

LEAVES FROM MY
NOTE BOOK
Tales in
Connection with
IRISH LIFE & CHARACTER
By an EX OFFICER
OF THE
ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.



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LEAVES
FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.



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FROM MY NOTE-BOOK;

BEING

*A COLLECTION OF TALES, ALL POSITIVE FACTS,
PORTRAYING*

IRISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY AN EX-OFFICER

OF THE

ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.



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PREFACE.



PRESENTING to the public the following stories, entitled, "Leaves from My Note-Book," some of which appeared in the "Dublin University Magazine" of October, 1876, I should hope for the kind reader's indulgence, as I have confined myself altogether to facts, and not drawn on my imagination,—whether this may be considered in a favourable point of view or otherwise has yet to be decided,—and trust, notwithstanding, that "Leaves from My Note-Book" will be not only acceptable to those who might take an interest in the "Royal Irish," but to all who read for information as well as for entertainment. War still lingers in the horizon ; but, if a neces-

sity should exist, I feel assured that a few thousand volunteers will be found in the ranks of the "Royal Irish Constabulary," than whom better soldiers could not be had.

I, however, hope that a lasting peace will follow the late excitement; in any case, the nation having placed its honour in the hands of "Lord Beaconsfield," may, without fear, abide the result.

"Leaves from My Note-Book" will be found attractive as portraying sketches from Irish life and character, particularly in that part of Ireland styled the "next parish to America," being the most remote and least known district. It will also be found a pleasant companion at home or abroad, in the railway carriage, or steamer saloon.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE.
A STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED ON A CHRISTMAS DAY—THE ATTACK ON MR. FORRESTER'S HOUSE—THE ATTACK ON THE MAIL-COACH	9

CHAPTER II.

CANAL PASSENGER BOAT—ATHLONE—THE OLD BRIDGE— PRIEST'S DÉJEUNÉ—CAPTAIN COURTNEY'S WOOING— PARSONSTOWN—FACTION FIGHT—RELIGIOUS WARFARE	30
--	----

CHAPTER III.

CITY OF KILKENNY—REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY CELE- BRITIES—OLD THEATRE—SOCIAL INTERCOURSE— ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY—SINGLE COMBAT BE- TWEEN A CHIEF CONSTABLE AND THE LEADER OF A FACTION—MURDER IN THE CITY—MURDER OF THE BROTHERS MARUM IN COUNTY — . . .	53
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

DINGLE—FISHING AT MOUNT EAGLE—TITHE WARFARE— YEAR 1848—HER MAJESTY'S WAR STEAMER IN HARBOUR—SERIOUS ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN FAIR INHABITANTS OF DINGLE AND OFFICERS AND CREW OF STEAMER—HAPPY ENDING—THE KERRY DRAGOON	71
---	----

CHAPTER V.

CAHIRCIVEEN—VALENTIA SLATE QUARRIES—KNIGHT OF KERRY—WATERVILLE LAKE, TROUT FISHING—ANCIENT BURYING PLACE—STORY OF A "FURRINER" AS TOLD BY OLD SHAWN, THE BOATMAN—FUNERAL CROSSING THE LAKE—O'CONNELL'S BIRTHPLACE	82
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

MURDER OF McDERMOTT—DIFFERENCE IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS—LIVE, AND LET LIVE—SECTARIAN HATRED —THE FLITTING—A NEW HOME—THE "BANSHEE"— PROGNOSTICS FULFILLED—RETURN TO THE OLD HOME, AND EARLY ASSOCIATIONS	95
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

	PAGE.
MURDER OF MR. HALL—A DAY'S FISHING—MEETING IN THE GLEN—IRISH HOSPITALITY—A PLEASANT EVEN- ING—THE FIRST AND LAST MEETING	125

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF THE CHURCHYARD—REFORMISTS IN THE WEST —GUARDING A PRIEST TO CHURCH—SNAKES IN THE GRASS—A SAIL IN THE RECTOR'S YACHT ACROSS THE BAY IN COMPANY WITH THE PRIEST—NARROW ESCAPE —HAWSER CUT—VESSEL RUN ASHORE—DEATH OF A CONVERT, AND WHAT FOLLOWED	137
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

DUEL BETWEEN MR. SHAW, SHERIFF OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY, AND MR. COOKE—DEATH OF MR. SHAW— USE AND ABUSE OF DUELLING—TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ETC., ARE THE CHANGES FOR THE BETTER?—FISTIC DUEL BETWEEN DAN DONNELLY AND OLIVER ON ENGLISH GROUND; DEFEAT OF THE LATTER	153
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

DUEL BETWEEN CAPTAIN SMITH AND MR. O'GRADY AT HAROLD'S CROSS, DUBLIN—DEATH OF O'GRADY— SENTENCE ON SMITH AND HIS SECOND, LIEUTENANT MARKHAM	162
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

DUEL BETWEEN CAPTAIN SMITH, 59TH REGIMENT (UNCLE TO SMITH WHO SHOT O'GRADY IN DUBLIN) AND COLONEL MACDONALD, 92ND HIGHLANDERS, AT FER- MOY—DEATH OF CAPTAIN SMITH—DUELLING <i>versus</i> DIVORCE COURT	166
--	-----

CHAPTER THE LAST.

TORC LAKE—THE O'DONOHUE—THE ECHOES OF KILLARNEY —PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO—MANGERTON	171
--	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE—MEETING IN THE GLEN—A DAY'S FISHING	
VIEW OF THE ROCK OF CASHEL	9
PASSENGER CANAL BOAT FROM DUBLIN TO SHANNON HARBOUR	31
RESULT OF A FACTION FIGHT	31
PORTRAIT OF AN OLD ATHLONE PIPER	43
A FACTION FIGHT	47
SINGLE COMBAT BETWEEN A CHIEF CONSTABLE AND THE LEADER OF A FACTION	68
A FACTION FIGHT PREVENTED	70
DINGLE	75
DINGLE BAY	75
BRINGING THE BRIDE HOME	79
THE KERRY DRAGOONS	80
VIEW OF SHANE CASTLE	96
SEIZURE OF A PRIVATE STILL BY THE OLD REVENUE POLICE	127
A BATTLE IN THE CHURCHYARD	141
MUCROSS ABBEY AND CASCADE	171
ROSS CASTLE, WITH VIEW OF LAKE AND MOUNTAIN	174

—
P. 72, 8th line from top



View of the Rock of Cashel.



CHAPTER I.

A STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED ON A CHRISTMAS DAY—THE
ATTACK ON MR. FORRESTER'S HOUSE—THE ATTACK ON THE
MAIL COACH.

"I remember, I remember how my childhood fled by,
The mirth of each December, and the warmth of each July."



HAPPY family party was gathered round the Christmas "yule log," consisting of father, mother, and nine children; a few friends were also present; the cloth had been removed; the materials were laid on the table, the punch was mixed, the juveniles had a little wine at dinner and half a glass of kettle punch after, and were getting "awfully jolly" and troublesome.

Every one seemed pleased with themselves, and appeared to wish to make all happy around them.

B

The friends present comprised a Captain of Dragoons named Edmonds, kind, and gentlemanlike in manners, and, above all, he had been wounded at Waterloo, was a bachelor, and therefore a person of considerable interest to some of our lady acquaintances.

We had, also, an elderly gentleman named Forrester, and his son, about twenty-two years old, who carried his left arm in a sling; he held at that time a Government appointment received for his bravery in having, together with a younger brother, succeeded in defeating an armed party who had attacked his father's house, a few miles from Cashel, on the previous Christmas-day. In the attack he was severely wounded.

We had previously heard some anecdotes about the attack, and were most anxious to have an account of it from young Forrester.

The very mention of the occurrence, however, seemed to throw a gloom over father and son, but seeing our anxiety, young Forrester said "he would gratify us," and commenced as follows:—

"This morning twelvemonths found us a happy family—we resided a few miles from Cashel. I had two brothers, one two years older than myself." Here the speaker burst into tears, his father also seemed

greatly affected, he however soon rallied, and continued, "And two sisters, the youngest a baby two years old. On Christmas-day my father, mother, and eldest brother went to church, about a mile distant. I remember well my poor mother as they were leaving the house saying, 'Now, boys, if a party comes for the arms, be sure you run under the beds.' My father said 'he did not think we would.'

"About half an hour after they had left I was in the kitchen with my youngest brother—the girl that had charge of baby was there also; we were sitting at the fire, when a stealthy step was heard outside, and the latch was gently raised, the door was, however, most fortunately, bolted. I immediately started up and asked 'Who's there?' 'It's only me, your honor; maybe you would let me light my pipe?' was the reply. 'Wait a moment,' said I, and sending the servant upstairs with baby, I went towards the door as if to open it, but in place of doing so, I threw a heavy iron bar across it, and quickly stepped on one side. It was well I did so, as a blunderbuss, loaded with slugs, was fired at the door, which was a double oak one; the discharge was so close that some of the pellets tore through and struck the opposite wall. My brother and

I ran upstairs immediately to the room where fourteen stand of yeomanry arms were kept, several of them being loaded.

“The moment my brother got hold of a gun, he ran down to the first landing, the only vulnerable point we had, as there was a pantry there, the window of which was generally left open. The door was very slight, and had some fissures in it, and through one of those he saw the figure of a man moving about. Knowing that he must have got in through the window, my brother, without the slightest hesitation, fired through the door, there was a heavy fall, followed by groans, and all was still: he then ran upstairs and told me what he had done, seized on two loaded guns and hastened down; passing the pantry, he unlocked the shattered door, and saw the wretched man he had fired at lying dead in a pool of blood.

“The pantry window being still open, he by great exertion succeeded in closing it, a service not unattended with danger, from the constant fusilade kept up; he then went down to the kitchen, the door had resisted all efforts to break it. The window, fortunately, was high up in the wall, and guarded with stout cross-bars. As he was about to enter, he heard voices in a

low tone, and looking up at the window, he saw a fellow with a gun in his hand, who, as it was afterwards discovered, was standing on the shoulders of another man. The instant the ruffian saw my brother he shifted the gun round to enable him to fire through the bars; my brother was, however, too quick for him, he fired, and the man fell to the ground severely wounded.

“ He then ran up to the room where I had taken up my position, and found me lying on the bed faint from loss of blood; having bound up my arm, and given me some brandy, I was able to tell him my adventures since we parted in the room where we had the arms.

“ “ As soon as you went downstairs, I, quietly as possible, placed the barrel of my gun on the window-sill and looked out. As I did so I saw that one of the party had me covered. It may seem strange, but I had not the power to draw in my head. The man fired, the ball struck the window above, but did no further injury. The fellow then turned to run; I fired, the ball entered his back, and he fell forward. I immediately left the window, which in a moment became a target for a dozen bullets.

“ “ From the time the first shot had been fired at the door until this time, a perfect fusilade had been kept up

outside; every window was smashed. Hoping to get a shot at one of the ruffians, I peeped out, not observing any one at the moment, and the firing having apparently ceased, I hastily concluded that the ruffians were making off, and incautiously exposed myself too much. A shot was fired from a corner of the house where a fellow had stationed himself to watch the window, being afraid to come to the front.

“ ‘ I felt that I was wounded, and unable to descend the stairs or assist myself. Your coming was most fortunate.’ I did not think at the time that the bone was broken. It turned out to be a only severe flesh wound, from the effects of which I am now rapidly recovering. A great shouting and noise of many persons running now caused my brother to look carefully out, when, to his great joy, he saw the people, headed by my father and elder brother, rushing to our rescue, from church.

“ My father will tell you the remainder of the story and how it came that we were so soon rescued, as not more than an hour could have elapsed from the time the first shot was fired at the door until the last.

“ My youngest brother, who behaved so gallantly during the affair, and whose presence of mind in firing

through the pantry door saved us from destruction, is now in India, having been appointed midshipman on board one of his Majesty's line-of-battle ships. He always had a wish for the sea. The last time I heard from him he was getting on well, and a favourite with both officers and men."

"It is my turn now," said the elder Mr. Forrester, "to take up the story from where my son left off, and carry it on to the sad ending. My poor wife and I, together with my eldest son, arrived at the church in about twenty minutes after leaving home. Some presentiment of evil seemed to hang over us on our way, as more than once we hesitated about turning back.

"Our rector, a kind and good man, who was a short time afterwards brutally murdered for daring to look for his tithes, had just ascended the pulpit and given out the text, when the distant sound of firing at irregular intervals began to disturb the congregation. Several men stood up and were about leaving, when to our horror and astonishment the mother of our nursery-maid rushed in, and called loudly on us 'for her child, who,' she said, 'must be kilt dead by that time, as the house was attacked by a large number of black boys, who were shooting everything they came across.' I

need not say the state of mind we left the church in, or the haste we made homeward, my wife being taken home in a friend's carriage by the road.

“Accompanied by all the male portion of the congregation, and our good pastor himself amongst the number, my son and I leading, we took a short cut across the fields, and in about ten minutes came in sight of the house. The moment they saw us, the ruffians, although numbering at least a dozen well armed men, turned and fled in all directions; all except one man, whose spirit of revenge was so strong that he lost sight of self-preservation in his desire for blood.

“My son, who was in advance of us all, first got sight of him. His back was turned towards us. He was on one knee, with his gun covering the window my son now present had fired from. The moment he heard the noise of so many feet behind, he sprang up, turned round, and partly raised his gun, as if about to fire. The utter inutility of such an act in the face of thirty or forty men in hot pursuit, made him adopt another course; so throwing away the gun he ran for his life. He took everything in his way—ditches, bogs, rivers—in a straight line.

“At length the chase came to a standstill. Although

not being so far able to overtake him, yet he was kept well in view. The last seen of him was crossing a ditch and getting on the main road to Cashel. In less than two minutes his pursuers were on the road, but no sign of the would-be murderer was visible. Almost all our party were armed. Every man got his pistol ready, and scattered at each side. A large culvert crossed the road. This was watched at either end, and being nearly full of water, the wretched man, who had taken refuge there, soon found that the only alternative he had was, between a certainty of being drowned on the one hand if he remained in concealment, and the chance of cheating the gallows on the other—so he surrendered at discretion. This verifies the old saying that ‘a man that is born to be hanged, will never be drowned,’ and hanged he was at the ensuing assizes along with three more of the gang. Seven of those wretched men lost their lives on this occasion; three shot during the attack by my sons, the man we pursued and captured, and three others, who for the same offence were tried and convicted.

“I now come to the sad part of my story. From that time forward my own tenants evidently wished to avoid me; they knew that we were aware of their know-

ledge that the attack was contemplated, and of their sympathy with the gang on whom, according to their laws, the lot fell to participate in it.

“The next morning the dead body of the man who was shot in the back, was found in a clump of furze a short distance from the house. My son, accompanied by two policemen, took out a favourite retriever he had to go over the grounds, thinking that a clue might be obtained as to the identity of some of the party. Passing near this spot, the dog at once stopped, and with his nose in the air barked, and seemed much excited. My son darted to the spot, followed by the police, and then they found the body. One of the police recognized it as that of a travelling pedlar, a man well-known, but avoided by all well-disposed people, as a dangerous person ; he was a fair scholar, wrote a good hand, and was more than suspected, as other paid men have been since, of being the writer of many of the threatening notices, ornamented with skulls, cross-bones, and pikes, that in those days were flying all over the country.

“Four policemen and a sergeant were quartered in my house. A month had elapsed, the great fair of Thurles was at hand, and it was necessary that I should go there, as I had a lot of fat cattle to dispose of ; and

also expected to receive a large sum of money: it being my determination, after the attack on my house, and the providential escape of my children, to run no further risk, but to wind up my affairs, dispose of my land and dwelling-house, and seek elsewhere a more peaceable spot, where I could leave home for a few hours without the fear of finding my house burned down, and my family murdered on my return.

“With a firm determination to proceed to Thurles, notwithstanding my poor wife’s entreaty to the contrary, I prepared for my journey. I had a first-rate trained hunter in my stables, and a thoroughbred mare, both of them fit for any work. It was decided that my eldest son was to accompany me. Poor boy! he little thought of the fate that awaited him, or that he was taking an eternal farewell of all that was most dear to him.

The fatal morning came, and, well mounted, we were not long in getting over the few miles between us and our destination. Everything turned out favourably. My cattle were all well sold, I received the money expected, and about four o’clock of a cold evening in early spring we left Thurles behind us, and proceeded homeward at a rapid pace.

All went well until we arrived at a part of the road shaded with trees for about a mile at either side ; here it was so dark that we unfortunately slacked our pace considerably, and when about the centre of it, where there was a slight opening in the trees, two shots were fired simultaneously from the side my son was riding at. I turned quickly round, but alas ! only in time to see him fall from his horse ; at the same moment, a single shot was fired from my side, my hat flew from my head, and I felt something strike my shoulder like the cut of a whip ; the mare was wounded in the shoulder, and ran away with me ; and although two or three shots more were fired, I escaped with a slight wound, but was unable to master the mare until she galloped up to the hall door

“ My sons rushed out, finding me as I have described ; another moment and I should have fallen. At the same time my poor wife came out, and after attending to my wants until I was sufficiently recovered, stooped over me and, in a subdued voice, said, ‘ William, where is John ? Tell me all ; for I know from your look and your whispering to the boys, that something dreadful has happened.’

“ I took her hand in mine, kissed her, and told her

all. No tears came; I saw that she was stricken to the heart; five weeks after we laid her in her peaceful home.

“I stopped, overcome with grief, relating the murder of my poor boy and consequent death of my dear wife shortly after.

“On my arrival at home that dreadful night, I said a few whispered words to my sons. They mounted at once, and galloped to Cashel for assistance. It quickly came—dragoons, police, and doctors.

“We proceeded at once to the spot where my poor son fell from his horse. The place was in a pool of blood. The body was not there, but from marks on the road we traced it to a ditch on the roadside, where some one, possibly for humanity sake, had laid it. He had been so dreadfully beaten about the head after he fell, that at the post-mortem examination the surgeons found it difficult to trace the passage of a bullet he received at the first discharge, and they said that he must have been dead at the time his body was so cruelly beaten.

“We carried him home, and immediately after the inquest he was interred. But retribution followed quickly on the murderers' track. Three armed men,

with their faces blackened, were seen going in the direction of the place where the murder was committed, about an hour before. They moved stealthily along, keeping under cover as much as possible. They were however, seen and recognized by the land-steward of a gentleman whose property was close at hand, and who from the cover of a small plantation on the side of a hill, saw the three men pass underneath him.

“The following morning, as soon as he heard of the murder, this man, who was a native of the North of Ireland, told his master what he had seen. The police were at once communicated with.

“The following night the houses of the three men were quietly surrounded by military and police, the men arrested and kept apart, the houses closely searched. Two guns and a blunderbuss were found when morning dawned, concealed in a hole dug under a rick of turf. One of the guns, an old carbine, was found broken at the stock, which had several marks of blood on it, and some of my poor boy's hair sticking on it.

“The three men were shortly afterwards executed. Two of them confessed their guilt; the third man said nothing. The steward, on whose evidence they were first arrested, had to leave the country, and on the

recommendation of the judge, received a comfortable appointment in the Customs.

“Immediately after the sad occurrences you have heard related, half-a-dozen friends, well armed, came to stop with us during the remainder of our sojourn. They were all stout men, so between them, the police, and our own resources, we felt secure from further molestation. I lost no time in disposing of my farm, and left the county.”

He thus concluded his sad story. Captain Edmonds, who had paid the greatest attention to the startling recital, now said :—“You have related, Mr. Forrester, a story truly melancholy in its details, of what happened ‘On a Christmas Day.’ If you will allow me, I shall now give you a brief account of what happened ‘on a Christmas Night;’” and as he saw us all at “attention,” soldier-like, he commenced as follows :—

“Many a Christmas has come and gone since the dreadful occurrence I am about to relate took place, and which is most painfully impressed on my memory, having been one of the passengers by the Cork Mail to Dublin on Christmas Night in the year 18—, and a witness to all that occurred on that dreadful occasion.

“The country at the time was much disturbed, the

tithe warfare was at its height, robberies of arms, wherever to be met with, took place in the open day. Since the year 1798, the peasantry did not seem to have such a desire to possess arms. Attacks on mail coaches were of frequent occurrence, and the one I am about to relate was the worst of all.

