
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>





Now ready. Price 1s. 6d.

COMIC ETON GRAMMAR.

WITH
NUMEROUS CLEVER ILLUSTRATIONS

By JOHN LEECH, ALFRED CROWQUILL, &c. &c.

** This is one of the most amusing books ever written

COMIC ENGLISH GRAMMAR

Full of amusing reading, and fun

Price 1s

LONDON: WARD & LOVELL

Fifth Edition, Price 2s.

FERN LEAVES
FROM
FANNY'S PORTFOLIO.

First and Second Series, complete,

INCLUDING

SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS.

Fcap. 8vo, 320pp., ornamental boards.

•• Superior edition, with plates, price 3s. 6d. cloth; morocco, 9s.

London: **WARD and LOCK**, 158 Fleet Street.

[SEE OVER.]

WARD & LOCK'S ONE SHILLING RAILWAY SERIES.

Just Ready, Fourth Edition.

THE BEST METHOD OF DOING COMMON THINGS:

Being Four Hundred Valuable Original Household Recipes, and Practical Hints and Directions. 90 pp., fcap. 8vo, cloth boards.

. No housekeeper should be without this valuable and essential assistant.

Third Edition.

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

A Guide to the Customs and Observances of Society. By A PARISIAN. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges.

New Edition.

HOYLE'S CARD GAMES MADE FAMILIAR.

By EIDRAH TREBOR. Royal 32mo, cloth, gilt.

. No better book of reference can be used. The rules and practice of the several games are given with great clearness.

Just Ready.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN SONGS.

Compiled and Edited by HOWARD PAUL. With interesting Historical and Biographical Notes. Crown 8vo, wrapper.

. This interesting volume contains all the latest and most popular American Songs.

New Edition, Revised.

RAILWAY AND PARLOUR SONG-BOOK.

Containing all the New and Popular Songs. Portrait of Sims Reeves. Fcap. 8vo., bds.

. A most carefully-made selection of New and the best Old Songs.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

By ANNA MARY HOWITT. Crown 8vo, 148 pp., illuminated wrapper in two colours.

Second Edition.

ECONOMICAL COOKERY BOOK

For Housewives, Cooks, and Maids of All Work. By Mrs. WARREN, Editress of the Work-Table Department of "The Ladies' Treasury," "Family Friend," &c. &c. 104 pp., wrapper.

"To be a help to the helpless, and of a little assistance to young mistresses, has been the aim of the writer. The recipes are not taken from any cookery book, but have been for many years tried in her family, have been written on slips of paper from experience, and given to servants who have never cooked before, and, where the directions have been rigidly followed, have never failed.

"The phraseology and cookery terms have been carefully adapted to the comprehension of servants; all long and scientific words avoided; and, as much as possible, simple but expressive words used."—See Preface.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS; AND AT THE RAILWAY STATIONS.

12632 44.17,

5

THE
IRISH POLICE OFFICER.

COMPRISING
THE IDENTIFICATION,
AND
OTHER TALES,

FOUNDED UPON REMARKABLE TRIALS IN IRELAND.

BY
ROBERT CURTIS,
COUNTY INSPECTOR OF THE IRISH CONSTABULARY. *K*

LONDON:
WARD AND LOCK, 158 FLEET STREET.
1861.

LONDON:
PETTER AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE PRINTING WORKS,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



7
To

SIR HENRY JOHN BROWNRIGG, C.B.

INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF CONSTABULARY,

This Volume

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

. THE AUTHOR.

9

PREFACE.

I ONCE read a preface commencing thus:—"I hate prefaces; I never read them, and why should I write them?" For my own part, I do believe that sixteen out of every twenty persons who read books do not read the preface, but, as the *fashionable* phrase now has it, "pitch into" the story at once. Nevertheless, a few words, by way of preface, seem necessary to the following Tales.

They were originally compiled from memoranda, in my private journal, of interesting cases which occurred during my early experience in the Irish Constabulary.

Upon one occasion, having met Mr. Brownrigg (now Sir Henry), and the late Mr. Battersby, upon official duty in a remote part of Ireland, the conversation turned one evening upon interesting cases which had occurred, each of us supplying his quota, when Mr. Brownrigg observed, that a collection of such cases would form an interesting volume, and very instructive to the junior members of the Force. I took the hint, and, on my return home, I looked into my private journal, where I knew the materials lay. My only doubt, I confess, was my own competency to put them properly together.

The first case I found noted was "The Reprieve," which had occurred soon after I joined the Force, and ample memoranda of which I had taken. As leisure permitted, I put them together in the shape of a narrative, and thus the first Tale of the series was produced.

Scarcely knowing, then, what to do with it, I sent it to the Editor of *The Dublin University Magazine*, who at once

accepted it. *Of course* another Tale then followed—and another—and another. Having thus materials for the volume in print, and already approved by the public, I consulted the Editor of the *University Magazine* as to their re-publication, and it is with his kind consent they now appear in a collected form, as will appear from the following note :—

MY DEAR SIR,

I am glad to hear that you purpose to publish a volume of your Constabulary Tales.

From the great interest they excited on their appearance, from time to time, in the *Magazine*, I am confident of a favourable reception from the general public. You have my cordial consent to their publication, and best wishes for their success, towards which I shall be happy to do all in my power.

Faithfully yours,

CHEYNE BRADY.

Such was the origin of these Tales. They are all founded upon facts which occurred within my own personal knowledge ; and for the accuracy of which not only I, but many others, can vouch, within whose memory the extraordinary scenes referred to must still live.

