APRIL THE MILL

He was a to stoop and thin were shiny withis coat being thread-bare st trace of the strong feature the gray eye brows. Those toward the di

dingy old ma There was a d counting room glass. Thr medium the watchful eye saved sudden room. Those never knew the grim old their direction ing or any ot hat busy col From the

turned to t deserted. I He arose from and crossing shade that c turned back a small parce opened it and w crackers the paper a He was gn light rap a drew his a inclined to deceived hi again-rat. · Come in

nothing sug peremptory A hand then the d was standin girl with pink frock. "How do ing vision. m I. thank a little bob a fascinatin " Where growled the

· I come little maid glass under She laughe you was a self. You you ?" He yie witchery they are The chil You's and clap better'n p He hast "My lu you have from." He was ing this comed do swered. me here an' there might get lunch an An' I'm t man papa an' he c 'round.'' The c again afraid of believe. bit furth " Com old man She st " It alv said. " If I ha any pleadon't wa to-day-besides, out the papa ha

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must do his duty and no more, which generally means it is not done at all. For, why did he not produce the pris-oners' witnesses? They flung it in his face from the dock, and told him plain-ly he had betrayed them. The junior counsel, Pigot was a learned man, an elocutionist, more or less of a dilettante but attitudinizing before a cheval-glass but attitudinizing before a cheval-glass in your library is not the best way to prepare for the arena. No man, not even the poet, needs to be dowered with the "scorn of scorn, the hate of hate," so much as an advocate plead.

APRIL 6, 1907.

awed him; he had to address a jury of gentlemen, and there was a general conviction in the air all around that

something must be done. Clearly, he must do his duty and no more, which

between life and death.

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On Thursday night the case for the Crown closed; the case for the prisoners was never opened. But on Friday morning, as the Solicitor Gen-eral had anticipated, witnesses were called as to character—the weakest de-ferce that can be made in a court of justice. Dr. O'Brien, parish Doneraile, who built the paris priest o church and convent yonder, testified to the good conduct of the four prisoners-to the special respectability of Leary. Mr. Harold Barry, a Catholic magnate and a sturdy, masculine character, gave similar evidence, was examined and cross examined by Doherty. Evidence cross examined by Doherty. Evidence invaluerable and positive—such a man could not be guilty of such a crime. You appear sympathetic, friend. May it not be that you are in the conspir-acy yourself? What if we should dis-cover that you, Deputy Lieutenant of He Maisetz, hold another commission Bis Majesty, hold another commission as Captain of the Whiteboys? Harold-Barry turns scornfally on his heel, and leaves Doherty, "a gentlemanly man, of fine appearance," somewhat discon-certed. Others, witnesses as to charsoter and conduct and general good repute, come on the witness-table-some, let it be said to their infinite nonor, landlords and magistrates, who broke through the iron regulations of caste and creed to testify against judicial murder. Lastly, an old man stepped on the table-Leary's land -lord, and father of the Michael Creagh ford, and father of the Michael Creagn whose life, it was said, had been con-spired against. He was about the same age as the prisoner, Leary; and, as he monnted the steps, their eyes met. What shall it be? We, landlord and tenant, have stood side by side for fifty years, met our obligations nobly (witness these £230 annually paid by that man in the dock) coursed these mountains together, fished that river side by side, broke bread and ate salt in that whitewashed cottage above the Awbeg. Are we now to part? The traditions of his class, his love for his traditions own safety, pull one way. Honor and loyalty, the other. "I swear," he cried, litting his hand to heaven, "that I believe these men guiltless of the charge against them. No evidence shall ever convince me that Leary had hand, act or part in any attempt on the life of my son." Noble attempt on the life of my son." Noble words! and noble old man! If there had been a few more of your type the tragic history of Ireland would never have been written. What a ray of sunshine these words shot across the gloom of that wretched courthouse 1 How the prisoners must have felt-Death now is easy after such a noble vindication !