“Business of importance connected with my military career obliged me to appear in the metropolis on the following day. The weather was intensely cold, and having secured an inside place, we started on a Christmas night by the mail from Cork to Dublin, escorted by two dragoons, who were relieved at different stations along the road. There were two inside passengers along with me—one was evidently a gentleman; the appearance of the other rather puzzled me as to his calling. He wore a long frieze coat, a Belcher handkerchief round his neck, and top-boots. His general appearance was not prepossessing. He never spoke, from our departure from Cork until we passed Cashel, when he said, ‘Oh! gentlemen, are *you* afraid? I know I am. This is a bad spot we are now passing. Are you armed? Do you think the dragoons would show fight? Dear me, I am so afraid! I cannot stay here any longer; I have a friend near

this.' So saying, he called to the guard. The driver pulled up, and he got out. We felt a kind of relief at his departure, and after-circumstances induced us to believe that he was deeply concerned in what occurred.

"About two miles from Cashel, going along at a good pace, and just turning a sharp curve in the road, the leaders came full chest against a barrier, and fell at once. The barrier was composed of carts, large stones, turf creels, and the trunk of a large tree. The coachman, although the night was very dark, might have pulled up in time if on a level, but the obstruction was so cunningly placed just beyond the turn, that it could not be done. The shock was very great ; so much so, that we thought for a moment that the coach would go over. Immediately the nature of the obstruction was fully seen, and no assailants making their appearance' the two unfortunate dragoons dismounted, and proceeded to remove it.

"The first had scarcely laid his hand on a cart for that purpose, when from behind the trunk of a fallen tree, and about two yards distant, a blunderbuss was discharged at him. The heavy charge of slugs, pieces of old iron, &c., passed through the unfortunate man's body like a four pound ball, and he fell dead instantly ;

his comrade, who was also wounded, immediately fired his holster pistols amongst the assassins, several of whom suddenly sprang up and made a rush. The soldier, who was immediately knocked down, was ably seconded by the guard with his bell-mouthed blunderbuss, which being heavily loaded with swan drops, brought three of the assailants to the ground.

“Enraged at the loss of their companions, the ruffians now fired indiscriminately, killing an outside passenger, and severely wounding the driver. One of the wheelers also received a ball in the shoulder, and the poor driver lying helpless across the seat having no control over him, he lashed out with the greatest fury, severely injuring the other horse; the guard was dreadfully beaten, and left for dead; he, however, recovered, but was never afterwards able to resume his duties, but received a good pension. The wounded dragoon was knocked down by a blow on the head, which rendered him insensible, and it is supposed that the assassins, thinking him dead, had at the moment too much on their hands to notice him further. He recovered, was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and discharged with a good pension.

“I must now tell you, that from the time when the

first shot was fired until all was over, the attack did not last more than about fifteen or twenty minutes.

“It may seem strange that my fellow traveller and myself, and I a military man, should not have rushed at once to the assistance of the dragoons and guard; our efforts would have only led to our destruction without being of the least use. We were unarmed, and in far less time than I have taken to tell the story, all was over.

“Considering ‘discretion the better part of valour,’ as soon as we could venture out we left the coach, and favoured by the darkness, got safe to Cashel. It was fortunate indeed that we escaped from the coach at the moment we did, as shortly afterwards it was riddled with bullets—we heard the shots as we hurried on.

“Assistance and medical aid were at once sent; two troops of dragoons galloped to the scene; the police followed on cars, and nothing was omitted that could be required for the wounded.

“On our arrival at the spot, a dreadful sight presented itself. We found the driver still lying across the footboard, holding on in the best way he could, and evidently suffering great agony. One of the dragoons lying dead, the other and the guard seemingly

lifeless, covered with blood ; the unfortunate outside passenger dead on the ground, having fallen from the roof after receiving the shot ; the wounded horse was also dead, the two leaders having fallen at the barrier before the first shot was fired, escaped without further injury, and drew the shattered coach back to Cashel.

“ The arms of the dragoons and guard were carried off by the assailants, the mail bags rifled, and a large sum of money abstracted. The country was scoured in all directions, patrols told off, and every man met with was immediately arrested. It may appear strange, but a man who was met by the patrol coming towards the scene of the outrage, looking quite simple, singing and whistling occasionally, as if he had nothing to trouble him, overdid his part so much in the eyes of the chief constable that forthwith he arrested him ; his notes were changed the moment he found himself really in the clutches of the law, and before the escort reached Cashel, as he said afterwards, he had his mind made up to turn ‘ king’s evidence,’ and make a ‘ clean breast ’ of it. On his testimony, corroborated strongly by circumstances, five of the party were condemned and executed ; and he so accurately described the individual who arranged everything about the attack,

and gave most particular directions about placing the obstruction at a particular point—all so tallied with the description of our fellow traveller from Cork, that we became convinced of his identity. A large reward was offered for his arrest. He, however, as we afterwards learned, escaped to America.

“Five of the assailants were severely wounded—two of them died shortly afterwards; the other three were arrested, taken to Cashel, and, when sufficiently recovered, transported for life.

“This attack was about the last of any consequence made on mail coaches in Ireland.”





CHAPTER II.

CANAL PASSENGER BOAT—ATHLONE—THE OLD BRIDGE—PRIEST'S
DÉJEUNÉ—CAPTAIN COURTNEY'S WOOING—PARSONSTOWN—
FACTION FIGHT—RELIGIOUS WARFARE.



FROM my earliest years constant change of scene has had an inexpressible charm for me, and it appeared as if each succeeding change would at last result in some great good fortune. I have, however, since then partly discovered my error, at the same time finding out that even a rolling stone may gather some moss.

Many years have passed since I commenced my travels, and although they have been more extensive than "Paddy Byrne's, that great traveller who was twice in Dublin for soft goods," yet, on the present



Passenger Canal Boat from Dublin to Shannon Harbour.

P. 31.



Result of Faction Fight.

P. 48.

occasion, I trust the kind reader will not think less of them because they shall be confined within the limits of two or three Irish counties.

It was on a cold evening in the latter end of October that I left Dublin for Shannon Harbour by the canal passenger boat from Portobello, *en route* for Athlone, my father being quartered there at the time.

We had a goodly company in the first cabin, about the same standing in society as you would now-a-days meet in a first-class railway carriage.

The dinner was excellent, and after it had passed the ordeal of the first cabin was sent to the second. Our company consisted of two military men, one a war-worn veteran major, and the other a young sub., on his way to Athlone to join his regiment; a priest, jolly, good-humoured, and obliging, and one who soon became a favourite with us all; there was also the wife of an officer and her three children going to Athlone, where her husband was quartered, and about a dozen country ladies and gentlemen returning to their homes.

The major, having been wounded at Waterloo, was an object of much interest. He spoke of the deeds he had done; the sub. of the deeds of valour he intended

doing. The second tumbler was mixed; a game of whist was proposed; the major and his reverence cut for partners; the military man won, and chose me; the priest had the subaltern. The latter gentleman's attention was, however, so taken up that, to the disgust of his partner, he revoked twice, and lost the game. The kind-hearted priest then turned his attention to the children, and played with them until "Billy Winkers" came, and, stretched on a sofa, they slept soundly. I held up stoutly for some time, but had to succumb; the last sounds I heard, when just dropping off, being a tremendous snore from the priest, and a corresponding echo from the subaltern: the major, having just had uncorked a bottle of "Page's" best, was sitting with one eye closed, holding up his wine-glass between him and the light, no doubt enjoying the prospect, and seemingly as fresh as when we started.

So passed the night.

We arrived at Shannon Harbour at four o'clock, and found that the Athlone coach would not leave for an hour. I immediately hurried to the office, and finding one seat disengaged secured it. As I was leaving, the priest and the subaltern arrived, both much dis-

appointed, having to travel outside such a cold morning. I offered his reverence my seat, which he accepted; wrapped me in his capacious frieze coat, and the first stage we came to ordered a hot tumbler of wine negus and some biscuits to be brought to me. The major sat in the box seat, smoking; his junior sat beside me, grumbling the entire road.

We at length reached our destination and parted, with best wishes, hoping to meet again.

I soon forgot all my troubles, sitting opposite a blazing turf fire, discussing the merits of a fine Shannon trout and a cup of strong tea. I talked over family matters with Paterfamilias, who was pleased to say that, after an absence of six months, my appearance and manners had much improved.

Athlone at this time had a garrison of at least 2,000 men of all arms, consisting of two regiments of infantry, two squadrons of the 10th Hussars, and a battery or two of artillery. The castle had several heavy guns on its battlements, which could not be effectively used without first levelling several houses in the vicinity. The town was nearly surrounded with fortifications, now completely dismantled.

More agreeable quarters for military could not be

found. Its social qualities were of the highest order. Boating parties, picnics, and balls followed each other in rapid succession. The "Hare" island, about two miles from the shore, the property of Lord Castlemaine, on which he has a fine mansion, was a favourite resort. Oft have I seen a pair of lovers stealing away from picnic parties, and *all alone by themselves* rowing round the island. The Shannon here forms a grand sheet of water, fully nine miles across.

Shortly after my arrival at Athlone, I was, through the kindness of a military friend, introduced to an elderly widow lady, who, having her only son then serving with his regiment in India, was very partial to the military. I found favour in her sight, and received a general invitation.

There was a perfect *levée* held twice a week at her house; the officers of the garrison mustering in large numbers. This may in some measure be accounted for, as she had a granddaughter, a beautiful girl, living with her, named Marion Hilton, whose father had been a captain in the army, but died some time before the commencement of this story.

When not engaged I generally found myself seated at their tea table, and no evening passed without a few

of the officers being present—one in particular, a Captain Courtney, was never absent, except when duty called him; he professed himself an ardent admirer of Marion's. Conceiving, however, that I had been looked on with a favourable eye both by the fair Marion and her friends, and by no means certain of Captain Courtney's sincerity, and at all events regarding Marion with brotherly affection, I determined to bring matters to a crisis. Poor Marion! many a time and oft has she told me "how she hated Courtney, and how much she loved me."

An invitation had been given to a few of the officers for a certain evening; after tea we commenced playing forfeits. In the course of the game, Marion took a ring from her finger and put it on mine. An hour or two passed, when Courtney, who had been unexpectedly detained, made his appearance and joined in the fun; he appeared in great spirits, when suddenly I saw him start and turn pale as I caught his eye fixed intently on the ring; in a moment he sprang up, seized his cap and rushed out of the house without addressing any one. Dire was the commotion,—“what was the matter with him?” “Was he sick?” “Yes,” said I, “love sick; I can explain it all. This is the cause, Marion,” said I,

taking off the ring and returning it to her; "much as I may regret it on my own account, I will not stand between you and good fortune." And what will the fair reader say? Before all assembled she threw her arms round my neck, put her head on my shoulder, and wept. Poor dear Marion, I wept too, I suppose for company's sake. At this moment a young ensign whispered to me, "Go in and win, I wish I had your chance." I told him I was too young. Oh! said he, and so it ended.

No pleasant dreams visited me that night. Next morning, as early as consistent with good manners, I paid a visit, anxious to know the probable result. Alas! the old lady told me that "Marion's mother had arrived; that she was now the betrothed of another, and the interview, she was sorry to say, must be declined, as it could tend to no good."

Passing through the hall on my return, I observed Mrs. Hilton and Captain Courtney in confidential chat; my heart told me that all was settled, and so it was,—within a week they were married. The regiment was shortly afterwards ordered abroad, and from that eventful evening I never again saw poor Marion.

Several years had elapsed after the circumstances

stated above, when duty required my attendance at Cork. I took up my quarters at a celebrated boarding house. At dinner, the day of my arrival, I heard the name of a Mrs. Captain Courtney mentioned, a widow lady who had stopped there for a few days on her way home from abroad. To my anxious enquiry as to the regiment, &c., I heard enough to convince me that it was my old acquaintance,—she only left Cork the day before my arrival,—so near, and yet, alas! so far.

Some few months afterwards, I met an old soldier in Patrick Street. He had just received his discharge from the regiment Captain Courtney had belonged to; I told him to follow me to the Victoria, ordered him some refreshment, and to my enquiry, heard from him the following account:—

Some time before Courtney's death, he had a disagreement of a serious character with a brother officer; that one morning Courtney and this officer went in a boat to a certain small island about two miles from the shore. Courtney returned *alone*; the other was never heard of, the supposition—as no witnesses were present—being, that they fought a duel, and that Courtney's antagonist was killed. Captain Courtney died a few days after.

Such was the sad story told me, and which I deeply regretted to hear.

Their marriage created a great sensation at the time. He got a beautiful wife, the lady an adoring husband. Is there anything else required to ensure happiness? yes, as otherwise both the attributes I have mentioned may tend, and often do more to destroy than to promote it.

Marion's marriage made a great impression on my young mind at the time; but "other lips and other hearts" intervened, and thinking myself besides an illused man—boy, I should have said—I gradually lost any tender feeling on the subject, and resumed my studies in the gentle art.

The garden of the house we occupied was washed by the Shannon. One summer's evening I had anchored my boat in the centre of the stream; after sunset I mounted a stout casting line with a double F hook, baited it with two wall-flies, placed a single grain of duck-shot about 18 inches from the hook. I then gave the line out gently for about 20 yards; it sank between two waters: in less than ten minutes I hooked a large fish. Having no person with me, and a rapid current, I was much embarrassed; at last, after more than half-an-hour's play, during which time the trout ran twice

under the boat, I succeeded in gassing him: he was a splendid fish, and weighed over eleven pounds. During my stay in Athlone I never saw a larger or finer trout.

I had first-rate sport during the season with the natural fly, the green drake (commonly called the May fly), the latter being of an entire yellow colour, and not half the size of the green drake. It is glorious sport dapping on the Shannon, with just sufficient wind to carry the fly to the extent of the line you have out, which should never much exceed the length of the rod.

Ordinary fly-fishers, with the natural fly, strike the moment the fish rises; the consequence is, that they pull the fly out of the trout's mouth. It requires great quickness of eye and hand to watch the disappearance of the fly off the water, and then to strike when you are sure of your fish.

The old bridge of Athlone was indeed a curiosity both from its antiquity, construction, and the extraordinary monument erected on its battlements, representing the figure of a man in an erect posture, dressed in the costume of Charles the Second's time, his right arm extended, holding a pistol, as if about to fire, and a large rat on his hand, in the act of biting his thumb.

The story, told me by the "oldest inhabitant," is as follows :—

A long time ago—two centuries have since passed away—the lord of the soil, and owner of immense property in and about Athlone, had a son and heir born to him, who from the hour of his birth was haunted by a large rat. It was the first thing that appeared to his waking vision, and the last he saw ere his eyes closed in slumber at night ; it then disappeared until morning. Efforts were constantly made to destroy it, but in vain. Still, notwithstanding this dreadful incubus, the heir was fast approaching mans' estate, but always had a settled melancholy hanging over him, at last his friends thinking that change of scene might be of service, determined to send him abroad ; he remained away for three years, and during that time the rat never appeared. Hoping that it would never trouble him more he returned to Ireland, and had scarcely touched his native soil when the rat again appeared. He immediately pulled out a pistol and presented at it, but before he could fire the rat jumped on his hand, bit him in the thumb, and disappeared, the wound mortified, and the young man died.

As I said before, a more social town than Athlone then was, could not be found ; all distinction of creed

seemed to be merged in kindness of feeling one to another. The parish priest, the Reverend Mr. Browne was a man of goodly presence, refined and most gentlemanlike manners, courteous to all. His society was much sought after ; he was afterwards Bishop of Meath.

Going out one morning for a stroll I found some of my acquaintances in a state of great excitement. Father Browne had issued cards of invitation to a *dejeuner* down the Shannon on the following Tuesday; returning home I found a card awaiting me.

The eventful day came ; we met at an early hour, three large turf boats, well swept and garnished, waiting to receive the company, who numbered at least one hundred ladies and gentlemen. A chapel had been lately erected in a populous but poor district, some few miles down the Shannon, close to the shore. Thither we proceeded, accompanied by Father Browne. Mass was to be celebrated there for the first time. The morning was beautiful, we had a splendid row down, four strong countrymen well accustomed to the work had charge of each boat, and used their long sweeps with good effect; we landed, and proceeded—Protestants and all—to the chapel, it was so crowded many of us had to sit on the steps of the altar. It was, indeed, a primitive one, built

of stone and rough cast ; but never even before the most gorgeously decorated one did I witness more sincere and heartfelt devotion than was exhibited there that day.

After mass, and a most eloquent discourse from Father Browne, we left the chapel and proceeded to a large barn belonging to a well-to-do farmer ; this had been prepared for our reception. Two rows of tables laid down the centre groaning under the weight of the viands, all necessarily cold, except the potatoes ; our hospitable entertainer presided. There could not be a merrier party. Healths were proposed and drunk, and the belles of Athlone,—and many beautiful girls there were amongst them,—assumed a rosier tint on their cheeks, and a merrier glance of the eye when a dance on the sod was proposed and carried *nem. con.*

We all quickly assembled outside ; partners were eagerly sought after, every one trying to obtain his own lady love. A splendid quadrille band was in attendance from Athlone. Country dances were in the ascendant ; the first called for was “ I’ll gang no mear to yon town,” the same that George the Fourth called for when opening the ball with Lady Cunningham at “ Slane Castle ;” as Tommy Moore says in “ Captain



Portrait of an old Athlone Piper.

P. 43.

Rock," "it's you that danced the jig at Slane, oh ! wirra sthru, oh ! wirra sthru."

Jigs, too, were danced ; it excited some merriment to watch the efforts of the English officers to keep time and step with their fair partners in the "Moneen," but, notwithstanding, many of them that day cut out some of our own countrymen, and when the *roulé* came left more than one aching heart behind them. Two pipers belonging to the neighbourhood were called into requisition, and taking up their position at the other end of the field, soon divided the honours with the "quadrille band ;" half-a-dozen couple were dancing to the same music, a door belonging to a neighbouring house was taken off its hinges and placed on the ground ; couple succeeded couple, and some splendid specimens of jig dancing were to be seen. Feeling rather tired, having just handed my partner to a seat, after dancing down twenty-five couple, I strolled over to look on at the jig dancers and to rest myself. Alas ! short rest was allowed me. I had scarcely been there five minutes when an interesting young country girl, who, with many others, had come to see the "quality," and whose beaming face and laughter-loving eyes would gladden the heart to look upon, danced up to me, and

with a duck, said—"I'll dance to you, Sir, if you please." A refusal would have lowered me much in the eyes of the assembled crowd, so, making a virtue of necessity, I bowed and led my "amiable rusticity" to the door; the piper struck up the "Rocky road to Dublin," and away we went at it, knocking all sort of sounds out of the old door; the fun grew fast and furious; I was nearly crying "Hold! enough!" when just in time came a summons of tea.

On again entering the barn, we found tea and coffee, hot griddle cakes, cold meat, wine, and some of the best poteen I ever tasted.

Four hours' dancing and laughing gave all an appetite for the good things laid before us. We sat at tea for about an hour, and then returned to the boats, accompanied by our kind host. All seemed to feel happy, and for at least a week after nothing was talked of but the pleasant day we spent, and it was some time longer before the excitement it caused gradually subsided.

Constituted as society was at that time in Athlone, causes of excitement were of frequent occurrence.

An acquaintance of mine, a gentleman named Howard, holding a government appointment, fell in

love with the elder of two sisters named Levinge, a beautiful girl, whose showy accomplishments and agreeable manners might captivate any man at first sight. Howard gave all the time he could spare from duty to the furtherance of his suit. He was, indeed, a devoted lover, and to all appearance his love was returned. Constantly walking and driving together, his only partner in the dance, he seemed to live but in her presence. He took a fine house, furnished it in a most expensive manner; the happy day was named, the eventful hour approached; Howard was punctual, the lady, however, did not appear. Four pretty bridesmaids, elegantly attired, and a large circle of friends were present. The hour passed; poor Howard seemed greatly agitated. Some gentlemen went to the house of the lady's mother to make enquiries, but before their return a letter was delivered to Howard, stating that the lady he intended leading that morning to the altar had, accompanied by her sister, eloped the night before with a professional gentleman; his brother accompanied him, and the two sisters were married that morning to the two brothers. We were all shocked at the news, and felt much pity and sympathy for Howard. It was painful to look at his face when

leaving the vestry, after reading the letter. He left Athlone the same evening, sold his house, and shortly afterwards left the country, another victim to "faithless woman."

