

palings lying on the ground. The wind was howling fiercely, the sea roared furiously and beat against the cliffs with the noise of thunder and the unfortunate girl's clothes were soon drenched with rain, as well as by the foam dashed far above the spot where she stood, resembling clouds of the finest dust. Beyond the broken palisade the ground sloped rapidly and considerably, and when at length Euphemia stood on the brink of the abyss a shudder of terror passed over her frame, and the courage and presence of mind which until then had supported her abandoned her entirely. She then tried to retrace her steps, but it was impossible to do so, for she had no longer strength to struggle against the fury of the wind and slipped every instant on the wet grass, which grew almost to the extremity of the ridge. In that moment of supreme anguish, which of all those earthly treasures she prized so dearly would she not have given to find herself once more in safety within the convent walls and amidst the young companions hitherto so lightly valued? But we will not now attempt to describe the storm of painful thoughts, regrets, and remorse that swept over the soul of the awe-stricken being who so bitterly repented this her last act of disobedience. A few minutes more and the blast, more furious than ever, lifted her from the ground; she was carried into the raging waters, that rolled and closed over her in their resistless fury.

But this terrible scene had not taken place without witnesses. At low tide there was a low, sandy beach that stretched away far into the distance, and not very far from that part immediately beneath the convent garden, was a small cabin, built just above the high water mark, and inhabited by one of the fishermen of the coast. On the day of which we speak, two of the old man's sons, taking advantage of the holiday, it being the Feast of the Ascension, had come to see their father, and during their visit chanced to remark that one of the boats had got loose and was drifting away. To unfasten the other and put out to sea was the work of a moment. Notwithstanding the immense waves, which, with an incredible fury, broke against their little bark, threatening at the same time to engulf them with it, the young men had nearly attained the object of their pursuit when a cry of distress reached their ears. Their first thought was for their father, but the old fisherman, confident in the courage and experience of his sons, had not quitted the cabin; the second caused them to lift their eyes to the summit of the cliff, and what was their surprise and terror to perceive a young girl, dressed in white and covered with a long veil, who was standing in an agony of fear on the edge of the precipice. To speak to her was utterly impossible, for in that dreadful storm their voices would never have reached her; and forgetful of everything except the wish of rescuing the unfortunate being who seemed imploring their assistance to enable her to descend from her perilous situation, they gave the boat her head and allowed themselves to be driven by the tide towards the shore. At length, however, a fierce gust of wind raised the young girl from the spot where she stood, but only to dash her into the boiling waves not far from the two men, who were contemplating the scene in the most profound astonishment. Their tiny bark was bounding like a walnut shell over the foamy crests of the gigantic billows, but nevertheless determined to save the drowning girl if possible, they directed their course towards the spot where her white garments were plainly visible, and, thanks to the Almighty and to their skillfulness, reached her just as she was sinking for the last time beneath the waves of that terrible sea. Not knowing who she might be, they carried her to their father's cottage, who, overwhelmed with surprise, cried out at once:

"Most Blessed Virgin! She must be one of the communicants from the convent; they say it was a rare pretty sight in the chapel this morning. But Antoine had better run and fetch the good Cure; he will tell us what to do, for this poor child requires the greatest care."

Antoine then left the cottage, and his brother, remembering that he knew nothing about the neighborhood, followed him. Not far from his own house they met the Cure, who, on hearing their singular story, hastened back with them to the cottage to see the rescued girl, and to examine the spot where she had been first seen and from whence she had fallen. This done, they soon arrived at the conclusion that it was utterly impossible to scale the cliff, or even with ropes to raise the unfortunate girl; and after some reflection they resolved at last to borrow a litter from the hospital in the town and to carry their inanimate burden by a by-path to the convent, in order to avoid the high road and the numerous people who, notwithstanding the bad weather, would most assuredly assemble on hearing of the accident.

