

were, in the dead of night, marching on Kildare; and starting up, as the last of the line disappeared in the soft obscurity of the summer night, he was about to follow them in their route to the city, when a sigh, so deep and mournful that it almost resembled a groan, met his ears; and, leaning against the trunk of a neighboring tree, he perceived a figure in the knightly guise. The long shafts of the silvery moonbeams, piercing the fantastic twine of the broad, green branches, glittered on the steel breastplate and shining helmet; but though the heaver was down and the vizor raised, the plume of scarlet and blue feathers that nodded on the crest shadowed the countenance of the warrior.

Stepping forwards as Sir Redmond rose, this person addressed him; but in the hollow voice, and changed and melancholy aspect, De Burgh scarce recognized his former friend Sir Eustace Grey.

His speech was of mingled bitterness and sorrow. He had indeed, as De Burgh had surmised, been absent in England, and had returned to Ireland to hold a high office in the house of his kinsman, the Lord Deputy.

This Deputy, afterwards distinguished for the sacking and burning of the Cathedral and town of Downpatrick, was already beginning to earn his evil reputation as one of the most cruel and rapacious of the parasites of Henry.

Sir Redmond could not forbear from an expression of anger at the mention of his name.

"The Lord Deputy is my near kinsman," replied Grey, "and I am but a soldier of fortune, whose sword must win his bread." Then suddenly withdrawing his gauntlet, he extended his hand to De Burgh.

"Redmond de Burgh," he said, "I am a most miserable and sinful man; my madness has destroyed your happiness as well as mine own. But for the sake of our old days at Milan, and even for the sake of holy fair Aileen, wilt thou not once more take my hand in friendship ere we part forever?"

It was not in the generous spirit of De Burgh, to refuse such an appeal, and as he grasped the hand of Eustace, he inquired whether he knew that Aileen was to pronounce her final vows on the morrow.

"Ay," answered the Englishman; "it is for that I have journeyed to Kildare to-night. A new life begins to-morrow for me, no less than for Aileen; the Church weds her to a Heavenly spouse, and I mean to be present at the bridal!"

Then again grasping the hand of his friend, Sir Eustace bid him a sudden adieu, and stalked silently away, leaving De Burgh to doubt whether there was not incipient madness in the fiery gleam of his eyes, his fierce, abrupt manner, and disjointed speech.

(To be continued.)

THE OCCUPATION AND BURNING OF COOMASSIE.

(From Times Special Correspondent.)

COOMASSIE, Feb. 5.

In my last letter I described the great bush battle of Amoiful (January 31) and the destruction of Bequa on the following day. I have now to relate events of a still more important character. Sir Garnet Wolseley is in peaceful occupation of Coomassie and the King is at a neighbouring village an exile from his capital.

On Monday, Feb. 2, the General marched from Amoiful. The main body was not attacked, but Russell's regiment, which was in advance, had a skirmish with the enemy. That night was spent at a village called Agimamam, about 14 miles from Coomassie. It was strongly entrenched and garrisoned; the heavy baggage and stores and weakly men were left there, and four days rations served out to the soldiers and carriers. The next day (February 3) the Ashantees gave much trouble on the road. Russell's regiment had to shoot its way through ambuscade after ambuscade; and in one place where a hill faced a valley away—a position resembling that of Amoiful—the enemy mustered in considerable numbers and stood some time. Two companies of the Rifles supported Major Russell, and skirmished in good style through the bush. Lieutenant Saunders was to the front with his gun, throwing round shot and shell. Lieutenant Bell, R. E., also distinguished himself, taking his Engineer labourers right into the enemy's position, where he found that they had built a stockade. In the afternoon the troops arrived at the river Ordah (incorrectly named the Dah), where Sir G. Wolseley determined to encamp. The sappers at once went to work at a bridge under Major Home's supervision; it was nearly ready by dark, and completed before the dawn. The river is at present fordable but in the rainy season this tributary of the Pra is a deep and swift-flowing stream.

About the middle of the day, just after an ambuscade skirmish, those in front heard a loud, musical voice crying out "Mercy O! Mercy O!" and saw two men running down the path towards them. One carried a white flag in his right hand and a large letter in his left; the other wore a golden plate upon his breast—the badge of a Royal messenger. They were detained while the letter was passed down the column to Sir Garnet. Just as they started themselves by the roadside the Ashantees again opened fire in front, and the Envoys were evidently apprehensive for their heads. The letter requested that the General would stop a few days, to which the General replied he was going on to Ordah, and that if the King wanted peace he must send as hostages the Queen-Mother and Prince Mensah, the heir to the throne. On arriving at the river Lord Gifford's scouts retained the existence of a large army in and around the village Ordahsu, about a mile from the Ordah.