There is an old saying that "the best friends must part." My father was ordered to Birr, or Parsonstown as it is now called, and as a matter of necessity I had to accompany him. It is a good-sized town adjoining the beautiful domain of the Earl of Ross, the inventor of the monster telescope. I have on more than one occasion seen his lordship with his shirt sleeves turned up hard at work. Science owes him much.

Parsonstown is a military station; the barracks is, however, a mile from the town. At the time I speak of 'faction fights' were of constant occurrence; scarce a market day passed without one. It is to be hoped that matters have improved since then, and that the "Darrig's and Cummins's" can now meet and transact business to their mutual advantage, without cracking each other's heads.

The greatest faction fight I ever witnessed there was occasioned by a most ludicrous incident. Passing up the main street one fair day I observed two respectable-looking aged countrymen much intoxicated, leaders, as



Faction Fight.

I was informed, of two opposite factions, hugging and kissing each other, having over their cups patched up a kind of armistice, which might have held good until next market day, but as it happened they were leaning against a gate belonging to some establishment which being but partially closed at the time, suddenly opened, and in a moment they were, both left sprawling in the mud, As soon as they scrambled up, each in his drunken wisdom thinking that the other had knocked him down, they fiercely struck at each other. Attracted by the uproar the country fellows by scores came flocking to the rescue and taking part with their different leaders, a scene of fierce contention and bloodshed ensued. The shops were at once closed, and in good time, as the stones began to fly in all directions. "Here's a 'Darrig,'" cried one, "Cummins for ever!" cried another, and immediately their sticks crossed. Several of the combatants had saluted mother earth, the fight had every appearance of a serious ending, when a body of the constabulary, with fixed bayonets, were seen at double quick coming down the street. "Here are the police," was shouted on all sides. "*Sauve qui peut*" was the order of the day, the combatants fled in all directions, a few prisoners were made, the wounded were picked

up, several of whom appeared past praying for, in another hour the town was cleared of every drunken man that could be found.

About this time an unpleasant warfare between two Roman Catholic clergymen had commenced at Parsonstown. The Rev. Mr. Crotty, one of the curates, had been for some time acting in a most extraordinary way. He was in the habit of perambulating the back streets and lanes after nightfall, listening at doors and peering through windows, and should he observe gambling or cup tossing going on woe betide the inmates. Father Crotty was a strong man, and with one vigorous kick generally sent the door in about the house. He carried a blackthorn, with which he sometimes belaboured the guilty persons. He knocked down the chief constable one night because he saw him speaking to a woman; the chief constable very kindly forgave the assault.

This, however, it seems was not sufficient warning to Mr. Crotty. A short time afterwards he, one night, attacked a farmer and his wife as they were returning from market in their cart. The farmer, it seems, was kissing his wife, and this audacious act so exasperated the priest that, by way of doing the State some service,

he forthwith proceeded to inflict severe punishment on the guilty parties. This affair proved to be his last in that eccentric line. Informations were sworn against him; he was found guilty of an aggravated assault, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in Philipstown gaol. He was transmitted there under a strong escort.

During his imprisonment, the bishop, after what had occurred, thinking doubtless that he might get on better in another parish, appointed him accordingly. This, however, did not suit Mr. Crotty's views. His partisans in Parsonstown were numerous, numbering at least 5,000; and the moment he was liberated from prison he returned to his old quarters, and took possession at once of the old chapel, a thatched edifice much out of repair, the Earl of Ross having, a year or two before, given a site for a new one. The Rev. Mr. Kennedy, the clergyman sent by the bishop to replace Mr. Crotty, officiated there. On Saturday night the old chapel was pulled down to the foundation.

Sunday morning came; Mr. Crotty and his followers assembled; they found the old chapel in ruins; but the reverend gentleman was equal to the occasion.

Accompanied by his followers he proceeded at once to the new chapel, and marched straight up to the altar. Father Kennedy at the time was celebrating mass. Mr. Crotty did not disturb him further than by commencing to say mass at the same altar, and from the devout demeanour of both congregations, no person could for a moment imagine that any hostile feeling existed between them.

The following Sunday matters came to a crisis: the war began, the same extraordinary scene took place; two reverend gentlemen saying mass at the same time to two different congregations. Shortly after the commencement an unprecedented event took place: the Earl of Ross, at the head of a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, marched into the chapel, and halted at the foot of the steps leading to the altar. The Earl of Ross, then addressing Mr. Kennedy, said how much he regretted being obliged to disturb him on such an occasion, but, as a serious breach of the peace was apprehended, it was his duty, as a magistrate, to prevent it if possible. He then called on Mr. Crotty to quit the chapel with all his followers, except those who might wish to remain and hear mass from Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Crotty refused to stir, and seemed dis-

posed to argue the point, but Lord Ross said "he would give him five minutes to leave, after that he would put him and his followers out at the point of the bayonet." Inch by inch they yielded, and, after they had passed the entrance, Lord Ross handed the key of the chapel to Mr. Kennedy, saying, "I give you possession of this chapel." His lordship then marched off with the soldiers, leaving Mr. Crotty and his followers to do the best they could : and they thought the best thing they ought to do was to attack the Kennedites, as they were called, coming from mass, and daub them all over with mud, which they did in most approved fashion.

A few days after, the Crottyites turned out, smashed the windows, and wrecked several houses belonging to the Kennedites ; the attack was so sudden and unexpected, that much loss and damage was sustained before it could be checked.

The following Sunday, the bishop attended at the chapel, and publicly excommunicated Mr. Crotty and his followers ; they, however, did not seem to trouble themselves much about being cursed for doing what, in their opinion, was quite right : in standing by a pastor who, although he allowed himself to be carried away by excess of zeal to commit acts which made him

amenable to the law, yet no poor parishioner ever went to him with a tale of woe, that his wants (as far as in Mr. Crotty's power lay) were not immediately attended to.

Mr. Crotty was not to be beaten without another struggle: before the following Sunday he had taken some unoccupied stores, and prepared them for the celebration of mass. I have myself seen thousands kneeling in the yard, the stores being quite full at the same time.

"Time kept rowling," and, after a few months, Mr. Crotty's followers began to "rowl away" from him, until at last they grew so small and beautifully less, that they vanished altogether. He then gave up a church that had treated him so ungraciously, became a Presbyterian minister, and took unto himself a wife, two of his nephews following his example.





CHAPTER III.

CITY OF KILKENNY—REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY CELEBRITIES
—OLD THEATRE—SOCIAL INTERCOURSE—ROYAL IRISH
CONSTABULARY—SINGLE COMBAT BETWEEN A CHIEF
CONSTABLE AND THE LEADER OF A FACTION—MURDER
IN THE CITY—MURDER OF THE BROTHERS MARUM IN
COUNTY ———.



THE city of Kilkenny, associated as it is with so many recollections of my boyhood, is often present to my thoughts; and even as years accumulate, those scenes which I witnessed there, and many of the dear actors in them, now no more, are at times as vividly brought to mind as if fond memory still wished to linger in the heart of one so attached to old recollections as I am.

What Kilkenny man, who has passed the grand climacteric, does not look back with regret on the

departed glories of his city, the kind and friendly feeling existing at that time between all parties: the Kilkenny Hunt Club, their splendid meet, second to none; their annual ball, attended as it invariably was by the *élite* of the adjoining counties; the beautiful little theatre on the Parade, with the well-chosen scroll over the drop scene, "Whilst we smile we sooth affliction." The gentlemen's plays, as they were styled, held annually for six weeks, in which the male performers were all gentlemen of the county and city; the stars of the gentler sex, the incomparable Miss O'Neill (afterwards Lady Beecher), Miss Stephens, and many others. The delightful reunions in the green-room after the performance, so different from the manner in which society is constituted now-a-days; it was free from that species of jealousy now so common that causes some men of low origin to think they can best show their independence by rudeness and affected contempt for the company they are in fact only tolerated in.

Many, I should say, remember the performance of "Julius Cæsar," and the gentleman who earned for himself that soubriquet by his inimitable acting. I was present one night at the theatre, the play was the "Gamester;" Mr. Ruth's family occupied the stage

box. He appeared in that character, and in the last scene, where he takes poison, and dies, a fearful scream was heard from the box, and Mr. Ruth's daughter fell insensible. I am happy to say that, on being brought out, she quickly recovered, and for some time hung weeping on her father's neck.

I regret to say that, in a year or two afterwards, we lost our theatre. Many circumstances combined at that time: failures of banks, and other matters, obliged the gentry to give up in a great measure horses, hounds, &c.; and, as subscriptions died away, the theatre was necessarily sold. Strange, the purchaser, was a man of straw; in other words, a man who sold hay and straw extensively. I was walking one evening with a friend, and happening to remark how sorry I was to hear that the theatre had been sold, "Oh!" said he, "don't fret, it has only been converted into a 'Haymarket.'" This, I thought at the time, very good for him, and I believe he thought so himself, for he laughed immoderately. It was not only during the gentlemen's plays that our theatre was occupied; at intervals, select companies from London and Dublin would take it for a season. My opinion is, whatever others may think, that a theatre, properly conducted

and well supported, is a sure sign of the prosperity of a town. I do not mean to convey that it was on account of the closing of the theatre that trade became so bad in Kilkenny at that particular time, but so it happened. I hope, however, that long since matters have again come round in that dear old city, "that shines where it stands."

There are many beautiful walks in and around the city: the Canal Walk; the Lacken, at the opposite side of the Nore; the Parade, where a military band performed every Sunday afternoon in my day; and several others, including the College Park, which I understand is now open to the public. But queer things are happening every day. In my school days, it was altogether used by the scholars; we numbered, in Dr. O'Callaghan's time, about one hundred and fifty. He unadvisedly published pamphlets against the Bible Society, and, in the course of twelve months after, his school dwindled down to half that number; he consequently resigned.

The tourist from Kilkenny would be well repaid for his trouble by a walk of four miles along the river side to Sheastown and on to Denroche's cottage: an enchanting spot in fine weather, the grounds beautifully

laid out, and after luncheon in the summer-house, you have splendid trout streams to Bennett's Bridge, and on to Nevilles of Annamult. A visit to Kilkenny, with its fine old cathedral of St. Canice's, the ruins of St. John's Abbey, its many historical traditions connected with the wars between the Butlers and Desmonds, was most interesting. In their last battle the Earl of Desmond was wounded and taken prisoner; he was being carried on the shoulders of some of the enemy into the castle. "Where is the great Earl of Desmond now?" said one of the latter. "Where he ought to be," said the brave old earl, "on the necks of the butlers." Kilkenny was often visited by antiquarians, literary men, and other celebrities. Passing over John's Bridge one day I saw an open carriage, followed by a number of people, coming towards me. Seated in the carriage, to my great delight, I saw Sir Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Tommy Moore, and Lady Morgan. I followed the carriage until it stopped at Rice and Walsh's Hotel, Patrick Street, where they were saluted with hearty cheers.

I must now mention another name—a Kilkenny man, much esteemed: John Banim, author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," His father kept a fishing-

tackle shop in John Street. I purchased my first trout rod from him, and my flies from Peter Sinnot, said to be the best fly-týer in Ireland at that time.

I must not fórgét another celebrity, well known as a teacher of English, two years with whom was quite sufficient to ground a lad well in the English language, and prepare him for commencing his classical education. George Charles Buchanan was a character in his way; methinks I see him now: rather above middle size, a determined look, wore spectacles, a green frock, and Hessian boots. He wrote a spelling-book much thought of. It contained useful words; not those ridiculous long Greek and Latin compounds, as given out at "Spelling Bees." I should like to ask the interrogator a word as to *unde derivatur*.

The domine sat at a high desk in the centre of the school-room; that desk contained a cat-o'-nine-tails: a hazel stick, with nine pieces of whipcord attached, and three knots on each. He was never known to punish a boy without first making use of the words, "Advance, my youth." I have seen the cheek of lads pale at the sound, more than one of whom has since "mounted the imminent deadly breach." I felt at the time that he punished rather severely, peace to his ashes!

Many a time have I got under cover at the Lacken side of the river, and threw stones at him as he took his evening walk at the other side. I could just see him shaking his gold-headed cane at me. I never hit him, neither did I ever mean to, although having received many a hard hit from him.

I may here mention a few names of Kilkenny men of the day—the life and soul of kindness, hospitality, and good fellowship : Denny, Arkwright (the evergreen), O’Ryan, Helsham, the Keoghs, the Andersons, Purcell, Carpenter, Butler, Madden, Humphrey Semple, the brothers Edmonds, &c. Where are those friends of my youth ? Alas ! echo answers, “ Where ? ”

Kilkenny, I regret to say, with all its beauty and historical reminiscences has not escaped having its name associated with deeds of violence and foul murder, done both in city and county.

There are two bridges in John Street—one spans the Nore, the other a large millrace lower down the street ; a few yards beyond this small bridge there is a lane, at the head of which there was formerly a barrack—the military had been only recently removed to their new quarters. During the time it was occupied as a military post a sentinel was always stationed at the

entrance to the lane. An old sentry box had been allowed to remain after the soldiers had left, and strange as it may appear it was, in a great measure, the means of bringing to justice the perpetrators of a most dastardly and barbarous murder.

A respectable man named Ryan, a barm manufacturer, residing in the city, was returning to his home about two o'clock in the morning; he was stopped on the small bridge by two soldiers, who, with threats, demanded his money. "Ah!" said he, "I know you both; I'll tell the colonel in the morning." The moment he said that, it was all up with him.

"That you shall never do," said one of them, and quickly drawing his bayonet, drove it through the unfortunate man's body; he then stooped, caught him round the waist, and threw him over the bridge. A heavy flood being in the river, the body passed through the sluice gates below the town into the main river, and was not found for six weeks after four miles below Kilkenny.

At the time of the murder, an unfortunate outcast, who had sought shelter in the sentry-box, overheard the words that passed, and saw the murder committed. She knew the two men, and, as soon as they had

departed, she ran to the chief constable's house, and told him her tale of murder. At parade hour next morning she was brought to the barrack, and at once identified the murderers. One of them, named Hunter, was an Englishman, the other was an Irishman, named Healy. I was present at their trial the following assizes: Hunter was acquitted, and Healy found guilty; and as Hunter was leaving the dock, Healy turned round to him, and said, "Hunter, you are acquitted, and I am found guilty, and you know I am as innocent as the child unborn." Hunter was escorted to the barrack by a corporal's guard; the buttons were cut off his coat, the facings torn off, and he was then drummed out of the barrack gate. A crowd had assembled, and it appearing to the colonel that preparations had been made outside to give Hunter such a warm reception, that the hangman would for ever be spared any trouble on his account; he therefore ordered him to be brought back, and confined in the black hole until a fitting opportunity occurred to have him removed.

Healy was hanged in forty-eight hours after his sentence; he had to walk from the county gaol to Gallows-green, the place fixed on for his execution,

and necessarily had to pass the spot where the murder was committed.

The general impression at the time was that the girl made a mistake as to the actual murderer; be that as it may, my own impression is, that neither of the parties should have been acquitted, the evidence was conclusive against both. One for committing the murder, and the other for aiding and abetting.

The above occurrence caused much excitement and consternation, as for years such a dreadful murder had not taken place in the City. I regret however to state that shortly afterwards two barbarous murders of an Agrarian character were committed in the county.

It is a fact that as far as Agrarian outrages are concerned, your being a Roman Catholic is no protection. If they consider that you have transgressed their laws, it rather aggravates your crime, in the eyes of those wretched assassins, who pronounce your doom.

At the time I speak of, the Reverend Dr. Marum was Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilkenny, a gentleman much liked and respected by all parties. He had two brothers, gentlemen farmers, one wealthy and influential, residing at Galmoy, sixteen miles from Kilkenny, the owner of a number of farms, some of them several

miles from his residence. He had some difference with his tenants about land, and knew that he was a marked man: this preyed so much on his mind, that after visiting a farm he seldom returned home by the same route.

One fatal morning accompanied by his eldest son, he left his home and rode to one of his farms determined not to return the same way; but preparations had been made for him, and as it was afterwards proved five armed men were posted on each road.

About nightfall father and son arrived at a certain part of the road, about two miles from their residence, when they were fired at from a small plantation, the unfortunate father fell from his horse desperately wounded, and in a few minutes had his brains beaten out. The son received a wound in the side of the head, he was fortunately, however still able to keep the saddle, and his horse frightened at the firing ran away with him; this saved his life; the wound healed rapidly and after a few weeks he was able to go about.

Five men were arrested, their trial came at the ensuing summer assizes. I was present in the Court during the entire day. There was great excitement and the most extraordinary defence was set up. That the five men

on their trial were not the men who actually committed the murder, but composed the party who were on the other road to waylay unfortunate Marum should he have passed that way, there was no denial as to their intentions should a chance have offered. The jury did not believe the defence, and they were told very plainly that even if it were true they deserved hanging, and in the eye of the law were as guilty as the actual murderers. The jury retired to their room at eleven o'clock at night, and at six the next morning the judge was sent for to receive their verdict. It was "Guilty," and not one in that crowded court doubted the justice of it.

In forty-eight hours after passing sentence, I saw the condemned men leaving the county goal on three common country cars. The first and second car were each occupied by two of the culprits, and a priest sitting between them, the exact spot where the murdered man fell from his horse after the shot, and where the murderers finished their dreadful work, was fixed on for their execution.

It was a lovely morning in the latter end of summer as the wretched procession moved from under the gateway of the gaol yard, it seemed to me at the time that a dark stormy wet day, would be more consistent

with the feelings of all present ; a strong guard accompanied it, two pieces of artillery, two squadrons of dragoons, two companies of infantry, and 150 police, commanded by Captain Coote, composed the escort. Galmoy, as already stated, was sixteen miles from Kilkenny. On arrival at the place of execution, the gallows had been already erected, and as the cars containing the condemned came up they were brought under it. The men were made to stand up ; the rope was adjusted, the cap drawn over the face, the car withdrawn, and in a few moments all was over.

The peace preservation force were then in existence ; no braver or harder working men could be found ; they were officered by gentlemen of the county, men of education, standing, and respectability, and also men of thews and sinews fit for the warfare they had then to contend with. They knew the topography of their several districts, and could guess in what particular locality they might possibly find the individual wanted ; they were not of that class of men whose merit chiefly consists in their dear-bought knowledge of subjects, which as far as concerns their duty in the constabulary can never be of the slightest use to them.

Major Nicholson, as stated by Curtis, in his " History .

of the Irish Constabulary," was (as he is pleased to term him) *eccentric*, but at the same time brave and daring in execution, just the man for the time, and one who often carried his point by decision and dash where more methodical, prosy, and timid men would totally have failed. He commanded the police in the province of Leinster. Curtis also states that Nicholson was not suspended before it was necessary to do so, and also states that the constabulary are now much improved, as *three-fourths* of them are *Roman Catholics* !

I passed many years in the constabulary, perhaps as many as Mr. Curtis; and whatever other cause of quarrel the men might occasionally have amongst themselves or with any of the inhabitants, I never knew a single case occur from a difference of religion. I found them all, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, alike anxious in the proper discharge of their duty, and I must say that if it so happened that three-fourths of the constabulary of the present day were "Protestants," I should consider it an act of great folly and stupidity to eulogise the entire force on that account.

Major Nicholson had under his command some first-rate chief constables, one, a gentleman named Coates, as fine a specimen of a man and a soldier as I ever met

with. He was also an accomplished scholar ; that time we were free from "competitive examination ;" still we had scholars amongst us.

