

and his followers of the Land League, that which was only spreading bit by bit has since swept on like an immense ocean wave in its might and in its strength, and it will not cease until it grasps within its arms every parish in Ireland. (Cheers.) I said a moment ago the landlords are bad because the laws are bad. We are not going to say that all the landlords are bad, but I wonder that there is any of them good at all. (Laughter.) How often do we not preach to you, my friends, that in the spiritual warfare we have to carry on here, we have a triple enemy to face our own selves, the worst; and the "old boy" that's going about, and the wicked world we are in. We are in these occasions of sin on our way to heaven, and bad as they are the landlords are worse off entirely. (Laughter.) It is not a triple occasion to sin or a triple temptation that is in their way, but they have temptations on every side of them. Their eyes—oh, they cannot see a pair of earrings in a little girl's ears, nor they cannot see one of the farmers sending his daughter to a boarding school, and that when she comes home may be she can play the *fadhogue*. (Laughter.) They cannot see this but it breaks their heart, and they say, "Oh, my land is let too cheap; I must raise the rent" (renewed laughter); or when a farmer's son was sent to Tullow, or Carlow, or some other public school, it was all the same, the landlords cried out "Oh they have too much entirely; I am robbed." And then again, a farm is going out of lease, and the tenant may have had it for its value for the last fifty years and he was able to live and very little more. The very worst people on the face of the earth were those who, as other speakers said, would go behind that tenant's back when his lease was out, and would say the words to the landlord, and I often heard them, "I will give you any money for it." It is only a wonder, then, as I said before, a sort of miracle in fact, that we find any good landlords at all, and thanks be to God we find some—some who do live and let live, who are good employers, good in every way, and it must be a miracle of God's grace that they are so. Now you have borne with me very long—

A Voice—"We'd never be tired of you." (Laughter and cheers.)  
 Father Behan—But I am coming to the end of my ballad. However, I have a few little words still to say before I am done. You are called upon by this resolution to assist Mr. Parnell, to assist him for the great efforts and sacrifices he has made for you. Will you, good people, merely look up at him to see whether he has his whiskers on or no, and say he is a pretty young man; or when you hear he is going to be prosecuted, ejaculate, "Oh, the Lord guard him, and send him safe." Oh, no, you will do something else, won't you? (Cries of "we will.") You will subscribe, every one of you, to the defence fund? (Renewed cries of "we will.") You all know what tills are, and boxes for keeping money. Well, there are tills and boxes here at my friend, Mr. Kelly's. Your money will be taken from you there to-day. Mind, don't spend it all on porter (laughter). Lists will be open there for this parish, for the parish of Maynooth, the parish of Killeen, and all the parishes around, both for the Land League and the defence fund. When you go in do you know what you will do? Put your hands into your pockets and see is there anything there, and if there is not, oh, sure, can't you get credit; won't somebody lend it to you. Don't be looking for these little coins that have no feather edge on them. (Laughter.) My heart was often broken after a collection day, and I would not have a bit of a nail on my finger, trying to find out whether there was a feather head on these miserable little coins or not. (Renewed laughter.) Put down your hands in your pockets and draw up something decent (loud laughter), and give it in at Mr. Kelly's, and that is the way to tell the Government and the landlords that you love Mr. Parnell (cheers); that you approve of the course he has taken; that you admire his principles; that you will stand by him now in his hour of need. Stand, then, shoulder to shoulder like men, organise yourselves into branches of the Land League everywhere, have confidence in yourselves, trust in each member's loyalty, and if there be a black sheep amongst you, oh, be sure to Boycott that fellow. (Cheers.) Don't take me up wrong now. Don't hurt a hair in anyone's head. (Hear, hear.) The landlords are preaching against us that at all these meetings we are getting up outrages, and inciting the people to the commission of crime. (No, no.) We are not. Remember the words of O'Connell, that he who violated the law gave strength to the enemy. I don't think you approve of these outrages. (No, no.) If there were a few outrages, oh, God only knows how our poor people were driven on to them. And again, who knows who are pulling the strings, or holding the wires, for the parties who commit these outrages? Very many of them have been got up by enemies, by people who can hide themselves, and who, even if they were detected, will be screened from justice. (Hear, hear, and cries of "long life to you.") If the people of England, who are now loud in their condemnation of the conduct of the Irish people, had only to suffer what our poor people have had to suffer, if they had only to eat for one month the bread of distress and starvation that our poor people had to eat; if they saw their aged fathers and mothers, and their sisters and their brothers buried along the road, and brought to the workhouse often in coffin-like heaps—if they could practically know the history of Ireland and experience the treatment that our poor people experienced for one month, they would go to Windsor or wherever the Queen and her ministers were assembled, and by their agitation almost pull down the Houses of Parliament. (Cheers.) They would not, I repeat, submit for one month to the treatment we have received. Therefore I say, in conclusion, that we should all subscribe liberally to the Parnell Defence Fund; that we should unfurl the banner of Parnell all over this county and the neighbouring county of Meath, and pursue this wholesome, peaceable, constitutional agitation even to the bitter end, until we see the landlords at last obliged to give up and sell, because they won't get the rents, as they did before, and the people owners of their own holdings, enjoying with God's blessing the happiness of better and more prosperous times. (Loud and enthusiastic cheers.)

Pope Leo XIII. has been making inquiries as to the prelates who attended the great Vatican Council in 1869, and finds that one-third of them now slumber in the tomb.