It is needless to say that all military precautions were taken against a night attack. When it became dark the camp and picket fires, extending right and left a considerable distance, presented the appearance of a large town by night, and the murmur of voices was like the roaring of the sea.

It is now the dry season, but soon after sunset the sky became overcast, a cold gust of wind poured through the camp, dashing up the dry leaves into the air, and thunder could be heard in the distance, prolonged and continuous round the horizon, with sharp, isolated, detonating cracks, precisely resembling an Ashantee fusillade. I thought a tornado was coming, but soon the thunder ceased, there was no longer any wind, and down came a regular steady, English kind of rain, which lasted almost throughout the night. It was very uncomfortable, and the soldiers had no tents; but I heard some light-hearted officers say it was not much worse than the Autumn Manoeuvres, and at all events it kept off the Ashantees, which was some consolation for those who like myself, slept with Russell's regiment on the further side of the Ordah. When I awoke I found that Colonel Wood had arrived in the night, none the worse for the slug he received at Amoiful, though it has not yet been extracted,

His regiment was reduced to one company, the others performing garrison duty at post down the road. Fommanah was lately attacked and successfully defended by Colonel Colley, the chief of the transport.

Colonel Wood's company of Bonny men led the advance up the hill, and the firing speedily began. The order of march was in single column, the Rifle Brigade being interspersed with the native troops. After two hours' fighting Ordahsu was taken by the Rifles. But the flanks and rear were heavily attacked; the baggage-bearers and ammunition-carriers, covered by the 42nd and by the men of the 23rd, were passed up to the village, a movement that was much admired. The Naval Brigade formed the rear guard. Soon after the arrival of Sir G. Wolseley at the village, the enemy, coming between it and Coomassie, endeavored to retake the position, and poured in a tremendous fire. The 42nd, advancing under its own Colonel, M'Leod, who commanded in front all the day, dispersed the enemy. The Ashantees now attacked the village from the left, in which direction the King was seated beneath a silk and velvet canopy, encircled by his nobles.—This attack was still going on, when Colonel M'Leod received orders to take his regiment to Coomassie. The distance was about six miles, but the enemy, being out-generalled by this sudden advance, were not on the way in any numbers. At 5.30 p.m. on February 4 the gallant 42nd Regiment entered this famous city, where scarcely a dozen Europeans had been before.

Our order of battle was in single column along the main road, skirmishing parties being thrown off right and left into the bush. At first I was with Russell's regiment, but went to the front shortly after the action commenced. I found the advance companies of the Rifle Brigade lying flat upon the ground, some facing to the right, others to the left, and firing slow and low. The air was filled with a sulphurous stench, and was thick with smoke, through which dark forms moved slowly. These were the officers, who walked backwards and forwards giving orders to their men. I saw poor Eyre lying by the path. His face, pillowed on a comrade's arm, already bore the ghastly impress of death. He was an Ambriz passenger, and as one of Colonel Wood's regiment, had been much in front, and in more than one dangerous skirmish. I sat down by the path under the best cover I could find, and watched with much amusement the behaviour of the Bonny men, who fired off their rifles with strange gesticulations and cries. On the other side of the path Dr. McRobin was attending to the wounded. Lieutenant Wanchope came up just after a House, but would not be probed and bandaged before his humble companion in arms. "No," said he, "it is his turn first." As the doctor dressed Wanchope's wound I saw the slugs chipping off the twigs just above his head.

The Rifles gradually advanced, and finally took Ordahsu. The last Ashantee to leave the village (a mere cluster of huts) was a lad about 14 years old, armed with a flint gun. In this village we heard more than once the unmistakable "ping" of a rifle bullet; and Russell's men declare that on the previous day they had seen some yellow men almost as white as the white men themselves fighting on the Ashantee side. These were probably Dutch Mullatoes from Elmina and Chamah.