Shortly before Marum's murder Mr. Coates happened to be in command of a party of police at a fair where a "faction fight" was apprehended. The leader of one of the factions, a powerful fellow named Murty, had with the greatest audacity drawn up his men opposite to the police and within about fifty yards of them. Murty had been often heard to say what he would not do to Coates if ever he had the chance, and on this occasion commenced hurling the most opprobrious defiance at him. Coates, wishing to give Mr. Murty a practical lesson, took off his sword and jacket, and, turning up his shirt sleeves, picked out a stout black-thorn from some shillelahs his men had taken from some pugnacious individuals a short time before, and telling his men to keep a sharp look out and remain steady, he advanced several yards, and called on Murty to "come forward and meet him like a man." "You often threatened what you would do to Coates. Here he is now, if you dare to meet him." After a little consultation the challenge was accepted.

"Now, Coates, you Orange thief," said Murty, ad-

vancing, "I'll take the consate out of ye. It's the likes of ye is disturbing the country entirely; may the d—— from me if the woman that owns you will know you when I am done wid ye."

Mr. Murty's oration, followed, as it was, by three jumps in the air and a warwhoop that might have startled a Red Indian, twirling his cudgel at the same time, did not seem to have the least effect on Coates' nerves. He merely told Murty to "take care of his head." He was a capital swordsman, and Murty was no mean antagonist; and now "in mortal strife they darkly close." Coates' science enabled him not only to keep his antagonist at bay, but to give him a few admonitory taps to teach him the value of civility in future.

The police and the country people anxiously watched the result of the fight. It was not long in doubt. Coates, knowing his business, was cool and calm. Murty, from being thus foiled at his own favourite weapon, and that before his followers, seemed to lose all command of himself, and rained his blows fast and furious. Mr. Coates, thinking that the combat had lasted long enough, made a feint, and then with a powerful sweep of his cudgel sent Murty's weapon



Single Combat between a Chief Constable and the Leader of a Faction.

spinning in the air. Waiting until his antagonist had regained his "shillelah," Coates put himself *en garde*; but Murty showed no desire for a renewal of hostilities. He looked curiously at Coates for a minute or so, then said, "Captain Coates, you have done what I thought no man in the country could do. Give me your hand. You are the best man, and while Jack Murty is to the fore no man shall ever raise a hand to you." He went over to his followers, not at all crest-fallen, and after a palaver, and several messages passing between the rival factions, they both wheeled their men round in different directions and left the field, Murty's faction before leaving giving three cheers for Coates.

Thus ended what might have been a bloody battle. I will not compare Coates' bravery on this occasion to that of "Cœur de Lion" when in Palestine during the Crusade challenging Saladin to single combat, which combat Saladin very wisely declined, but at the same time must say that it showed great courage and self-reliance on Mr. Coates' part, and taught the country people to respect the police, not only collectively but individually, and this Mr. Coates was one of the "eccentric" Major Nicholson's most esteemed officers.

I regret to finish my story with an account of the

second brother's murder. The Rev. Dr. Marum was slowly recovering from the effect occasioned by the shock he received on hearing of his elder brother's death when he received an account that his second brother had been barbarously murdered on his own lands, three miles from Kilkenny. I knew him well when I was a boy, and had his permission to shoot rabbits on his grounds. He was the last man I should expect to have an enemy.

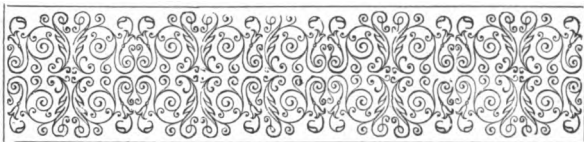
The poor bishop took the murder of his two brothers so much to heart that he gradually sank and died a few months after the last murder.





A Faction Fight prevented.

p. 70.



CHAPTER IV.

DINGLE—FISHING AT MOUNT EAGLE—TITHE WARFARE—YEAR 1848—HER MAJESTY'S WAR STEAMER IN HARBOUR—SERIOUS ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN FAIR INHABITANTS OF DINGLE AND OFFICERS AND CREW OF STEAMER—HAPPY ENDING—THE KERRY DRAGOON.



Nearly the extreme western point of Ireland, and the next parish but one to America, stands the ancient town of Dingle, said to have been a corporate town in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Spaniards had settlements in this district, and remains of the fortifications still exist; one of the most conspicuous is that called Ferriter's Castle. All that remains of this wild spot, almost on the edge of the Atlantic, is a single tower (see illustration). Dingle contains between 2000 and 3000 inhabitants, the situation is isolated and romantic, and it has a good harbour. The bay, which

lies between the town and the Island of Valentia, is said in rough weather to be a type of the Bay of Biscay. The country around is thickly populated. Three miles further westward you come to a harbour famous for a naval engagement fought there some centuries since. It has a noble strand—a glorious place for a gallop when the tide is out. One day riding across it I saw some coins appearing through the sand; dismounting I gathered several bronze of James' reign, altogether worthless except as a curiosity.

Crossing the strand, inclining to the right, you get to the foot of Mount Eagle. Half-way up the mountain you arrive at a lake, about a mile in circumference, famous for its trout, many of them with gizzards similar to a chicken's. Although sportsmen have asserted that there is only one lake in Ireland where trout similar to the gillards are to be found, I have taken numbers of them with the fly at Mount Eagle. The great uncertainty of finding my piscatorial friends in a humour to exchange their soft bed for a frying pan has invariably induced me to take some interesting volume to help to pass the time. I have spent days there, I may say, without rising a fish, and at other times have filled my basket in an hour or two.

Two miles beyond Dingle, at the opposite side of the town, you come to Connor Hill. The ascent is long and tiresome, but having gained the summit you find that you are more than repaid for your trouble. To the left, in the distance, you see Brandon Mountain, the first land seen by mariners coming from the west. In the valley, hundreds of feet below, are several lakes stocked with trout. Descending the mountain by a road cut out of the solid rock another lake opens to your view, the only one, out of many in the vicinity, without fish. It is called the "Pedlar's Lake," from the fact that the body of a murdered pedlar was found in it many years ago; from that time the country people say that all the fish disappeared. My opinion is that no trout ever existed in the lake, as, on examination, I found that it was pure spring water, as clear as crystal, and when the sun shone on it you could see the bottom at its greatest depth. It was on a clear, frosty evening in early spring when returning to the town of Dingle I met on the top of Connor Hill one of the coastguard, named Bowler from that station, he was accompanied by a small terrier. I asked him where he was going, he replied, "To the next station, some five miles further on, with orders from the inspecting commander." I

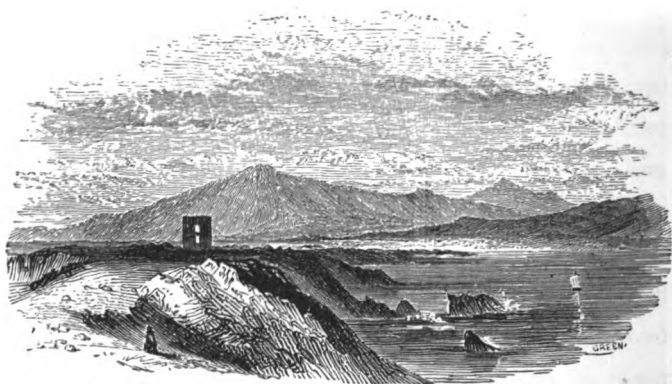
told him, on no account to attempt returning the same night, as the distance would be at least thirty miles. He thanked me for my advice, but unfortunately did not seem inclined to take it. At daybreak on the following morning the body of poor Bowler was found lying on his face dead, a few hundred yards from the town. It appeared as if the poor fellow had become exhausted and lay down to drink of a small stream that crossed the road. His face was in the water. The last house of the town on the mountain road was a forge; the smith told me that about one o'clock that morning he was awakened by the scratching and whining of a dog at his door; it was repeated at intervals until the finding of the body. The smith, a good kindly man, seemed to regret much not having attended at once to the poor, faithful terrier's effort to attract attention and obtain assistance for his unfortunate master.

From the isolated situation of Dingle anything in the shape of excitement was eagerly sought after. The year 1848 was ushered in with wars and rumours of wars. "Young Ireland" was in the ascendant; an insurrection was apprehended. It came, and ended in a silly explosion, headed by a mistaken but noble-hearted gentleman now no more.



Dingle.

P. 75.



Dingle Bay.

P. 75.

The gentry and inhabitants of Dingle having a few years before, during the tithe warfare, suffered much from an attack on the town by the country people, in which, during the *mêlée*, a fine young woman, daughter of the insurgent leader "General Gloster," as he was called, was shot dead while in the act of waving a handkerchief from a window and cheering on her father's followers. Fearing a similar outbreak in 1848, a meeting was convened by the magistrate and gentry, and an application forwarded to Government requesting military protection; an officer was sent down to see what accommodation could be obtained; and here an instance of mistaken economy on the part of the Government came to light. During the tithe campaign a barrack was erected at Dingle for two companies of soldiers, and when peaceable times came, sooner than pay a few pounds head-rent the entire concern was given up to the landlord, so that when the barrack was required in 1848, it could not be had under a heavy fine and a large annual rental. The Government refused to accede to the demand, and in place of military assistance, one of Her Majesty's steamers was stationed in the harbour. This fine vessel was commanded by a gentleman I shall call

Captain "Belmore," who had under him a most gentlemanly set of officers, a large number of fine stout sailors, and a good force of marines, altogether composing a crew of men ready to do or die. Die they did not, I am happy to say, but, gallant as they were, many, very many, of that famous crew, both officers and men, had to succumb to Cupid.

And here let me observe what shortsighted mortals we are, and how little the fair inhabitants of Dingle thought of the debt of gratitude they owed to the first promoter of the "Repeal" movement, which alone brought the war steamer into their harbour, a harbour of refuge indeed, as it turned out to many of them before the steamer finally left her station.

As a matter of course the respectable inhabitants vied with each other in their attentions to the strangers, and day after day groups of ladies and officers could be met with on the beach, or strolling through the little town on their way to Lord "Bertram's" demesne, or to the lovely groves in the neighbourhood. This propinquity bore its fruit in due season. The commander fell in love with the pretty, amiable, and interesting daughter of a Captain "Hixon," a gentleman of property residing in the town. They were duly married.

The purser, following the example of his gallant commander, boldly carried off the next prize, the eldest sister of the above-named lady. Another officer, Lieutenant "Hawley," was engaged to Lord "Bertram's" eldest daughter. Several marriages took place between the sailors and young girls of the town and neighbourhood, and all went "merry as a marriage bell," when a change came over their dream of happiness.

One fatal Saturday morning an ominous looking epistle arrived from the Admiralty, addressed to Captain "Belmore," containing sealed orders not to be opened until they were twenty miles at sea, and directing them to sail next day—Sunday.

On that day, before the commencement of the usual morning service, Lord and Lady Bertram drove up and entered the church, accompanied by their eldest daughter and some friends. Immediately after came Lieutenant Hawley, accompanied by Captain Belmore and several of his brother officers. Lieutenant Hawley and his affianced were then united. They parted at the church door with heavy forebodings, it being surmised that the vessel's ultimate destination was the coast of Africa.

The scene amongst the sailors and marines and their

sweethearts and wives was of another character; grief and despair were most audibly expressed.

“Och! Jim, darlin', sure you won't leave me; stay at home wid your own Mary, that's willing to follow you all over the world if the captain would only let me. Acora machree! don't leave me, sure father will help us, and the neighbours are so kind.”

Such appeals are hard to stand against, particularly with such a pretty girl, as Mary certainly was, hanging round your neck, and although in Jim's honest, manly face the smile of hope was struggling with the tear of sorrow, yet a firm determination to abide by the calls of duty was evident; and, notwithstanding many assaults of this kind, not one case of desertion occurred on board Her Majesty's steamer during her stay in the harbour of Dingle.

The afternoon of the day the vessel sailed was a sad one to many, but joy came in the morning. About four o'clock I was awakened by the booming of heavy guns in the harbour. At the same moment the orderly from the barracks came to my lodgings to report that the steamer had returned to her moorings. All this time I saw numbers of the fair sex rushing down the street, some of them, it must be confessed, not



Bringing the Bride Home.

having completed their toilet, carrying part of their habilaments and trying to assist each other in dressing as they went along. I immediately got a boat and went on board, and was told by one of the officers that when twenty miles at sea Captain Belmore opened the sealed orders and found that the order to sail had been given in consequence of a letter having been written to the Admiralty, stating that the gallant commander and his officers and crew paid more attention to balls, picnics, &c., marrying and giving in marriage, than to their duty; and that it concluded by desiring him to return to his station and be more careful for the future.

It must have grieved much the malicious writer of the anonymous communication to the Admiralty the perfect ovation offered to the officers and crew by all parties on their return. I was indeed glad to see Captain Belmore and Lieutenant Hawley hastening to their lady-loves to welcome them home—not forgetting honest Jim the boatswain, and his wife my friend Mary, the “hamlet’s pride,” tripping it gaily along, accompanied by a crowd of admiring friends; and certainly, to me, it appeared a day of unmixed happiness to all concerned.

When a glut of fish comes round the coast, about fifty girls called Kerry Dragoons may be seen mounted on stout ponies, galloping through the town of Dingle in search of salt, and perhaps leaving it *saltless* for some days after.

The neighbourhood of Smethwick Harbour, far west of Dingle, where those Dragoons come from, was the scene of a fearful shipwreck of a Spanish vessel a good many years since, many of the crew were saved, who intermarried with the Irish, and the Dragoons, such as I have described, are their descendants, a handsome race, perfect in form, dark hair and eyes, dressed in tight fitting bodice and short scarlet petticoat, mostly barefoot unless on Sundays, it is a most picturesque sight to see a squadron of them galloping through the country.

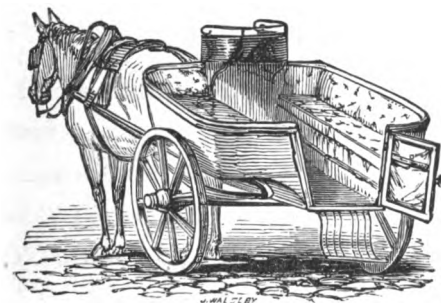
One fine morning passing the Druidical rocking stone about three or four miles from Dingle, I saw five of those girls on it rocking themselves up and down, their ponies were grazing by the road side, while their mistresses were enjoying themselves.

A stranger would have thought when passing, that the stone and all would tumble over, as it rests on a



The Kerry Dragons.

pivot of rather small dimensions, but it is quite secure. The moment I drew bridle they scrambled down, mounted their ponies, and like a herd of deer startled from their lair, went screaming with laughter clattering down the road at a pace I should be slow to imitate.



INSIDE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.



CHAPTER V.

CAHIRCIVEEN—VALENTIA SLATE QUARRIES—KNIGHT OF KERRY—
WATERVILLE LAKE, TROUT FISHING—ANCIENT BURYING
PLACE—STORY OF A “FURRINER” AS TOLD BY OLD SHAWN
THE BOATMAN—FUNERAL CROSSING THE LAKE—O’CONNELL’S
BIRTHPLACE.



THE town of Cahirciveen is situated about 40 miles from Tralee, the county town ; it lies on the direct road to Derrynane Abbey, the seat of the late Daniel O’Connell. It is now several years since I visited O’Connell’s birth-place near Cahirciveen, an ivy-clad ruin dwindling fast to decay, but still showing the remains of a fine old family mansion, one of the “raal ould ancient times.” I plucked from the ruins several ivy leaves, and, franked by Dan’s own hand, forwarded them to his admirers and friends, not a few of them pretty girls, even in the very heart of the black north.

The road from Tralee to the salmon fishery at Killorglin is wild and bleak, from thence to Glenbeigh, a beautiful and romantic spot, you have Cara Lake and the celebrated McGillicuddy's reeks on your left hand ; from Glenbeigh you have mountain scenery, and every variety of wood and water. As you approach Cahirciveen the river forms a complete estuary ; from Valentia Harbour the tide runs about five miles up the river ; the town lies east and west. One long, straggling street, and another leading down to the pier, opposite which at full tide I have often watched the lordly sturgeon jumping several feet out of the water, trying to escape from a shoal of porpoises in hot pursuit.

Two miles from Cahirciveen, following the course of the river, you come to the ferry, about three-quarters of a mile across to the island of Valentia, the property and residence of the Knight of Kerry, a gentleman whose kindness and hospitality are proverbial. A visit to the slate quarries there will well repay the trouble ; you will find the foreman's office well furnished, every article, tables, chairs, desks, &c., all made of slate in the most artistic manner. Outside the harbour's mouth there are some curious caverns, one in particular, a great curiosity ; the attempt to enter it except in calmest weather would

be attended with great danger. It was a beautiful calm evening when I visited the cave. I thought then, and still do so, that the best engineers on earth, with all appliances and means to boot, could not attempt to compete in any way with its beauty and grandeur. At least 60 feet high by about 20 broad, it extends far into the cliff. The depth of the water is about 35 feet. There is no landing-place either near the entrance or inside. It was curious to see several large fish swimming below and half turning on their side to look at the intruders. Having a rifle with me I discharged it in the cave. Never, either before or since, have I heard such a commotion. At first I thought the roof was falling in, then the reverberations, striking, as it were, from side to side, came in thunder to my ears; then it grew less and less, and as I was just congratulating myself, it recommenced again, not so loud, but a more discordant noise, and finally subsided into a series of bellowings and groans. The two boatmen seemed much alarmed, and declared that double fare would not tempt them there again if another shot was to be fired.

From Cahirciveen, following the main road, a walk of six miles brings you to Enagh Bridge, over a good trout stream; two miles further on you come to the village of

Waterville, adjoining which you have a noble lake, sixteen miles in circumference, and fed by two small rivers at the head ; from the lake to the sea it forms a splendid trout and salmon river about half-a-mile long, the valuable royalty of which belongs to James Butler, Esq., a magistrate. A lawsuit was instituted against Mr. Butler some years since by another claimant. O'Connell was counsel for Butler. He gained the day, and as a small testimony of gratitude from that time forward a fresh salmon was forwarded every Friday morning to Derrynane. Passing through the village of Waterville a short distance you come to the lake. There are several small islands, one, an ancient burying-place, a mile from the shore. On it you find the ruins of an old chapel and a large heap of human bones. The door-way of the chapel is still in good preservation, and is a beautiful specimen of the old Gothic style.

One day, on a fishing excursion, being near the island, accompanied by old Shawn, the boatman, we landed, and as on those excursions I generally brought a sketch book with me I was anxious to see the ruin. The door-way at once attracted my attention ; on the right hand side there were two slabs of smooth stone, about twelve

inches square, set deep in the wall, on one of them was written some lines in Hebrew characters. I also perceived that the slab had been broken in two and newly cemented all round. On inquiry of "mine ancient brother of the angle" as to the cause of it, he replied, "Ah! sir, that is a story indeed." And casually remarking at the same time "that story-telling was dry work, and that he would require another sup to keep up his spirits during the narrative," I handed him my flask and obtained the following account from him:

"It is now nearly three years since a 'furrin' gentleman came to stop at Tom Dennahay's hotel. We all thought, of course, that it was the fishing that brought him, but, as it turned out, he was no sportsman, as his days were spent rambling about the neighbourhood, attended by a boy who carried his camp-stool, sketching all the old places. One day I come across him, and he, after drawing my own cabin, with a flock of goats on the hill beyant—and, what pleased me entirely, was to see the exact image of the woman that owns me, who happened to be sitting with one of the colleens outside the door at the time, most beautifully drawn out. He was a decent, civil-spoken gentleman, considering he was a 'furriner,' and he then and there engaged me to

take him round the lake next day in my boat. Before leaving he handed my little girl a shilling and the drawing he made, both of which are locked up, but I will be glad to show them to your honour any time you please. He then told me to be sure not to keep him waiting, and returned to the hotel.

“The morning came, we started early; passing the island we landed. He sat on his stool, opposite that stone, for a good two hours, looking from a book he had to the stone, and from the stone to the book. All at once he said to me, ‘Shawn, I must have that slab. Let us return now, and you come here to-morrow, carefully loosen it so that it can be easily removed, then meet me beside the bridge after dark with the boat, we will then come over for it, and you shall have a guinea for your trouble.’ I did not like the business, and I told him so, as it might not be lucky to meddle with such things, more-be-token removing them altogether. He then said, ‘You shall have two guineas.’ This was sore temptation, your honour, and I agreed to it.