And it was death ! Judge Torrens, a dark, sullen frown on his face, charged home against the prisoners. The jury did not even retire. After five minutes consultation they returned their verdici Guilty. Torrens assumed the black cap, and sentenced the four prisoners, Leary, Shine, Roche, Magrath to be executed on November 14th, following. As they left the dock. Leary cried "We are murdered! There is no justice here! There is nothing for us but revenge!" Quite so! Judicial murder! Revenge! Our corpses swinging here in the air of a wintry morning, and your brains blown out there under the black mountains of Limerick. A pretty cycle of events, is it not? Cause and effect ; effect and runs cause, ad infinitum ! So runs the whole ghastly genealogy of Irish history : Cromwell begat massacres and burn ing; and massacres and burning begat reprisals; and reprisals begat Penal Laws; and Penal Laws begat in-surrection; and insurrection be-gat the Union; and the Union begat ontlawry: and outlawry begat outlawry; and outlawry begat Whiteboyism; and Whiteboyism begat informers and judicial murders; and judicial murders begat revenge, et da capo. Surely Astraea hath left the earth. Not yet! She is called back peremptorily for just a little while; and by a voice she cannot disobey.

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

GIENANAAR A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

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BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D. AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKI DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

THREADS OF DESTINY.

Just around the corner, as you turn oward Buttevant, lived the little roman whom I had so confidently retoward commended to the Yank as an amateur nurse. She was small of stature, and somewhat faded in beauty, both by reason of the transforming power of time and the more destructive agencies of trouble and want. Yet there was a strange, pensive look in her face, as of one who lived altogether in the past; and a tone of quiet resignation, as of one who had parted with the inas of one who had parted with the in-terests of life and was looking habitu-ally toward eternity. This feature, however, did not prevent her from being cheerful, and even happy; and one could suspect from th bright way in which she spoke that there was a deeper and holler feeling in her heart. You should come on her unawares to know that that steady gazing into the fire, or that abstracted look through her little shop-window, was that of one who saw all earthly things rounded in the circle of eternity. She was never the circle of eternity. She was never seen on the street, except in the early morning, when she was the first to take her place in an about the first to take her place in an obscure corner of the church to hear early Mass. Even then no one noticed her, as she glided through the street with her black through the street with her once shawl folded tightly around her and covering her head. She studiously avoided all village gossipers, and there-fore was never implicated in a quarrel. At first this was resented as a sign of exclusiveness and pride. Then it was unoticed or noticed only to be respected. She had two children-Teresa, or Tessie, the eldest, just breaking into woman hood; and so perfect a picture of her mother, as she had been in her youth, that friends who had not seen the m for that friends who had not seen them for a long time used to address her as "Nora," — her mother's name. Her younger sister, Kathleen, was of a different type. For whereas Tessie different type. For whereas Tessie was grave, even to solemnity, and seemed to have inherited her mother's pensiveness with her beautiful features, kathleen was so vivacious, so fond of being out of doors, and romping and playing, that her mother always spoke of her as "that Tomboy." Several times I was requisitioned to lecture her little indiscretions of severely on these little indiscretions of youth, but somehow I always broke down in the attempt. Her look of de-mure gravity would disarm a more un relenting Mentor; and besides, I knew but somehow I always broke she could quote against me several little lectures that I imprudently gave little lectures that I imprudently gave in school, to the effect that they should cram into their childhood years all the sunshine and happiness they could find; for that the skies would become grayer as they advanced in life and walked under shadows not of their own walked under shadows hot of their own seeking. But they were both sweet children, as I told the Yauk; and Tessie, who had passed through the usual curriculum of studies, was now learning such accomplishments as music, painting on glass and plaques, fancy needlework, etc. I have some needlework, etc. I have some tiful handiwork.

They were extremely poor. The wretched little shop, with its window blocked with packages of Colman's Mustard, Cadbury's Cocoa, etc., did not realize in its stock these splandid herring dvortigements. A few red hung from the ceiling, and a few strings of onions. There was a make believ of ontons. Inere was a man bolto of of two or three gorgeous canisters, on which "Tea" was printed in crimson and gold letters. A few clay pipes and a dozen or two of candles completed

reverence ?" said Mrs. Leonard, rais-ing herself from the counter. "I promise you she has something in her head besides a convent. But you're spoiling that child, your reverence, out and out. You're taking such notice reverence ?" ing herself of her that we'll never get any good out of her." "She's worth the whole box and dice

"She's worth the whole box and dice of ye put together," I said. "Mark me, she'll have the veil on her yet." "Wisha, thin," said Mrs. Leonard, "I'd make a present of her to any one of these nuns that do be coming here from Texas, or South Africa, or Cali-fornia. They're welcome to her, with my blessing."

