THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE-FEB. 2, 1872.
sumed and. lengthened earchi after the poon girlt of her taking the pathiby the river-silde
about an hour before daybreik; nad of there discovering tho body of Mary,
\$aliered, at the first glance, by bright Yesesed "thoon shoue down upon her, aud
showed her to showed her to mo stitid and her owna hlood and her own blool was all
wid around about her. Whill , kiod-in nuy own child's blod-ay, ye mat start and Illl $^{\text {In }}$ prove that foruent ye, along wid a
the rest-so, in her blood $I$ knett down-look this on ny ciothes yet; mit hook here to." marked-" hicre is some of id agen-I mad
 still, nor ate nor driok uatil I couid find out
the murtherer of my dirlin', and dirig him to the murtherer of my darlin' and dans' foot! An' himo though it turned out do- I'll do it
"A man come towards me in the moon
shine, running hard, an' whin I saw hin shine, running hard, an' whin I saw hin
first I thought it might be Robin Costigan,
comin' back to hide his work, 'm' I junped up On my feet, and sarched for 2ny knife. But it
was only Tom Naddy, rucing from Gaby Mc Neary's house, to look afther his young mis
thress, as he tould me, on a promise he gave thress, as he tould me, on a promise he gave
her when her fither turned her out that night;
but he was hours too late, he said, by rason but he was hours too late, he said, by rason
that his ould masther kep him caploged a'nost the liveloug night, yoin' up
stairs, to his bed-room, and back agen. he was terribly frightened at sthe sight under his eyes, an' he thirembled and shook; an' the
grief sthruck him too, an' as I cricd down the bitther tears, he eried along with me; he tould
me he loved Mary-och, who didn't! I asked him to help me and carry her corpse away, an bury it in Christian ground. He said he would
if I'd let him look round about us for his own poor young misthress, who, he had fears, was 'out it thro
sin ground, and looking over erery path, but finding no trace of the persou he wanted to
see; but, in a little hollow on the hill side, boonet, an' buudle. So he suid no more about her for that time, but he stooped down to belp over, Tom Naddy wave " little start, and took
of his hat, and put his ear close to the spot over her hea
it close
agen.

Naddy, I said, 'what is your
Mother of Heaven! what is your
mainia'
'come here an' feel her heart.'
!: I screcehed out, until the river banks, up an' down for miles, hard me! I ran to wy
darlin's head. I kuelt agen, and bent dorn-
 the river, and come back wid water in his hat,
and we threw it upon her face, and we put
some dlirops of it into her mouth, an' the life
gave more an more signs, all over her. Xis
the life, the life! my darlin wasn't murthered My darlin
from me!
lost my suses, I belicee, for a while. But
Tom Naddy made me cowe bet to mat, bring to mind that now, in earnest, we ought
to tuke her and hide her from Robin Costigain; and so we did.
" Nigh at hand, under the river's batak, there
 the summer eveniuge 'ud be fine; and Toin little boat fast by the bank, and he knew where oars were hid, and we soon haid my darlin in - $\begin{aligned} & \text { atween her and Robin Costigsn. An' at the } \\ & \text { - ide of the river, where the weir crosses }\end{aligned}$ it, there is a mor-mill; ;and the niller's wifo and nyself were related, an' we used to be
friends in the pleasant days of my girlhood, long ago, afore I fell into sin, and lost cerery
friend I mad, along with everything else, barrin' the sorrow and the shame that the sine brought but she spakes to mo yet, now and then, and
gives me a handful of pyaties, like the other good neighbors; and so we knocked at the my gossip's name-when I tould her my story
every rord, and that I wanted to hide my every word, and that I Wanted to hide my and I and Auty Murphy's good man, we cill took Mary out of the boat, and we carricd her
ap all the step-laddhers, over all the shaky lofs, one afther another, until we had her in the
top loft of all; and there wo made her a little the wounds ou her poor head; and I sat down me that no living. crature but myself should know that Mary wns there, or was alive, her side, and go my own way, to see her rightiAn the miller promised that he would watch and that he would put a great, big wicked dog, at the foot of the first stepl-ladder, so that the
"My darlin' was now sleepin' soft, and Tom
misthresi; and afther telling him to thie beest
of my knowlenge where to go look for her, he
rave one look at Mas an of my knowledge where to go look for her, he
yave one look ht Mury, an' went his wase, to
yo in quest of her.
"The moon now began to go durn in the
skis, to make rooul for the morning that was
coumin' in her place ; an' I was sittin' by my




## IRISEI INTELLIGENCE

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 tunt position of Condiutur-bishop of Osiscry. Mgr.
IIoran fillod the distinguishrd oflices of Hiec-liector
of
$\qquad$ lustre to the Irish eppiscopntt, and there ane traits in




| Tha Edication Qemerme. - As the opening of Parliament approaches, nay indichtion of the probable course Mr. chadstone intends to pursule with regurd to Irish Catholic education is wateleed with deep unxicty ly his friconds and with corresponding intercst by his enmmonise. Irish Catiulics have begn nod to expect at Mr. Gladstone's hands a full and satisfactory settlement of their demauds. Conscience forlids them to abate one item of their stated reyurcments. Silheralk in England who prepose to rather than yicld denominational cducation, must retfect that a reconstruction of the party as far an Ireland is concerned will be ever after an inposisibility. The Liberal party have been kept together solely ly the hope that the religious scruples of allowed to avail themselves of state aid, and yet bring up their children in tie faith they cherish. If there be any evasion of the question nbw, any hasitation or delay, Catholie mudherion to tho English Grungcism, now neanly extinet, will fail to frighten a great nultitude from a donservative allianceMisid. <br> The Iomdon Correspmantent of the Jrish Times says:-Until tho next Chininet Council it will not is to form portion of the coning parliamentary programme. The amouncencint, therefore, to which more than one London jourral has given prominelece with renpect to an intended evasion of this terrilfe stumblinr block point of view, me, to say the least, slighty premnture, but I learan that a section of the Calinet consider any further shelving of some definite Ministerial solution of the Irish dilliculty would Iead to emuarrassing complications, if not to possible dofent, on Protessor Fuvectes carly expected motion and that in face of such un erantumbity some decided line of action ought not to rennuin unindicated in the Spueck from the Throne. <br> Catholics contribute their share of the public taxch and coumon justice and common honesty demand that they should have their interests consulted in the distribution of the public money. In thio present ntruggle we are continually tased with bigotry, with $\pi$ spisit of porsecution, with a desire to repress all frecion of thought; we are set down as the enemics of religions freedom and of free thousht. Decds, not words, are the grounds for judgring the principles of any party. We challengo our uncinies to look to ns and to lenrn a lesson of moderation from us in ns and to discussing the Education Question. Nof only do mu not scek to force our viouss upon the Protestants and Presbyterinus, but We albsolutoly desirc to wash our handsecend of Protestant and Prestyterian ciluctions, |
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