Our pen refuses to depict the anguish experienced by Madame Leriche, on beholding her only child in such a pitiable condition.—For many hours Euphemia gave not the slightest sign of life, and it was feared the result of fatal curiosity had cost her life. Towards night, however, she opened her eyes, and her mother, against the will of the doctor and the wishes and representations of the nuns, insisted on having her carried home, where, for seven or eight weeks, she languished between life and death. The pupils never knew any of these sorrowful details for many months after the accident, but when a high iron railing, extending from wall to wall, and about ten feet high, had replaced the decayed barrier, the Mother St. Euphrasia assembled the children and told them the sad history, and warned them to take example by Euphemia's terrible disobedience, and by the severe and appalling punishment that had so speedily overtaken her.

This frightful accident made a profound impression on the minds of all those who had known the self-willed and headstrong girl.—Isabelle de Verneuil loved the Superior and the

friendly nuns far too well to offer any opposition to their wishes; but even had she been inclined to do so, the recollection alone of Euphemia's terrible punishment would, in itself, have sufficed to change the current of her thoughts; and restore her to her better self.—Impelled by deep feelings of gratitude towards the pious and amiable woman who had first taken pity on her ignorant and neglected state, she paid the greatest attention to her various studies, and took both pride and pleasure in them. Guided by the hand of God, all the noble qualities of her heart, so long dimmed by her many faults, soon began to shine forth in their pure brilliancy, and the joy of her excellent parents was very great in contemplating the fair young girl, who, at length, so well repaid the tenderness and affectionate care bestowed upon her.

Suddenly by so much love and solicitude Isabelle's young life passed calmly and happily. Her first grief was occasioned by the death of Clemence Lamorriere, who died at Rome in her eighteenth year. Although this interesting girl had been but a short time at the convent, yet she had soon endeared herself to her companions, and had rapidly won their esteem and friendship, and her tender compassion for the poor people, who, once a week, were admitted into the court-yard of the convent, to receive food, alms and clothing, and gained their full and entire confidence as well as their gratitude and love. Cecile, Eugenie, and Isabelle were not separated in after life. They finished their education beneath the sacred edifice, and four or five years later fortune again threw them together, and three happy families often meet, when the three young wives have no greater pleasure than that of talking over the happy years passed by them in the old Convent of St. Mary's.

At the expiration of a year Euphemia, who had entirely recovered from the effects of her sad accident, returned to complete her education at the convent, but she was so entirely changed that few would have recognized her. She was then an orphan, for her father had recently died in England, and her mother had never recovered the shock she had received on the eventful day of the first Communion. She had therefore asked and obtained the consent of her guardians to return to G—, provided the nuns could be brought to receive again into their peaceful dwelling one who had, for a time, so completely destroyed the tranquillity and harmony of the convent. But the Sisters, those angels of goodness, received with open arms the youthful and penitent pupil, who had not only disturbed, by her turbulent conduct, the whole routine of the school-rooms, but had filled with grief and anguish the heart of the kind and amiable Mother St. Euphrasia, who had shown so much indulgence towards the rebellious and wilful girl. As soon as she attained her majority, and by her father's will she was to be of age at eighteen, her first care was to settle an annuity of three thousand francs on the old fisherman, with remainder to the two young men who had saved her life. The old cottage was pulled down, and a neat and compact building was built higher up on the beach, and comfortably furnished with every necessary. The eldest son had very lately married, and, as his father was now growing old, he invited the young couple to live with him, as there was now room enough for all, and Antoine and his wife removed accordingly from the town to the cottage on the beach, while the second son followed his career on the sea, which had been his profession from childhood.

At the end of the year, and on the day on which Euphemia attained her nineteenth year, having publicly announced her intention of entering on a religious life, she endowed the convent she was never more to leave with her immense fortune, and joyously pronounced the vows that separated her for ever from the world.—From that time her life was exemplary, but during the long years she inhabited the sacred abode, he never again beheld the cliff, for the sight of the sea gave her inexpressible anguish, and she could never contemplate the dangerous element in which she had so nearly found a grave without shuddering with terror and hiding her eyes beneath her veil. She rarely ever spoke of her past life, which seemed concealed beneath a cloud of grief and sorrow, but, if ever one of the pupils disobeyed their indulgent mistress, she would relate the circumstances of her own terrible disobedience, and of the fearful punishment that ensued; for, as she said on one occasion to the nuns:

"I never can reflect on that sorrowful period of my life, already so far distant, without the memory of the dreadful moments I passed on the brink of the precipice flashing across my mind; and I most humbly thank God and the most Blessed Virgin for having preserved me from so cruel a death, and for giving me time to repent, of my numerous and sinful faults."

