

the *Observer* states, that he sang in the choir. "And he crowned his astonishing hypocrisy by marrying an Irish wife, and bringing up his semi-Irish children as Catholics. He was, apparently, foremost in every movement for the advancement of Catholic charities." Mr. Beach evidently heard of Talbot's methods, and, it must be said, he improved upon them.

We are very glad to learn that English public opinion is taking a deep and watchful interest in the scandalous prosecution of Father M'Fadden for murder by the Unionist Government. A committee, among the members of which we find the names of such influential erenages as Mrs. Jacob Bright, Professor Stuart, and Lord Wentworth, has just been formed in London, with the view of securing at the rev. gentleman's trial the attendance of several English sympathisers. The presence of experienced lawyers and newspaper correspondents will be also urgently required. We have no doubt that everything will be done to enable the venerated pastor of Gweedore to hurl back the calumnies which his enemies are now so venomously showering on him.

The Crown have not yet produced a tittle of evidence to justify the detention of Father M'Fadden on a charge of murder. On Monday, March 4, the rev. gentleman was brought before the magistrates once more, and once again the Crown counsel applied for an adjournment. Of course the magistrates granted the application, though such repeated adjournments are manifestly opposed to the spirit of the law regulating such applications. The scandal was too great, however, even for the Letterkenny bench, and they refused to adjourn for any more than three days. As we go to press we have not received intelligence of the proceedings in court on Thursday, but it will not surprise us if they turn out to have been of a piece with those that have gone before. The only motive of such action is that boldly charged against the Crown lawyers by Mr. O'Doherty, M.P.—namely, to create terror among the prisoners, and thus force some of them to make a deposition that will justify the action of the authorities. One can judge of the methods by which the lives of these men are sought to be forfeited by the fact, that in the copy of Sergeant Carey's deposition supplied to Mr. O'Doherty as the defendant's solicitor, the sergeant's statement that he identified nobody but a man named Harkin was omitted. We remember pieces of evidence to have been omitted by the present Attorney-General before, in his pursuit of a prisoner's life, and the results were murderous. We hope the performance which sent Myles Joyce to the scaffold will not be repeated.

Father Stephens has been for the second time marked out by the Coercion Government for vindictive punishment. The charge against the rev. gentleman on this occasion was two-fold—first for having taken part in an illegal conspiracy to induce tenants not to pay rents; and second, for having taken part in a conspiracy to prevent the due execution of legal process. Removable Hamilton, in giving his foregone decision in Letterkenny on Tuesday, March 5, very happily observed that having regard to the fact that this was the second offence of a similar character of which the defendant had been found guilty, he (the Removable) was of opinion that the highest punishment which the law allows would not be too great for him. He would, however, out of generosity, offer Father Stephens an alternative—viz., that the rev. gentleman should enter into recognizances of sufficient amount to be of good behaviour for two years. Father Stephens, of course, refused to accept such a degrading and insulting proposal. "I scorn, sir," he observed, "to enter into any arrangement with this court." The rev. gentleman was accordingly sentenced to six months' imprisonment without hard labour. Notice of appeal was given, but the appeal lies to the Court presided over by Confiscation Webb, and the result may be foretold.

While Father P. Byrne was reading in the Church of Clonmel the pastoral of the Right Rev. Bishop of Lismore, in which that patriotic prelate referred to the deadly attack made on the character of the Irish leaders, the officer in charge of the Catholic members of the Manchester regiment present, shouted out, "Turn out, military!" The order was, however, obeyed by only two sergeants. Father Byrne, alluding to this outrage, said he would hold the officer responsible for so gross a scandal in God's house. Officers such as this fellow sadly need a lesson in etiquette. The petty autocrats imagine that they are lords and masters within, as well as without, the precincts of sacred edifices.

A largely attended anti-coercion meeting was held on Tuesday evening, March 5, in St. George's Hall, Bradford, under the auspices of the Bradford Women's Liberal Association. The Countess of Aberdeen, who presided, was assisted on the occasion by Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and other leading Liberals. After a graceful, and, at the same time, enthusiastic address from the Countess, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, in moving a resolution highly condemnatory of Balfourism, said that the meeting recorded its unshaken faith in the high character and patriotism of the Irish leaders, and finally called for an immediate dissolution of Parliament. The speaker, in conclusion, observed that since the day when the evil spirit entered the herd of swine, and the herd ran violently down the precipice into the sea and was drowned, there never had been a more sudden and complete collapse of a policy, such as the Unionist policy, and never had a great conspiracy gone into more ignominious oblivion than this case of what was called Pigotry. Lord Aberdeen, who was enthusiastically received by the audience, said that all the present circumstances of the Home Rule movement pointed to a speedy accomplishment of their purpose of drawing together all parties in Ireland for the common object of governing a common country. After an able address from Pierce Mahony, M.P., the proceedings terminated.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Cambridge on Wednesday night, March 6, under the auspices of the University Liberal Club of that town. Sir George Trevelyan, who was the principal speaker on the occasion, said that it was the *Times*' articles on "Parnellism and Crime" which carried the Coercion Bill of 1886. When he went down to Dewsbury he found that Mr. Arnold Forster had deluged the town with one hundred and one vindictive charges against the Irish Members. The correspondence of Pigott, he observed,

whose evidence was received without inquiry, but with a large expenditure of money, formed the material on which the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Association brought these charges against Mr. Parnell and his followers, and those charges in "Parnellism and Crime" would never have been believed if it had not been for the letters attributed to Mr. Parnell. Sir George concluded a very able speech by the confident prediction that the hour of Ireland's deliverance was now near at hand.