I did not like this disparagement of my little favorite at all, and I told the mother so roundly.

mother so roundly. "She won't go to South Africa, nor to Texas, nor to California," I said, angrily. "We want our best little girls at home. And leave it to me ! You may call me Davy, if I haven't that young lady, snug and safe, in one of our best Irish convents before many years." "Well, God bless your reverence,"

said the grateful woman. "I'll leave her to you and God, and she'll be in good hands, I warrant. But what was the situation your reverence was going to get for me?"

"I wanted you to go to the hotel and nurse the strange American gentleman that's sick there." She started back in surprise and

m. Yerra, is it me to be a nurse, her? What do I know about nurs. Father? ing ?" she said. "You know quite as much about it as

"You know quite as much about it as any other woman," I said. "Every woman is, or ought to be, a nurse." "'Twould be well in me way, in-deed," she said, with a little toss of her head, "to go fixing and bindin' and sootherin' a sick man. Maybe," she said, with a little stifted laugh, "he'd mant to marky me in the end."

want to marry me in the end." "He might do worse," I said, grave ly. "Well, thin," said she, "I'm not the

voman for him. I got enough of that before. And as the old, pensive look cam

into her face, the melancholy retro spect of the unhappy past, the spirit o

spect of the unhappy past, the spirit of humor and bantering died away, and left her but a woman of sorrow. "In any case, 'tis all over." I re-plied. "He is on the way to recovery now, and will soon be off to America

"I hope he'll take a good wife with him," she said. "Sure the people say that's what he kem for." "And you won't go?" I said at part

ing. She shook her head sadly. "No wonder, poor thing! She had had some bitter experiences of life. If any one had told the young belle of If any one had told the young belle of the country-side, Nora Curtin, that she would wind up her days as a little shop-keeper or huckster on the side of the street in Doneraile, she would have deemed it an insult. And if any one had told her, on the morning of her marriage, that Hugh Leonard would lead her such a life that she would gladly pray for her own death, not his, she would have called them ravens of evil and prophets of misfortune. Alas! she would have called them ravens of evil and prophets of misfortune. Alast it so turned out. Hugh Leonard was one of those worthless, heartless fellows that should be whipped at the cart tail as women of Marblehead flogged the scuttling Captain. It was pretty well heare Curatin did not care

nown that Nora Curtin did not care for him. It was whispered that her heart was elsewhere. But she married to please her father; and her young husband was so proud of his prize, that he vowed by all that was sacred in heaven or on earth to be kind to her the mountains coursing, and h

Never, so long as powder and shot were

old. etc., etc.

your grave whin she'll plek up with the first gallivanter that comes acrass her. Tie up the money for your childhre, Hugh, so that she can't tetch it." And so he did. Tied it up with all the red-tape and scaled it with all the scaling-wax the law would allow. Then Hugh, "Gentleman Hugh," as he was called in scorn by his neighbors, died. And it was pitiable to see that poor woman divesting herself of every com-fort to have Masses said for his soul. It was years before the truth dawned on her. It was only the pinch of on her. It was only the pinch of poverty that revealed it; as she found that the very interest on her children's money was unavailable for their sup port. Then the sadness of all her married life broke over her soul, like a port.

married life broke over her soni, like a torrent. "Well, thin," she said to Tessie, when I bad gone, "that was a quare thing intirely to come into the priest's head. He knew enough of me and me sorrow to wish me dead, sooner than married agin."

"'Twas his anxiety about us, mother," said the saintly girl. "We must keep on praying, he says. Sooner or later the clouds will lift."

or later the clouds will lift." "And so this futile attempt to the together the threads of these two lives that had fallen into my hands was doomed to failure. But in the at-tempt I pulled open the cabinets of history, so long locked that their hinges were rusty; and saw there the parchment scrolls of records that are now almost forzotten. and yet are the parchment scrolls of records that are now almost forgotten, and yet are worthy to be revealed. And if here and there, there are gouts of blood upon them, I shall make them as pale as possible; and I shall try to smooth out the blisters left by human tears.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ASTRAEA AND HER TEMPLE.