I left Ordahsu with the main body of the 42nd. At intervals of a mile or so the foremost company came upon parties of Ashantees. Then we heard shots, and cheers "for old Scotland," and the playing of the bagpipes as they drove the enemy before them. State chairs and canopies of chieftains were scattered by the wayside, mingled with dead bodies. When we passed Quarsi, the last village before Coomassie, every one became highly excited. We were quite close to the town when there was a halt, which gave me time to get to the front. The treacherous white flag had again made its appearance, this time accompanied by three or four miserable slaves, who were offered as hostages, if only the advance might be delayed. These, with the message contained in a letter, were sent on to the Major-General, but the Brigadier and Colonel M'Leod continued the march. Two of the hostages were made to walk first, and not wishing to be shot by their friends, cried out in a dismal and anxious voice, "Shanti fo! Shanti fo!" (Ashantee people), which showed that there were enemies in front.

The sergeant who marched at the head of the column fired at an armed Ashantee, whereupon the hostages cried "Dabi O!" (No! oh!) to the men in the bush, signifying that they should not return the fire. At some cross roads a number of Ashantees met us. Some of them had guns, which they held with their butt ends towards us. Those who seemed of the most importance had only large knives in their hands. None of them were perfectly unarmed. They greeted us, saying "Thank you! thank you!" which they suppose is our term of salutation. They earnestly begged that we should not enter the town, and promised to send out hostages. Down the road to the right was a very different group, composed of a dozen armed men, who looked at us with an expression of hatred and fear. The messengers of peace and procrastination called out to them repeatedly not to shoot. Sir Archibald consented to remain half an hour. His orders were to encamp near the water outside the town, and there wait the General's instructions; if there was any opposition he was to bombard the town. But just as we were passing through the filthy marsh of Coomassie, Captain Buller came up with orders to press on.

We ascended a broad street, or rather road, on rising ground, with a few detached houses on either side, and then, turning to the left, saw before us a spacious street. But first we had to pass a large tree, near which was an enclosure filled with thickets and grass. This was the execution place, and in that enclosure the dead bodies of the sacrificed were thrown. The stench was abominable. I forgot to mention that near the town a dead man lay across the road with the head recently severed from the body. This was done to prevent the 42nd Regiment from entering the town.

A number of people came up to the soldiers, shook hands with them, and afterwards brought them water to drink. At the further end of the street was a dense black crowd, and above it floated an enormous red canopy, which, with the chief underneath it, soon disappeared round a corner. I did not see any women. The people near us seemed to be highly delighted at the spectacle of several hundred white men; but when all the troops had assembled, and Sir Garnet rode along the line, and the men gave three cheers, the Ashantees ran away in a scare, thinking it was the prelude to attack.

A number of people passed the troops carrying boxes and coffers; they were not interfered with. Others came into the town armed, and were received with warm congratulations, which clearly indicated where they had been spending the day. The King, it seems, did not return to Coomassie from the battle-field, but passed aside to Aminihia, where he has a country palace, and is accustomed to spend his *villeggiatura*.

The numerous letters of General Wolseley to the King were translated and the answers indited by an educated Ashantee prisoner, named Dawson. As soon as we entered the town I saw Mr. Dawson coming down the street, followed by a few Ashantees, who were evidently soliciting his good offices. After dark he brought a Royal messenger to the General, and I heard on good authority that Sir Garnet spoke to the following effect:—"The King had broken his promises to the Governor, but he (the Governor) had kept his own promise—viz., that he would pay the King a visit at Coomassie. The Governor earnestly wished to be friends with the King, and to make a lasting peace between Great Britain and Ashantee; he invited the King to return to Coomassie; his palace had not been occupied; and there

he might sign the treaty. The Governor would not demand the whole of the indemnity at once—he would be content with a part and would take hostages as security for the remainder. Previously he had demanded the Queen-Mother and the Heir Apparent, but since he had shown his great power by defeating the King in two battles, he would be merciful and accept as hostages any persons of genuine rank. If the King refused to make peace, then the Governor would take measures to show, throughout the length and breadth of Africa, how great was the power of Great Britain.

The King sent a bullock as a present. Sir Garnet remembered Theodore's cows, and declined taking any gifts until peace had been made. To-day the King has promised that he will come in.

Last night several fires broke out in the town, and many houses were destroyed. Some say it was done by the Fantee natives, others declare that the Ashantees did it themselves, though why they should commit arson is not so clear. A Fantee policeman was hanged in the night for plundering.