She then drew the black veil of the Order over her face, and turned towards the chapel, where she spent the rest of the day in prayer.

Gertrude de Verneuil was eleven years of age, and had already spent four in the convent, when her sister Isabelle, accompanied by her husband, the Comte de Grandville, for she had married the elder brother of her friend Eugenie, and a charming little girl, came to see her on the eve of her first Communion.—The Sister Josephine, who, on the death of the gentle and kind-hearted Mother St. Euphrasia, had been nominated abbess, received her visitors in the parlor, and, after kissing her former pupil with the greatest affection, and lavishing many tender caresses on the infant Herminie, turned to Madame de Grandville and said:

"Ten years ago to-day, Isabelle, and you were a very young girl then, you asked me a question, to which I could scarcely then reply."

"I asked a question, reverend mother—whatever could it have been? for I do not remember it in the least."

"You asked it almost in these words: 'I wonder, dear Sister, whether, if ever I mar-

ried and came back to see you, you would kiss me with as much affection as you did my darling mamma just now?' I then answered, 'Your stepmother, Isabelle, has gained the love and affection of us all by her amiable character and charitable and kindly disposition.—Her conduct towards you, her husband's child, is worthy of all praise, and I only hope that you will, in the course of time, resemble her in all things.' Our dearest wishes on your behalf are realized, and to-day if your child could understand I would say to her:

"May you, my child, resemble in all things your good and estimable mother, and may you learn hereafter, as she did, to place all your hopes and aspirations in God, and to implore at the foot of our Blessed Saviour's cross the courage to bear the bitter and painful trials of this life, and from which none are exempt. May yours, dear child, be as happy as it can be in this world of sorrow and care, and may you live to be a blessing and a comfort to your parents."

The nun ceased speaking, and, after pressing her little daughter to her bosom, Isabelle replied:

"Oh, dear Mother, what a wicked disagreeable girl I was on my first arrival here. May God hear your prayers for my child, and may her girlhood pass as serenely and as happily as did mine. May I be spared to preserve her from the neglect I experienced in my earlier years, and may she long live to know and love God and to serve Him faithfully all the days of her life."

THE END.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

A review of Mr. Froude's History of the English in Ireland has appeared in The London Telegraph. The following extracts may interest our readers:

We have additional examples in these volumes of the terrible outrages that characterized the isolated crimes of the peasantry, and of the atrocious cruelties that stained every attempt at revolt and every organized rebellion. But Mr. Froude does not do any thing like full justice to the excesses on the other side—the judicial murders executed by the order or with the connivance of the Government, and the abominable cruelties in the later years of the rebellion, and many years afterwards, by the organized Orangemen. He has a short way of writing history on these subjects; he consults the State Paper Office, and believes every official record; he reads the popular records, and treats them all as lying Popish fabrications. No unbiased inquirer can deny that the popular and so-called "national" histories of Ireland are full of exaggerations and of positive falsehoods; but a man must know very little of Ireland who accepts the official documents of Dublin Castle as a complete chronicle of the land. Every peasant crime was, in the nature of things promptly and fully reported to headquarters; but who was to report the crimes of the reporters themselves? The English Government, in the absence of sufficient soldiers, and without the well-organized constabulary of later years, had to rely on Protestant gentry, on Protestant yeomen, and on Protestant officials—all Irishmen; and these men executed their task of repressing rebellion with a ruthless ferocity and wanton cruelty fully equal to that displayed by the rebels themselves. Thus the double current of outrages in Ireland was Irish; Irish Catholics cut the throats of Irish Protestants who, backed by English authority, retaliated with cruelties the popular memory of which lives down to our own day. Mr. Froude's defect as a historian is that this use of one section of Irishmen to keep down the other is not brought into full light. He glazes over the details of the crimes committed by the Catholic peasantry, but he has no indignation for the iniquities of the Castle, and no word of reproach for the excesses of the Orangemen of the North.