Gloom, deep sepulchral gloom, as of Phlegethon, hung down on the city of Cork, the evening of October 21, 1829. It was not only that skies were dark nd weeping, anticipating the rain an sombre aspects of the approaching November : but a heavy shadow was over the city, as of some great event transpiring, or some dread horror being enacted in its midst. And such was the case. In its midst. And such was the case. In the dingy courthouse, dimly lighted with tallow candles in the sconces, and heavy with the damp air and the heated breath of hundreds air and the heated breath of bundreds of human beings, an advocate of the Crown was putting forth all his powers of eloquence; and satisfying his em ployers, the greater part of his audi ence, and his own professional con-science, by driving into the jaws of death his first batch of victims, the four unhappy prisoners who stared out despairingly from behind the iron spikes of the dock. The voice of this spikes of the dock. The voice of the man, clear, modulated, precise, em-phatic, was the only sound heard in that chamber of death. It rose and that chamber of death. fell in waves of sound that see the doomed men like the undulations of the bell that was tolling for their execution. And there was a tone of triumph in it, that said plainly: "Death for you, my prisoners: and your corpase the stepping stones to the Bench for me!" It had all the fatal assurance of success in its ringing assurance of success in he ringing tones. There was no pause, no waver, no trembling-only the deep tone of the prison bell, marking the inevitable hour. Those who heard it said : "No use in sending that case before a jury ! It is a waste of time! These men are already convicted !"

And what was it all about ? Well, it was the old, old story, with which we are all so familiar in Ireland-the story of injustice and revenge; cruelty and rapine, and consequent hate and reprisals. Men will never learn that beyond the hopes of woman. Alas! A wrong begets wrong; but then you few years and he tired of her, and all have statesmen, jurists, philosophers, was wreck and ruin. He spent his days political economists, conjecturing in

ranry. Here, in this parish, is shown the field where a poor woman hid a hunted rebel beneath a flock of sheep ; hunted rebel beneath a flock of sheep ; and here the tree where an innocent man was swung up by the troopers ; and here, pointed out still in whis-pers, is the grave of an informer. (Quite close to this village, at the Cross of Brough, in the bed of Ske hangeh views the build a with a stree hanagh river, two bailiffs, or tithe proc-tors were killed. The perpetrators of the evil deed fied to America, disthe evil deed fiel to America, dis-guised as women; but two respectable girls of the farming class, one of them, tradition says, a noble type of Irish womanhood, were arrested and hanged in Cork. The only evidence against them was that of two children, a boy and a girl, aged seven and eight years, who swore they saw these girls closing their doors, as the crowd swept by.) Very old people, on their deathbeds, speak of that disastrons period as the "bad times." It remains for some im-partial historian to apportion the blame equally between gentry and partial historian to apportion the blame equally between gentry and rebel, landlord and tithe-proctor and Whiteboy; yeomanry, who, under the protection of the law, wrought murder and havoe amongst the innocent; and outlaws, who, against the law, took a fearful and an appalling revenge. Between the two were the innocent, and law ablding and informize nonulation.

Between the two were the influcent, and law abiding, and inoffensive population, who were victimized by both. These were the respectable, well-tc-do farm-ers, who tried to anfler injustice in silence, and who, as in the case we are going to mention, were marked for vengeance by landlords and Whiteboys alike.

If ever you come to Doneraile, and your journey should be from east to west, you will pass a white house on the left-hand side of the road, just be-yond the ancient graveyard of Temple-Ruadhan, and just above the ancient castle of Ballinamona.

