

Blackburn, Mr Justice Crampton, Mr Justice Perrin—who were sent down under a special Commission to try the prisoners. There was a great "bar" retained for the Crown on the one side and for the prisoners on the other. The proceedings began with the skirmishing between counsel which usually precedes the joint battle, ample room for the display of the ingenuity and *finesse* which are supposed to characterise the Irish bar. . . . There were dramatic scenes and moving incidents from day to day. I may be under the impressions formed at a time when I was what is called emotions if I now express the opinion that on no occasion in any court of law was there a more brilliant illustration of learning, argument, passion, and wit than that by which counsel for the prisoners, in the long course of this trial, moved the audience, if they failed to convince the jury or to divert the attention of the judges from the essential issues before them. From the gallery at times burst forth wailing cries or suppressed groans as the witnesses forged link after link of the chain which bound the accused to their fate. The dignity of the Court was exemplary, and it was with difficulty we could believe our eyes, or rather our ears, when one night, after dinner, to which we were invited by the judges, we heard Mr Justice Blackburn troling an Irish melody with exquisite pathos in a rich, mellow voice. I found that my colleague Nicholls was by degrees touched with something like a sympathy for some of the prisoners. "Smith O'Brien," he said, "after all conducts himself like a gentleman, and that M'Manus is a fine honest fellow. I pity him! I dare say if one knew Meagher he would turn out to be a pleasant agreeable man, full of enthusiasm and poetry, but he is without judgment." The end came at last.

On October 8th, the jury came into Court with a verdict of "Guilty" against William Smith O'Brien for high treason and for levying war against the Queen, with a recommendation to the merciful consideration of the Crown. He heard the words unmoved, with his arms folded, his head thrown back, and a scornful smile upon his lips. He listened to the judge with the utmost calmness, and when called upon to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he spoke in measured accents, declaring that he had done what was right as he believed, and that he had nothing to repent but his failure. On the 9th he was brought up and placed in the dock to receive the sentence of the Court, which was, "that you, William Smith O'Brien, be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and hanged by the neck until you be dead; that you then shall be disemboweled, and your body divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as her Majesty should direct." It was said at the time that his composure was due to an assurance the night before that he would not be executed, but I do not believe that he was influenced in his defiant attitude by the knowledge that he would only be condemned to exile for life. M'Manus, who was next put on his trial, a man of action, no orator or phrasemonger, conducted himself with perfect propriety. A resolute revolutionist, he had renounced a competence, and placed his life on the hazard of the die in that miserable rising. Even the judges (I say even, because they were bound to look at the great gravity of the offence) were moved by the honesty and earnestness of the man. He was found guilty on the 12th. After him, on the 15th, came O'Donoghue, then Meagher, on the 21st, each to be found guilty and be sentenced to a traitor's doom, on the 23rd of October.

The Special Commission having done their work, rose and adjourned to December.

A delightful visit to Knocklofty, Lord Donoughmore's charming seat, in a beautiful park surrounded by picturesque scenery, closed my sojourn at Clonmel. I left the town on the day after the rising of the Court, carrying with me as a souvenir a book in which Smith O'Brien, Meagher, M'Manus, and O'Donoghue signed their names "in remembrance," and very sad and distressed I was at the fate of these miserable men. The scene now changed to Dublin—the play was the same. On October 26th I attended the Court of Queen's Bench to hear a long argument on a lay point in demurrer raised by his counsel for C. Gavan Duffy. There I saw in the dock arraigned as a traitorous felon the man who has since been a minister of the Crown, the Premier of Victoria, and a Knight of St. Michael and St. George, and who holds, I believe, the same opinions—his expression a little dulcified, perhaps—which he propounded, and the doctrines, which he taught in the *Nation*. More fortunate than his confederates, he escaped the meshes of the law and defeated the Government in two prosecutions against him for treason felony. These things lasted for several weeks. The judges now and then gave judgment against the Crown, and as the Crown lawyers were bound to justify their opinions, each adverse judgment was a basis for a new phase of legal action. There was an incident one day which illustrated the composure and readiness of Judge Blackburn, though words could scarcely give an idea of his dignity in Court. He had just risen at the close of a long argument when a redheaded man got up in the body of the Court and exclaimed, in a loud voice, "My Lord! My Lord!" Blackburn turned and asked severely, "Who are you, sir?" "My Lord, my name is J. O'Brien; I am an attorney of this honourable Court." The Judge exchanged a word with the officer below him. "Proceed, Mr. O'Brien. What have you to say?" "My Lord, I am requested by several respectable citizens of Dublin to ask your Lordship when

this honourable Court means to give judgment in the case of Smith O'Brien and others *versus* the Queen in error." Blackburn looked at the attorney, hemmed, and then with great solemnity, pausing on every word, said: "Mr. O'Brien! Tell the respectable citizens of Dublin who requested you to put that question to the Court that you did put it to the Court, and that the Court gave you no reply." His Lordship retired, and Mr. O'Brien collapsed.