To give one instance, he relates the trial of the well-known Father Nicholas Sheehy; and his treatment of it is characteristic. This man was the parish priest of Clogheen, in Tipperary, and offered to surrender on a charge of aiding a rescue, if tried in Dublin, not Clonmel—probably knowing that there would be more impartial justice in the metropolis. The authorities gave the pledge; he was tried and acquitted. They arrested him on a second, and till then, suppressed charge—that of abetting a murder, and breaking the promise—"in the letter, perhaps," says Mr. Froude apologetically—sent him back to Clonmel. This change of the venue could only be justified by the knowledge that in the provinces the authorities could defy the decencies of judicature with more impunity than in Dublin itself. The evidence against the priest was absurdly insufficient. The body of a man, supposed to be murdered, had not been found, and a gentleman of property in the county, who offered to prove that Father Sheehy was in his house at the hour when the alleged murder was said to have been perpetrated, was immediately arrested by the crown on another charge, and his evidence for the prisoner peremptorily refused. Father Sheehy and his brother were hanged. Nothing could be clearer than that this was a murder duly planned by the authorities in Dublin, and executed under the forms of law, yet Mr. Froude enthusiastically defends it; the Government, he says, was "essentially right"; and sneers at the veneration of the people for the memory of the priest. "The execution," he says, "is among the stereotyped enormities which justify an undying hatred against the English rule and connection." Yet, a few pages on, the writer who has the hardihood to defend this crime of the Executive asserts that England, as regards Ireland, is "bound before God to execute justice between man and man." There may have been a political purpose in hanging even an innocent priest by a mock trial, but where is there a trace of "justice" in the deed?

This incident reveals what is the cardinal defect of Mr. Froude's attempt to write Irish history. He does full justice to the Irish peasantry; his central idea, that the first duty of all governments there should be to maintain order and uphold law is perfectly true and admirably enforced, but he can not contemplate, with proper calmness, the presence of a priest. He has hostility to Roman Catholics that amounts to monomania. We can quite understand his detestation of the Papacy as a political power; but there runs through Mr. Froude's pages a current assumption that it was and is impossible to manufacture into loyal subjects of a temporal sovereign, people who obey the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope. He does not venture to say so expressly; but he continually sneers at "English Liberalism," and repeatedly implies that "Protestant Ascendancy" in Ireland was something naturally good. The facts he is obliged to admit refute the assumption throughout; he has to show that the "Protestant Colony," though fostered by Protestant Government, became decayed; what was intended to be the salt of the land had lost its savor. He gives the picture of Protestant Ireland in 1772—before concessions to Catholics had come into vogue—when the tone and temper of all Irish society and all that could be called Irish life was essentially anti-Catholic:

"Industry deliberately ruined by the commercial jealousy of England; the country abandoned to anarchy by the scandalous negligence of English Statesmen; idle absentee magnates forgetting that duty had a meaning, and driving their tenants into rebellion and exile; resident gentry wasting their substance in extravagance, and feeding their riot by wringing the means of it out of the sweat of the poor; a Parliament, led by patriots, whose love of country meant but the art to embarrass Government, and wrench from it the spoils of office; Government escaping from its difficulties by lavishing gold,

which, like metallic poison, destroyed the self-respect and wrecked the character of those who stooped to 'take it'; the working members of the community, and the worthless part of it; flying from a soil where some fatal enchantment condemned to failure every effort made for its redemption—such was the fatal condition of the Protestant colony, planted in better days to show the Irish the fruits of a belief than their own, and the industrial virtues of a noble race. Who can wonder that English rule in Ireland has become a bye-word? Who can wonder that the Celts can fail to recognize a superiority which had no better result to show for itself?"