Here, Edmund Burke came to school when he resided with his relatives over there at Castletownroche; and here lived, at the time of which we write, a landlord and a magistrate, named George Bond Lowe. We know little of him, except that he was thoroughly hated by the peasantry around ; an his life was sought more than once. He has left amongst the people the memory of a wanton libertine and a detested tyrant; amongst the gentry that of an intrepid and fearless magis trate. So history is written; and so it remains, and will ever remain, a rather remains, and will over remain, a ratio dubious discredited art. You can hardly believe a Guelph about a Ghi-belline; and take not the verdict of the Bianchi against the Neri. But about the fearlessness of George Bond Lowe there is no question. He was never fired at, but he pursued his enemies; and in nearly every case captured some would be assassin, and had him promptly executed. Once his horse was shot beneath him. He arose, leaped the hedge, was gain fired at, fired in return, and shot one antagonist, pursued the other, and grappled with him and arrested him single handed, and had him promptly hanged in Cork gaol. Not long after, the carriage of a Dr. Norcott was fired into at the bridge of Ballinamona, and his footman and groom severely wounded. His carriage was mistaken for that of another obnoxious landlord, Admira

another concitous handlord, Admirat Evans of Oldtown. Clearly then some-thing was wrong in this parish of Done-raile. It would never do that in the nineteenth century gentlemen cannot go out to dine without a supper of balls and slugs from blunder busses. Some action must be taken, prompt and decisive. But how? We cannot go round in coats of mail and chain armour, or with a posse of special constables behind our carriages. Some-thing more expeditious must be sought; and it must be final and decisive, but, above all, judicial. We are repre-sentatives of law and order; and our

"If you can kill the nits you are safe from lice ?" This, of course, only applied to bables—the spawn of rebels. But why may we, too, not extend it to parents and grandparents? Surely parents and grandparents? Surely the converse is equally true: "If we exterminate the lice, there is little to fear from nits ?" Allons, then !

As so, on this dull October afternoon As so, on this duit october attended, Doherty, Solicitor General, "a man of fine physique and gentlemanly pre-sence," is bearing on his quarries with all the tact and determination of a sleuth hound of the law. This is a cause celebre, to be tried by a Special Commission, sent down by Dublin Commission, sent down by Dublin Castle. The panic-stricken gentry can not wait for the ordinary Assizes The case came before Judge Grady a The case came before Judge Grady at the last sittings in the summer; but his Lordship clearly did not believe in the prisoners' guilt, for he said, with much solemnity and significance, "that he perceived that seventeen persons were charged with having participated in this conspiracy. If bills in this case should go before the mand her may not certain grand jury, and he was not certain they would, he besonght that they should not be found without their havshould not be found without their hav-ing received the weightiest considera-tion." And out of an immense jury panel of one hundred and thirty, alto-gether those of the county gentry, but thirty answered their names. And so, Judge Torrens and Judge Pennefather, duly commissioned, and clad in red Judge Torrens and Judge Pennetstner, duly commissioned, and clad in red silk, as a symbol of terror, and white ermine, symbolical of legal purity, are bending over their note books, and jotting down the excellent points the eloquent and most gentlemanly advo eloquent and most gentlemanly advo cate is making. Stenography was not then the fine art it is tc-day; but there exist reports of that famous speech, from which a few sentences are worthy of being culled : "Gentle men, I am gratified at seeing such an array of the rank, property, and in-fluence of your great county, assembled together upon this occasion. rallying fluence of your great county, assembled together upon this occasion, rallying around those laws which, no doubt, it is their bounden duty to support. . . With respect to the finding of two grand inquests, even their decision will fail, unless the petty jury coin-cide; find when I see before me such a selection of the grand yeomanry of this county, I feel confident the subject will undergo the strictest scrutiny.

will undergo the strictest scrutiny. . . I will call your special atten-tion to the case of Leary, who, removed from the temptation of poverty, re-mains aloof in comparative security, sending out his less guilty emissaries to execute his bloody edicts. If the jury believe these facts, his is not a jury believe these facts, his is not a case that will excite the greatest sym-pathy. It is likely he will find many to speak for him as to character; but if the facts against him be proved, what will character avail? Of what what will character avail? Of what avail is it, that he be industrious in his pursuits, faithful in his contracts, and sober in his habits, if foul conspir-acy and midnight murder can be laid to his charge, and traced to his sug-gestions? There is a reign of terror that coerces character. I do not attle-ing the argument will display itself ipate that any such will display itself here—that the high-minded gentry, the impartial magistrates, or independent yeomanry of the county will stoop to such a mode of conciliating a disgrace ful and paltry popularity."

