

"My worthy father has been arrested by order of some persons who are jealous of his integrity and the purity of his civism."

The brow of the Commissary clouded over. He was, in common with all his colleagues, the slave of the Terror, created and kept in motion by themselves. Like those profligate masters who become the tools of the servants whom they have corrupted, they trembled before the popular opinion they had at first feigned to venerate, so as to crush out the more easily all resistance among the honest and intelligent classes of the nation.

"It is a grave presumption of your father's guilt, girl, that he should have been arrested by the chiefs of a Parisian Section."

"Citizen Commissary," replied Lise, eagerly, "the Section which a few months ago nominated my father its magistrate by acclamation is not really concerned in this iniquity. It is the doing of some base wretches who were furious at bearing him called the 'virtuous Dubois.' And, besides, we have for our neighbour a respectable citizeness, named Madelon—"

A half-smile crossed, but did not brighten, the countenance of the Commissary.

"Ah," said he, "You tell me the old story of Aristides the Just, and since our masters, the republicans of old, relate it, it is true, and may be quoted. Do you know the cause of this arrest?—the affair Dubois Joli, Citizen Héron?" continued he, addressing a person who came in that moment.

Lise turned, and on seeing the individual to whom Dubarran spoke, she could not repress a shudder. He was a tall, bony man, whose face reminded the beholder of a carrion-eating bird of prey. He went to Dubarran, and said in an undertone:

"He is particularly—*very particularly*—recommended to Herman by"—here he nodded emphatically—"him."

The countenance of the Commissary changed suddenly; his eyes blazed with anger:

"Begone, viper!" he cried hoarsely. "Let me not see you here again; go, and look after yourself, instead of interceding for others; for the daughter of a vile being like him who has become the enemy of the people and of the eminent citizen Robespierre, cannot long elude the justice of the people. Begone, base offspring of a scoundrel, if you don't want to be turned out by force."

Lise, in utter bewilderment, followed Coulougeon, who led her in silence to the staircase.

"I will let you off for five livres 'assignats,'" said he. "I thought the affair would have turned out better; if it had succeeded it would have been a hundred. That is my scale of charges for introducing persecuted innocence into the sanctuary—ha, ha!—of protecting virtue."

Madelon waited patiently at the courtyard. She said nothing when Lise gave her, in an excited febrile voice, the details of her interview with Dubarran. They retraced their steps to the Rue de Sévres; the old woman keeping unbroken silence until they had reached the magistrate's house.

Then she spoke, with her eyes fixed gloomily on the ground. "I nursed this man," she said; "I reared him; I did not rear him that he should be so cowardly. The Revolution must come from the devil if it thus debases men's minds. They all quake before Robespierre. I have seen this Robespierre of theirs; he did not dare to look me in the face; and they all tremble before him—they who are brave, while he is an utter poltroon. I say it is the Revolution that they see in him. Dubarran will be punished; I pray our Lord Jesus Christ it may not be by the punishment that I fear. As for me, I would gladly die, now that I have seen my nursing fall so low. But you, you must still strive to save your father, although he, too, is punished in like manner as he has sinned, and scourged with the rods which he blessed while they drew the blood of others. Since Robespierre is master, you have no resource except to address yourself to the friends of Robespierre. I dare not look at you, nor at any one, any more; but I will not die until I have put Dubarran to shame, though it should cost my life and his also."

She walked quickly away toward the adjoining house, and entered it without having cast a glance in the direction of Lise, who stood gazing after her, almost stupefied. The poor child had begun by striving courageously against the Terror, but now she felt the numbing serpent-bite of that fatalism which was the great moral malady of the time. She went into the house, shaking her head mournfully. Robespierre's friends! These were Emilie, and the Crassus and Duplay families! Had not Paul, whose wits were bright and whose heart was true, positively assured her that any advance made to them would only render the situation worse?

DEATH OF REV. FATHER CALLERY.

(Springfield Herald, August 7.)

NEVER before in our capacity of local correspondent of the *Herald* have we been called upon to perform so sad a duty as devolves upon us to-day in recording the death and burial of our late dearly beloved pastor. Father Callery died at his residence at 4.30 o'clock p.m. on Friday, the 30th July, a most peaceful and happy death, fortified by the rites of his Holy Mother the Church, and attended in his last moments by Father McMahon and some of his dearest friends. The deceased clergyman had been ailing for some time, and during the severe thunder storm which broke over this place the night before his death he experienced a severe shock, but there were no indications that it would terminate so fatally until a few minutes before the final moment came. The sad news spread rapidly, and we have never in our life seen such deep and heartfelt sorrow manifest itself as that which weighed down the hearts of the parishioners from that moment, until the remains of the departed pastor were consigned to their last resting place in front of the church, where for the last eight years he performed his priestly duties. At last Mass on Sunday, Father McMahon adverted in a few feeling words to the great sorrow that had fallen upon the parish, and many a sob was heard from among the crowded congregation. The local branch of the Catholic Knights, and the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society held a joint meeting

