

'an address from the members of the Bansha and Kilmoyle branch of the Irish National League.' Dr. Croke, in that reply, compares the state of Ireland now with the state of Ireland three years ago. 'Three years ago,' he said, 'Earl Spencer ruled and roped this country, assuming for granted that all who were arraigned as criminals were such in reality, and to be treated as such. To-day his Lordship is packing up his portmanteau, and to-morrow his face will be lost to Irish eyes, let us hope for ever.' 'Three years ago, Forster, and French, and Cornwall, and Clifford Lloyd, and hordes of other such amiable and immaculate folk, were omnipotent in Ireland. To-day they are impotent and in disgrace.' Such language as this, if it were used by the most violent of Irish agitators, would be as shameful as it is libellous. Everyone knows that Lord Spencer never assumed the guilt of a single criminal, that under his rule those who were tried were tried with all the guarantees of law, and that not a few were acquitted and released, and that the justice of the sentence of those who were condemned and executed was only traversed in exceptional cases, even by politicians as furious and unscrupulous as Archbishop Croke. To talk of Earl Spencer as 'ruling and roping' the country, and as assuming the guilt of everyone accused of crime, is as deliberate and intentional a calumny as was ever invented by men wholly given up to the violence of their own furious passions. To bracket Mr. Forster's name and Mr. Clifford Lloyd's name with that of a man convicted of unnatural crime, is a sort of outrage so gross, that in a great ecclesiastic of the Roman Church it amounts to an open repudiation of the moral law, and sets a great example of such repudiation to all the priests and laity of Ireland." But the whole voice of Ireland has accused Lord Spencer of those very things of which Archbishop Croke holds him guilty, and no attempt has been made to clear him in the sight of the people. His victims, indeed, may have had the pretended benefit of all the law affords, but they who are experienced in the trials of Irish political prisoners know what that means. There were such men as French to work up the evidence against them, and with packed juries and suborned witnesses Lord Spencer, or those permanent officials under whose pressure, as we are told on high authority, he acted, could obtain what end they pleased. It was not, moreover, a furious agitator but a grave prelate who had kept himself aloof from the national movement that asked for the inquiry into Miles Joyce's case and it was refused to him. As to the association of the names of Messrs. Forster and Lloyd with those of French and Cornwall, the fault is not Dr. Croke's, nor is there anything scandalous in a mention by the Archbishop of a fact of which all Ireland is aware. These men were associated in the misgovernment and oppression of the country, and Mr. Trevelyan, as honourable as Mr. Forster, and his successor in office, shielded the convicted felon from the consequences of his crime so long as it was possible for him to do so. It is of advantage to the cause of Ireland that these undoubted and undeniable facts, whatever be the disgrace that they may entail, should be kept before the public, and the champions of that cause, of whom Dr. Croke is a chief and honourable one, are fully justified in reminding the country and the world of them. The matter cannot be buried in oblivion to spare the feelings, or relieve the reputation of any individual, let him be who he may, so long as exposure is necessary to force the truth of a situation requiring amendment on unwilling minds, and to prove that the men who have been reviled, punished, and persecuted for attempting to amend that situation have been cruelly and falsely dealt with. That the boldness of Dr. Croke dismays the enemies of the Irish cause, and puts to the blush many who, perhaps, might otherwise have paid but little attention to it, is a matter that need not surprise us. Nor need we see the danger of disedification or scandal in the indignation expressed by such people that a dignitary of the Church should play such a part. Religion can never suffer from the exposure of evil, and from the upholding of a cause that is right and just, and in these alone it is that Dr. Croke is engaged, however plainly he may speak.

The fact that Carter and Co., of George street, are the only Drapers in Dunedin doing a strictly Cash Trade who import their own Goods direct from Home Markets, is the one cause of their being able to sell cheaper than any other firm. Carter and Co have just opened, ex S.S. Coptic and Kalkoura, 16 cases Men's and Boys' Clothing, and in consequence of the desperate scarcity of Beady Money, they have decided to offer the whole lot, for a few weeks, at landed Cost. Therefore call, inspect, and judge for yourself. Carter and Co., 60 and 62, George street, Dunedin.

The *Madras Mail* writes that a few days ago a gentleman residing in Pondicherry discovered, on arising in the early morning, a dead cobra under the cot upon which he had been sleeping, and his dog lying by its side, apparently in the last agonies of death; the snake measured five feet nine inches. The dog was a country-bred half-bull, and a great pet, but not at all ferocious. On examination it was found to have been bitten severely in three different places. Every effort was used, by Europeans and native, supposed to be skilled in such matters, to save the faithful creature's life, but no signs of recovery appeared until an itinerant "snake-charmer" turned up and undertook to cure the dog for Rs. 10, which he did in the course of a few hours. The affair happened four days ago, and the dog is now perfectly well, and apparently none the worse for his fight with the cobra.—*Mail*.

## THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE END OF CHRISTOPHER'S ROMANCE.

Paul wrote later: "I was reading to her aloud in a safe green refuge which we had sought out of the heat. I had chosen a volume of very sweet, old-fashioned poetry, which treats of the passion of love with more delicacy, and not less fervor, than some of our modern poets think well to use. We stopped to laugh at a squirrel, who had put his nose out of a tree; and she said, as if the squirrel had reminded her of something, or she had not been thinking of the squirrel after all—

"I have heard that you are a poet. Will you show me some of your rhymes?"

"I did not stop to ask her who had told her a thing so monstrous. Some verses I had just written lay in the book I held in my hand. I had not thought of showing them to her, nor anything of the kind. She would pity me again. Yet some wild whim seized me, and I put the paper in her hand.

"There is a secret in this," I said. "If you find it, be tender with it."

"She was taken by surprise, and the paper fluttered as she opened it. I stood a little aloof while she read my crazy lines. I don't know what I had hoped for as I watched her read. A blush, a confusion, a look of consciousness without displeasure. What right had I to look for these, after a former rebuff? Had I seen them I should have spoken, and learned the truth, and the whole truth; but nothing of the kind met my eyes. Her face got a little paler as she read, and there was a look of grief on it when she had done; her arm dropped by her side, and she crushed the paper into the heart of her folded hand.

"Such love ought to be returned," she said coldly. "I am very sorry." And we parted like two people made of ice. I hope I am sufficiently snubbed now; I shall return to Australia as soon as I have brought her safely to Monasterlea."

"She was right to think that he is a poet," said May. "At least, he can write love songs."

She was talking to herself in a certain little inn chamber, her own for the time, where of late she had given herself up to many grave dreams and reveries. It was a chamber very fit for a young maid to dream in, with a passion-flower running all round the window, looking out upon a waterfall descending with swift gleams of light into a melancholy tarn, whose perpetual splash and dip made a restless murmur of music through the peace night and day.

"If I were in his place I would scorn to write them to her!" May opened her shut hand, and flung a little ball of crumpled paper fiercely to the other end of the room, and then followed a long silence in the chamber, except for the music that was coming in through the window. She was kneeling at the open sash with her head crushed up for coolness against the broad clustered leaves of the passion-flower, and the silence was to her a long, fevered space of confused reflection, into which we have no more right to pry than into a private letter of the contents of which the owner has not yet possessed himself. The music from without was led by a haymaking woman down in the meadows below the inn, who, in a round supple voice, was singing a winding Irish tune ripe with melody. She had been singing every day and all day long for a week, and each time she sang it, it had seemed to become sweeter and softer, growing familiar to May's listening ears. Now the words of Paul's song wandered down into the meadows from the corner where they had been so ignominiously flung, and set themselves to the tune as if by magic. They matched with the measure, and they wound themselves into the melody, and the waterfall made an accompaniment as it drummed and crushed and tinkled in the tarn.

At this time Aunt Martha had quite lost patience with the son of her adoption. Why should he look so gloomy? What cause had he for grief of any kind? Was not all the world shining on him? An inheritance in prospect—and—and—Miss Martha could go no further. She was too loyal to her niece to declare even to her own thoughts that a young man here among them might have May for a wife. It was different from building castles while he was at the other side of the world; but it was not for this ending, she was forced to confess, that Aunt Martha had left her nest under the belfry of Monasterlea, and taken to gipsy ways at her stay-at-home time of life. She had hoped that, in giving up her own comfort, she was at least doing something towards uniting two young hearts; now it seemed that she had been doing no such thing. After pondering over the matter very deeply, she shifted the blame from Paul, and persuaded herself that May must be in the wrong. Thinking over this, her anxiety got the better of her discretion.

"Aunt Martha," said May one evening in the twilight, when Paul was absent, and Miss Martha fidgety, but knitting in apparent peace, "I am terribly tired of this place. Let us go home!"

"Sit down here, child, and let me speak to you. You move about the room so you make me dizzy. If I speak to you in one corner, you are in another before I have done; and I can't tell where my answer is coming from. I want to ask you a question."

"Here I am, aunt, steady as a rock?"

"You have seen more of Paul than I have done lately. Do you think he has any intention of marrying and settling down in his own country? In his mother's place, I should like to see him settled, for many reasons."

May knew too well what was passing in her aunt's mind. The humiliating folly must be driven out wholly and without delay, even if Paul's secret must be dragged forth for the purpose.

"I think nothing is more unlikely," she said with emphasis. "Indeed—it is not fair—we must not speak of it—but he has met with a disappointment which it seems he cannot get over. He will return to Australia before long."