

The eminent Hebrew financier, Mr. Goschen, took upon himself a few days ago to make a special defence of the Royal Irish baton-men. He asserted that they carried out their part in the coercion play with the mildness and self-restraint of so many martyrs. As Mr. Goschen, so far as we know, has never had an opportunity of seeing those gentlemen in their war paint, his assurances on the subject are especially valuable for the purposes of history, "as she is written." It is not a little curious that only a day or two after he spoke an Irish newspaper editor was so driven to incredulity by the story which a reporter of his own paper told of what he saw the Royal Irish do, that he put his doubts on the subject into the shape of an editorial comment. The reporter was describing the Falcarragh evictions, and he stated that when resistance was offered at the house of Mrs. McGinley, stones were flung at the defenders by the police as well as the emergency men. This the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* said he could hardly credit; but the next post brought him a corroboration of the report signed by several other witnesses of the scene—Mr. Dalton, M.P.; Mrs. Amos, Miss Borthwick, Father McFadden and Father Boyle. But this is not, so far as our recollection serves us, the first time that the police were found converting themselves into a stone-throwing mob at evictions, and otherwise exceeding their duties in aid of the evictors of those who are practically their own kith and kin. There is many a good and humane man serving in the ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary; but there are, on the other hand, many who are a thorough disgrace to the country which they claim as their own; and it is those black sheep who have earned the encomiums of such friends of humanity as Goschen and Co.

The Archbishop of Cashel, hot-foot from the Eternal City, has given his benison to the Tenants' Defence Fund, together with a subscription which represents in its munificence, in some degree, the generosity of his great Irish heart. His grace, in forwarding his fifty pounds to the fund to Father Rafferty, of Thurles, expressed his warm hope that the patriotic efforts of the people to aid their evicted brethren throughout the country might be crowned with success. So far as those who live under his own immediate eye in the town of Thurles are concerned, there is not much reason to fear a failure. The meeting held there last Monday gave earnest of what they intended to do. Over a hundred pounds was subscribed on the spot, and there is no doubt that this sum will be largely augmented ere the subscription has been closed in the town and vicinity. The doubling of last year's subscriptions was an object of emulation with many present. Father Rafferty, Mr. Joseph Ryan, and Mr. Finn led the way in this commendable race, and several more took up the running with a will. One thing to be noted about these Tipperary meetings is that there are at least no apologists for wrong-doers or compromising with public enemies. Forty-five years ago, Father Duan pointed out at the Thurles meeting, Tipperary had double the population it now boasts. Though emigration and destitution were contributory causes of this awful decline, it was rapacious and cruel landlordism, backed up by its crowbar brigade, which was mostly responsible for the havoc, he declared. If these words be true of Tipperary—and their truth no educated Irishman can question—how much more would they be faithfully descriptive of other counties in Ireland not so favourably placed? But Tipperary has now turned a new leaf in the chapter of its relations with the extirpating hydra; and the impetus given to the movement by its patriotic Archbishop and clergy is certain to be of enormous value in guiding it to a successful termination.

DAISY'S MISADVENTURE.

(By MRS. GURTARIE, in the New York *Freeman's Journal*.)

CHAPTER I.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

A BLAZING sun, a cloudless blue sky, a sea smooth as a mirror, a misty shore line with a distant background of purple hills, and our trim yacht, the Sea Fern, motionless as the ship of the "Ancient Mariner." We had been spending a short vacation at Tom Ferguson's newly-acquired lodge on the McBratun moors in Inverness-shire. Having "hunted" the grouse with most unsatisfactory results, and having experienced a variety of weather, for the most part unpleasant, some of us were very glad to accept Major Oakford's invitation to have a short cruise along the East Coast in his yacht, the Sea Fern, which was awaiting his orders in Cromarty Bay.

Having got out of the mountain ranges we found the weather suddenly changed to intense heat, and here we were becalmed off the Northumbrian coast, our summer raiment left behind at the lodge, and no ice on board. Our indefatigable sportsmen, Tom Ferguson, our host, Major Oakford, and two other men have taken the small boat, a heap of fishing tackle, and their cigar cases and, under pretence of fishing, are all smoking or sleeping at some distance from the yacht with a tangle of fishing lines over the boat's side. And here are we women left to our own devices. There is nothing to do or discuss. There is Lady Ferguson, Tom's mother, placid and stout, who would be perfectly happy if we would let her sleep in peace with a hideous sun-bonnet tilted over her eyes; there is her eldest daughter, Elsie, unmarried and satirical; her married daughter, Jenny, romantic and lackadaisical; there is also a dashing young widow, and there is the pretty young bride of our host, Daisy Oakford, a lively, saucy girl, fully twenty years younger than her gray-haired husband, and myself, her humble school friend, Carrie Freshton.

There was a whisper of some kind of romance about the meeting of Major Oakford and his young wife, still no one really knew their story; but we were shortly to listen to the interesting narrative from the lips of one of the principals.

"Why don't you settle to some work, girls, and don't fidget?" said Lady Ferguson.