“The next day I rowed across as if fishing, for if the neighbours knew what I was about I’d be drowned at once. I loosened the slab, after a deal of work, and attended at the bridge as ordered. We crossed over;

the stone was carefully removed, and the gentleman wrapped it in a large scarf he had. We got into the boat; I was greatly frightened, and began to tremble all over, and to this day am sure and sartain that I heard the sound of many voices speaking in low mutterings all around me; and I do think that the gentleman heard them too, as his teeth were knocking against each other in his head. We, however, crossed in safety. The moment we arrived at the landing place he got out, carrying the stone; he had scarcely landed when he slipped and fell, breaking his leg and the stone at the same time.

“I got help and carried him to the hotel; taking care of the stone, having secured it well. The poor gentleman was taken all manner of care of, and the best of doctors got from all parts round about. In the morning he sent for me, made me lock the door and draw a chair to the bedside; he then said to me, ‘Shawn, we have done wrong; I had another warning after you left me last night. I heard whisperings in the room, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Go over and see if the stone remains as you left it.’

“I was so frightened when he said this that I could hardly look at it. There it was, sure enough, lying flat

on its back, and the scarf gathered all round it like the frame of a picture, having left it the night before carefully wrapped up in the scarf. When I turned again to the bed I felt as if I had committed some great crime, and the poor gentleman, more-be-token, I think he was a Roosian, was looking pale as a ghost. 'Shawn,' he said to me, in a frightened voice, 'take back the stone carefully. Get the best workmen you can to restore it to its place, and cement it properly;' and taking a purse from under his pillow: 'there,' he said, 'are three more guineas for you.'

"You may be sure, your honour, that I lost no time about it, as to this day I feel sartain sure that I was haunted until all was finished. I shall never forget the happy look the poor gentleman gave me, and how the colour came back to his face when I told him all was right; it had such an effect on him that he began to mend from that night out, and in little more than a month was well enough to be removed in a carriage to Killarney, where he remained at Finn's Hotel until he was quite recovered. He was always strange in his manner, and never took up with the quality, but if he met a poor man on the road, would walk a mile or so with him, asking him in his own queer way all manner

of questions. He often said how very sorry he was not being able to speak Irish, but seemed to like to hear it spoken. We were sorry for what happened him, and he gave us all something to talk about for many a long day afterwards."

Shawn, having finished his story and the contents of the flask at the same time, he poured the few drops that remained on the grass, as he said, for the fairies, and we hurriedly prepared to leave the island, as we heard the cry of the Keeners attending a funeral coming across the lake; the body was in the first boat. At some distance behind in two boats came the Keeners, wearing long cloaks and hoods, then followed friends and relatives. It was a lovely summer's day, the water was quite still, and as the sound of the plaintive strains rose and fell on my ear, accompanied by the measured stroke of the rowers, I thought I had never heard anything more sublime and soul-stirring.

The catastrophe in Shawn's story is not singular in its results from similar causes. I have known several cases in which trouble and misfortune followed those who have wilfully destroyed or taken away things belonging to ancient religious houses, at least their neighbours and friends attributed it to that cause. After

seeing the procession land on the island, we proceeded to follow our sport; there was no lake better stocked with trout and salmon than Waterville; the trout do not rise to the fly until the month of May; trolling with a gravelin on a swivel was the surest way of taking large trout or salmon in early spring. There is no fishing in the middle of the lake, the depth is too great. The fishing courses are round the islands and along the shore, keeping about one hundred yards distant from it. On the day in question I killed a trout of most extraordinary appearance: his head was large enough for a fish of at least six pounds' weight, the body would not weigh half-a-pound, it was of a sickly green colour. I opened it, and found a round stone covered with several layers of skin in the stomach; the unfortunate fish must, in his voracious pursuit of prey, have swallowed the stone some years before. We had good sport, and passing a small island went on shore, "mine antient friend" cut some furze, applied a match, and as soon as the blaze had subsided, put a couple of good sized trout on the embers; should any of my kind readers wish for a delicious morsel, let them go and do likewise. I have met with works written by anglers, naturalists, and others, and never yet found one of them notice

the fact that in any lake or river in the Kingdom of Kerry there never was a pike. There are several species of trout in the lake, one in particular called "Pink" by the fishermen; they are as highly coloured as salmon; in their passage to the sea in April and May they afford good sport, and take the fly greedily. I have had six of them hooked at the same time; they are a good size, from three quarters to a quarter of a pound in weight.

I was fishing one day on the river, when a noble lord high in the army arrived. I fear much that I can scarcely call him a sportsman, as to my great surprise a fine fresh salmon just caught in the Hutches was taken out at his request, and one of his flies well hooked in the fish's jaw; it was really amusing to see the frantic appearance of his lordship, and the sickly efforts made by the poor fish to rid himself of his tormentor, so different to the sport he would have shown had he been hooked in the legitimate way. I anxiously watched the result, hoping that the salmon would escape, which he eventually did, by jumping high out of the water in a last effort to free himself; and his inexperienced tormentor, instead of giving him a free line, pressed hard against him, consequently the hold gave way, and "my

lord was left lamenting." I killed five salmon, and about six dozen white trout one day on same river. Old Shawn told me that it would spoil my fishing ever afterwards; it has in a great measure done so, as I never again expect to have such sport. Derrynane Abbey is five miles from Waterville; during O'Connell's lifetime it was seldom without visitors, and the same hospitality was shown to strangers whose curiosity to see the "Liberator" (as "Dan" was styled by his friends), induced them to call, as to those who had received special invitations. A large dinner party had assembled one day at Derrynane; after dinner, Dan was addressing several of his friends who were seated near him at the head of the table on an important point; Maurice, his eldest son, who presided at the foot, was in the act of relating some funny anecdote to those around him, whose boisterous mirth at length aroused O'Connell! He stopped suddenly in his address and shouted "Maurice," every voice was hushed; Maurice looked towards his father. "Leave the room, sir," said the latter pointing at the same time to the door. Maurice took the hint and immediately retired.

I was present at the Cahirciveen Quarter Sessions some years since. O'Connell was on the bench; a

tenant of his was tried for a violent assault on a neighbour, and breaking his leg ; it was a very bad case ; he was found guilty, and Dan sentenced him to seven years' transportation, thus fully proving that in his private, as well as in his public character, he kept in check turbulent spirits, and enforced obedience to the law with a firm hand, and at the same time never lost the great affection and respect he was held in both by his own family and the great mass of the people of Ireland.





CHAPTER VI.

MURDER OF MC DERMOTT — DIFFERENCE IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS — LIVE, AND LET LIVE — SECTARIAN HATRED — THE FLITTING — A NEW HOME — THE "BANSHEE" — PROGNOSTICS FULFILLED — RETURN TO THE OLD HOME, AND EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.



AM not much of a theologian, and would wish to spare myself the humiliation that must follow should I attempt to enter too deeply into the subject.

I have often thought of the great difference in religious matters existing at the present day, and wondered how sensible men could display at times such a bad feeling towards each other on account of it.

I have known respectable families of different persuasions the best friends possible until the approach of certain anniversaries, then becoming seemingly totally estranged, and, after a

little time, when the excitement died away, glide back by degrees into that social intercourse they had before enjoyed, and which often led to a happy event, much to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, notwithstanding the difference of religion.

This difference leading, as we hope, both parties to eternal salvation, is not of man but of God; it is a wholesome check one on the other, and tends much to keep alive a religious feeling which might, if we were all of the one way of thinking on the subject, lead us in time to forget our obligations to the Almighty, and eventually become so careless that it might be said we had no religion at all.

It is also useful in a political point of view, as our rulers well know; it keeps parties so well balanced, that any movement inimical to the "powers that be" would be found an impossible event to carry to maturity.

I regret to say, however, that from the fanatical fury of one side or the other it has often led to bloodshed between neighbours, and sometimes to murder, and I much fear that the fond hope we have so long clung to that this unnatural strife might cease, shall never be realized, as nothing excites the passions more than a religious argument, and we have not always found that



View of Shane Castle.

even men of position and education are the most moderate on those occasions.

In a wild but picturesque part of a certain county in the north of Ireland there resided, some years since, a Roman Catholic gentleman, named McDermott, along with his wife and daughter, the latter a pretty, amiable, and interesting girl about sixteen years of age. He was the owner of a small estate on which he had built a handsome cottage, and lived in good style. Had he been a man of moderate views in religious matters, he most probably would have had a long and peaceable sojourn there. A number of Orangemen resided in the neighbourhood—there was also an “Orange Lodge,” and a brass band appertaining thereto, and on practice nights, except to parties concerned, it must have been a little annoying. However, Mrs. McDermott, being a sensible lady of moderate views, persuaded her husband to bear with it; but, as it afterwards appeared, it was more sectarian feeling than the music that irritated him, and all the time the performers were in entire ignorance of their dulcet notes giving the slightest annoyance to any one.

The storm at last burst, Mr. McDermott's temper, only kept in check by the remonstrances of his wife,

broke out in the following month of July, when some thousands of Orangemen, with flags and banners displayed, marched past his gate lodge playing the "Protestant Boys," and other loyal tunes; the Orangemen on their part having no desire to insult Mr. McDermott, were only carrying out the same "programme" their ancestors had acted before them, and thinking that they were entitled to the same indulgence allowed to other parties under similar circumstances.

It led, however, through the indiscretion and vindictive feeling of one man, to never ceasing troubles, ending in murder and execution.

A few days after the above-named occurrence, the war began by Mr. McDermott having summonses served on a few of the Orangemen for the most trivial occurrences; a stray donkey, or goat, was considered quite sufficient cause to have the owners brought before the Magistrates assembled at Petty Sessions; the Bench, however, knowing the motives which actuated the proceedings, inflicted a mere nominal fine; this not meeting complainants views, a higher court in a trespass case was resorted to, and also an ejectment served on an Orangeman named Brackenridge respecting a small strip of land, which had been in the

possession of the family of the latter for years, this land unfortunately adjoined McDermott's, who had lately discovered that in the "ould antient times" it formed part of the estate he then resided on; poor Brackenridge in his defence, produced an old deed, by which, for a certain sum paid by his grandfather to a former possessor of McDermott's estate, the land was given over to him; it was now, however, contended that the former proprietor was debarred by a clause in his lease from disposing of any part of the property.

The case was tried twice, the Jury each time disagreeing; the third time a verdict was returned for the Plaintiff; that night Mr. McDermott and his friends were making merry, and he was in the act of boasting that he was not "*done with them yet,*" when he was fired at, standing close to his own door, and slightly wounded.

A son-in-law of Brackenridge's was arrested for the offence, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

McDermott afterwards seldom ventured abroad, and when he did was invariably accompanied by two armed men, notwithstanding which, he was again fired at, and had a very narrow escape of his life.

He had not always resided in the north, having

inherited a large property in the south of Ireland ; and after the second attempt on his life, he, to the great joy of his wife and family, told them that, for their sakes as well as his own, he was determined to sell the house and property of Moorlands and return to the south, *where he knew he would be safe.*

At the time of Mr. McDermott's first taking possession of Moorlands, he brought with him two female domestics from the south, one an elderly woman named Molly McCarthy, who was much attached to the family, the other a fine young country girl named Kate O'Hara, a foster sister of Miss McDermott's. Strange as it may appear the master's hatred to Orangemen and Orangeism was not shared in, either by members of his own family or household, as they found them invariably civil and obliging, and it was with much regret they heard that he had commenced law proceedings against his neighbours.

Molly knew at once that trouble would follow, and seeking out Kate, they held a confidential chat about it.

"Ah, Katie, alana machree, isn't it a thousand murthers that our masther is so hard on the Orangemen ; sure we all know that the poor sowls are benighted heathens, and out of the pale, but still they are honest

and obliging; they are good friends, but bad inimies, and I am in dread that something bad will come out of it."

"Thru for you, Molly dear" said Katie, "the masther ought to have more sinse nor to be fightin' with them; and then there's that decent boy Jim Cassidy," and here Katie blushed, "the masther only heard him ask me civilly how I was at the door on yesterday, an' he gave me such a scoulding that I never held up my head since; and, Molly, dear," said Katie, looking round to see if they were observed, and holding up a small note folded like a cocked hat, "there's what Master Bell from the big house slipped into my hand, along with a bran new half-crown for myself, to give Miss Mary, but I am half afraid, for if the masther found it out he'd kill me; ochone! it's myself doesn't know what to do at all. And then, allowing that Master Bell is an Orangeman, still an all isn't he a nice young gentleman that any one might be proud of? and, indeed, I'll go this minute and give it to her."

"Do, alana machree," said Molly, "but for all our sakes take care the master does not find it out."

Master Bell, as Katie called him, was a fine young fellow just come of age. The families had visited occasionally, and a warm attachment had grown up

between the young people. His father would willingly have sanctioned a union, which promised so fair and so equal, in a worldly point of view ; but a fatal barrier existed. The sullen moroseness that McDermott at all times displayed to members of a faith different from his own, and the lurking evil spirit of revenge that rankled in his heart for all that bore the name of Orangemen, prevented him giving his consent to a union which would have put an end to all differences, and prevented the dire catastrophe that followed.

The *billet deux* given by Master Bell to Kate O'Hara for her young mistress, conveyed to her the purport of her father's reply to a proposal for her hand ; he distinctly refused to allow a mixed marriage in his family ; giving that as his reason for declining the honour of an alliance.

Great was the dismay and grief of the young people. A last meeting was determined on, to which Mrs. McDermott gave her sanction, as she knew how much of her daughter's future happiness depended on the result. The meeting was a sad one, but still hopeful, and they parted with pledges of mutual fidelity.

Another pair still remain to be temporarily disposed of.

A young man named James Cassidy, son of a strong farmer in the neighbourhood, and Kate O'Hara, Miss McDermott's foster sister, had formed an attachment for each other. Cassidy was a well-looking, smart fellow, about the younger Mr Bell's age; their parting was also a sorrowful one, but having a perfect reliance on each other's promise to wait patiently until circumstances admitted of their marriage, they became reconciled and comparatively happy.

A tenant for Moorlands having been found, and all preparations made, Mr. McDermott, accompanied by his family and household, set out on his journey to the south, where, as he himself had expressed it, "he was confident of finding safety." Alas! that it should be so, that fate should have the power to blind those it wishes to destroy. He was rushing to destruction, and leaving the place where, but for his bad temper and bigoted views, he might have found a happy home.

Mr. McDermott, his wife, and daughter travelled in an open carriage, Molly McCarthy and our friend Kate in a waggonette, and for a wonder a long silence ensued; at last Molly spoke, but in mournful voice.

"Kate, alana!" says she, "what on earth ails you,

or why are you so sad and the tears pouring from your eyes; what ails you at all at all?"

"Ah! Molly dear, you little know what ails me, indeed and indeed I hardly know myself. I am sorrowful on account of Miss Mary and the way the master treats her, and parting with my dear Jim. I had so much to say to him, but I was so full of grief I could hardly get out a word. Oh! Molly, if I could only be sure of meeting him again, that I might tell him with my lips how I love him in my heart. But, Molly dear, you don't look very bright yourself. I am afraid there's something wrong with you."

"Yes, acushla! there is sore trouble on my heart this day, and I fear that something dreadful is about to happen. Last night, long after you were asleep, I was just dozing, when my seven senses were near leaving me, hearing the flapping of wings against the glass and a low moaning cry outside the window, I knew at once that it was the banshee."

"The banshee!" cried Kate, interrupting her and crossing herself, turning at the same time as white as a sheet; "and, blessed Virgin, Molly, did you see her?"

"Oh! no, darling," said the latter, "it is quite enough, and more than enough, to hear her; and the dread is

on me, alana, that some sore trouble and misfortune is before us."

The two women then commenced telling their beads and praying devoutly for some minutes, after which they became more calm, and on reaching their destination the evening of the second day all appeared in better spirits and more reconciled.

Their new residence had been lately erected, and was something between a shooting lodge and a good farm-house. The good taste, however, of Mrs. and Miss McDermott soon made a change for the better in the appearance of the interior.

The situation was romantic. Placed at the foot of a mountain, a dense sloping plantation stretching in a line with the house for about a mile, the house itself faced the main road to Limerick, exactly opposite a constabulary barrack, about a quarter of a mile distant.

The family had not been settled long in their new abode when it became apparent that Mr. McDermott was suffering from anxiety and nervousness to an extreme degree. He became moody and restless, and not even the fact of his being, as he thought, amongst friends could impart courage to his heart. He often

said that "he knew his days were numbered, that he was a marked man," and so he was ; but not by those whom the "wild spirit of revenge" often led to foul deeds of murder, and who think they are justified in killing those who would deprive them, no matter whether justly or unjustly, of the poor cabin and miserable half acre that enabled them to support their families.

No! he was marked out for slaughter by two ruffians—men who lived by rapine and murder, and between whom and the peasantry, generally, there must be a line drawn. And I much regret to say, that in almost every parish in Ireland you will find one or two such detestable characters, whose infamous deeds bring discredit and disgrace on an entire townland, but whose career is very often brought summarily to a close either by a cord or a bullet.

Such a pair as I have described had marked poor Mr. McDermott for their victim, and only waited a favourable opportunity to carry out their nefarious design.

Mr. McDermott invariably wore a large gold watch, with ponderous chain and seals; and was also known to carry a large sum of money about his person. He had been spoken to on the danger he incurred by doing so, but he unfortunately heeded not the warning; and,

notwithstanding his former boast, "that he knew he was coming to a place of safety," yet his appearance and demeanour for some time previous to his assassination, showed plainly the terror that had taken possession of his mind.

Poor Mrs. McDermott was greatly alarmed, and, thinking that change of scene might be beneficial, along with other friends, repeatedly importuned him to leave the country for a time. This he seemed inclined to do, but unfortunately put it off from time to time on one excuse or another, until the evil day at last overtook him.

He owned a large tract of mountain just behind the house, on which there was capital shooting; and through his courtesy I was sometimes enabled to have a day's sport, and generally called at the house on my return and spent the evening with the family.

The morning of the fatal day arrived, and it happened to be one of those "angel's visits," to me, of relaxation from duty. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of trying my hand at the grouse, little thinking of the sad scene I was to witness before my return.

At an early hour I ascended the mountain, and by noon my game bag was fairly filled. I then began to

descend towards the house, when I was startled by observing some of the constabulary placed round it, and several persons running to and fro, clapping their hands and shouting.

Seriously alarmed, I hurried on, and arrived in time to take command of the party. I found Mrs. McDermott and her daughter in the deepest distress; about an hour previous her husband had been cruelly murdered.

The details are as follows:—A high ditch ran parallel with the plantation, leaving room for a gravel walk between them. This walk extended about two hundred yards and terminated at a pretty summer-house, where the unfortunate deceased used to spend a couple of hours every day reading. That morning poor McDermott rose from the breakfast table, took up a newspaper and his hat, and telling his wife “that he was going to have a read,” was leaving the room when she called him back, and said, “You are going without your pistols”—which were lying on the sideboard—“take them with you.” “Oh!” said he, “I do not require them; I shall soon return.” He then left the room, and proceeded to his fate.

He entered the summer-house, and had scarcely

commenced reading when the dark and baleful shadow of Ned Cahill filled the doorway. In a moment, and without the slightest warning, he raised a blunderbuss which he had concealed under a long frieze coat he wore, presented it at McDermott's head and pulled the trigger. It missed fire; and had the unfortunate man his pistols beside him, as was his wont, he could easily have shot the ruffian. As it was, however, Cahill instantly turned the butt of the blunderbuss, struck McDermott on the head—who gave two fearful screams and fell senseless; Ryan then rushed in, and they finished their work of murder by literally beating his brains out.

The murderers then proceeded to plunder the body, which they accomplished in a few moments, and decamped through the wood, carrying with them forty guineas and a gold watch.

Their career was short. A little girl about twelve years of age happened to be gathering a Brosna in the plantation near the summer-house; she saw the master go in there, and herself, unseen by the murderers, saw them follow. Immediately she heard the screams; and in about a minute saw the two men rush out, and run off. She knew them perfectly.

Fearing the return of the ruffians she kept in concealment for a few minutes, and then creeping cautiously to the summer-house, gave one hurried glance, and sped away to the house, shouting out "that Red Cahill and Ryan Puck were after killing the master." The poor creature was in such a state of alarm that, except repeating the words "summer-house," no further directions could be got from her.

