

"Tell Ken I have done all my possible to be hanged—truly," he said, with a half-comic, whole-earnest pathos, "but I am doomed not to succeed in anything—not even in being cravated with hemp. All I want him and you to know is that I have tried."

"That you have, boy. I am proud of you," said the old priest, with moistening eyes, squeezing his hand.

"Poor Jack!" his friend exclaimed, when he received the message. "I am so glad he has tried—and I am so much gladder that he has failed. As if the world were so gay a place that it could find nothing better to do with Jack Harold than to hang him!"

"Or so noble a place that it can find nothing better to do with you," said the old priest, who was blubbing like a child; which was, perhaps, the less shameful than the cast-iron turnkey, who was standing between them, had a painful facial struggle to keep from blubbing too.

"Ah, that is a different matter, Father Phil," said the prisoner, coloring and smiling. "If there is any one thing in life I flatter myself I can do well, it is to die. The world is simply taking me at my word; and will I tell you candidly?—I find dying is by no means so simple an operation as it looked."

(To be continued.)

Evening Memories

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"24th May.—P. drew me into a corner to warn me against Mrs. — of Chicago.* He was white with excitement. Suspects she is over on the business of the dynamiters. Quite solemnly believes she is capable of throwing a bomb from the Ladies' Gallery. I laughed and told him H(arrington) and I had just been showing her over the House and giving her a cup of tea on the Terrace in full view of the public. He spoke with extraordinary energy and implored me to have no more to do with her. One of his remarks was: 'No man can ever be sure he knows a woman. It is not the first time a clever and able man was deceived by one.' Told me M(orley) knew she was in town and asked him what brought her. Both he and G(ladstone) were alarmed for fear of dynamite explosions that would finish everything. Told him it was much more likely she was out for an interview for her paper. He grew downright angry and kept on repeating, 'I know.' Warned me not to mention his name in the matter, adding, 'It is not because I trust you that I would trust everybody you would trust.' How like the secret societies if he should be right!

"25th May.—Three hours closeted together. He told me G. is meditating surrender. Except Spencer he has not a man ready to face the panic in the party. He has called a meeting for Thursday at the Foreign Office. P. believes we must count upon an announcement that Bill will be withdrawn after Second Reading. A dangerous Radical Cabal are saying: 'Send the old man to the Lords.' Nothing could resist the cry if the Bill were once withdrawn. Talked the whole thing up and down with sore hearts. Were agreed that withdrawal would be worse than any defeat in the lobbies. P. said he would write to tell him we should have to vote against the Second Reading if C(hamberlain) was to be allowed strangle the Bill.

"26th May.—Telegraphed article to *United Ireland* nailing our colors to the mast against surrender.

"27th May.—G. announced at Foreign Office meeting he would agree to withdraw Bill after Second Reading and reconsider Clause 24.† His own friends are even more rejoiced than the kickers. They dread a General Election more abjectly than any schoolboy of spirit would dread a flogging. Their hearts are only half in their votes. Resentment against the Irish for voting Tory still rankling. They now pretend to think the Second Reading quite safe.

* A lady journalist of remarkable gifts, whose husband was at the moment the most powerful Irishman in the United States.

†The clause discontinuing the attendance of Irish members at Westminster.

P. when he could afford to say anything said, 'A bad day's work.' Later.—P. has just seen G., who told him there was nothing else to be done to avoid defeat. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'this is defeat in its worst form, for it can't be undone in your time or in mine.' He believes the difficulties in his own set are too much for G., who is in the mood for withdrawing himself as well as the Bill. P. thinks time is come to call a meeting of the Party to decide whether we should not straightly throw out the Bill. He was called away by message from Chief Secretary.

"28th May.—A surprise. Chamberlain is not satisfied with concessions. Will hear of nothing short of putting the old man out of action once for all. P. says, 'More fool he. His victory would make him master of the situation.' I asked if he was actuated by personal pique, was there no chance of his taking Home Rule in hand himself on the Canadian model of his speech on First Reading? That speech was on full Dominion lines. 'Yes, because he only wanted to make a point and hadn't thought it out. He has now fallen back on some petty Canadian Provincial thing which won't do.' He might twist round again if it was his game, but it was not. He has lost his grip on the Liberals and would go down before a coalition of Hartington and the Tories if he appropriated Gladstonian Home Rule as his own. He has seemingly decided Jack Cade must turn Tory. The general ruck of the Liberals still cocksure the Second Reading is safe. 'They don't mean it, they can't mean it,' P. said, 'the Bill is doomed. But that being so, we should be mad to take the odium of finishing it ourselves and finishing the old man with it.' He told me M(ichael) D(avitt) has done some mischief among the Radicals by going about saying he has no objection to the withdrawal of the Bill. 'Poor Davitt!' he said, with his indulgent smile. 'But nothing now really matters!'

"29th May.—*Pall Mall* has a scandalous paragraph hinting that P. is domiciled at Eltham. Stead has a detective shadowing him. That is his scurvy way of arguing Clause 24 must be dropped.

"30th May.—Called in at Mrs. R(edmond)'s At Home. Mrs. — pounced on me and showed her teeth. She must have tried to force an interview with P. and been repulsed. Among other nasty things said she had evidence of a speech of P. saying he would not be content until the last link of the Crown was severed. I lost all my diplomacy and told her she might rely on it his enemies and Ireland's were already sufficiently well informed. She said nothing short of separation would satisfy the Irish in America. I remarked that I had understood her very differently when we met a few days ago; that she would quite possibly find the virtue of the Irish-Americans would not be put to the temptation of accepting the Bill; but that be that as it might, it was we at home who had taken the risks before and would have to take them again; and that the happiness of our own people must be our first consideration. My heat was, I am afraid, as undiplomatic as P.'s coldness; but she felt she had gone too far and became prodigiously civil, and will certainly throw no bomb—at least of the nitro-glycerine order.

"31st May.—While Fowler was speaking, Trevelyan came in from the Chamberlain meeting and in an hysterical state spread the news: 48 of them, it seems, have resolved to vote against the Bill. The word passed all over the House as swiftly as if the Speaker had announced it from the chair. The old man held his ground on the Treasury Bench all the dreary night through, and shook hands cordially with Fowler—seemed to be sitting in some grey shadow of death, but a noble study in dignity and longanimity.

"1st June.—Chamberlain answered by Sexton in the best speech of his life. Began badly in an overwrought condition, with the nervous smirk of self-satisfaction that mars half the effect of his speeches, but restored himself by some ironic thrust which set the House laughing at the status of Birmingham Town Commissioner to which he reduced the arrogant Radical renegade. From that time forth S. held the House under command and sailed along at ease in his glittering firmament of sarcasms and epigrams. C. took his punishment manfully, save once or twice when he hissed out some spitfire interjection—his arms folded, his boxer's head thrust back, his keen close-shaven face presenting the smallest surface for attack, the