

unhappy? Must the battle of good and evil in ourselves and others hang always trembling in the balance, for ever undecided? or does it all mean nothing more than we see now, and is the glorious world but some ghastly illusion of insanity? When 'the fever called living is over at last,' is all indeed over? Thank God that through this Babel of discordant voices modern men can still hear His accents who said: 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

HON. RODEN NOEL.

NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

When that was over, Daly, exhausted, lay down for a while and turned his face to the wall. But not for long: he soon rose, and wrote the following letter to Father John O'Connor:

"Portmurrrough Jail, Saturday, July—

"REVEREND SIR,—I am to die on Monday morning, at eight o'clock, when you will be saying your Mass, which I used to serve many a time. Maybe, dear Father John, you guess why it was that I could not bear to see you in this place, and, maybe, you cannot guess; but, whether or no, you will give me credit for a good intention, and you will forgive me for not being so stout-hearted in some respects as I humbly hope and pray God I may be found in others. I die, innocent of the crime I am charged with; but all the same, my death is my own fault. No one but myself is to blame for it. The blessed rites of the church are to be given to me by other hands than yours, Father John, and I know you would have come to me, if I had asked to see you, even at this, the last hour. It was not for my own sake, it was for yours. Goodbye, Reverend Sir; I humbly ask your prayers and remembrance at the altar, for a poor sinner, whose good friend you always were. "DOMINICK DALY."

This letter took him a long time to write. He pondered over every line, almost every word of it, and evidently found the task a very difficult one. "It must be so that if he does not guess, or know, he may not learn from this; but, if he does, that he may see I know it too, and am dying of my own free will and choice, no victim of a mistake, of a double crime." He sat for some time, his clasped hands upon the letter, and his eyes raised to the broad streak of light which was falling through the window of the condemned cell. His face, more worn than at the time of his trial, was full of unspeakable sadness, but not mingled with fear. The terror, the feeling of impossibility, the dreadful agony and battle with the strong life in him, clamouring for its duration and its satisfactions, the awful sinking of the spirit, and quivering of the cold, sweating flesh, would have come to him, as they have to come to the greatest hero, who ever knew to an absolute certainty that at a given hour a violent death would be waiting for him, just beyond that door which he can see and touch; but they had not come to Dominick Daly yet, their ghastly signs were not upon him. An hour later, a whole hour off his tale of minutes—but he had travelled far in that hour, all the way back along the road of his life—the condemned man sent for the jail chaplain.

The Governor of the Jail at Portmurrrough was a personal friend of Mr. Bellew's, and, though he did not share that gentleman's conviction of Daly's innocence, and certainly would not have committed himself to the admission if he had shared it, he promised willingly enough to let Mr. Bellew have a private report of that last scene of the tragedy which he dared not witness. The following passages are extracts from the Governor's letter to Mr. Bellew. It was written while the body of the man who had died on the gallows in the morning lay as yet unburied, in its coffin of rough planks, in the whitewashed corridor of the jail.

"... He amply justified your confidence in his courage and coolness. I have seen many criminals executed, and not a few examples of extraordinary pluck among them, but never anyone like Daly. The chaplain was with him from four in the morning. Such a fine morning! I mention this because of a strange reference he made to the weather yesterday. It rained here a little in the afternoon, and Daly most earnestly entreated the chaplain to prevent his body being buried in the prison graveyard, during rain. 'If it does rain, it won't last long,' he said, 'and I'm sure the Governor would grant me this request.' He seemed so much disturbed about it that the chaplain came and told me last night, and I sent word to Daly that he might rely on his wish being observed. Very odd, was it not? He gave no explanation.