He then shows in contrast what the expatriated Irish Catholics were abroad:

We lay the fault on the intractableness of the race. The modern Irishman is of no race, so blended now is the blood of Celt and Dane, Saxon and Norman, Scot and Frenchman. The Irishmen of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own unhappy country.—In the Seven Years' War Austria's best generals were Irishmen. Brown was an Irishman; Lacy was an Irishman; O'Donnell's name speaks for him; and Lally Tollendal, who punished England at Fontenoy, was O'Mullally of Tollandally. Strike the names of Irishmen out of our public service, and we lose the Wellesleys, the Fallisiers, and Moores, the Eyles, the Coates, the Napiers; we lose half the officers and half the privates who conquered India for us, and fought our battles in the Peninsula.—What the Irish could do as enemies we were about to learn when the Ulster exiles crowded to the standard of Washington. What they can be even at home we know at the present hour, under exceptional discipline as police, they are at once the most sorely tempted and the most nobly faithful of all subjects of the British race.

We have referred to Mr. Froude's excellent notions as to the necessity of a vigorous administration of the law and the police. Herein he is quite right, but he fails to see that what hindered the realization of his ideal in the olden time, was the unreasoning hostility to one creed that still embitters his own pages and disqualifies him from high rank as a historian. The unpaid Protestant magistrates, the unbridled Protestant yeomen, the Protestant executive at Dublin Castle in the olden time, succeeded in getting places for their friends and relatives, but were never successful in maintaining tranquility or enforcing the law. As in France, the duties of the authorities were always divided; they had one eye on criminals, the other on political foes. Murderers were allowed to escape because an inefficient executive believed that its chief duty lay in going regularly to church, and in watching "Papists" with a jealous eye. At the present day the criminal classes in Ireland, especially in the rural districts, are kept down with greater severity and greater success than at any time in the history of Ireland: a system of vigilance, and precaution and repression more comprehensive and more complete than any known to Irish history is executed with relentless firmness and directed from Dublin Castle. Who devised it? The English Liberals whom Mr. Froude sneers at almost in every page—singling out Mr. Gladstone's speeches for occasional satire. And who execute it? Catholic officials, Catholic judges, a Catholic police. When, in the last century, the Tories trampled on the Irish peasantry, the English Whigs said, with perfect truth, "The fault lies with you, not with them; these men have been 'cradled into cruelty by wrong'; first grant them equal rights, and then execute the law." Until Mr. Gladstone took office as Premier, this old idea of the Whig party—the greatest and wisest body of politicians who have ever regulated authority and fortified liberty in any country or in any age—remained unfulfilled. But he took up the old task. He has struck down Protestant ascendancy; he has given the Irish peasant an interest in the land; he has established order; he has punished crime.

We admit that the full result of these measures are still wanting. But the "effect defective" is due not to themselves but to their circumstances and to their date. Had the Acts of 1868 and 1869 been passed a century, or half a century before, and granted to the then peaceful and humble petitions of the Irish people through the free grace of an unawed and unanimous English Parliament, the results would have been a natural loyalty on the part of the masses towards their beneficial English rulers. There was of old no inherent difficulty in the government of Ireland by Englishmen. The passion for nationality is of modern growth. Mr. Froude says, speaking of the year before the rebellion of '68: "The mass of the people, if left to themselves were not spontaneously disaffected to the British connection," and he draws a just distinction between the agrarian conspiracies, in which the peasant is "effectively dangerous," and the political plot into which he enters in a superficial half-hearted way. The misfortune of English justice to Ireland is, that it has always been due to political apprehensions and has always come late. It was not granted because it was simply just; but because it was a necessary "concession." Mr. Gladstone has been abundantly blamed for having referred in his speeches to the Fenian revolt as a warning; but he simply recorded a fact. Ours is a Parliamentary Government, and Parliament is based on public opinion.

