare. Before long the blood shed in the Phoenix Park was avenged with blood. The country had revolted against the charge of sympathy with that crime. Profoundly moved with terror it had joined in denunciation of the atrocity, but a nation was punished for the crime of a few desperate men. The circumstances attending the conviction of the first prisoner tried under the newly-passed special law were of a kind to shock all who loved justice, and to turn to bitterness the kindly feeling created by pity for the fate of Lord Frederick Cavendish and his companion.

Generations will pass away before it is forgotten how a verdict of "Guilty," was obtained against Frances Hynes. Other convictions followed rapidly. To be arraigned before a Crime Act tribunal constituted under a law framed for the purpose of procuring verdicts against the prisoner, was but the preliminary to an inevitable condemnation. Thus it was that men who are almost universally believed to have been innocent were doomed to the gallows or the convict cell. New offences were created by the Act and machinery devised for "summarily disposing of them."

It is not too much to say that the manner in which the intimidation clause was interpreted has laid up throughout the country a store of bitter resentment against alien-made law, which can only be eradicated in many years. The most ordinary acts of respectable men were construed into an offence, and to be accused meant almost invariably to be punished. Thus it was hoped that the National sentiment of Ireland would be stamped out of being, and that the people would crouch at the feet of their rulers like spaniels whipped to the heels of their trainer. The Government were mistaken; they rated the popular spirit too cheaply, and in the conflict they were beaten, vast though the resources of their armory were. To-day the Irish people are confident and light-hearted, not without reason. They show no wild elation, for they have learned in the sufferings of that struggle the lesson of self-restraint. They are not like slaves freed for a day from the terrors of the driver's whip, but men resolved upon realizing the legitimate aspirations of their native land for freedom and good government.

We will not insult our countrymen by counselling them to abstain from crime, now that Coercion is dead and gone. We believe that there is no necessity for such advice. It has always been our firm conviction that the Crimes Act, instead of repressing, produced crime, and if we read aright the minds of the people, reason and morality prevail more with them than fear. We have no apprehension that the record of the coming months will be stained by excesses. We may expect, as in the days of the Land League, a boy whistling in the neighborhood of a vacant farm will be described to the English people as a moonlighter, and that the shouts of some excited fool in the crowd at a public meeting will be telegraphed as illustrating the state of Ireland, whilst the orderly "conduct" of perhaps ten thousand sober men will be ignored. All this is to be expected; we cannot avoid it. But the duty of the people at large is self-evident. Not only should they individually be careful to abstain from any act that would give their enemies the desired chance of raising an outcry against the country, but in their local organization they should combine to prevent others from heedlessly committing themselves. Let us show the world that we are able to govern ourselves—that we are fit for freedom.

**Little Rich Men.**

The late Emory A. Storrs was once being chaffed by a party of millionaires, when he said:  
"You rich fellows appear to think that money making is an intellectual process and that the wealth acquired by you proves that you are very superior men, you are very much mistaken. There is nothing intellectual in acquisitiveness. It is less highly developed in you, gentlemen, than it is in a chipmunk. The beaver is very much your superior in

this regard. Where are the rich men in history? There are two who live in legends, Dives, on account of his fortunate connection with a pauper, and the other, Croesus, because his name has been used by poets as a synonym for great wealth. Gentlemen, where are the stockholders who built the Pantheon? Doubtless in their day they sat around in Athens and spoke of the fine work Phidias was doing for them. But, gentlemen, where are the stockholders to-day, and where is Phidias?"

A French physician announces that distressing or excessive palpitation of the heart can always be arrested by bending double, the head down and the hands hanging, so as to produce a temporary congestion of the upper portion of the body. In nearly every instance of nervous or anemic palpitation the heart immediately resumes its natural function. If the movements of respiration are arrested during this action the effect is still more rapid.

**Education in Crime.**

Dr. E. A. Meredith, of Toronto, in an article on "Compulsory Education in Crime," arraigns the gaol system of the continent as a system of schools of crime maintained at the public expense for the training of criminals in their profession. He says that 150,000 prisoners annually pass through the gaols of the United States; that though their stay is usually brief, they are more or less freely intermingled with the worst criminals while they stay; and that the worst manage to educate the younger and newer ones in criminal practices through their conversation, and generally turn them out worse instead of better, for their incarceration. There is too much truth in this indictment. The only cure for the evil is separate confinement in all gaols. This might cost more for gaol fitting, but in the end it would probably cost the public much less, through the diminution of crime.

**WANDERING WHIMSEALITIES.**

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Swell to a friend, with whom he was holding a heated argument. "I beg your pardon, sir; I ought to understand this matter better than you. I am a graduate of two collages, sir." "You remind me," replied his friend, "very much of a calf my father used to own who had the milk from two cows." "Why, how was that?" "He was a very large calf."

"Tommy, is your sister Clarinda in?" "Mebbe she is, and mebbe she ain't. What's your name?" "Why do you ask?" "Waal, ye see, she said if Mr. Tompkins called she'd be in, but if old Cruikshank came she'd be out. Which be you?" Mr. Cruikshank departed.

Mrs. Fresh—"Won't you please favor us with a song, Miss Porterhouse?" Miss Porterhouse: "Really, Mrs. Fresh, I am in very poor voice to-night, and fear I cannot give satisfaction." Mrs. Fresh—"Oh, never mind that. Everybody is so dull to-night, and I have noticed that singing will always start conversation. No one will listen to you at all."

St. Jackson, from the Del Valle settlement, came to Austin not long since and his first call was on a watchmaker. "Dis heah watch has got sumfin de matter wid hit." The watchmaker examined it carefully and asked how long since it had been running. "Hit haint been running for moah den a year." "Why didn't you bring it sooner?" "Bekase I couldn't get along widout hit."

"Why don't you finish eating your hash, Tommy?" asked a Brooklyn mother of her boy, who suddenly laid down his knife and fork, as he caught sight of the servant dishing out ice cream. "Impossible, ma," replied the lad. "Why?" "Cause it's crowded out to make room for more interesting matter," answered Tommy, who is working in a newspaper office during his vacation.

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonby. "Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag." "No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "That wasn't the reason." "But my darling," said Mr. S., "don't you suppose I know. You are mistaken. That was the cause." "No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—" "Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—" "Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to—" "Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter, anyway." Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus. "See here, you impudent—" "Put down your cane, you old brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me, or I'll send this rolling-pin at your head, you old—" "Never mind," interrupted Tommy, "I guess I know how wars begin."

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