"This morning he dressed himself carefully, heard Mass, and received Holy Communion at six o'clock, with the deepest devotion; then remained in conversation with the chaplain, who is excessively knocked up, to an extent, indeed, that I have never seen equalled—until the time came. He drank a little tea, but touched no food; and when I saw him, as he was brought into the small yard, he looked pale and weak. But he did not tread feebly; he was quite calm and natural, and he saluted me most respectfully. The chaplain kept close by his side, and occasionally whispered to him. He noticed the men in the yard, and was suddenly strangely affected by the pinioning of his arms, though he submitted to it with perfect propriety. 'Don't let them be seen,' he entreated earnestly; 'for God's sake don't let them be seen! I can't go out tied like this.' Then he begged that an Inverness cape, which he had brought with him to the prison, might be put over his shoulders, so as to hide his arms. This was done, and he thanked all present most earnestly. All was over very soon after. When he appeared, the crowd groaned; but there were no shouts, no cries, no indecencies. He never once turned his eyes downwards, until they were hidden by the cap. I don't think he saw anything but the sky, and the chaplain's face. He whispered to him to the last, and pressed the crucifix to Daly's breast, as he stood blindfolded under the noose. Then he threw his arms round him for a moment, released him, and ran down the steps back into the jail. Daly died very easily, and in a very short time. The rope was rather too long; and as the body hung, the feet were hardly twenty inches from the floor of the scaffold. A dog, a mongrel cur, which somebody said had run all the way from Narraghmore, contrived to jump up somehow, and licked his boots. It got kicked off the scaffold, and, I am afraid, killed in the crowd; but the poor thing did good service first, for it made for a woman who was standing in a conspicuous position in the first rank of the crowd—she must have been there all night to have got so good a place—and led to her being identified as the very person you were asking about, Miss Farrell, said to have been Daly's sweetheart, or more. The woman seemed quite dazed, but she told her name, and the police took charge of her. She is very ill, and is in the workhouse infirmary, where they will keep her until you forward instructions. She was in some danger of ill-usage when the people found out who she was, and that she had actually gone to see the man hanged. A posse of other women, who were there with the same object, hustled and frightened her, and shrieked hideous names at her, but the police got her away without any real injury. ... Daly certainly was a very fine fellow. ... I hope Mrs. Bellew is not quite knocked up by all this dreadful business."

The woman who was carried from among the crowd at Daly's execution to the workhouse infirmary at Portmurrrough was not hurt, in the sense of actual physical injury, but she had received a severe nervous shock. For many days and nights she lay quite still and speechless, and all the life that was in her seemed to be centred in her bright, shallow, almost colourless eyes. She was well cared for, and after a while she regained a little strength, and the power of speech. Mr. Bellew came from Narraghmore to see his former protégée, the girl of the commendable handwriting, thereby observing his promise to Daly. But the workhouse doctor had no encouragement to give Mr. Bellew, in any plans for her future welfare. "How long she will linger I cannot say, of course," said that matter-of-fact person to Mr. Bellew; "but she will never leave these walls, if the authorities will let her stay; and I suppose they would, especially if a trifle were paid for her. The disease is a queer one; I can't make it out quite, but there's mischief to the brain, beyond a doubt, and the heart is all wrong. By Jove, how handsome she's been, and not so long ago neither! I had her hair cut off at once, and I never saw such a thing in my life—enough for six heads of hair for women in general. Only that one must not say it of red hair, I suppose, I should say it was beautiful; those old fellows in Venice would have thought so a few hundred years ago."

The chaplain of the jail evinced a remarkable interest in Katharine Farrell, considering that the workhouse patients were not in his charge. He went to see her; he met Mr. Bellew at the infirmary; he suggested that the doctor should inform her of her real condition, so as to enable her to attend to her religious duties, and that there should be no delay. He carried his point. Katharine Farrell was told that she had not long to live, but she accepted the intimation with seeming apathy. It was not until three days after she had received the warning that she expressed any wish which could be regarded as a consequence of it; and then her wish was not the anticipated one. She begged that Samuel Sullivan, the assistant reason in this request, it was not acted upon, until the prison chaplain, again intervening in an unaccountable way, wrote to Mr. Bellew, and informed him that it had been made. Mr. Bellew sent for Mr. Samuel Sullivan, and the summons was obeyed. Katharine Farrell lay in a ward which had fortunately no other occupant, and her long interview with Sam Sullivan added to his age, he said only that the dying woman desired the ministrations of the chaplain of the Portmurrrough jail.

Katharine Farrell died within a week from that time. What was said between her and the chaplain will, of course, never be known; but Sam Sullivan made a solemn declaration to perpetrate her crime—the story, which I have thus imperfectly set down, of the obscure hero who had "died, and made no sign."

[THE END.]

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1878. Montreal, Dawson Brothers.

The excellent little bits of condensed wisdom and amusement in this series have been noticed several times by us. A fresh instalment requires however a confirmation of our good opinion; and the eight small volumes now on our table are fairly characteristic of the good judgment displayed in their selection.