A VALUABLE NEWS ITEM.

(BY OLGA J. CLINGAN.)

In a large, dingy room, piled up with papers, Charles Norway sat before an open desk, looking over a voluminous heap of proofs. He was a good-looking young man of the blonde type, having a countenance full of blended keenness and good nature, while his smoothly-shaven face and premature baldness gave him a certain distinguished air that was at all times of practical benefit to him. Norway had been in the newspaper business ever since he could remember. As long ago as when he had worn long curls and knee pants he had been an office boy in the employ of Horace Greeley, and once, when an irate assistant on the paper had, in a moment of wrath at some misdemeanour, rubbed a bottle of blue ink into the sunny brown of Norway's curls, Mr. Greeley had shown his disapproval by a sharp rebuke to the perpetrator of the rash act, and, taking the boy by the hand, himself conducted him to a barber and superintended the removal of the ink. Later in life Norway grew, by process of assimilation, into a full-fledged reporter. He had a way of persuasion which wormed secrets out of people before they knew it, and he also had a nice discrimination, enabling him to make good any deficiencies even better than the narrator of the facts himself could have done it. When he was, in the course of his profession, ejected from a place, he had a way of reappearing, quietly, modestly, and with a sort of sweet, inoffensive dignity, not once only, but with constant regularity, until the stoutest heart quailed under the persistent visitations, and he gained his desired point. These qualities combined made him a successful news gatherer, and as he also possessed some literary ability, he gradually rose in his profession. A few months before the opening of our story he had accepted a position as night editor of the *Free and Co.*, an enterprising Chicago daily.

Norway had come to Chicago before the fire, just in time, in fact, to be caught in an adventure in the great conflagration. It was not much of an adventure, after all; and only that it concerned a remarkably pretty girl, Norway would have probably remembered it, if at all, as a mere incident. In the confusion of escape from a burning building, the young lady, who was a mere school-girl of about fifteen years of age, had become separated from her friends, and finding her alone and terrified, he did just what he would have done had she been a beggar on the streets—helped her to a place of safety as soon as he could. Norway, from his earliest years, had been alone in the world, without the endearing influences of mother or sister, and the child-like trust and confidence of the young stranger aroused a new and strange feeling within him. Though a favourite in general with all women, he had never been in love, but he lost his heart somehow to the beautiful young girl that eventful night, which, as he looked back upon it, seemed like a happy episode of another world. In after years, whenever Norway heard anyone descant on the horrors of the Chicago fire, he always said he rather enjoyed conflagrations of that kind, and wouldn't mind going through with another. No; nor would he have objected to living in continual alarms, anywhere, if he could but see again the face that had so persistently haunted his imagination ever since. For Norway, with all his jolly, happy-go-lucky disposition, had one of these very rare natures upon which a strong impression is indelible for all time.

So Norway, at 29, was a bachelor, and likely to remain so. He never knew who his companion was, for just as they reached a place of safety on the border of the lake, chance led them to some of her missing relatives, who were wildly lamenting her loss, while her father was yet searching for her. Norway did not wait to be thanked; and he had never seen the young lady again.

As he sat that afternoon engrossed with the proofs, a boy entered.

"Chief wants to see you, Mr. Norway," he said.

Norway said very well, and presently betook himself where the editor-in-chief, Mr. Thorne, sat in a large leather chair, smoking, and absently folding up sheets of paper which ever and anon he tore into infinitesimal bits, scattering them over the floor at his feet.—This was a confirmed habit of Mr. Thorne's when meditating; it assisted his thoughts to flow easily, and also imparted a distinct individuality to the room. It was conceded by every one who had ever been in it, that this apartment exceeded in wild and hideous disorder any other given number of square feet ever enclosed within four walls. As Norway approached, Mr. Thorne looked calmly at him over a vast accumulation of unanswered letters, and spoke:

"You've heard of this Berthold affair?" he asked.

"A very little. The people concerned are pretty close mouthed, and won't say a word. There's a good deal of curiosity about it all over town. O'd family, you know."

"Yes, the facts, if we can get at them, will make a good lay out for the Monday paper, eh?"

"Yes, if we can get them."

"You can," said Mr. Thorne in his thin, cold voice. "There is not another man on the paper, however, that I think can manage the case. So, if you will consider yourself off duty with regard to everything else, and make the next twenty-four hours tell in that direction, you will place me under an obligation which I shall remember."

Norway laughed and departed on his mission. He went home and dressed as carefully as possible, and then took a car to the west side. Here on one of the pleasantest streets, in a large, magnificent mansion, with corresponding grounds, lived Mr. Amos Berthold, a wealthy retired merchant formerly in the India trade. In another