"High-minded gentry !" "Impar-tial magistrates !" "Independent yeo tial magistrates!" "Independent yeo-manry!" Where then were the pris-oners' peers? Where, but set aside, and rejected, as they always have been? The very walls of that courthouse, could the method be that courthouse, could they speak, would echo as their first articulate sound : "Stand by !" Nay, in the whole vicinity, not a peasant or a laborer was to be seen. The gentry filled the jury room, overflowed into the benches of the court and out into the avenues. They thronged the steps, and stretched along the streets, where cavalry and yeo-manry patrolled in rank and file, sentinels of justice, and symbols of power. But the frieze coat of the peasant was But the frieze coat of the peakant was nowhere to be seen; nor the long, deep hooded cloaks that wrapped the mothers, or sisters, or wives of the men already doomed to death. Fear kept already doomed to death. Fear kept them apart from those they loved. It was the Red Terror again, transplanted from the Seine to the Lee. A look or a nod of recognition, and they, too, might be looking from between the spikes of that dreadful dock. And this terror originated in the panic of the landlord class whose dread drove the indiora class whole aread drove them hither in crowds as if to seek mutual support. Fear is more fatal than hate. And hence they thirsted for this banquet of blood. It is all well here, for here are the cavalry and yeomanry, and here are our lusty selves, side by side. But what shall it be, if the accused go free, and we have to return to our isolated chateaux-to barred windows and loaded pistols there by the black mountain or the lonely river amongst the nests of Whiteboys and rapparees? No, there's but one thing clear—to secure a judgment that shall make the country white with terror from the Glen of Aherloe to the sea ! And so, all day long on that eventful Wednesday and Thursday, approver after approver came upon the witnessafter approver came upon the witness-table and swore coherently and catetable and swore concently and cate gorically to the guilt of these four men behind them. Why should they not? Were not  $\pounds720$  worth grasping even at the price of awful perjury? Are there not desert places away in unsurveyed America or in aboriginal Australia where their names shall never be heard, and Nemesis, the everpursuing, the all-

# roving bands of mercenaries and yeo-

nights on the river poaching. He would be a gentleman. Were not all its equipment. But they were never hungry. He Who feeds the ravens had the Leonards gentlemen? He was told that he had "demaned" himself by that he had "demaned" himself by marrying a small farmer's daughter. He could not give up his gentlemanly habits. He was caught and fined heavily again and again. He laughed it off; and to show his independence, he appeared at every fair and market in the neighborhood in shooting jacket and yellow gaiters. "Then, taoir little boy, their only son, died; and what more cared Hugh, when he could not leave his farm to a "Leonard?" He becare reckless, bet heavily on race horses, and lost. And, at last, he sank down to the level of a sot, spending his days in the tap-room of a rural public concern also for His children; and He Who clothes the lilies wrapped these little ones from the cold. But it was pathetic to see how they strove to be always neatly clad. The efforts of the poor to conceal poverty are always pathetic. And it was only when you saw beneath the spotless pinafores the ally inserted patch on the blue or the darn on the sleeve, or the carefully inserted patch serge, or the darn on the sleeve, or the slightly broken shoe, that you knew how gallantly these brave, simple souls fighting to keep up appearance under the perpetual friction and disin tegration of great poverty. And when days in the tap-room of a rural public house, pipe in month, the bottle by his side, and the blackened cards in his sometimes I expressed my wonder that under such attenuated circumstances were able to survive, one won hands. He speedily won the reputation of being the best hand at "Forty-five" they always solved the puzzle to that good mother's mind, and that was-God !

in the country, and he was proud of the distinction. Meanwhile, the in-I am sure it was out of pure sym-pathy that I proposed Nora Leonard as evitable dissolution was proceeding at home. Broken fences, repaired with a to the wealthy American. nurse broached the matter also to herself, rather in a tentative way, and in the furze bush, gates hanging from the hinges, cart wheels minus their tires hope that the Yank might change his here and there in the yard, thatch rot mind.