It is impossible to carry any great measure through both Houses unless there is a strong, public feeling at its back. The flame of rebellion in Ireland lighted up Irish hopes in the eyes of the English electors, and Mr. Gladstone's eloquence overcame the State Church and landlord prejudices which for years had hindered justice to the Irish race. But what Mr. Gladstone did in '68 and '69, "English Liberals"—Mr. Froude's *betes noires*—would have effected with greater and more rapid results a century before, if the prejudices of the King, now re-echoed by Mr. Froude, and the interests of the alien and ruling race had not precluded them. The misfortune of the delay is that, while we have done much to prevent the natural growth of new rebellions we have given an immediate and artificial dignity to the present Fenians by our compelled confession that, but for them the English people would not have assented to the new laws. This avowal is not only injurious, but is unfortunately true. Mr. Froude girds more than once at Mr. Gladstone for having called the Irish Church an Upas Tree; he says (p. 128) that the experiment of "just laws" in Ireland has "yet to be made." He also speaks of the Viceroy of the present time—alluding, of course, to Lord Spencer, not to Lord Abercorn, as "simply registering the decrees of the Vatican." Whether this was written before or after the Irish University Bill we can not say, but at all events, the fate of that measure proves that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry suffered defeat, and tendered resignation, because it would not surrender its principles to the wishes inferred or expressed of the delegates of the Vatican. Lord Spencer, who is thus recklessly attacked because he had one or two interviews with Cardinal Cullen, was ruler of Ireland during the resolute maintenance of a system of organized suppression of crime more thorough and more efficacious than any of which Cromwell even dreamed; we need not add more discriminative and more just. Is this side-attack on the late Viceroy worthy of history? Is it not rather the petulance of a political pamphleteer?

We have every respect for the great genius of Mr. Froude. Even in this Irish work we recognize some of the merits of a historian. He has quick sympathies; he discerns many subtleties and undertraits of Irish character unknown to the majority of English observers; he is fearless in relating all facts; but he belongs to a new school of historians, who carry into the study of the past the passions and false lights of modern politics. History, no doubt, is essential to the politician; but we doubt whether the heat of modern politics is suitable to the study

of history. We will give one instance out of many, to illustrate the manner in which Mr. Froude brings in the new light of modern politics to explain or justify the past. He records the earlier attempts in 1782, of the Liberals to repeal, in part, the old Penal Laws by enabling Catholics to purchase, inherit, and hold lands as if they were Protestants, and he quotes a speech of the Irish Attorney-General, who praised the tranquillity of a town where, one Sunday, he saw three congregations—Epicopalian, Catholic, and Dissenter—issue at the same time from their places of worship, and mix amicably in the same streets. On which Mr. Froude says: "The attorney-General might have found the explanation in the laws he was denouncing [the old Penal Laws]. When the Catholics were indulged they had attempted massacre and confiscation; when they were bitted and bridled they were peaceable and good-humored. That this was the correct interpretation may be seen in the fruits of religious equality. When a Protestant prelate of the Dissentist Church walks through an Irish city the devout Celt displays his piety by spitting on him as he passes. [Note.—Fact in one instance certainly. It was told to me by the Bishop who was himself the sufferer, and he described the thing not as having happened to him once, but as since the disestablishment happening repeatedly.] A truth which has now become so painfully evident was not wholly unperceived in 1782." What a striking historical fact! What a flood of light is thrown upon the past! No incident is too small on which to base great historical truths, and these acts of the gamins or urchins, or adult rable of an Irish city prove retrospectively the wisdom of the Penal Laws, and the terrible impolicy of Mr. Gladstone's legislation. For it is "now painfully evident" what Irish Catholics are; and we see that the dignity of Establishment alone protected Protestant prelates from insults too painful to be noted in the newspapers or brought before the magistrats, but which are confidentially entrusted to a great historian for reproduction in pages that posterity "will not willingly let die." To hate the Church of Rome and to believe that "English Liberals" are always wrong to sneer at mercy as weakness and at judicial forms as unsuitable for Papists and their priests, are natural to Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Whalley, and would be echoed gladly from Exeter Hall; but when these feelings animate the pages of a history full of rivalries of race, they are, we think, apt to neutralize even literary genius, great industry, clearness of narrative, and undoubted good faith. Nor can we, without something like repulsion, write that while Mr. Froude enters into the details of every atrocious outrage committed by the peasantry, he always excuses where he does not slur over the retaliatory crimes of the author! I, the troops, and the Protestant settler. Yet one passage from his book might be placed as the motto for the whole miserable record of popular crimes. "Unjust laws provoke and compel resistance. Violence follows, and crime and guilt; but the guilt, when the account is made up, does not lie entirely with the poor wretch who is called the criminal." This is Mr. Froude sober, and in his best mood. The strange thing is that these just things are elicited, not when he records Catholic outrages, but when he is compelled to chronicle corresponding crimes committed by a Protestant peasantry wronged by their landlords in the North. When a Popery prejudice does not blind him he can rise to the tone of history; but he cannot be trusted when he comes across Roman Catholics and their priests. "He sees red," and cries pathetically for another Cromwell to supersede the Liberals of to-day. It is strange enough that he should thus reproduce the polemical passions of the seventeenth century without sharing in the least degree its religious ideas. He has all the fanaticism of the Puritans—nothing of their faith.

