

with his host, retired to his chamber, intending to lie down for a while, being suffering from a cold. Mr. Murphy followed him up stairs to speak to him about something, when the noise of feet softly but quickly springing up the stair caught his ear, and instantly the door was thrown open and a police magistrate named Swan, accompanied by a soldier, rushed into the room. Lord Edward was lying on the bed with his coat and vest off. He sprang from the bed, snatching from under the pillow a dagger. Swan thrust his right hand into an inside breast pocket where his pistols were; but Lord Edward, divining the object, struck at the spot, and sent his dagger through Swan's hand, penetrating his body. Swan shouted that he was "murdered"; nevertheless, with his wounded hand he managed to draw his pistol and fire at Lord Edward. The shot missed; but at this moment another of the police party, named Ryan (a yeomanry captain), rushed in, armed with a drawn cane-sword, and Major Sirr, with half-a-dozen soldiers, hurried up stairs. Ryan flung himself on Lord Edward, and tried to hold him down on the bed, but he could not, and the pair, locked in deadly combat, rolled upon the floor. Lord Edward received some deadly thrusts from Ryan's sword, but he succeeded in freeing his right hand, and quick as he could draw his arm, plunged the dagger again and again into Ryan's body. The yeomanry captain, though wounded mortally all over, was still struggling with Lord Edward on the floor when Sirr and the soldiers arrived. Sirr, pistol in hand, feared to grapple with the enraged Geraldine; but, watching his opportunity, took deliberate aim at him and fired. The ball struck Lord Edward in the right shoulder; the dagger fell from his grasp, and Sirr and the soldiers flung themselves upon him in a body. Still it required their utmost efforts to hold him down, some of them stabbing and hacking at him with shortened swords and clubbed pistols, while others held him fast. At length, weakened from wounds and loss of blood, he fainted. They took a sheet off the bed and rolled the almost inanimate body in it, and dragged their victim down the narrow stair. The floor of the room, all over blood, an eye-witness says, resembled a slaughter-house, and even the walls were dashed with gore.

Meantime a crowd had assembled in the street, attracted by the presence of the soldiers around the house. The instant it became known that it was Lord Edward that had been captured, the people flung themselves on the military, and after a desperate struggle had overpowered them but for the arrival of a large body of cavalry, who eventually succeeded in bringing off Lord Edward to the Castle.

Here his wounds were dressed. On being told by the doctor that they were not likely to prove fatal, he exclaimed: "I am sorry to hear it." He was removed to Newgate, none of his friends being allowed access to him until the 3rd of June, when they were told *that he was dying!* His aunt, Lady Louisa Connolly, and his brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, were then permitted to see him. They found him delirious. As he lay on his fever pallet in the dark and narrow cell of that accursed bastille, his ears were dinned with horrid noises that his brutal jailors took care to tell him were caused by the workmen erecting barriers around the gallows fixed for a forthcoming execution.

Next day, 4th June, 1798, he expired. *As he died unconvicted, his body was given up to his friends, but only on condition that no funeral would be attempted. In the dead of night they conveyed the last remains of the noble Lord Edward from Newgate to the Kildare vault beneath St. Werburgh's Protestant church, Dublin, where they now repose.

(To be continued.)

The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers,—they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—Faber.

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IRELAND UNDER THE TERROR

(By J. L. HAMMOND, in the *Nation* and the *Athenaeum*.)

As I walked down the street in a Hertfordshire village yesterday, little English children were whipping their tops as if there was nothing else in the world that mattered. As I walked down the streets of Cork last week, little Irish children were whipping their tops as if there was nothing else in the world that mattered. From such simple common elements of happiness has man created the hell in which South Ireland is making a fight for her life. Is it the law of some implacable God that drives us? Is it that we have learnt every art in the world except the art of living with our neighbors in freedom and peace? Or is it true of the spirit of Prussianism, as some melancholy economists used to say of poverty, that man cannot change its volume, but can only change its incidence?

For this Cork, in which little boys whip their tops, is the most complete and violent expression to be found in Europe of that spirit. You could put it anywhere on the map of Belgium in the War. I suppose little Belgian boys whipped their tops in Brussels. In the heart of this city, designed by nature as one of her superb spectacles, lie the ruins of her principal buildings. All the world knows who burnt them. Sir Hamar Greenwood, so contemptuously a stranger to the third city of the people he governs, no longer tries to pass off the clumsy falsehood that the City Hall caught fire from Patrick Street, which was much as to say that the India Office had caught fire from St. Thomas's Hospital. To-day, no prevarications can serve. Ministers take refuge in a brazen and sullen silence. The burning of Cork was a more deliberate and wilful act than the burning of the Palace of the Kings at Persepolis, but whereas Alexander had the grace to repent, no single word of contrition or apology has come from the British Government to the Irish people. And since, by one of the beneficent laws we have passed for Ireland, the rate-payers are responsible for damage done by servants of the Crown, the ratepayers of Cork are confronted with the prospect of a rate of four hundred shillings in the pound.

Above, on a crest of the hills that give Cork its splendid dignity, sits General Strickland. He could not save Cork from the torches of his servants: he cannot make a single Irishman or Irishwoman secure from the "Black-and-Tans." But he sits there a Rhadamanthus, whose judgments come down to the people of Cork—such and such rebels to be executed, such and such houses to be burnt—just as the judgments of Radetsky descended on Milan 60 years ago, or the judgments of Bissing on Ghent the day before yesterday. Those are the symbols of British rule: the cinders of the City Hall below, the machine-gun above. Of justice, as Englishmen understand it, there is no semblance: of order as Englishmen understand it there is no semblance: General Strickland above, the "Black-and-Tans" busy with torch and revolver below, stand for one thing only: they stand for frightfulness. That is why I do not advise Englishmen who want to be happy to go to Cork, for it is a place where any Englishman who is not proud to be a Prussian would be thankful to be a Hottentot.

Meanwhile the public life of Cork struggles on. A few men, meeting at strange times in strange places, carry on the work of administration. Every public man is a marked man, and from time to time the police or the soldiers pounce, and another batch is swept into prison. But in Ireland, as in the old Russia, men cease to think of this danger: they think only of serving Ireland. From the brooding horror which haunts every Englishman who peeps into their life, they are free.

Life on the Run.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, in one of his speeches, delighted the House of Commons by telling them that he had got the rebels "on the run." How many of his audience have any idea what that phrase means? It means, in a great proportion of cases, that a man knows that he is obnoxious to the "Black-and-Tans," and that if he falls into their hands he will be murdered. The proceedings at military inquiries are not often published, but the newspapers gave a report of a case last November in which

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