Mrs. McDermott, accompanied by her daughter (who seized the pistols left by her father on the sideboard), and followed by the entire household, variously armed, ran to the summer-house in a state of distraction. Their screams of horror filled the air, and were heard at the constabulary barrack, a quarter of a mile away. The men seized their arms and rushed across the fields to the sad scene. The body of poor McDermott was carried to the house ; a party left in charge. The little girl, Mary Hennessy, was brought to the barrack, and after a little time so far recovered as to give a very accurate description of the two men, who were well known to the constabulary.

An instant pursuit was determined on. That same night Ryan Puck was arrested, with a portion of the proceeds of the robbery in his possession. The

moment he was in the hands of the police he offered to become King's evidence, but it would not be received.

An inquest was held in due course, and a verdict of "wilful murder" returned against the two assassins. Ryan was tried at the following Assizes, found guilty, and hanged; having made a full confession of his complicity in the murder, to which he was first instigated by Cahill, and that robbery alone was the cause of it.

The notorious Cahill was on the run for eighteen months afterwards. Every effort was made to arrest him, but without success. He was known to have the valuable gold repeater belonging to the late unfortunate McDermott still in his possession, having made several attempts to dispose of it, more than one of which were very near resulting in his capture.

Driven at last to desperation, he waylaid a travelling pedlar on a lonely road, knocked him down, and swore he would murder him unless he bought the watch. The unfortunate man, half strangled, consented, and gave Cahill thirty shillings, all the money he had about him, and promised to send a friend to a certain place on a day named with the difference between that and ten pounds.

Cahill consented, took a few articles out of the pedlar's pack, handed him the watch, and departed, rejoicing in his cleverness.

The pedlar, having his mind made up, as soon as he got out of the ruffian's clutches hastened on his way, and never stopped until he reached Limerick. He proceeded at once to the constabulary barrack, gave up the watch, and narrated his meeting with Cahill.

Measures were at once taken for his arrest, but they signally failed. The celebrated constable, James Ryan, alias "Jemmy the Pedlar," disguised himself as an old beggarman, and proceeded to the rendezvous at the appointed time. Cahill was too wary, and it is supposed that something in the appearance of the approaching beggarman aroused his suspicions; he remained in concealment, however, and to the thrice-repeated signal made no response.

The disguised beggarman then retraced his steps, and in a few minutes was joined by two other constables, also in plain clothes, who had followed him from Limerick; they surmised at once that Cahill suspected a trap and would not appear, little thinking that at the same moment he was looking down on them from a

small plantation above the road. They had not proceeded more than a few yards further, when a shot was fired at them, which wounded slightly one of the party; they immediately turned and faced the hill, but after a strict search could find no trace of the murderer, and proceeded on their way to Limerick.

A few evenings after the above occurrence a poorly clad, but respectable looking, young woman called at my lodgings, and sent up a message wishing to see me on particular business. I desired her to be shown up. On entering the room I was much struck by her appearance; she could not have been more than twenty-six years of age, was ladylike in manners, and possessed the remains of much beauty. She seemed to be suffering under extreme distress and anxiety of mind. I handed her a chair; and in the kindest manner asked "what her business was with me?"

"My business," she replied, "is rather of an unpleasant nature; dire necessity compels me at present to seek assistance wherever I can find it. My name is Edmonds; my husband, a young man, died two years since, leaving me penniless, thrown on the world with two young children to provide for; my father and mother died before I reached my twelfth year; since that time,

until my marriage, I resided with my uncle, late parish priest of —. I did not marry with his consent; he often advised me against it; he said that my intended husband was not a steady man. However, it was to be. I married, and although my husband did not illuse me, yet his fondness for drink was such, that I and my children were often left without bread; had my uncle lived, I should not now be in the reduced state you see me in. Having said so much of myself, I shall now, sir, state my reasons for calling on you, but I must first ask you to promise me solemnly not to betray me, or I shall be doomed to death, and my poor children shall then indeed be orphans."

Much surprised, I gave the required promise (conditionally); she then asked me if I was not on the look out for Ned Cahill, the murderer of Mr. McDermott; and what sum of money would be given for such private information as would lead to his arrest. I replied, "that if the information was correct, that I would obtain fifty pounds for her at once, and a larger sum hereafter."

She then told me that she had, with her children, been residing for some weeks with a distant relation in the country, that she was walking one day with her cousin, when a man passed, wearing a large red beard,

and his hat drawn over his face ; it was Cahill. So soon as he was out of hearing, my cousin told me that the Government would give £500 to have that man arrested, that every one would rejoice at his capture, and that he slept every night at a certain house in the neighbourhood which she knew quite well, and described to me.

I then took down an accurate description of the place from her, and other matters relating to it. I gave her some money for present use, and desired her, as soon as she heard the result of the search, to call again.

Accompanied by thirty policemen, I proceeded at two o'clock next morning to the village named by my informant, and having from the distance timed that we should arrive at three o'clock, which, as it is the most silent hour, and the one least likely to meet with any interruption, we at once surrounded the house, and knocking loudly demanded admittance. There was no answer for some time, but great commotion inside ; at last we were admitted, as I threatened to force an entrance. The moment I entered I knew from the owner's manner that Cahill was there.

"Musha, yer welcome, yer honor," said he, "and gintlemen all, yez had an early start of it this morning. I suppose it's Cahill the blagard yez are looking for,

bad scran to him, the thief of the world, to be bringing decent people out of their beds this hour of the morning, but won't your honor be seated." I thanked him, told him he was my prisoner until the house was searched. I directed at once that he should be handcuffed, as he was a powerful man, and seemed at the moment inclined to show fight.

Leaving a guard over him I proceeded to search the house ; vain was the search, every room was examined, beds looked under, chests opened, and chimneys carefully explored ; no sign of our man, and even that old veteran, Constable Major Burns, who had spent thirty years in the force, began to think the bird was flown.

I had good reason, however, to think otherwise, and taking the Constable Major and three men with me returned suddenly to a room where I had observed two girls in bed together. As soon as I entered I saw them move to the side next the wall, and become uneasy and restless. I requested of them to move to the other side, which they did with evident reluctance. I then directed Burns to raise the bed ; he did so, and there, between the bed and mattress, the staring red hair and savage countenance of Cahill appeared.

The moment the bed was raised he made an attempt

to grasp an old blunderbuss lying by his side. A bayonet at his throat, however, made him give up the idea of resistance. He was at once handcuffed. About twenty pounds was found in his possession.

The two young women did not seem at all annoyed at the removal of Cahill—they were rejoiced at it—and one of them told me that it was only on threats being used by their father that they consented to allow him into their room, that both them and the neighbours considered that his presence would bring a curse on the place, and that he was leading their father into bad ways.

At the ensuing assizes he was tried, found guilty, and hanged within forty-eight hours after sentence was passed. He was a most unmitigated, blood-thirsty scoundrel; every one seemed rejoiced at his capture.

The farmer who harboured him got two years' imprisonment.

I need not dwell on the sorrow and affliction of Mrs. and Miss McDermott, the latter of whom the judge complimented highly when giving her evidence at Cahill's trial. From the day of the murder four of the constabulary were stationed in an out-office belonging

to the house, and ordered to be continued as long as Mrs. McDermott remained.

Molly McCarthy and Kate O'Hara had so many presentiments and warnings for several months before the murder, that they expressed no surprise, but great grief and sorrow at the dreadful occurrence.

"Och ! mistress darling," said Molly, a few days after the execution of Cahill, "sure, dear, don't distress yourself any more ; sure the poor dear master will now lie easy in his bed since his two murderers have been hanged, and dear, dear, we must be content with the dispositions of Providence, and remember that Miss Mary, the darlin', has now no one but yourself to look to, acushla !"

"Oh ! Molly," said Mrs. McDermott, "that is the only thing that makes me try and keep up ; I do it for her sake. We must leave this as soon as possible, the place and associations are too much for me."

"Troth ! mistress dear, I am glad to hear it, for Kate and I are in dread to stir about after dark, afraid we'd see something not right ; and only the police are outside, 'tis frightened out of our lives we'd be."

A few months of seclusion followed after the murder,

during which time several letters of condolence arrived from friends in the north. At last one came from Mrs. Bell, saying that she hoped to be with them on the following day. The whole house was in commotion, and never was a visit less expected, or more wished for. It was most welcome for many reasons; her presence seemed to dissipate much of the gloom which had fallen on the house. She told Mrs. McDermott that the tenant who resided at Moorlands wished to give it up, as he was leaving for England; and she urged Mrs. McDermott to return to it and make it her future residence.

A consultation was held and as Molly was an old retainer of the family, she was summoned to the council chamber, and most earnestly besought her mistress to follow her friend's advice. At last Mrs. McDermott consented, to the great joy of her daughter and all her servants; and orders were given for immediate preparations.

"Ah! Mrs. Bell, darlin'," said Molly, "its myself knew the first sight I got of your dear face coming to the house that something good would follow. We were all here, since the sore trouble came on us, creeping about the house almost afeard of our own shadows,

and spaking to each other in whispers, but now, acushla machree, it is all changed. May the blessed Virgin save and protect you; its you this blessed morning brought the sunshine to our door; and sure Katie and myself will pray for you night and day, and she will almost go mad with joy when I tell her all."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Bell, "I heard of her engagement to young Cassidy. He is, I understand, a good son and well-conducted, and as I know Katie I am sure they will make a happy couple."

After some conversation with Mrs. McDermott, Mrs. Bell had a long interview with her daughter, which satisfied her that "absence makes the heart grow fonder." This being quite apparent, she handed Miss McDermott a letter, one glance at which brought the roses to her cheeks, and she seemed so anxious to peruse it that Mrs. Bell retired, and seeking out Mrs. McDermott they came to the happy conclusion "that all went well."

Should any further confirmation of the fact be required, the conversation between Molly and Kate the same evening ought to satisfy any disinterested person on the subject.

"Oh! then, Molly dear, sure I hardly knew Miss

Mary to-day. The sweet smile and the love-light in her eyes was heavenly to look upon as she came into the dining-room. Och! she is the darlint entirely. And to see how Mrs. Bell kissed her and called her 'dear daughter,' and how she blushed up and threw her arms round Mrs. Bell's neck. Mavrone! but my heart is happy for her, and sure its myself loves her and am proud of her."

Something in Kate's voice, as she finished, made Molly look attentively at her, and she hastened to impart to her what Molly knew would make her rejoice.

"But, Kate, alana, maybe I could tell you something to make you happy too this day;" and Molly told her all that Mrs. Bell had said about her and Jim Cassidy. It was Katie's turn to blush now, and when they parted it would be hard to say which of the two, Miss McDermott or her foster sister Kate O'Hara, were the happiest.

About a month after Mrs. Bell's arrival, all being arranged, they set out on their return journey to Moorlands. Mr. Bell and his son met them in Dublin and escorted them home, where they all arrived in safety.

I need not dwell on the meeting of Mary McDermott

and her lover. I could have described it some years since, but now my wife says "I am too old to dwell on such foolish vanities," and that Tommy Moore was the only poet, in her opinion, who to the last sang the powers of love, as above all earthly things; but suffice it to say, in the present case, that their meeting was not only satisfactory to their parents in every respect, but also to themselves; and thus for once the "course of true love did run smooth;" and also *in re* Kate O'Hara and James Cassidy, who were happy as they deserved to be.

Some months afterwards I received a packet containing bride cake, with a very kind letter enclosing gloves and an invitation to spend the following Christmas with them. I was fortunately enabled to do so, and a pleasanter time I never spent, the entire family seemed to vie with each other showing me attention and kindness.

I called to see Kate, now Mrs. Cassidy, and found her comfortably settled in her own home, spinning flax; both her and her husband seemed rejoiced to see me.

Molly has nothing to do now but sit knitting in the housekeeper's room, and look over the house occasion-

ally. She has not heard the "banshee" since, but expects to hear it before she dies. She appeared most anxious to find a wife for me, and seemed rather disappointed when her young mistress informed her that I was engaged to a young lady, to whom I was to be shortly married.

Time flies fast. I found that I had only two days before the expiration of my leave, and determined to set out on the following morning at an early hour on my return. I therefore made my adieus to the family over night. One and all expressed their regret at my departure, and hoped that we should soon meet again.

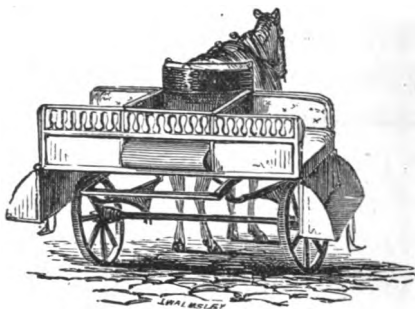
At the last moment young Bell brought me to an inner room; I there found Mrs. McDermott, who in the kindest manner, yet with tears in her eyes, requested my acceptance of the splendid case of pistols belonging to her late poor husband.

Mr. Bell also joined, requesting my acceptance of them. He told me that the sight of them brought such bursts of grief from Mrs. McDermott and her daughter that it would be esteemed an act of kindness to do so. I did accept them.

The next morning at five o'clock Molly knocked at

my door. "Get up, acushla ! your breakfast is ready," said she, and Molly found me ready also.

After breakfast that most social and agreeable of all conveyances, the family outside "jaunting car," was waiting for me at the door. Molly put a small basket in the well, as she said, "To shorten the road," and having shaken hands with, and giving her a sealed envelope not to be opened until the car returned, I started, and, followed by her prayers and blessings bade adieu to Moorlands.



OUTSIDE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.



CHAPTER VII.

MURDER OF MR. HALL—A DAY'S FISHING—MEETING IN THE
GLEN—IRISH HOSPITALITY—A PLEASANT EVENING—THE
FIRST AND LAST MEETING.



DEVOTED follower of Isaac Walton from my earliest childhood, I ascended gradually from the pliant osier, with crooked pin and worm, to Hacket's best and most elaborately finished trout and salmon rods. I have since then fished in most of the lakes and rivers in Ireland, with somewhat more than average success. I am a good judge of flies, and can pick out a killing one, and throw as long and as light a line as most brothers of the angle.

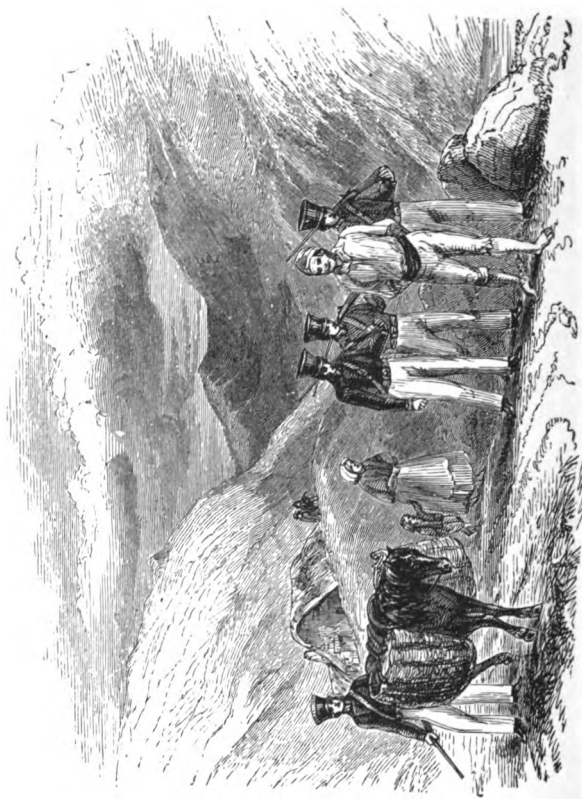
My education in the gentle art commenced on the

King's River, and was completed on the banks of that clear stream that runs through the far-famed city of Kilkenny, where we have fire without smoke, water without mud, and the streets paved with marble.

“ Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream.
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame.
Oh ! her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's black coal,
Which through my bosom has burned a big hole.”

My classical education I received also at Kilkenny College, at that time esteemed one of the first schools in the United Kingdom. The Nore swept by the college park, separating it from the Canal Walk, over which rose the magnificent castle of the Ormond family. I have often, while wandering by the banks of the river, contrived to combine amusement and study, and whilst wading through some Greek or Latin author, ever and anon stopping to try a cast, sometimes rewarded with success.

Years, the freest from care I ever enjoyed, passed. I grew up to be a man. The passion for angling remained deep rooted as ever. I found it impossible to give it up. During my school days I have been punished for absenting myself, and in after years suffered some loss on account of it; however, it still



Seizure of a Private Still by the old Revenue Police, now disbanded.

remains, and even now, although in "the sear and yellow leaf," when opportunity offers, my wife and I sally forth intent on the destruction of the finny tribe, and return sometimes with a full basket, often with what the Connaught man shot at—nothing.

The flourishing town of —— is situated in one of the finest counties in Ireland. It was, and I am sure still is, a place renowned for hospitality, potatoes, and whiskey punch, fine girls, and lots of good fellows,—not over refined, indeed, and inclined to be a little boisterous after the sixth tumbler, but in the main good fellows. Here a man, having some discretion, might pass his time agreeably enough, the only drawback, if of a nervous temperament, being an occasional faction fight with showers of paving stones in the street, varied by a clattering of shillelahs, and the whack! whack! as some hero was laid low, either by a shillelah or from the effects of a small tap given him by Peggy, who had slyly dropped a stone into the toe of her stocking, and "to the battle speeded" to save Jack in the fight. Market days were often chosen by two rival factions to decide an old quarrel, the only knowledge the opposing parties had of its origin being a tradition handed down from father to son, perhaps for generations; but it is easy to find

cause for a scrimmage where people are pugnaciously inclined, and "entirely blue moulded for want of a beating." This unfortunate state of things has, I am happy to say, in the present generation assumed a more civilized aspect, as, through the exertions of the clergy and other influential parties, a truce has been effected between the leaders of some of the factions, which will, I trust, in a little time lead to the total abandonment of such scenes, fraught as they are often with dire disaster to those concerned in them, and serious injury to the country at large.

It is now several years since I was quartered in the town alluded to. Agrarian outrages were then rife; scarce a night passed that the constabulary were not roused from their beds with tales of slaughter; landlords, agents, tithe proctors, &c., &c., all got it in their turn as their names were placed on the black list for some real or imaginary act of oppression. Thank God a better order of things now exists, the law is more open for redress, and both parties—landlord and tenant—are more inclined to abide by its decisions.

It was on a lovely morning in early summer, in the year 183—, that fully accoutred for a day's fishing, not forget-

ting sandwiches and the cruiskeen lawn, I left the town, and, full of life and spirits, proceeded along a beautiful and romantic road leading to the Glen of Waterlow. After a smart walk of about three miles, I commenced ascending the mountain that led to the Glen. Having gained the top, I found the descent at the other side much more difficult, the quantity of brushwood and large trees, and the steepest parts of the road covered with loose stones, rendered it anything but pleasant. Half way down the mountain I passed a ruined house; its look of desolation, and the utter loneliness of the place, struck me most forcibly, and I thought at the time that there was something sinister in the look of one of its gables, so strange and weird-looking.

As I descended towards the river the entire panorama opened to my view, the Glen itself extending for miles, the beautiful trout stream flowing through its centre, the low range of hills covered with trees and shrubs on one side, and the noble range of the Gaultee Mountains on the other formed a most delightful prospect. Alas! could I now look on it with the same feelings I did on that morning? No! the recollection of a horrid murder perpetrated close to the spot where I commenced fishing, within forty-eight hours after, and the circum-

stances attending it, are too strongly impressed on my mind ever to be effaced.

I spent a most charming day, had excellent sport, and the time passed pleasantly, until the lengthened shadows reminded me of the distance I had to travel. The evil name attached at that time to the locality, and my being a perfect stranger, all combined to induce me to hasten my departure. I set out on my journey homeward; but it was not fated that I should leave the fairy glen that night. I had not proceeded more than one hundred yards from the river when I met a gentleman, a man of middle age, benevolent and kindly looking. He was dressed in shooting coat, smalls, and leggings. From his general appearance I would have taken him for a gentleman farmer, or agent on some estate. My last surmise was correct. He saluted me, asked me had I good sport, looked at my basket, and complimented me by saying, "that it was the best day's fishing he had ever known on the Waterlow River." He asked my name, and when I told him, said, "Oh! you have lately come to ———. Do you know that you have five miles of the worst road in the county to travel, and the very worst hour you could choose for it. My name is Hall; I am agent over this

property; my house is close by; come back with me; we are to have a late dinner; stop to-night, and you can return home in the morning."