"I was hoping to see my way lately to get something for you to do," I said to her, a day or two after my interview ting on the roof, great rents in the slated roof of the out-offices-all told their tale. Meanwhile, in came demand after demand for rents overdue. Leonard became indignant. "How dared they? Evict a Leonard? with the invalid.

"Well, then, Father," she said, "I would be very glad. The nuns wouldn't mind Tessie staying at home a few days to mind the shop." "Oh," I said, "Tessie is getting

such a grand young lady now, with her long dress and her hair turned up, that we can't stand her at all."

sold, etc., etc. "Bad-to you, you spalpeen," said a candid friend, "you couldn't hit a hay-stack with thim hands of yours shaking like collywobbles. Give over the farm to your wife, you fool, as you can't manage it yourself." Then, one day the end came. They were fung out into the world; and with their wrecked furniture had to seek shelter in a half-ruined laborer's Tessie was poring over a book on a desk near the window. She was bent down over it, so that the colls of her seek shelter in a half-ruined laborer the gold in the latter's-were plainly visible. She blushed scarlet, for girls cottage. Some months of misery elapsed, during which the snug old farm are very sensitive just then when they ran rapidly to ruin. And then Hugh Leonard was on his death-bed. At the are leaving behind them the irrespon sibilities of childhood and assuming th Leonard was on his desth-bed. At the last moment he consented to forego his pride and sell the farm. But even in these moments his pride came upper-most and forced him into an injustice

duties of the larger life. "I'd just as soon," said her mother, "I'd just as soon," said her mother that she knew nothing of business. hope God has something better for her from which his family were yet suffering. For a "friend" was allowed to his bed-side, who dinned into the ear of the in store.'

Business," I thought, as I looked around the bare and desolate shop. "'Tis a big sacrifice, indeed !' "I tell you now," I said, "as I often told you before, that Kathleen will be a nun."

dying man, that he should forget his devoted wife even in that solemn crisis. "She's young and flighty, ye know."

Parliamentary sp folios the answer to the eternal riddle : He

Whether is worst, The child accurst, Or else the cruel mother ? The mother worst ! The child accurst ! As bad the one as th' other !

It was the lesson of every Greek drama : but we have not yet learned it. But how easy the transition ! How swift and close the cause and con-It was the time of the Whiteboy or

It was the time of the Whiteboy or Rockite agitation. We, who barely remember hearing our fathers speak of it, retain but one dim, troubled mem-ory. of that fearful time—a sudden thunder of tramping horses at mid-night, a flash of white shirted riders argingt the dask the audden but of against the dark, the sudden halt at some doomed house, the awful summons to the sleepers, the flash and re port of pistols, the sudden order to close up; and again the tread and trample of the ghostly horsemen, as they flashed by on their errand of destruction through the night. When the morning dawned, a few peasants and laborers, here and there, leaned and laborers, here and there, leaned lazily on their spades, and stared in nocently and wonderingly at the yeomanry as they rattled by. Their deeds were atrocious, it is said : and the terrible vendetta was held in fear and horror by the people. (One of my teachers had in his possession until quite recently, a kettle, in which were nlaced amouldering sods of turf—the placed smouldering sods of turf-the "seed of fire "-which the farmers were compelled to place outside their

were compelled to place outside their doors at night for the Whiteboys. Doors and windows had to be locked and shuttered, and no one dared lock out, under pain of death. The kettle was to be found under a hedge in the morning when it had done its deadly work.) And yet these latter rather seek to excuse them. The tradition is, that the people were wrought to a

seek to excuse them. The tradition is, that the people were wronght to a pitch of madness by the brutality er-ercised toward them. The English King had come; and the excitable people, in a paroxysm of loyalty and hope, had rushed deep into the sea at Kingstown to embrace his feet. The English King had gone; and sworn a solemn oath that he would lay down his crown and vacate his throne, sooner than grant them emacipation. In than grant them emancipation. In every farmyard in Ireland the tithe-proctor was busy, distraining from the was sworn to be compassing, was a man of the high-est rectitude. And so of the others. be the tithe-proctor was busy, distraining from the was sworn to be compassing, was a man of the high-est rectitude. And so of the others. be the tithe-proctor was busy, distraining from the was sworn to be compassing, was a man of the high-est rectitude. And so of the others. be the tithe-proctor was busy, distraining from the was sworn to be compassing, was a man of the high-est rectitude. And so of the others. billed of the tithe-the tithe tithe-proctor was busy, distraining from the was sworn to be compassing, was a man of the others. be compassing, was a man of the high-the the tithe-the tithe-st rectitude. And is there not a beauti-thostile elergy. Martial law obtained throughout the land, and men were