Lord Macaulay's essays on John Hampden and Lord Burleigh, John Milton and Lord Byron, Machiavelli and Horace Walpole, and on Sir William Temple are biographical, historical and critical works, which like good wine "need no bush." The form in which they are now presented, may however induce many a lazy reader to appreciate Macaulay's wonderful range and power of thought, and to enjoy simply these literary treasures which collected in one volume have too often the same effect that a gallery of good paintings produces upon the casual visitor, a sense of bewilderment and a vague idea of the general effect. Nor will complete little studies to refresh the memory with regard to the great characters therein analyzed or to clear a tried brain by following the great critic into literary fields ever fresh with new flowers of thought. In those numbers of the series which contain two essays, the juxtaposition of the subjects is not instructive, while in the case of Machiavelli and Horace Walpole it is also amusing. Walpole indeed was a sort of dilettante Machiavelli in the petty intrigues of society and certainly appreciated the occasional advantages of a lie.

Two of the series are very apropos, at the present time, Mr. Bryce's "Constantinople" is a picture of the key of the East as it actually is, recalling in the pleasantest manner the great historical associations which cluster thickly round the "City of Two Continents," and in the description is an admirable example of artistic condensation. Mr. Bryce well portrays the Constantinople from all other great cities, and equally well points out why its interest and importance are as much of the future as of the past. From the Golden Horn to the Neva is an easy transition just now, and Von Moltke's "Letters from Russia" lose nothing in freshness because nearly a quarter of a century has passed since the German Ironsides went to the coronations of the present Czar, and wrote such graphic accounts of his observations and experiences to a lady in Copenhagen. Selections from these letters fell into the possession of a Danish newspaper, but remained inaccessible to all but Danish readers until February, 1877, when a German translation was made. Miss Grace Bigelow, now gives English readers a chance to profit by the record of a state of society, which, though much modified of late years, is so curiously different from our preconceived Western ideas. The character of the witness, his keen perception and his exceptional positions, make his observations of no ordinary interest; and the unreserved thoughts of the great general, who was doubtless weighing well the resources of the future ally or rival have great historic value. In default of his present ideas his past ones are worth consulting.

There are some, too, who may see in the story of "The Spanish Armada," a continuation of the same line of thought suggested by the two preceding notices; for an invasion of England is yet, according to the alarmists of the modern press, far from an impossibility. But Leo the Thirteenth does not possess the power of Sextus the Fifth; and there is no elder son of the Church to carry out the policy of the Encyclical and Syllabus *vi et armis*. Still present position, loses nothing in freshness from the way in which it is told.

"BACK TO BACK: A Story of To-day," takes us from the life of authors and statesmen to the life of that terrible social problem the workingman, and from the struggles of nations to that between capital and labour. Mr. Edward Everett Hale commences his little story with an incident of the Commune in Paris, and preserving the idea which the resolute stand of the three soldiers suggests, carries it out in the tale of the co-operative woollen mills in New England. Not much romance apparently to be got out of such a subject, but it is handled so deftly that the suggestions become whole volumes *in posse*. At all events those who will find it interesting, often racy, especially in its allusions to the Press, even if they be somewhat incredulous as to the wonderful success of the compact between labour and capital. This last feature, however, is of course orthodox in fiction, and the form of the essay thus ingeniously avoids the disadvantages of the merely speculative pamphlet. We believe, however, that there is really a foundation in fact for Mr. Hale's imaginative factory.

We have dwelt at some length upon these little books, more, perhaps, than they might seem to deserve; but in a time when the telegraph and daily journalism are between them causing so much mental dyspepsia to be fed only on weak novels, trashy handbooks of science, and literary slops in general, if reading is to be made easy and scant leisure is to be well used, such efforts as those of the Messrs. Harper deserve recognition. As long as the present standard of selection is maintained there can be no objection to these homoeopathic doses, for what is wanting in quantity is made up in quality.

"THE SCHOLASTIC NEWS."—Montreal, March 1, 1878, Vol. I, No. 1.

We give most honest and hearty welcome to this journal. It is a monthly, neatly got up, and having every appearance of good editing. The table of contents shows variety, and on reading the articles we were pleased. The table of contents shows variety, and on subjects," but a literary paper in the best sense of the word. That is the need of this country. But this country awakes to a sense of its needs slowly, so that in all likelihood *The Scholastic News* will have to exercise patience. However, let it work hard and hope, and prosperity must come.

A FRENCH CAPUCHIN, on the festival of St. James, had to pronounce a panegyric on that saint. As he was rather late, the attendant priests, who feared that he would make a long sermon, and so weary the congregation, entreated him to abridge it. The monk mounted the pulpit, and addressing the people, said:—"My brethren, twelve months ago I preached an eulogy on the eminent apostle whose festival you this day celebrate. As I doubt not but that you were all very attentive to me, and as I have not learned that he has done anything new since, I have nothing to add to what I said at that time." He then pronounced the blessing and descended from the pulpit.—*Curiosities of the Pulpit*.