The invitation was given with such kindness of manner that I freely accepted it. A few minutes' walk brought us to the house, when I was introduced to Mrs. Hall and the family, and from them received a most cordial welcome. The eldest daughter was a beautiful girl, a rich brunette, a face essentially Irish, dark gem-like eyes, shaded by long lashes, which in repose actually rested on her cheek, a faultless figure, and a kind heart. She played and sang well. I was a bachelor in those days, and during our first quadrille actually fell deeply in love; but, alas, for the uncertainty of all things here below; after the following morning, except on one melancholy occasion, I never again saw Miss Hall. The family shortly afterwards left the country.

I spent a delightful evening. Music, singing, a little dancing, and the ordinary topics of the day filled up the time until the ladies retired, when Mr. Hall and I sat down to a game of backgammon, and a glass of real mountain dew. We separated for the night. I slept soundly, until called by mine host next morning.

We all met at the breakfast table; I lingered there as long as politeness would allow me, received a kind farewell at parting, and a general invitation to the house whenever the calls of duty permitted. Mr. Hall accompanied me about a mile beyond the river. We parted with every kind feeling on both sides. It was our first meeting, and it was fated to be our last.

I reached my quarters safely, and found my landlady—a kind old soul, who had in vain exerted her influence to prevent my excursion to the Glen—in a state of great excitement. She had just returned from the barrack, insisting on a party being immediately sent out to look for me, prognosticating all kinds of evil from the dangers of intruding on the fairies at their revels, to the hired assassin, who in those days, happily gone by, needed little incentive to murder. However, having presented her with the contents of my basket, and relating my adventures, she became quite reconciled and happy; taking care not to inform her of a half promise I made Mr. Hall to dine there on the following Tuesday.

The next morning I was speaking to the stipendiary magistrate at his office, and relating an account of

Mr. Hall's kindness and hospitality, when we were startled by the noise of a horse galloping at full speed, and being pulled up short at the door, the bell rang violently; immediately a servant in livery rushed in, and without waiting to be questioned, exclaimed, "Oh, gentlemen, poor Mr. Hall is shot!"

I cannot describe my feelings: they were those of sorrow and indignation. The entire available force were at once ordered to proceed to the scene of murder. I wished to have the party divided and sent different roads—one by the mountain road, the other by the main road, leading to the head of the Glen; had my suggestion been adopted it is more than probable that the murderers would have been captured, as it was proved that immediately after the murder they took possession of a farmer's house. There were no inmates, but the farmer, an aged man, his daughter, and a servant. The ruffians had to get refreshments such as the place afforded; they then barricaded the door; two of them then threw themselves on a bed; the other, with a loaded gun, kept guard, and in his turn got a rest. Matters remained so until night, when the assassins departed in the direction of the Gaultee

Mountains. The farmer's daughter told me afterwards that had she observed any police passing, she would have given the alarm, notwithstanding the danger she might have incurred by doing so.

I speak from experience, and say that no magistrate should have the power to counteract the order of an officer of the Force as to the disposal of his men *en route* for the scene of an outrage; the officer's duty compels him to become acquainted with the bye roads and mountain passes in his district, of which the stipendiary can have little knowledge.

As soon as possible I mounted my horse, and proceeded to the sad scene. On arriving there I found the door open. I dismounted and entered. The first person I saw was Miss Hall, who was moaning and sobbing. On perceiving me she screamed, and pointed to the parlour door; I entered, and there I saw my poor friend stretched dead, lying on the very table at which I had sat in social converse with him and his bereaved family only a few hours previously. His coat and vest were off; I opened his shirt, and in a space that might be covered by the hand there were five bullet wounds, right over the region of the heart. I

also observed that he had a severe contusion under one of his eyes. It seems that Mr. Hall, on that fatal morning, left his house at an early hour, and proceeded to a wood, about half-a-mile distant, accompanied by a number of workmen, for the purpose of cutting down timber; about eight o'clock he sat down on a tree that had been felled to read a newspaper, when one of the workmen came up and told him that three *Black Boys* (armed men, with crape over their faces—in fact, hired assassins,) were coming out of the wood towards him. Mr. Hall got up, and asked them what they wanted.

“We want you,” said one ruffian; “we have been looking for you a long time,” at the same time striking him with the butt of his gun under the eye, knocking him down; he then put the gun to his breast and fired, killing him instantly; the other two then shook hands with the actual murderer; and, will it be believed, that this foul deed was perpetrated in the presence of forty workmen employed by deceased, and the murderers left the spot unmolested.

There was a meeting of the magistrates and others next day; they offered a reward of £500, the Government offered £1000, and although the proclamation was

renewed ten years after, from that day to this no clue has been obtained to the murderers or their employers, nor could any deed of poor Hall's ever be brought to light to account for his having come under the ban of the accursed system of assassination.





CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF THE CHURCHYARD—REFORMISTS IN THE WEST—
GUARDING A PRIEST TO CHURCH—SNAKES IN THE GRASS—
A SAIL IN THE RECTOR'S YACHT ACROSS THE BAY IN
COMPANY WITH THE PRIEST—NARROW ESCAPE—HAWSER
CUT—VESSEL RUN ASHORE—DEATH OF A CONVERT, AND
WHAT FOLLOWED.



DO not like introducing politics or anything approaching to sectarianism into my stories. There is "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," in the following sketch, but a true statement of facts as they came before me.

In a certain town in the west of Ireland there existed, some years since, a colony of reformers, who had seceded from the Roman Catholic Church. This colony comprised about three hundred men, women, and children, living altogether apart from the rest of the townspeople, in whose sight they certainly did not meet

much favour; and the country people returning from market, when opportunity offered, generally left some token of affectionate remembrance in the shape of a paving-stone dashed through a window. On those occasions the colonists were not slow in retaliating, and a never-ceasing war of alternate success was carried on between them, notwithstanding all the efforts of the constabulary to preserve the peace.

This bad feeling culminated at length by a certain country priest calling on the rector one morning—I happened to be paying a visit there—and declaring to him his fixed determination to become a Protestant. As I did not think myself justified in taking part in the explanations and discussion which followed, and that the ensuing Sunday was fixed on for him to attend church and read his recantation, I took my departure.

The moment the news spread that Father B—— had left his parish and turned Protestant, the wildest excitement prevailed, and threats of vengeance were so openly expressed against him, that the magistrates, fearing that he would be attacked on his way to church, sent me an order to collect all the available force of the district, and escort him there and back.

Knowing that my small force on such an occasion

would be found totally inadequate, I represented it to the magistrates, who thereupon sent a requisition to the inspecting commander of the coastguard, and another to the commander of one of Her Majesty's steamers, then lying in the harbour; the latter sent to our assistance a force of sixty marines and sailors, the former of twenty-five men, making altogether along with the constabulary a force of one hundred and ten men and officers.

I thought at the time what an extraordinary circumstance it was that the Roman Catholics should make such a row on account of one of their clergymen leaving their church; why not let him depart in peace if he wished to do so? I am pretty sure that the Protestants, although much inferior in numbers, would have done so had he been one of their religion.

The eventful Sunday morning came, our united force assembled at the rectory; the priest did not seem at all nervous on the occasion, although it was known that an immense number of country people from the adjacent parishes had come into town that morning.

Having placed the priest in the centre, who was accompanied by the rector and two other clergymen, and who really seemed the most unconcerned of the

party, the word was given, and with swords drawn and bayonets fixed, we set out *en route* for the church.

We found immense crowds collected, which increased as we proceeded, and curses both loud and deep were heaped on B——'s head, but being chiefly in the Irish language our friends from the other side of the Channel were spared the pain of having their ears offended by such expletives.

As long as words only were used no notice was taken of the crowd. This forbearance, however, seemed rather to annoy them, and a few scattered clods, evidently brought for the purpose, began to fall amongst us, all seemingly intended for the poor priest. At length, one old hag, having wound herself up to the highest pitch of fury, rushed through the men and discharged a handful of mud at Mr. B——'s devoted head. The word "halt" was immediately given. The moment we confronted the crowd they retired a few paces; the old lady was arrested, and a few days afterwards got two months' hard labour as a well merited reward for her heroism.

As we neared the church the mob became more violent and threatening, and a few stones began to fall amongst us. Thinking their prey was about to escape

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A Battle in the Churchyard.

them, a perfect shower of stones was thrown, by which several of the escort were struck. We were then ordered to "charge"—certainly it was time, as the critical moment had arrived. A few were slightly injured, and gave way.

On approaching the church gate we found that a large number of persons had taken up their position there. They were speedily dislodged, and our charge placed in safety inside. I must say that in no instance on that occasion were the Protestants of the town annoyed or insulted on their way to or from their place of worship; the crowd, while heaping curses on Father B——'s head, did not associate any other name with his; their vengeance extended no further.

The church was crowded in every part, the interest taken at the time of Mr. B——'s reading his recantation was intense.

As soon as service was concluded preparations were made for our return to the rectory. Before we started the stipendiary and one of our local magistrates, who spoke Irish, went outside and addressed the people. He told them the danger they incurred by opposing the law; he then spoke of liberty of conscience, and that the Protestants would not annoy themselves or break

the law should a member of their church change his religion.

Being well liked, and addressing them in their native language, it had such a good effect that we were allowed to escort our charge to the rectory in comparative quiet.

Our rector was the owner of a fine yacht of about eighty tons, chiefly used for conveying provisions from distant towns round the coast to the Reformers, as the townspeople, with few exceptions, refused to supply them ; notwithstanding which our rector, in the time of general scarcity, supplied the poor of all religious persuasions with flour, oatmeal, and potatoes, at one-half the cost they could otherwise have obtained them.

Accepting an invitation to accompany him across the bay in his yacht, I went on board next morning, and was surprised to find Mr. B—— in the cabin. We reached our destination. We anchored in the harbour, for obvious reasons not wishing to bring the yacht to the quay. We then went on shore, each to look after his own business.

Returning in the evening, I found our vessel on shore amongst the rocks, and was told that about half ebb two men had been seen to come down in a small

boat from above the town and cut the hawser. The yacht immediately drifted, and ran aground about one hundred yards further down. The entire shore for a long distance was composed of small jagged and sharp-pointed rocks, nor was there a single spot for some hundred yards at either side that the yacht could have run into without being seriously injured, except the very spot where she had drifted.

Our rector arrived at the spot immediately after. He was a brave man, and a stout sailor. The hawser having been cut did not seem to surprise or annoy him; he merely said that "he had many things of the kind to contend against." Our anxiety now was to get her off. The tide was making fortunately, and where she lay was below high water mark. We stood on deck; it was a lovely night; the moon was rising; all depended on her floating at high water. We watched with much anxiety for the moment; it came. "She's afloat now," said the cheery voice beside me. A small boat with two sailors in it had a hawser already attached to the yacht, and the moment the rector spoke they gave way, and stern foremost the little vessel was towed off. The tide being in our favour, we dropped quickly down to the harbour. The bay was fifteen miles across, and

under full sail, with a light wind, we cast anchor in the harbour at the opposite side about four o'clock next morning.

The priest was necessarily confined to the cabin the entire day; he saw the ruffians cutting the cable, not daring, however, to show himself. When the yacht began to drift he almost despaired, but felt quite happy when she grounded, as he said from the smooth way she settled down he knew that it was a safe anchorage.

He remained about a month at the rectory, and then proceeded to Dublin, where he was received into the "Priests' Protection Society." I was rather pleased at his departure, as it took a great responsibility off my shoulders. I heard from him occasionally; the last letter received was from Wales, thanking me for all I had done for him, saying that he was appointed to a parish there, was well married, and the happy father of two interesting little ones.

The departure of the "Converted One" did not by any means allay the bad feeling existing; for, attending an inquest a few days afterwards at the Court-house, I received a dispatch from a distant station, stating that a fine young woman—a "Convert"—who had gone to see some distant relatives who lived near the coast,

about ten miles from where she was at service, was found drowned under suspicious circumstances the day before. The body was removed to her relatives' house, who were all Roman Catholics, and had previously done all in their power to induce the poor girl to return to the religion of her forefathers.

The coroner, being pre-engaged, could not hold an inquest until the second day after, and required me to collect sufficient force to escort him to the house where the body lay, which was ten miles off, close to the sea-shore.

More work, however, than anticipated was in store for us; another despatch reached me from the same constable, stating that the relatives of the deceased woman and their friends were determined not to allow a Protestant clergyman to read the burial service or enter the churchyard, and that the rector of the parish was determined to do so. At the same time I received an order from the magistrates to escort the two clergymen, and protect them in the discharge of their duties.

I had again to call on the Coast-guard officer, who arrived next morning with twenty men, and at an early hour set out with the coroner to hold the inquest. An

hour later I followed with a dozen men. Calling at the clergyman's residence on our way, we found them ready to start, and hurried on, as I was anxious to take up my position in the churchyard before the funeral procession arrived. The situation was wild and romantic. The old churchyard was situated about half way between the house the inquest was being held at and the sea-shore.

I fortunately was enabled to do so, or matters might have turned out much worse. Shortly afterwards I saw the coroner and his escort approaching, the funeral procession following. His orders were at all risks to protect the clergymen, and arrest any person interfering with them. The coroner's authority, on those occasions, exceeds that of an ordinary magistrate.

Our united force, on this occasion, amounted to thirty-four men all told; the number of country people assembled exceeded one thousand. The greatest excitement prevailed. Mischief was evidently intended. Dark looks were thrown at the two clergymen and their friends. The gentler sex, particularly the elders, seemed "eager for the fray," the certainty of which was apparent to all present.

The *casus belli* on this occasion has often been the

cause of local disturbance in Ireland. In this instance the deceased had seceded from the Roman Catholic Church, and joined the colony of Reformers two years previous, and had just obtained a situation as attendant on a rich invalid lady, an Englishwoman, about to reside on the continent, and who had taken a fancy to the poor girl, whose only relatives, and those rather distant ones, she, out of kind feeling—unfortunately for herself—having obtained three days' leave, walked ten miles to say farewell.

Every inducement was held out to her by those relatives to remain with them and to return to the Roman Catholic faith; threats were even used, but no positive evidence as to any particular threat was given at the time of the inquest. She, however, remained steadfast.

The following morning was to be her last with her friends, as she had to return to her situation that evening. During the day the poor girl was induced to go out in a boat, the boat was upset, and she was drowned; the rest, two or three, were saved. No arrests were made. Had all that were in the boat been arrested and kept apart for separate examination by the magistrates, and an open verdict returned by the coroner's

jury in place of "accidental death," the result might have been very different.

The moment for action came, the funeral procession arrived, the clergyman stepped forward to take his place, when he was rudely thrust aside; he was a stout man of middle size, and seemed like one who, if a necessity existed, would be very likely to try conclusions with his match on equal terms. As it was, without seeking aid from us, he faced his assailants with his brother clergyman; told them he came there to do his duty, and do it he would at all risks. His words had no effect, they were this time so knocked about that the coroner directed me at once to arrest the ringleaders. Things had now come to a crisis. Giving the word to load with ball cartridge, and fix bayonets, I advanced and arrested three of the men who had assaulted the clergymen.

The arrest of those men seemed at once to raise the passions of the people to the highest pitch. Hundreds rushed to the rescue, but as we knew the prisoners, I did not use the only means in my power to retain them in custody. They were torn from our grasp, for what were we amongst so many? Had I strictly obeyed my orders, many lives would have been lost. Up to this time I bore all patiently, but now the surrounding crowd

seemed possessed with an evil spirit. Stones were thrown from all directions ; a few of the constabulary and Coastguard were knocked down. It was now self-preservation as well as duty, so, directing the men not to draw a trigger without my orders, I gave the word, "charge bayonets." In a moment we were amongst them. They met us hand to hand, with pitchforks, sticks, stones, &c., but only for a moment. Fifteen of the peasantry were wounded in the charge, two or three seriously ; a few of our men were seriously hurt. A second charge being ordered, they fled in all directions. Seeing the bad results that followed from the first, and that every carbine was loaded, they gave way at once, but turned occasionally to give us a parting salute with stones.

Several of our men, and also a number of the peasantry, were stretched bleeding on the ground, and five of the latter who were too severely wounded to move without assistance, were sent in cars to the neighbouring town to receive aid, there being no hospital within thirty miles of us.

During the *mêlée*, the bearers let the coffin containing the poor remains fall to the ground with so rude a shock that it was turned upside down, and such a sight

was never seen, I suppose, either before or since. Two old crones had seated themselves on it, cursing in Irish the Sassenach and all belonging to him; the constabulary and coastguards fighting with the peasantry; and who in the last charge were completely routed and chased out of the churchyard.

The remainder of the wounded—constabulary as well as people—were attended to by two medical men who were present at the inquest. Happily there was no fatal result, although many carried the marks they received at the “battle of the churchyard,” as it was called, to the grave.

As soon as a little quiet was restored the coffin was raised and borne to the grave by four of the constabulary, preceded by the clergyman: the remainder of the service was performed in peace.

The above was not the only battle I had to take part in at a churchyard.

The country people in that locality have a perfect horror of having the remains of any friend or neighbour disinterred, as they are under the impression that all their wives would suffer by it, and that it would bring much sickness on the parish. There are cases, however where disinterment cannot be dispensed with. In this

instance a farmer came by his death in a doubtful manner; there was good reason for the constabulary to think that it was necessary to hold an inquest, and a dispatch was sent to the coroner, who lived forty miles off.

The friends of the deceased had been cautioned not to allow the corpse to be interred, but they would not listen to reason. The burial accordingly took place. The next morning, before daylight, a policeman arrived with a report informing me that a large number of the peasantry, armed with all kind of rustic weapons, were assembling about the churchyard. Early as it was immediate preparations were made, and as soon as the coroner had arrived, and a jury could be got together, we proceeded to the place.

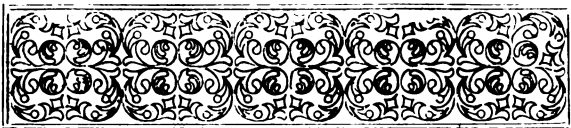
We found the churchyard in possession of the peasantry, who formed a complete cordon round it four deep at least; as soon as we came to a halt, their leaders could be observed inside marshalling their forces, several of whom were armed with those formidable scythe-like weapons used in cutting seaweed out of boats for manure: the handles are generally ten or twelve feet long.

Wishing to avoid a collision if possible, the coroner

advised them to withdraw and allow the jury to view the body, and said that he was determined that the law should be enforced. His appeal to them had no effect ; he then ordered me to force an entrance and clear the churchyard. Forming four deep, we charged the most accessible part, and after a struggle, in which some severe wounds were given and received, we made good our entrance, and, at the point of the bayonet, drove the people out of the churchyard, and the law was carried into effect.

A man must do his duty, but still it is lamentable to be brought into collision with your poor countrymen for prejudices inherited from their forefathers, but which often clash with the law. It is a pity that clergymen do not try some effectual means to conquer them, as they often lead their flocks into serious trouble, sometimes attended with loss of life.





CHAPTER IX.

DUEL BETWEEN MR. SHAW, SHERIFF OF THE QUEEN'S COUNTY, AND MR. COOKE—DEATH OF MR. SHAW—USE AND ABUSE OF DUELLING—TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ETC., ARE THE CHANGES FOR THE BETTER—FISTIC DUEL BETWEEN DAN DONNELLY AND OLIVER ON ENGLISH GROUND; DEFEAT OF THE LATTER.