This morning I went out for a walk round the town. One street alone is occupied by our troops, and I found the others deserted. It was like a dead city. Presently I saw a strange and melancholy object. It was a man with one hand secured by a piece of iron to an enormous log which he had to drag with him. His legs were also manacled together. He was one of the Fantee prisoners, more than 50 of whom had been released the night before. He said that he had been imprisoned some way off, but had managed to creep so far, travelling all night at the pace of a snail, and suffering great pain. His legs were bleeding and covered with filth. My servant and I worked for some time to get him free, and I saw in the distance a House soldier, whom I called, and, who also joined in our efforts. At last three Fantees came up and unfettered him by means of a knife and a stone with much dexterity. They had all been prisoners being captured while peaceably trading at Fommanah. One of them could speak English, and acted as *vale de-place* to Coomassie, showing us the King's palace, the burying-ground of the Royal family, the sacred slaughter-house, and other institutions of this amiable people. The King's palace is like that of the Chief of Fommanah, but on a much larger scale, consisting of many courts, each a house in itself, surrounded by alcoves. But the front portion of the building is of stone and like the houses at Cape Coast. It was a built by Fantee workmen. Upstairs were several rooms, each of which was a perfect Old Curiosity Shop. Books in all languages, Bohemian glass, clocks, silver plate, old furniture pictures and engravings, numberless chests and colors. With these were also many specimens of Moorish and Ashantee handicraft, sandals and saddles leopard skin caps lined with yellow velvet and adorned outside with beaten gold, like that of Cashmere, magnificent canopies or State umbrellas, baskets or cradles of the kind in which Ashantee gentlemen are accustomed to be carried on the heads of the slaves, with other tasteful and curious things too numerous for me to describe or even catalogue.

Coomassie is a large town; its streets are wide the houses have all alcove-verandahs or porticoes in front, the private apartments being entered by a doorway leading into a court-yard. In large houses there are several court-yards, each separated from the other by a door, which is furnished with a padlock. But Coomassie is not prosperous. In its aspect may be traced the desolation of despotism. There are not many sheep and fowls, the people do not care to rear them, lest they should be seized by the King's men. Throughout the town are unsightly patches of waste land covered with high grass. Most of the roofs are badly thatched, as we discovered this afternoon when it rained as it only rains in the tropics.

It is evening, and the King has not arrived, or sent in hostages. Sir Garnet may, therefore, have to carry out his threats. There is a report that the troops move forward to-morrow. It may be to sack the Bantama, or sacred town, which no foreigner is allowed to enter, which is the Mausoleum of dead Kings, and also the Royal treasure-house, or it may be to destroy Aminihia, where the King might possibly be captured.

Some one discovered to-day a very curious document, being the journal of a Fantee prisoner at Coomassie, during the last two weeks. He heard on Jan. 23, that Captain Glover had won a victory. On the 24th, an Ashantee prince was recalled from banishment, and the King went according to custom to pour libations to the spirits of his ancestors. "He passed me, sword in his left hand, looking very sadly, saluting very quietly." On the 27th the King went to Bantama to ask for help from the spirits of his ancestors. A great many soldiers went out to the camp. On the 29th he beat gong-gongs, and ordered out all his warriors. One of the Highlanders straggled from his company at the battle of Amoiful; the headless body was brought into Ashantees. The headless body was brought into Ashantees. The headless body was brought into Ashantees. The headless body was brought into Ashantees.

AGIMAMAM, Feb. 6.

This morning we were informed that the town was to be burnt and the King's Palace blown up and the march homeward commenced. Last night Colonel M'Leod received orders to destroy Bantama, but the order was countermanded an hour afterwards. This desecration of Coomassie, defiled by so many human sacrifices, has been spared. Certainly it is a tame kind of *finale*, and the work of destruction, if done at all, should have been done thoroughly. Sir Garnet has been outwitted—not for the first time—by the King. We are returning without indemnity or hostages; but at all events we are returning; and as Voltaire says in *Candide*, "C'est des beauxjours!" Happily we have better securities for peace than gold dust or prisoners would be in our two victories; and the courage of the Ashantees in defending their country has enabled Sir G. Wolseley to display his great abilities as a General in the field.

