NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

The great rally of the Caesars at Leck was no doubt of some importance to whatever party quality may be left in the remains of Liberalism, and also it was of importance that this body, formidable enough in the waver of broken principles, hatred of opinions, and intrigues, should declare definitely its adhesion to Gladstone's Home Rule. But if one had any aspiring hopes in the Liberal Party—as who held they would be discouraging to note that what really raised the enthusiasm of the audience at Leck was not the hope of the coming change in Ireland; not the joy of Ireland dissarding some part of its long tyranny and injustice to a people whom we call our fellow-countymen, and will not allow to be anything else; it was not really these reasonable revolutionary aspirations which moved people, but Mr. Gladstone's name as a party leader. It is only too likely that the question of justice to Ireland was looked upon by this meeting of would-be progressives, great and small, and their adherents, as an adjunct of Mr. Gladstone's personality; a whim of his to be indulged in, and which we, the party, can least imagine we sympathise with, though we don't in the least sympathy with the results which are sure to follow, or indeed guess what they are.

That the assembled Liberals did not think of or wish for the results of the political freedom of Ireland is not a matter of guess, but proved by the barrenness of the programme put forward by them—a programme about as valuable as a proposal for the re-enactment of Magna Charta, and which, it must be said, seems to have excited no enthusiasm than that which would have done.

Mr. Morley, in a sentence likely to become famous, mentioned the name of the country we are in for a period of "degraded politics." This was of course meant for a hit at Mr. Chamberlain, which doubtless he deserves; but there is more in it than that, whether Mr. Morley means it or not. This "degradation," this sifting of consciences, or the party, must be admitted to be alive; the terms are knocked out of the body. With the single exception of the Irish question the Liberal Party is now, it seems, ready to accept all the great changes that seem to be in the air.

As far as the present party politics go, this meeting has of course a very simple meaning—so far one to the Unionist Liberals. They are going, when Lord Houghton can make it convenient to come amongst them, to have a Good Day in their turn, which will have less interest than ever the Unionists meeting to those who look upon the real politics of life and the real politics of Parliament. As far as concerns the game played there, the result of all this means a quiet change for the Tory Government, which by means of a few threats of "dishing," and a shrewd attempt to carry on, can always paralyse the Liberal Party, both sections or either. "These be thy gods, O Israel!" Surely as a mass a set of shrewdness and blinkers as ever walked the earth.

Mr. Henry George has bolied the confident predictions of the bourgeois press both at home and in America by gaining a substantial vote for the mayoralty of New York. Mr. George is not a Socialist, or was not, but he has held that his programme as a candidate could not be the admiration of a Socialist at any price. Nevertheless the Bourgeois are determined to consider him the Socialist candidate, and a dangerous one at that, and turn in their best efforts to defeat him in his success. We must conclude, therefore, that the robust society of New York feels itself tested, and is anxious and unhappy under its leadership. At the least an ominous terror, reflected by our own press, at what would seem to an onlooker a small matter, is the sign of a very bad conscience. In spite of all the bluster and conventional congratulation on the stability and progress of modern civilization, it seems really shaken after all.

The meeting of the Mansion House about the Beaumont Hall, or People's Palace as it is pompously called, was such a queer exhibition of stupidity that Guy Fawkes day would be an appropriate date for it.
see for the hedge, had also a good few rose-bushes of the bright-red kind, which I had heard said to be distilled, but at one time oil and unsuitable, and really difficult, and also distinctively English in character. This, together with unbuilt wall and a cairn of stones, a well, and some flowers for the hedge, were all that could be seen at a distance.

Well, as I stretched myself and turned my face toward the village, I found horse-shoos on the road, and presently a man and horse showed on the other end of the stretch of road and drew near at a swinging trot with plenty of dust of metal. The man soon came up to me, but paid no more heed than to bring me a nod. He was clad in a linen shirt and leather, a sword girt to his side, and his shoulder a long-handled billhook. His arm was fantastic in form and well-wrought, but by this time I was quite used to the strangeness of him, and merely muttered to myself, "He is coming to summon the awe to the lord," so I turned toward the village in good earnest. Now, again, I was surprised at my own nerves, although I might well have been from their unrestlessness. I was dressed in a clothe gown reaching to my ankles, neatly embroidered about the collar and cuffs, with wide sleeves gathered in at the wrists; a head with a sort of bag hanging down from it was my head, and a broad red girdle round my waist, on one side of which hung a pouch unaided very vastly and a case made of hand carved with a hunting companion, which I have in a box and case on the other side a small knife, only an arm in case of dire necessity. Well, I came into the village, where I did not see (nor this time expected to see) a single soul. Indeed, there was no one there, nor was there, not only the church, which was large, and quite ravished my heart with its extreme beauty, elegance and finesse. The chancel of this was so high, so much the dust of the stones burned on the latter still, a corner in the cassone beneath the carvings of the windows. The houses were almost all built of brick frame-work filled with cob and plaster and well-covered with tiles. There had been such a recent shower of rain, with their windows and doors well-covered with moss. There was much carving and intricate carving about some of these, and though none old and many was still fit to stand, but their style, some little section of deftness and trimness, and even beauty, about every detail in them, the details noticed before. They were all roofed with slate tiles, mostly grown gray or black, but some was so newly built that the roof was yet pale and yellow.

This was a corner house, and the corner post of it had a richly carved niche wherein stood a gaily painted figure holding an anchor. So that, as the door opened, to the left I had a blacksmith. Half a stone's throw from the east end of the churchyard wall was a tall cross of stone, saw like the church, the head richly carved with a richly painted face. It stood on a set of large stone steps, oval in shape, where three roads from other villages met and formed a wide open space on which a thousand people or more could stand to do this great thing.

All this I saw, and also that there were a goodly many people about, women and children, and a few old men at the doors, many of them that men were coming into the village by the other end to that by which I had entered, by two's and three's, most of them carrying what I could see were bow in cases of linen with a coat or vice versa, they either at their backs, and most of them a horseshoe worn by their left side, and a pouch and knife on the right; they were mostly gaily dressed in red or bright-blue green or blue cloth jerkin, with a hood on the head generally of another colour. As they came near I saw that the cloth was sometimes coarse but sturdied and serviceable. I knew, I do not know how, that they were being sent off to the market for two or three days, and I could still hear noise of men thereabout, and even now and again when the wind set from that quarter the twang of the bowstring and the plump of the shot in the net.

I turned against the churchyard wall and watched these men, some of whom went straight into their houses and some altogether, while they were rough-looking fellows, tall and keen and red-haired, and just had burnt by the sun into the colour of "burnt; and, indeed, they were all burned and tanned and freckled variously; their clothes were all black and coat of many a man, and they were seen as if they were called a great many, and as the mouth opened, as I saw was that of a priest or of a gardener or of a man who was used to them in speech. I could see that, though I felt shy and timid amongst them. One of them straggles up to me across the road, the man was one of the most round and bold, and they were meek and tender-tempered enough; I could see that, though I felt shy and timid amongst them. One of them Straggles up to me across the road, the man was one of the most round and bold, and they were meek and tender-tempered enough; I could see that, though I felt shy and timid amongst them. One of them straggles up to me across the road, the man was one of the most round and bold, and they were meek and tender-tempered enough; I could see that, though I felt shy and timid amongst them.