WHY has duelling been abolished? Is it because that it placed the strong and the weak on equal terms, for if a strong man should strike a man of inferior strength, the latter had the privilege of challenging his aggressor to combat, and in many instances the knowledge of this fact has kept the strong man (who may have been a veritable coward at heart) quiet? Or is it because the abolition

of it has brought such grist to the mill of lawyers, attorneys, &c.? The duello has been handed down to us from time immemorial. The present age has little knowledge of it, but it has a very enlightened knowledge of police courts, the low class of attorneys that hang about their purlieus, the tag-rag and bob-tail of witnesses, &c. I do not of course mean to say that gentlemen would resort to such places to settle their differences if they had any other alternative; but they have not, unfortunately, and although in the time of Sir Lucius O'Trigger "a man might fight in our dear country in peace and quietness," yet now he is obliged to leave the result altogether in the hands of the law, which, as it sometimes happens, is not always justice, and if not possessed of means to carry on the war, why he must inevitably succumb to those who have.

It is now many years since I first witnessed a duel; it made a fearful impression on my mind, and after such a lapse of time the sad scene is still vividly before me.

When quite a lad I arrived one evening along with my poor father at my native town, Ballinakill, in the Queen's County, from Kilkenny. The next morning, about eleven o'clock, an extraordinary procession entered the town and drew up at the principal entrance

to Heywood, the domain of Colonel Trench. It consisted of several specimens of the now almost extinct yellow post-chaise, in which were the intending belligerents and their friends and seconds. About one hundred and fifty horsemen, from the noble lord of the manor, landed proprietors, and squires on thoroughbreds and hacks, to the squireen with the inevitable green cutaway coat, rather worn-looking, and boots with very brown and dirty tops, mounted on screws of all sorts and conditions, followed by a vast number of country people who had joined the procession as it passed along, leaving plough and harrow to take care of themselves, and in some instances mounting the plough horses, so anxious were they to see the "diversion" and to join in the scrimmage, if opportunity offered, caring very little under which king, so as they could take part in the fun.

As I said before, the cavalcade drew up at the entrance to Heywood, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Cooke alighted with their friends, but before any preliminaries could be adjusted, or the party enter Colonel Trench's domain, the Hon. Mr. Vesey, brother to Lord de Vesci, who had followed on horseback from Abbeyleix, came up, and, announcing himself as a magistrate, forbade the

intended duel taking place within his jurisdiction. A long discussion followed, but Mr. Vesey was firm, and preparations were again made for the road, and the party proceeded to the nearest point where the Queen's County and the County Tipperary joined. My father was persuaded by some friends to follow to the scene of action, first telling me to return to my relatives at once. This order I very unwillingly complied with, and had only retraced my steps a short distance when an "Irish jaunting car," belonging to a very old friend, with a splendid stepper between the shafts, passed me at a rapid pace. I shouted, and our friend pulled up. I told him in a few words the state of affairs, and how anxious I was to go, but as my father had ordered me home he demurred a little, excusing himself by saying, what indeed was the fact, that the car was full. However, seeing how annoyed I felt, he said, "Well, Tom, you and I have had some pleasant days fishing together, so come along," and suiting the action to the word helped me up, when I deposited myself in the well, and remained comfortably there until we reached the appointed spot.

We had not a moment to spare, as the seconds were already stepping the ground; the only time I con-

sidered lost was the bowing and scraping they inflicted on each other, and the double refined politeness that passed between them, not seeming to care for the dreadful suspense that must have been endured by their principals, who were standing by. At last all was arranged; an ominous silence pervaded the assembled crowd. I do not know from what cause, but I could not take my eye off Mr. Shaw. The men were placed, the pistols delivered, one of the seconds walked a few paces, turned round, the word *one, two*, was given; both shots went off like one, and poor Shaw leaped from the ground and fell forward a dead man; the ball striking him over the left eye. I felt horror-struck—I never could have realized such a dreadful catastrophe; my anxiety to see the duel proceeded altogether from the same wish or desire I would have felt to witness a review, or a theatrical performance, or any other public exhibition. It was just then that a man whom I knew from appearance, one of those pretended d—may-care half-sirs who hang about and eat and drink at other people's expense, came up, and after looking at the body, turned to some of his drinking friends and said: "Dear me, what an escape the man's eye had?" He then looked round for the boisterous laugh that

generally rewarded his witty sayings ; but there was no response of the kind, nothing but looks of disgust and threatening words, and he was fain to retire and hide his diminished head.

Meditating on this man's unfeeling conduct, and on the sad scene I had just witnessed, I was painfully aroused to a sense of my disobedience by feeling across my shoulders a smart cut of a riding whip, administered by an angry parent, and a threatening remark as to what I might expect on my return. I fortunately found my friend, who, in his own kind manner, explained the matter to my father, from whom I received a gracious pardon, accompanied by a little sage advice for my future guidance.

The circumstances that led to the above unfortunate occurrence were much to be deplored. The Sheriff, Mr. Shaw, received an execution against the goods and chattels of Mr. Cooke, a gentleman of property. He went to the house of the latter one morning, at the early hour of eight o'clock ; the ladies of the family had not left their rooms. The Sheriff allowed them half-an-hour to do so ; when that time had expired, the Sheriff gave orders to break open their bed-room doors, which was done. This hasty proceeding so exasperated Cooke

that he horsewhipped Shaw; thus both men received gross insults, brought on by Shaw's precipitate conduct in the discharge of his duty. A challenge followed, and then the sad result.

"Tempora mutantur et nos matamur ab illis." No truer adage was ever written. At the present time, the police, if they got an inkling of an intended duel, would pounce at once on the parties, bring them before a magistrate, and have them bound over to keep the peace. But in my day, if the police at all interfered, it would be to see fair play. Alas! for the glories of the Emerald Isle, they are fast leaving us; are the changes for the better? certainly not altogether. I should much desire to know, if such an occurrence as that which led to the fatal duel above mentioned should take place at the present day, what would be the result? Most probably half a dozen records; one, or possibly both parties, utterly ruined: and as the law has not, nor ever can have, the power of soothing irritated feelings that a duel, even when unattended with bloodshed, has, the feud would ever remain between the families; and the more law, the greater the ill-feeling, to the end of the chapter.

Law is essentially necessary where the rights of property are concerned; and when it is administered without favour or affection, malice or ill-will, is what every man looks up to and regards as his greatest safeguard.

Duelling had its uses, as well as its abuses: it made men more particular in giving offence, and was not, by any means, carried on in that reckless manner that is supposed. The time was when "every quart bottle held a quart;" and if you did not pass the decanter quickly your host would not be pleased with you: still, a man of tact and discretion could generally steer clear of insult or annoyance, and would also be able to assist a friend by his interference or counsel when required.

It is a curious fact that Police and Law Courts have prospered wonderfully since duelling was done away with, although they have usurped its privileges in settling little affairs that one gentleman may have with another in a very unpleasant manner. What a contrast to the good old days gone by, when the Common Pleas would leave the Bench to have a pop at the Rolls; and the Attorney-General and Sergeant Buzfuz try conclusions in the Phoenix Park, on that classic ground, yclept the "fifteen acres;" but times have indeed

changed since "George the Third was King." Bonaparte is dead, and Dan Donnelly is no more! Alas! poor Dan, he had his day. Patronised by Royalty, he beat the famous English champion, Oliver, on his own ground, while Dan retired with his friends, singing the "Shining Daisy."





CHAPTER X.

DUEL BETWEEN CAPTAIN SMITH AND MR. O'GRADY AT HAROLD'S CROSS, DUBLIN—DEATH OF O'GRADY—SENTENCE ON SMITH AND HIS SECOND, LIEUTENANT MARKHAM.



THE death of young O'Grady, several years after the last-named duel, caused great excitement in Dublin; the first anti-duelling meeting was held there, but it was not until some years after that duelling was finally done away with.

Residing in Dublin at the time, I feel certain that many can remember (who could forget, that ever saw it?) the dirty-looking wall, seven feet high, that separated the College Park from Nassau Street; and what a boon it must have been to the citizens to have it

replaced by the splendid iron railings since erected there, the street having also been widened at the same time. It is now a beautiful thoroughfare.

One fine afternoon, about four o'clock (the most fashionable hour in Dublin), ill-fated O'Grady was riding down Nassau Street; it was greatly crowded. It so happened that a Captain Smith and his friend, Lieut. Henry Markham, were driving in a cabriolet in the direction of Merrion Square; the crush was so great, that O'Grady's horse got jammed against that wretched wall. Smith's cab horse being in unpleasant proximity, O'Grady, having what was actually a lady's riding-whip in his hand, made a slight cut at Smith's horse to turn him off. It had the desired effect, and O'Grady succeeded in extricating himself from the press, and passed on, thinking no more of the matter. Not so with Smith; remembering that a brother officer had been horsewhipped a few days before in Dame Street by a country gentleman, he said to his companion, "If we submit to this, we shall have to leave Dublin," and jumping from his cabriolet, he pursued O'Grady, and cut him with his whip. He then, after this *gentlemanly act*, committed on a young man not possessing half his strength, and almost without the

shadow of a cause, returned to his companion, and drove to the barrack.

Who can analyse poor O'Grady's feelings on the subject? It has been said that he was averse to sending a challenge, and that he was put in coventry until he did so; let that be as it may, he challenged Smith. They met near Harold's Cross. O'Grady fell, mortally wounded; he died in two or three days after. It was also bruited abroad that his second, not being *au fait* at those matters, placed him in an angle caused by the meeting of two ditches; if so, his antagonist, even if inexperienced in the use of the pistol, might have made a fatal shot, where otherwise he could not. O'Grady was deeply regretted.

Smith and his second were committed on a charge of manslaughter, tried at the following commission, and found "guilty." I happened to be present, and as soon as the sentence, "two years' imprisonment," had been passed, Smith threw his arms round his companion's neck, and sobbed out, "Oh! Henry, see what I have brought you to." The judge seemed a little affected by this ebullition of feeling, and addressing the prisoners, said that "nothing affecting their character

as gentlemen or men of honour had been proved against them." This, I thought, rather an extraordinary remark for a judge to make to men he had just sentenced to two years' imprisonment. At the end of six months they were liberated.





CHAPTER XI.

DUEL BETWEEN CAPTAIN SMITH, 59TH REGIMENT (UNCLE TO SMITH WHO SHOT O'GRADY IN DUBLIN) AND COLONEL MACDONALD, 92ND HIGHLANDERS, AT FERMOY—DEATH OF CAPTAIN SMITH—DUELLING *versus* DIVORCE COURT.

THE town of Fermoy, twenty miles from Cork, situated on the Blackwater, is pretty and rather romantic-looking. It has two fine barracks, one at each side of the hill, and has heretofore been a strong military station, and from its position, I should say, a most important one. To military men it offered great advantages in a social point of view—a numerous and hospitable gentry, good trout and salmon fishing, excellent shooting, and the vicinity of that enchanting spot, Castle Hyde ; so famed in love and story.

During the year 1830 a Constabulary Depôt was formed at Fermoy ; Government giving up one of the barracks for that purpose. At the same time there was a considerable addition made to the Peace Preservation Force. A depôt was also established at Ballincollig, under Major Gallwey, and after some time Cork became head quarters.

A few summers after, along with a brother officer, I occupied a large room at the rear of the Constabulary Barrack, looking out on the race-course. The day had been sultry and oppressive, the evening set in wet and gloomy, with occasional flashes of lightning and the rumbling of distant thunder ; the rain came down in torrents as the evening advanced, and not exactly knowing what to do with myself, I crossed over to the Military Barrack to see an old friend, an officer belonging to the 92nd Highlanders. I sat in his room until dusk, when, hearing the sound of an approaching military band, we went down to the barrack gate, just as the 59th Regiment marched in from Cork. Amongst the officers I noticed a Captain Smith—uncle to Smith who shot O'Grady in Dublin a year or two previous. He was a fine-looking man, well liked by those under his command, but one who rather prided himself on his aristocratic bearing

and high connections. This feeling, which was carried to excess, eventually led to his destruction.

Accepting an invitation from the mess of the 92nd as a general rule on these occasions, the officers of the 59th dined with them that evening. No regiment was more famed for hospitality. Everything passed off well and amicably, until an unfortunate discussion ensued as to the relative merits of different regiments in the service, in the course of which Captain Smith made the extraordinary assertion, that "the Guards were the only real soldiers in His Majesty's service." Colonel Macdonald, of the 92nd (afterwards General Macdonald), naturally replied that "he considered the 92nd Highlanders as good soldiers as any in the service." Captain Smith replied in no very measured terms; an angry discussion followed, and Smith gave the lie to Colonel Macdonald at his own mess table. Several of the 92nd started up. Macdonald quietly said, "Sit down, gentlemen; this is my affair." Matters were at once put into the seconds' hands, and at five o'clock, on a fine summer's morning, they left the mess room, and proceeded to the race-course in rear of our barracks. The orderly came to the door of my room, and, knocking loudly, said that "there was a

duel about taking place, and that I could see it from the window," which I immediately opened, and it was my fate to see a second man fall in a duel. The ball from Colonel Macdonald's pistol struck Captain Smith on the wrist of the pistol arm, glanced off, and entered his breast. He fell at once, and died as they were carrying him to his quarters.

Colonel Macdonald retired to France; and after a few months received an intimation from the Horse Guards that, after strict enquiry into the matter, he was acquitted of all blame, and directing him to return to his regiment and resume his duties.

So much may be said for and against duelling in this country that I should not like to give a decided opinion upon it; even if sanctioned by law, no duel under any circumstances should be allowed to take place until forty-eight hours had elapsed after the *casus belli* had been received.

I almost think that, *under certain restrictions*, duelling might be of service. For instance, look to the scandalous revelations, so demoralising to the rising generation, that appear in the daily papers from the Divorce Court; duelling would *quietly* settle two-thirds of them at least.

Duelling is still tolerated in many parts of the Continent. French duels are conducted with considerable etiquette and fair play; in other countries it seems that any restriction is totally ignored—two men, having had some difference of opinion on a previous occasion, meet by chance at the corner of a street, simultaneously revolvers are produced, and without further parley they blaze away at each other: and this is their idea of a duel





Mucross Abbey, Torc Lake.

P. 171.



Entrance to Mucross Abbey,
Torc Lake. P. 171.



Cascade between the mountains, Torc
and Mangerton. P. 175.



CHAPTER THE LAST.

TORC LAKE—THE O'DONOHUE—THE ECHOES OF KILLARNEY—
PADDY BLAKE'S ECHO—MANGERTON.



GOOD many years have passed since my first visit to Killarney. The lakes, the fishing, and surrounding mountain scenery so infatuated me that I could think of nothing else during my stay, and my entire time was devoted to the enjoyment of my favourite sport.

Trout fishing was then much better than at present ; an ordinary skilful " brother of the angle " might reckon on returning after a few hours with a well-filled basket, now the most skilful might toil for days with very partial success.

The trout in Torc Lake are much smaller than in either the upper or lower lakes ; but are more numerous and take the fly freely. In this lake a part of a rock stood, bearing as seen from some distance, a striking resemblance to the form of a man with his arm outstretched ; it was called "The O'Donohue." One fine day an unlucky military man, on leave, being out fishing, and having a rifle in the boat with him, could not (notwithstanding the remonstrances of the boatman) resist the temptation of trying his skill ; he fired, and the fore-arm fell into the lake.

However elated at his success, he still had his misgivings that he had done wrong—misgivings verified a few mornings after by receiving a communication from the War Office, to which was attached a letter from Lord —, stating the occurrence to the military authorities, and how much aggrieved he felt at such an outrage being committed by an officer in His Majesty's service, and the bad example shown by it to others. The unfortunate sub. was at once ordered to headquarters and, I have heard, shortly afterwards retired from the service.

Finn's, or the "Lake Hotel," was the scene of many a joyous meeting in those days ; and who, that was in

the habit of resorting to it, can forget the music of Ganzy, the justly-celebrated Irish piper, and his son accompanying him on the dulcimer, sitting at a table placed on the landing outside the drawing-room door ? or who can forget the home comforts of that celebrated house, and the truly obliging and kind address of the proprietor ?—all now of the past ! The hotel remains ; we trust as prosperous as of yore.

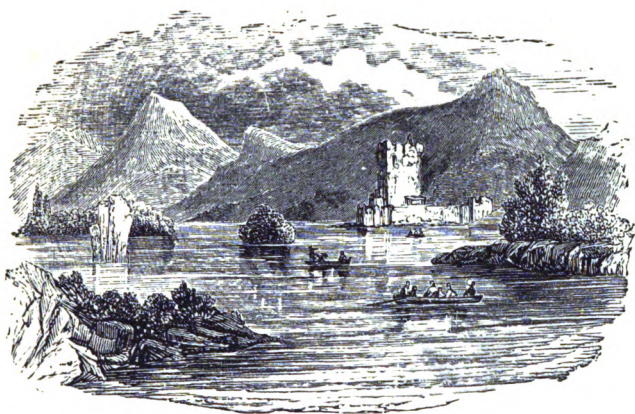
The Railway Hotel, of later date, is a comfortable, first-class house, well managed, and much resorted to ; we wish it every success. Those hotels are a perfect boon to tourists ; we recommend all such to avoid lodging-houses, and stop at the hotels.

My first visit was in the month of August. The weather had been intensely hot ; the only chance the angler had was from sunset to about eleven o'clock, which, unless the moon rose, was the surest time to fill your basket ; but from the moment that the moonlight fell on the water the fish seemed to become completely paralysed, and rose no more for that night.

The far-famed echoes of Killarney are much spoken of and excite great interest amongst tourists, particularly that of " Paddy Blake," who is reported to reply to an

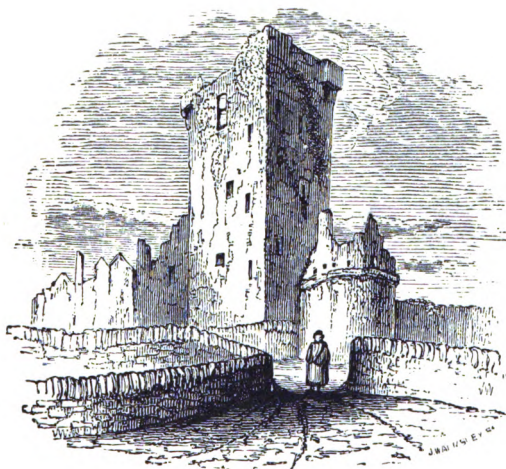
enquiry as to his state of health by saying, "Very well, I thank you!"

One night, about eleven o'clock, after a pleasant and successful evening's fishing, I ran the boat under Ross Castle, locked it, tied up my rod, and was about returning to my hotel, when I heard the measured stroke of oars, which shortly ceased. By stooping, and looking across the water, I could see that the boat belonged to the Lake Hotel, and I knew that it contained an English party I had met there in the morning, who had rowed out at that witching hour to hear Mr. Blake's reply to a kind inquiry. Immediately, one of the boatmen stood up and shouted, "How do you do, Paddy Blake?" Hidden completely from view, I replied in a hollow voice, "Very well, I thank you!" For a moment there was a dead silence, when the question was repeated. I replied in the same way as before, and should have got clear away, rejoicing in having done the Sassenach, had it not been for a small servant of mine called Buttons, who burst out into a loud guffaw. This being heard, betrayed us to the enemy; who, with many cruel oaths, rowed towards the castle, threatening us with vengeance for our presumption. I then joined in the laugh, and returned to Killarney. Next day, I



Ross Castle, with View of Lake and Mountain.

P. 174.



Ross Castle.

P. 174.

called at the Lake Hotel ; it was a standing joke there ; and Finn told me that it was about the best affair he ever heard, but regretted the sad indiscretion of Buttons. "Had it not been for him," he said, "our friends across the Channel would have left, persuaded that the enchanted echo really existed." And, *entre nous*, so it does ; and so does the passage of the O'Donohue and his train across the lakes each succeeding May-morning, and Kate Kearney's grand-daughter still lives at the entrance to the gap of Dunloe, and Innisfallen and Glenagh,—lovely spots !—one and all farewell ! I fear I shall never see you more. Not forgetting Mangerton !—talk of the "Groves of Blarney," where the trout and salmon play backgammon ! and where lovers walk in conversation and sweet solitude !—give me Mangerton, ascending or descending, still at your fair lady's bridle rein. It must, however, be confessed that some men take, I am afraid, an unfair advantage here, and employ a guide to take charge of their wife's pony, and devote their own services to the care of some interesting and unprotected female—*proh pudor* !

THE END.

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