The Ashantees have been defeated in their own forest—a vast natural stronghold which has resisted for centuries the advance of conquering Moslem tribes. Coomassie has fallen, and the King is forever dishonored. The neighboring tribes will lift up their heads against the nation supposed to be invincible. Mahomedan traders will carry the news to the borders of Sahara and Lake Tchad—to Kano, Kukawa, and Timbuctoo. The natives of the Gold Coast are not likely to choose the Ashantee side again; and it is not probable that the Ashantees will any more invade our Protectorate. The men of Bonny and of Opobo and the Houssas will carry home tidings respecting our military power; and this expedition will save us many a palaver on other parts of the coast. The King of Dahomey, for instance, will be less arrogant in future.

We arrived here without opposition. Lieutenant the Hon. H. Wood will carry despatches and a mail to Cape Coast Castle, travelling night and day, and will at once start for England in a special steamer. It is said that Sir Garnet has recommended Lord Gifford for the Victoria Cross, and that gallant young officer merits the distinction. No kind of service could be more dangerous than that of scouting in Ashantee. The troops will re-embark at Cape Coast in less than three weeks from this date. There have not been any cases of fever on this

sido of the Pra; but now is the dangerous time, when all the excitement is over.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, Feb. 21.—With the fall of Mr. Gladstone Lord Chancellor O'Hagan retires from his exalted office, and his lordship sat for the last time in the Court of Chancery to-day. The occasion was taken advantage of by the members of the bar to give expression to their feelings of respect and admiration for one who has discharged all the duties of a high and responsible office with dignity and impartiality. The court was crowded by members of the inner and outer bar, without distinction of creed or politics—all uniting in a farewell tribute to one of the most popular Lord Chancellors that ever held office, and one who will carry with him, in his retirement from judicial life, the esteem and good wishes of the bench, the bar, and the public.

The business on the diary having been disposed of, the Solicitor General rose and said—My Lord, we understand that the delivery of the judgment we have just heard leaves no further judicial business to be done by your lordship, and that therefore you will not now sit again in this court. Under these circumstances, I must ask your lordship to permit me, on behalf of the Bar, to express our appreciation of the manner in which you have presided here during the last five years. We would cordially acknowledge the attention and patience with which you have throughout discharged the duties of your high office. We feel that your exercise of the important jurisdictions committed to you as Lord Chancellor has been such as to command the respect and confidence of the Bar and of the public; and, now that you are about to retire from amongst us, we desire to assure your lordship that you carry with you the very best wishes of the Irish Bar for your welfare and our happiness.

The Lord Chancellor who was deeply affected, said in reply—Mr. Solicitor General, I am deeply moved by the words you have spoken, and by the feeling which they indicate on behalf of the Bar of Ireland. With that distinguished body it has been my pride to be identified throughout the chequered years of a laborious life and never in all its chances and changes have I for one instant failed to maintain with them the best relations of cordiality and confidence; and now, when my judicial career is closing, I feel a just pride in receiving such signal proof that those relations have continued unbroken to the end. Fully conscious of many shortcomings, I am conscious also that I have striven to fulfil the duties of my great office with impartiality and faithfulness, and I thank the eminent persons who have thronged to meet me to-day for their spontaneous assurance that I have not so striven entirely without success. I pass from the bench, remembering with the truest pleasure the uniform courtesy, consideration, and respect, which I have received at all times, from all to whom I have so long had the daily privilege of listening in this Court; and I should be the most ungrateful of men if, in the coming years, and in the new sphere of activity on which I may enter, I should not be eager and earnest on all fit occasions to aid in advancing the honour and the interest of our noble profession. I believe that the maintenance of the Irish Bar and the Irish judiciary, in full integrity, efficiency, and independence, is essential in the highest sense to the welfare of Ireland, and I trust that the day may never come when either of them will lose its lustre or sink into decay. Again I thank you for your great kindness, and with a full heart and a faltering tongue I bid you all farewell.

The entire Bar, rising from their seats, greeted the conclusion of the Lord Chancellor's address with loud applause, which was continued until his Lordship had retired from the bench.

This morning the Right Hon. Christopher Pilles, Attorney-General, was sworn in as Lord Chief Baron of her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, in Ireland (in succession to the late Chief Baron Pigott), at the residence of the Lord Chancellor, Rutland Square. Chief Baron Pilles is a distinguished Catholic.—*Cath. Mirror.*