## THE STATE TRIALS.

(Abridged from the *Treeman*.)

THE hearing of the case of "The Queen v. Parnell and Others" commenced on Tuesday, Dec. 28, in the Court of Queen's Bench, before Mr. Justice Fitzgerald and Mr. Justice Barry. The Lord Chief Justice having been induced to retire from the case with all the honours of war, and Mr. Justice O'Brien being disabled by infirmity from entering upon a labour of Hercules such as the hearing promises to be, the majesty of a trial at bar before the full Court of Queen's Bench was diminished by half. A jury was sworn, and at one moment it depended on the will of the traversers whether that all-important preliminary of business should be got through in safety. In the next place there was no demurrer to the indictment, no challenge of the array, none of the cannonade of legal noise and smoke with which it is the custom to open a great battle in the courts. Whether the credit lies with the lawyers or their clients, the fact stands perhaps unique that in a case which engages the wits of some twenty of the keenest gladiators of the bar every temptation to a legal spar or shindy was set aside by the traversers to go straight to the issue. The only argumentation which caused a single law-book to be unsheathed was provoked by the Crown disputing the traversers' right to challenge. Once that was decided, and decided against the crown, and once the court was fortified for the reading of the indictment by an adjournment for luncheon, the Attorney-General was free to plunge at once in *medias res*, and was already far into his opening statement before the day closed. The opening event of the trials was a remarkable one. The traversers walked down to court accompanied by a large number of members of Parliament, who had assembled for the purpose at the house of Mr. V. B. Dillon, the solicitor for the traversers, at Rutland-square. The procession of members was received with intense enthusiasm when they reached the quays, and their progress to the gates of the Four Courts became an ovation. At the entrance to the Queen's Bench Mr. Parnell was met by Major Nolan, M.P., who accompanied him into court.

The authorities did whatever lay in their power to create commotion in the neighbourhood of the Four Courts by barring all the gates, garrisoning them with police, and sweeping the adjoining quay with patrols on horse and foot. In spite of the murky rain and of the caragoing horsemen, scattered groups did stand contentedly, saturated, upon the open quay throughout the day. The bar benches were also crammed. The public gallery was jealously guarded from the intrusion of mortals unarmed with tickets, and a crowd of ladies, Catholic clergymen, and members of Parliament were proud to have found refuge in a region where ordinarily the audience is composed of a stray loafer or two, snoring the snore of the just. The High Sheriff (Sir James Mackey), who in his official chair sat underneath the judges, had a seat or two to dispose of to ladies, and later on in the day was able to offer a harbour of refuge to Mr. Brooks, M.P., after the honourable member for Dublin had been for some time tossing uneasily about the passages. The most thoroughly comfortable and self-satisfied young gentleman in court appeared to be Lord Randolph Churchill, who had got seated in a cosy corner immediately outside of the faded crimson curtain which canopies the judges. His lordship was the only prominent enemy of the Land League who put in an appearance. A few members of the landlords' committee, with their lady friends, were also pointed out in the neighbourhood of the representatives of the Crown, but no leading member of that organisation was visible. The Lord Mayor, M.P., took up a position at the corner of the Queen's Counsels' seats, on the traversers' side of the court, and remained for several hours. The traversers themselves sat, most of them, along the bench immediately under the Clerk of the Crown, which is usually occupied by the reporters. Mr. Parnell, with Mr. Sexton, M.P., and Mr. Brennan, occupied a position on this seat directly facing the Attorney-General, who sat at the other side of a narrow crimson table, but who had a small mountain of brief bags, law books, and newspaper files between him and the president of the Land League. Mr. Dillon, M.P., and Mr. Boyton sat on the solicitors' cross-bench, and Mr. Nally's fierce red moustache could be distinguished in the obscurity behind. Beyond formally intimating their presence when their names were called, the traversers went through no ceremony that would remind them they were in technical custody, and they, of course, entered or left the court without hindrance as they pleased. Mr. Parnell, it is unnecessary to add, was the same calm, earnest, and thoughtful-looking leader he is at the head of his party in Parliament or in the midst of one of the mighty popular demonstrations of which he has been the idol and the hero. His face had the same austere composure, and his eye, when he looked up, the same penetrating fire. He was glancing through a newspaper when the Attorney-General commenced his speech, but evidently gave to Mr. Law's line of argument a grave and appreciative attention. Mr. Macdonogh, the traversers' senior counsel, sailed into court majestically, and as punctually as his wont, long before the judges were announced, preceded by his inevitable luncheon basket and by a ponderous brief bag. The veteran buckled on his armour as cheerily as if a generation of men had not gone down to the grave since he last stood in that spot among the brilliant group of men who surrounded O'Connell upon an occasion similar to the present. Alone among the giants of these days he has survived to take more than a Nestor's part against a new generation of foemen. He extended a most cordial greeting to Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., who, as one of the counsel for the traversers, sat modestly at the outer bar in the order of his seniority at the Irish bar. Mr. Sullivan brought into court a formidable-looking printed volume, bound in green and gold, apparently containing matter for the defence. Several other green-bound volumes of instructions were scattered about among the traversers' counsel, and the array of newspaper files and printed briefs upon the Crown side was more ponderous still. At a quarter past eleven o'clock, the traversers being then all assembled, and the whole audience being in a tremble of expectancy, silence was called, and the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, and Mr. Justice Barry came on the