"We cannot settle to work when there's no work to do," grumbled Elsie, "and there's nothing new to read."

"Well, then, talk about something interesting."

"There's nothing to talk about," said Jenny; "we have exhausted every subject."

"Then go to sleep like good girls, dears."

"We are not dormice, mamma. Carrie Freshton, can you not suggest something?"

"If Carrie cannot I can," exclaimed our lively widow. "Let us make a second edition of the 'Canterbury Tales'; let us tell the adventures of ourselves or our friends; it will pass the time until dinner if we are not melted in the interval."

"Nothing ever happened to me except my husband's getting knighted for being Mayor of C—and spending an ocean of money when Royalty came to open our new Town Hall," said Lady Ferguson, placidly.

"Oh, pray spare us that episode, mamma," snapped Elsie; "we all know it by heart!"

"Nothing ever happened to me except marrying James," simpered Jenny, ready to tell her love story in detail, but sharp-tongued Elsie nipped the design on the bud, exclaiming:

"There was nothing very exciting in that; you had been friends from children. But even that experience has not happened to me."

"The most exciting event in my career was the loss of nearly all I possessed by the failure of the Glasgow bank," said the widow. "It is not a pleasant remembrance. I will not recount it for your benefit. How singularly monotonous the life of a woman is, after all."

"Here is dear Daisy Oakford," said Lady Ferguson, as the pretty, dainty bride came up from the tiny cabin, fresh and rosy, after her *siesta*. "Now, perhaps her history has been more exciting than ours, though she is the youngest of the party."

"Age has nothing to do with adventures," said Miss Elsie, tartly. "Age was becoming a tender subject with her."

"We were going to tell our adventures to pass the time, Mrs. Oakford," said the widow, gaily; but upon reflection, we find that none of us ever had any. Please to tell us if you have been more fortunate.

"I have had nothing worth calling an adventure," said our fair hostess. "Stay—did you ever hear how and where I met Chris?"

"Oh, no, we are dying to know," we all exclaimed.

"We looked upon Major Oakford as a confirmed old bachelor until he surprised us by bringing home his fair young wife," said Lady Ferguson.

"Did you really? Well, I see you all look a trifle coloured with the heat and monotony, so I must make an effort to interest you, even though I have to give undue prominence to myself in the narrative. Lady Ferguson, you will hear so much if you close your eyes and shelter under your sun-bonnet. Elsie, dear, lounge over the bulwarks and signal to our truants to our satisfaction and theirs; Carrie, pass the decanter of water—and now for my trifling adventure."

CHAPTER II.

There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here its end.

Young Mrs. Oakford seated herself in a reclining chair. She was a pretty picture in her natty yachting dress and sailor hat, her golden curls making an aureole around her lovely face and glinting in the sunbeams.

"Please give me that large fan, Mrs. Dubeck, and look interested in that scrap of lacework; then I will make my first appearance as a public speaker," she began gaily.

"I must tell you that I was a thoroughly spoilt child, a romp, and a madcap, the youngest of a large family, mostly boys. My chief companions were my youngest brother and his friend, the vicar's son. When Bertie Maryn and I were of the respective ages of twenty and sixteen, we imagined ourselves in love with each other. Then my people opened their eyes to the state of the case, and scolded us unmercifully. I was packed off to a grand school at Brighton, and Bertie had to begin his career at one of the London hospitals. Of course, absence soon partly worked a cure—"

"It always does, said Elsie." Out of sight out of mind is the truest proverb I know.

"We do not always forget the absent," said the widow, trying to look pathetic but failing in the attempt.

"My father was an impulsive and passionate man," Daisy continued, "and he made me promise most faithfully never to write, or receive a letter from Bertie. I promised, but I thought it very unkind that I was not allowed to write to explain matters."

"Explain indeed," cried my father, irately, "I'll explain matters to Mr. Popinjay with a horse-whip! The idea of that poor parson's son, with not a penny at command, and no brains to boast of, to aspire to an engagement with my daughter!"

"But, dear Papa," I sobbed, "he will be a doctor in a few years' time and earn lots of money."

"St. George and the Dragon!" stormed my father, who would ever trust their lives in the hands of a thoughtless simpleton like Bertie Maryn? He has not brains enough to physic a snipe."

"Thus he went on," she continued, "storming and raging whilst I was dissolved in tears and misery untold, thinking myself the most blighted of human beings. Well, I was sent to Brighton, and after a few weeks I enjoyed my life there and forgot my crosses."

"I went home at vacation and heard sad accounts of Bertie's life in London: he had got among a wild set, the vicar had heavy bills sent in, and, naturally, poor Bertie had been "plucked" in his exam. His mother told me not to take gossip for gospel truth, and that Bertie was not as black as he was painted; and she implied that his thoughtless expenditure and wild conduct were owing to the disappointment. I believed her; what girl would not when a first lover is in question?"

"Very young girls are awfully silly," said Elsie.

"True, Elsie dear, and I was just the silliest of girls. Whilst I was at home Bertie sent a letter to me through his mother, but I refused to take it, mindful of my promise. She, however, read it aloud