THE POLICY OF THE HOME RULE MEMBERS.—Our contemporary, the *Cork Examiner*, in the course of an article on the meeting of the Home Rule League, has the following observations on the policy to be pursued by the Home Rule members:—"What will they do with it is the question that seems naturally to follow, but the answer is not quite easy. In a general way the admonition to the Irish representatives is to be true and steadfast—to hold honestly in mind that the purpose for which their country has committed its destinies to them is one that should be uppermost in their thoughts. But upon the vexed question of parliamentary action it is not so easy to speak. In the present state of circumstances the old policy of independent opposition seems to be out of place. It is probable that the great bulk of the Home Rule party would fall into opposition in the natural course of things, unless Mr. Disraeli changes totally his published views of principles and measures. It is impossible that they could be his followers so long as he stigmatizes their object with what to an English statesman appears the most obnoxious epithet he could fasten upon it. But it is a question, even if independent opposition were possible, how far it would be desirable to adopt it. The experience we have had of it is that half a dozen or at most half a score sacrificed their political lives to it, while the bulk of those who accepted the pledge either openly sold themselves or lapsed away into indifference. It is probably more judicious for the present to let the course of future action be determined by events. But one thing is quite certain—that the action of the parliamentary representatives who have been returned to plead the cause of Home Rule will be jealously scrutinized, and that any shortcomings on their part will be visited with the national indignation. We do not say this because we apprehend any systematic treachery. We do not agree with those English organs, which, as they cannot deny, seek to explain away the significance of the great national majority. As Mr. Butt said, we believe at least that the Home Rule pledge has been taken as sincerely as any other political pledge. But there is no political cause in which sincerity is not confirmed, luxury restrained, and carelessness warned by the consciousness that the public eye is sternly on those to whom the great public trust has been confided."

The action of the conference of Home Rule members, as expressed by the resolutions we were enabled to publish is of a character calculated to give satisfaction and inspire confidence. The resolutions are marked by a temperance and thoughtfulness which, while they may not create much excitement in the popular breast, are consistent with the quiet determination that is best at the outset of a long uphill struggle. We remember sadly a Conference of Irish members in Dublin some two-and-twenty years ago. Its resolutions were dreadfully stern—there was a fearful unanimity about them—they were calculated to make Ministers shake in their shoes and to cause the heart of "the general" to sing with joy. But, alas! a day, the fire in the resolutions burned out very quickly, the unanimity fell into shocking chaos, and ministers found their humbled, most servile and dirtiest tools in the loudest spoken of the framers of the resolutions. That it will be different now we make no doubt. Times are changed considerably. The ministerial power of purchase has almost disappeared. Patronage has been taken out of the hands of members of Parliament and been put into those of the Civil Service Commissioners. snug berths that used to be found for consistent supporters are cut down to a minimum. Except for the lawyers there are hardly any good things to be had by going into Parliament, and on the popular side not one—or only one—lawyer has been elected.

Therefore the chances of a minister being able to break up a party by buying off its leading persons are immensely diminished. Even, therefore, if the Home Rule party contained anything like the same element of scoundrelism which disintegrated the old Independent Opposition party, it would not have the same means of working out its vile purpose. But we believe the present Irish representation to be on the whole characterized by honesty and earnestness, and that it is not soiled by the presence of mere political adventurers. And we seem to find a confirmation of that opinion in the tone and spirit of the resolutions adopted by the assembly of members. It is of the very essence of the movement that the members should hold themselves aloof from and independent of party combinations, as is determined by the first two of these resolutions. The third resolution is really the essence of the whole in prescribing the plan of action to be adopted. Independent Opposition as a line of policy has a tempting sound in theory, but it has been so discredited in practice that we are glad to see some other course tried. That which has been adopted if honestly acted upon seems to embody many of the theoretical merits of Independent Opposition, while avoiding some of the objections to it. As it can hardly be better expressed than in the language adopted, we repeat the words of the resolution here:—"That deeply impressed with the importance of unity of action upon all matters that can affect the Parliamentary position of the Home Rule party, or the interests of the Home Rule cause, we engage to each other and to the country that we will use our best endeavours to obtain that unity by taking counsel together, by making all reasonable concessions to the opinion of each other, by avoiding, as far as possible, isolated action, and by sustaining and supporting each other in the course which may be deemed best calculated to promote the grand object of self-government which the Irish nation has committed to our care."