THE POPE AND IRELAND.

(From the *Nation's* Correspondent.)

Rome, 17th January, 1891.

ON Sunday morning the Holy Father said Mass in the private chapel, to which several families, who afterwards had the honour of being received in private audience, were admitted. The same evening his Holiness gave a special private audience of nearly half an hour to the Very Rev. Prior P. J. Glynn, O.S.A., in his private room. The Prior, who found the Pope in excellent health and spirits, was received with great kindness. He was the bearer of the sum of 6,600 lire, the annual offering of Peter's Pence from the bishops, priests, and people of the diocese of Sandhurst, Australia. The Holy Father made very special inquiries after the bishop, Monsignor Crane, and expressed great sorrow on hearing that his eyesight was not restored, and that his eyes were really in no better condition than they were when he was in Rome in 1885. His Holiness also referred with pleasure to the visit made by Dr. Beville, O.S.A., the Coadjutor Bishop, who, he hoped, was well. The Very Rev. Prior had the pleasure of assuring the Pontiff that both Bishops were able to work incessantly and zealously for the spiritual benefit of the people committed to their care; upon which the Pope told him to write to the Bishop thanking him in his name for the liberal offering, and conveying to him, to his Coadjutor, Dr. Beville, the priests and people of the diocese of Sandhurst, the Apostolic Benediction, and to assure Dr. Crane that he will pray especially that God will grant his lordship, even in this life, a large measure of consolation to compensate him for all the sufferings which he has so patiently endured. The very flourishing state of religion—shown by the increase in the number of the clergy, the many charitable and benevolent institutions founded, the introduction of religious Orders, both of men and women, in the diocese of Sandhurst—gave the Pope great pleasure.

When the Holy Father afterwards spoke of the present condition of Ireland he appeared very sad; but then, raising his eyes to heaven, he said: "God will bring those faithful people in safety out of this lamentable difficulty." "I have the greatest hope for the future of Ireland," said Leo XIII., with special emphasis. Finally his Holiness referred, in terms of the greatest kindness, to the new buildings in honour of St. Patrick in the Villa Ludovisi, and congratulated the Prior on the progress made. He said that he had heard with the greatest satisfaction of the progress in the works of the college and new Church of St. Patrick. He told the Prior to go on with the works, and though the times are bad in poor Ireland and the faithful children of the Irish race throughout the world have to bear many burdens, yet no son of St. Patrick, he was sure would refuse to contribute to honour his spiritual Father in Rome where the great Apostle received Episcopal consecration, and St. Celestine gave him the Divine Commission to preach the Gospel to the Irish people. In dismissing the Prior, the Pope said: "I thank God, We have lived to see Ireland and St. Patrick honoured by a Roman Basilica." It is easy to be seen from the above that Leo XIII. has even a greater love and interest in Ireland and her children than ever, for he well knows that the Greater Ireland and the motherland are one.

Sir John Pope Hennessy is, according to one of the London dailies, a Jacobite. He always wears a white rose on the anniversary of the birthday of James III., as he terms the personage whom good Hanoverians style the Old Pretender.

Mr. Joseph O'Mara, the new Irish tenor, was educated by the Jesuits. His musical training was completed at Milan. He is brimming with enthusiasm, and when Sir Arthur Sullivan wants to check in a little he tells him that he must not be too much inclined to the "blarney."

Messrs. Arthur McDonald and Co. offer sixpence a pair for an unlimited supply of fresh-trapped rabbits, delivered at Burnside Freezing Works.

Mr. M. Fagan, late of the Sussex Hotel, Dunedin, has taken the Empire Hotel, Palm-ston. Mr. Fagan's well-known reputation is a sufficient guarantee for the admirable manner in which his house will be conducted.

Messrs. Sargood and Son's celebrated "standard" boots and shoes may be known by the trade mark on the heel. None that claim to own the brand are otherwise genuine, and purchasers would do well to ascertain its presence, as the well-known excellence of the articles to which it belongs makes imitation of them very tempting.

The Tory journals, following the advice of Lord Salisbury, are still "backing" Mr. Parnell. The London correspondent of the *Dublin Daily Express* endeavours to damage the anti-Parnellite members of the Parliamentary party by stating that they are to be paid by the Liberals, and that £5000 has been handed over to them as a first instalment. Needless to say the statement is baseless.