PROLONGED IMPRISONMENT OF PATRICK CASEY.

We make from the London Times some extracts from the debate in the House of Commons, on the 11th May, with reference to the long imprisonment of Patrick Casey. Mr. Butt brought the case before the notice of the House:—

In rising he (Mr. Butt) said that he begged to call attention to the case of Patrick Casey, who had been confined in prison for three years under the warrant of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and to move for several documents—viz., copies of all affidavits used on a motion for a writ of *habeas corpus*, the ruling of the Court, the original and subsequent warrants ordering and changing his custody, and all sworn information, if any, on which the warrant was granted. The facts of the case were those, as stated on affidavit:—A motion was made in the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin on the part of the father of a prisoner, when the judge naturally asked him what his son was imprisoned for. The answer was, that was exactly what he wanted to know. Application was made to the Governor of the Kilmaintain gaol to see the warrant under which he was committed, but the application was refused and reference was made to the Castle. All that could be ascertained was that he had been imprisoned under that most arbitrary and extraordinary Act passed in 1871 for certain districts in Ireland, including Westmeath, without any accusation, and without any sworn information; and he had remained in prison for two years and a half without the opportunity of seeing his accuser or vindicating his character. Up to the time of his arrest this young man had borne an unblemished character. He was arrested on suspicion of being connected with the Ribband conspiracy. For 22 out of the 24 hours he was in solitary confinement, and when any of his relatives called to see him, which they could only do at long intervals, a warder was present during the whole conversation; but if anything was said as to the confinement or its cause, the warder instantly put a stop to it. He was sorry to say such a course was legal. The Act gave the Lord Lieutenant power to arrest any person he suspected of being belonging to the Ribband conspiracy, and to detain him in prison without bringing him to trial, and this prisoner had now been detained, first in the prison of Naas, and now in Kilmaintain Gaol, for two years and a half, till his health had broken down. Besides the Court of Queen's Bench was, under the Act prohibited from issuing a writ of *habeas corpus*. That was the first Act that ever took away the writ of *habeas corpus*.—It was absolutely taken away, and the prisoner was kept under a system of torture without any power in the law to reach him. He moved for the affidavit made by the father, for the warrant, and for any copies of sworn information under which the arrest had been made; and he brought forward the case prominently as an instance of the system of coercion, which was utterly indefensible and unnecessary for anything that had occurred in Ireland.

Sir M. Beach thought, when he saw this notice on the paper, the hon. and learned member was about to call attention to some irregular or illegal proceedings on the part of the Irish Government; but he now found that the case referred to had occurred three years ago, and, therefore, neither the Government were in any way responsible.—He did not, however, gather that any complaint was made of any irregular or illegal proceedings whatever. The prisoner had now been confined under the provision of the Act for nearly three years, and he admitted that circumstance fairly deserved consideration. He would therefore undertake that the case should be carefully looked into, and, if it could be done with security to life and property in that part of the country where the prisoner had, he feared, no little influence, the duration of his imprisonment would be put an end to. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Butt said that if the affidavits were printed it would be revolting to every Englishman. It was clear that the Bastille was re-established among us.