If the sixty members of whom the Home Rule party may be said to consist follow out the terms of this resolution in spirit—if, in the interests of Home Rule they endeavour to obtain unity of action by taking counsel together, making reasonable concessions, and sustaining and supporting each other, then we have very hearty hopes, indeed, of the success of their policy. The subsequent resolutions are merely business details necessary to enter into in order to carry out the views adopted in the first, the leading feature being the establishment of a working committee. But they are marked by a method and system which are of good augury. It is desirable that there should be some organization by which to make the Home Rule forces available in the House of Commons, as well as to answer for the body if necessary. One of the things that have to be incessantly provided for is English foolishness. That which we mean by foolishness is the English habit of saying, "Oh, if we could only know what on earth you Irish want—if you would only tell us what our Home Rule—why, we would consider it fairly." The *Globe* a Conservative organ, has been the last to give utterance to this sort of bleating, but of course it will not be the last by many thousands. Anything more preposterous it is impossible to imagine. Rarely has a demand ever been laid before Parliament so precisely formulated as that of the Home Rulers. Its general principles were indicated by several authorized publications, such as Br. Butt's pamphlet, and Mr. MacCarthy's book, and then at the Dublin Conference the lines of the scheme were drawn with the utmost distinctness. Now it will be necessary to have some members of the organization always ready to give the answer to this species of silliness, as well as to provide for the working out of the plan of Parliamentary action. The selection that has been made is one of a thoroughly business character, and we trust to it to show us very efficient work in the course of the coming session.—*Cork Examiner.*

From the new party launched on the great sea of Parliamentary life we entertain the highest hopes. We have been told by certain English critics that in the present state of the House the Home Rulers are powerless for successful Parliamentary action. The men who talk in this way pay but a poor compliment to the Parliament of Britain. In their opinion Parliamentary politics are mere matters of arithmetic and chicanery; and a body of members, however strict their logic, powerful their arguments, and just their case, will be powerless unless a successful stroke of Parliamentary finesse enables them to form portion of a Parliamentary majority. We confess that, for our part, we regard the House of Commons as another and a higher aspect. We regard it as a great assembly in which truth and justice have some weight, and which is amenable to other considerations than the brutal one of a majority of votes. The presence of some sixty Irish Home Rulers in the House of Commons will draw the attention of that body to the Home Rule question in a very practical and striking way. Once that English attention is so directed, we entertain no doubt of the result. The Home Rule party will show in the House of Commons the mingled firmness and moderation which characterized the meeting of yesterday. They will prove the easily-demonstrable thesis that the concession of Home Rule would not alone satisfy the just demands of Ireland, but give the Empire strength and a cohesion which it never before possessed. Prudent and sensible men in England are perfectly well aware that in the great frame of the British Empire there is, as Macaulay said, one weak spot; that spot near the heart Irish alienation paralyses the Imperial strength. Englishmen know this; many of them are most anxious for a happier and healthier state of things, and we are most hopeful of the early success of the movement, when once Englishmen begin to see how moderate, wise, constitutional, and, in the best sense, conservative, is the demand which English journalists have depicted as violent, illegal, destructive, and revolutionary.—*Dublin Freeman.*

UNSEAWORTHY SHIPS.—We regret to say that the first conviction under the recent Act, for sending vessels to sea in an unseaworthy condition, is recorded against an Irish firm, carrying on business in Belfast. The Messrs. Quinn were indicted at the County Antrim Assizes with having sent out a ship to sea in an unfit condition; and, after a very careful trial, and a most painstaking charge from Judge Lawson, they were found guilty. Judge Lawson sentenced each member of the firm to suffer two months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £150 to the Queen. He intimated that the sentence would have been much more severe had not the jury recommended the accused to mercy on the ground that this was the first conviction under the new Act.—*Irish Times.*

THE WEATHER.—AGRICULTURE.—Taken on the whole the past winter has been exceptionally fine, and the spring in its present aspect is more than ordinarily favorable. For some days we have had heavy frosts with hard but bright days. The ground is in grand condition for spring operations, and oats is being extensively prepared for and sown. Wheat, owing to the very propitious autumn, has been sown in great breadth, and now shows in most healthy condition. We believe it is owing to the activity of tillage, and perhaps the tendency to hold cattle for more remunerative prices that causes an almost unprecedented demand for money amongst the farmers.—*Cork Examiner.*

THE IRISH PRESS.—The hearing of a claim made by Mr. Doyle, who had been for many years London correspondent of the *Irish Times*, to recover a sum of £800 for services rendered and money expended on behalf of the *Irish Times*, at the instigation of the late Major Knox, was about to be resumed yesterday morning before Master Lane, when the defendant offered Mr. Doyle a sum of £750 in payment of all costs. The offer was accepted.