actions must bear the test of a strictly legal investigation. Nay, would it not be better to throw over the responsi-bility on Astrasa herself? She hath the scales and the sword. Let her weigh in the balance and exe-cute judgment. But on whom? These masked and white-clothed assassins elude our vigilance. We cannot see them by night. Somebody must mark the victims, and then—? That "somebody" is never long wanting in Ireland; and he was promptly forthcoming in this case. A certain Patrick Daly, with "me consin" Owen, and some others, is quite ready to swear (for a considera-tion) to the existence of a foul conspirlegal investigation. Nay, would it no tion) to the existence of a foul conspir acy, having for its remote object the extermination of all Cromwellian landords ; and for its immediate and press ing purpose, the removal of three marked men-Admiral Evans, George Bond Lowe and Michael Creagh. And how many might be implicated in this plot of Hecate? No less than twentyone, of whom the Catiline is one Leary, an old man of seventy years, and hither an old man of sevency years, and induct-to of unblemished reputation. It is solemnly sworn before a senate of magistrates held in this very room where I am now writing, that 'Leary was the captain, the leading conspirator; that in a tent, at the fair of Rathelare, he produced a paper, or agreement, for signature by all who sented to murder Admiral Evans Mr. Lowe and Mr. Creagh. Several signed the paper, and consented to shoot the three."

Here then was the whole affair in a nutshell. The conspirators are un-earthed, twenty-one in all. The sleuth-hounds of the law are put on their track. It will be a Maccabean holocaust. Twenty-one corpses, dangling in the frosty air of a November morning, will assuredly strike terror into the whole army of the disaffected It is quite true that these Dalys are is quite true that these Days are utterly disreputable ruffians, whose word or oath no man would believe. It is also true that Leary, with his burden of seventy years, paying £230 a year by sheer, honest labor to the landlord whose murder he was sworn to

seeing, cannot find th seeing, cannot find them? Two counsel were set apart by the judges for the prisoners. They were able men enough to argue out a breach of promise case, or get probate of a will refused in the Four Courts. Here, they were powerless as infants to deal with those rascals, hardened in iniquity and trained in their devilish vocation. and trained in their devilish vocation. I A practised lawyer would have seen through them at once. Chief Justice Grady at the last assizes warned the Grand Jury not to bring in bills against these prisoners on the mere evidence of the informers. But this is a Special Commission—and its specialty is is to try—not to convict these unhappy men. McCarthy, leading counsel for the prisoners. The a well-meaning but i TO BE CONTINUED.

## TRIBUTES TO THE CATECHISM.

The famous —or infamous — Diderot, who in the latter part of the eigh-teenth century, displayed such furious hatred of religion, really esteemed it and could not refrain from glorifying it. This is clear from an incident re-lated by M. Bauezee of the French

"I went one day to Diderot's home "I went one day to Diderot's home to chat with him about certain special articles that he wished me to contrib-ute to the Encyclopedia. Entering his study without ceremony, I found him teaching the Catechism to his daughter. Having dismissed the child at the end of the lesson; he laughed at my surprise. "Why after all," he said, 'what better foundation can I give to my daughter's education in order to make her what she should be -a respectful and centle daughter, and

order to make her what she should be -a respectful and gentle daughter, and later on, a worthy wife and good mother ? is there, at bottom—since we are forced to acknowledge it—any morality to compare with that incul-cated by religion, any that reposes on such powerful motives?'' A similar tribute was paid by that arch-infidel, Voltaire, himself. A law-yer of Besancon introducing his son to the philosopher of Ferney, assured him that the young man had read all his works. "You would have done better," replied Voltaire, "if you had touch him the the touch and the son had read