in Temperance Hall, at 3 o'clock p.m. Sunday, which was also attended by a large deputation from Haydenville,—of which parish the deceased has had also spiritual charge—for the purpose of appointing ushers in the church for the following lay, and a committee to guard the grave from injury by the crush of the thousands who would assemble there. Those six pall-bearers were chosen, viz.—Thomas Herthy, Thomas Murphy and Patrick Donovan, from the C.K. of A., and Frank Connell, James T. Hickey and H. C. O'Sullivan, to represent the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society. A procession was then formed and marched two deep from the hall to the parochial residence, and at 4 o'clock the body was removed to the church where it lay in state until Monday. During this time the church was visited by thousands who came to take a last look at the remains of the departed pastor before their final sepulture. The body was encased in a beautiful broadcloth covered coffin, resting upon massive pedestals draped in mourning, and was literally buried in choicest flowers. The church was beautifully draped in mourning, and the presence of death spread its gloom over the sacred edifice and its surroundings. High Mass of Requiem was celebrated on Monday, at 10.30 a.m., 73 priests and Bishop O'Reilly participating. The celebrant was the Rev. T. M. Smyth, of Lee; deacon, Rev. Thomas Smyth, of Westfield; sub-deacon, Rev. E. Toher, of South Hadley Falls; master of ceremonies, Rev. R. F. Walsh of Easthampton. The excellent Greenfield choir supplied the singing. The Rev. Father Conaty, of Worcester, pronounced an eloquent and pathetic eulogy on the dead priest, recalling in fitting phrases the many gifts and graces of head and heart with which he had been endowed. To his intimate associates, he said he was a noble-hearted and sympathizing friend; while in his priestly career, the true Christian gentleman was ever recognized in him.

Although Father Callery had not been feeling very well for some time past, his death was most unexpected. On Thursday last he was enjoying better health than he had for some time past, and he was making such rapid strides apparently to regain his health, that his friends had most sanguine hopes that he would soon be able to resume active duties—but after events proved that such was not to be the case. Friday evening a terrible thunder storm arose, and at 1.15 a.m. there was a terrific flash of lightning, a crash, and then a peal of thunder. The lightning struck a tree quite convenient to the church. Arising immediately from his bed, it was with difficulty that Father Callery could be persuaded that it was not the church that had been stricken. In his enfeebled condition the shock was too much for him to bear, and from its prostrating effects he did not rally until about three-quarters of an hour before he passed away, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church. Calm and peaceful as his life had been, such was his death. He passed away as if in quiet sleep, without a struggle.

Father Callery was born 39 years ago (Feb. 16, 1847), in the town of Crosserlough, county Cavan, Ireland. His early years were spent in the national schools of his native place—later on he commenced his classical studies in the College of Ballymachue, and from there he went to All Hallows' College, where he spent three years. In the year 1870 he came to America, and entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to complete his theological studies. In the spring of 1872 he was ordained, and appointed assistant to Rev. R. J. Patterson, of Clinton, where he remained five years, the idol of the Clinton people. His first pastoral charge was Easthampton parish. Broken down in health, he returned to the "old sod" to recuperate his strength, and on his return he was transferred to the Florence parish in 1878, where he has remained ever since, the same energetic and devoted Father to all. When he took charge of this parish, his flock in Florence were obliged to attend Mass, etc., in a hall. Neither did he possess a house of his own, but to-day the beautiful church which he has erected, and the house and its beautiful surroundings, bear testimony to the labours and struggles he must have undergone in order to accomplish what he has in the short space of eight years. As a priest he was a favourite with his people, he was beloved as a citizen, he was most highly respected by Protestants as well as Catholics. Not only was he known by his little Catholic parishioners, but even the little Protestant children have been heard to say when passing him, "That's Father Callery."

Among the clergymen present were the following:—Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, D.D., Revs. J. McDermott, Austin O'Grady, of Springfield; M. J. Howard, P. J. Harkins, J. R. Murphy, P. B. Phelan, A. B. Dufresne, of Holyoke; C. Crevier, John Kenney, of Indian Orchard; Ed. Martin, of Athol; Thomas F. Joyce, of West Boylston; James P. Tuite, of North Brookfield; B. McKeany, of Bondsville; Richard Healy, M. Pelletier, of Chicopee; P. D. Stone, of Chicopee Falls; R. J. Patterson, of Clinton; R. F. Walsh, J. M. Pendergast, of Easthampton; D. F. Feehan, of Fitchburg; J. L. Tarpey, of West Fitchburg; J. T. Sheehan, of Ware; P. S. O'Reilly, of Grafton; John Murphy, James McLaughlin, of Great Barrington; M. E. Purcell, Thos. S. Hanrahan, of Greenfield; E. Toher, of South Hadley Falls; James McLuskey, of Holden; T. M. Smith, of Lee; Daniel Shiels, of Leominster; J. F. Lee, of Monson; M. E. Barry, M. J. Carroll, N. Rainville, of Northampton; Thos. Murphy, of Otter River; Chas. Boylan, of Oxford; E. H. Purcell, of Pittsfield; T. D. Beaveas, of Spencer; John T. O'Keefe, Thos. O'Keefe, of West Springfield; Francis Lynch, of Thorndyke; A. Lamy, of Three Rivers; D. Moyes, of Warren; J. Redican, of Webster; R. S. J. Bourke, of Westboro; Thomas Smyth, of Westfield; John Kelleher, of Boston; John Conway, of Winchendon; David Scannell, J. B. Dreuhan, Robert Walsh, T. J. Conaty, of Worcester; L. Dervin, of Huntington; R. B. Johnson, Dedham; Matthew Boylan, Medway; J. J. McNulty, of South Boston; M. Kouan, of Lowell; J. S. Cullen, of South Framingham, and many others.

Among the laity were Mayor O'Connor and wife, Mayor Delaney, Mr. James Delaney, Miss Mary Conaty, Wm. Sheehan, L. M. Dowd, and D. O'Donnell, of Easthampton; John O'Donnell, of Holyoke, etc.

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