ROBERT CURTIS.

Kilkenny, 1861.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE IDENTIFICATION	1
THE BANKER OF BALLYFREE	49
THE REPRIEVE	88
THE TWO MULLANYS	110
M'CORMACK'S GRUDGE	156
HOW "THE CHIEF" WAS ROBBED	209

THE IDENTIFICATION.

NOVEMBER 15th, 18—, I received a report from Constable Hanly, of Ballytogher station, to the effect that the house of a respectable widow named Murphy had been attacked on the previous night, and broken into by a party, two of whom were armed with pistols. The house had been robbed of a considerable sum of money, and the widow and her daughter severely beaten. The old woman had been treated in a shocking and barbarous manner. I lost not a moment, of course, in hastening to visit the scene.

Mrs. Murphy was the widow of a man named Michael Murphy, who had been for several years a tenant to Col. N—, of —. He held, by lease, about twenty acres of land, at a fair rent: I do not mean from thirty-five shillings to forty shillings an acre, which most landlords consider moderate; but twenty shillings an acre was what Murphy paid. The Colonel was able to pay Ramsey's bill for port and sherry without screwing it out of his tenants, and he let them have their land at a remunerating rent.

Murphy was an industrious man, always paid his rent to the day, and not only built a snug house upon the farm, keeping himself and his family in decency and respectability, but he also managed to put by, from time to time, some trifle towards a rainy day, or to give his daughter, Catherine—a very pretty girl—a little fortune, if she should get married. However, it pleased the Lord, at the end of fourteen years' tenancy, to remove poor Michael Murphy to a better land, where the rent had been paid in advance for him many hundred years before.

When he died, he left behind him a widow, a son, about twenty years of age, and a daughter not then eighteen, together with a small amount of money which he had hoarded. The lease was not out at his death, and the landlord was glad to have the widow still for a tenant, both for her sake and his

B

own, as her son was a strong, active *boy*, who, being honest and industrious like his father, was willing and able to look after the farm.

This was the state of affairs when, on the night of the 14th of November, a knock was heard at the Widow Murphy's door, some time after midnight. No person was within at the time except the widow, her daughter, and a servant girl, Winifred Cox. Her son, James, had gone to a distant fair to sell calves, and had not returned.

On my arrival at the house, about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, I found the state of the poor widow very alarming, and I at once sent for Dr. B——s, who lived about two miles from the spot. I then cleared the house and examined the daughter, who, after some hesitation and weeping, stated that she knew one of the men, and he the principal. This was a young man named Thomas Courtney, of Cloon-goan, and she could not be mistaken, as she had known him for years. She had taxed him with it to his face, when he was beating her mother, and told him she would hang him for the murder. The servant-girl corroborated this as to Thomas Courtney, but neither of them knew the other persons who had attacked the house.

Tom Courtney happened to be a young man of the most unexceptionable character in the neighbourhood—perhaps in the whole county. He was proverbial. I was not only astonished but grieved, for he was a great favourite of mine.

Leaving Dr. B——s to take care of his patients, I proceeded to the house of Courtney's father, accompanied by two policemen. It was a mile, or perhaps something more, from the widow's. On going in, we found Tom Courtney at breakfast with his father and mother, and a younger brother. They all stood up as we entered, and, although there was evident surprise in their manner, there was nothing to indicate guilt, or even confusion, in Tom's appearance.

"Welcome, your honour, welcome," said father and son, almost in a breath. "Sit down, your honour, and take an air of the fire; you're out early, and the mornin' is damp."

"No, thank you, Courtney," I replied; "the fact is I have called upon business."

"Upon business, your honour! why, then, is there anything the matter? Or is there anything Tom or I can do for you, or for these gentlemen?" pointing to the police.

There was a freedom from any alarm in all this which it was painful to dissipate by what I was about to announce; but it could not be helped—it was one of those passages through which I was obliged to pass, and through many of which my subsequent experience has forced me.

I asked Tom where he had been all night?

He said at home; and his father and mother, both getting

uneasy, declared they could swear he had. His brother Billy, who slept in the bed with him, said the same. I then told Courtney that he was my prisoner, charged with a serious offence, and I requested him not to say anything. He would be brought before the magistrate, and it was better for the present that he should be silent.

"Silent, silent!" he cried, dashing the chair upon which he had been sitting against the ground; "silent! I care not who hears what I say, I stand at the world's defiance; there's no person so black as can injure me, and even if I had not my father and mother, and my brother Billy there to clear me, I have enough within my breast to tell me I can defy the world. I shall be ready in one minute, sir," he added, in a calmer tone, and going to an inner room, he returned almost immediately, with his great coat and hat on.

It were needless to pursue the scene which took place when the actual fact of his being about to be marched off forced itself upon his father and mother. There was all that clapping of hands and screaming, upon the part of the mother, with silent and sullen preparation by the father to accompany him, interrupted with occasional exclamations of "whist, I tell you—will you hold your tongue, you fool?" addressed to his wife, which are usual upon such occasions.

Before leaving the house, I made search for pistols, also as to the state of young Courtney's clothes and shoes, for the night had been very wet; but I found nothing of the kind, and his clothes and shoes were dry and unsoiled.

I then brought Tom Courtney away with me. He made light of anything which could be brought against him; said he was certain, when he came face to face with his accusers, that he could defy them, and seemed confident of being permitted to return with his father. He told his mother not to fret, that he'd be back with her in a couple of hours, and to keep up her heart. But as we started, she threw herself in a state of distraction upon the stone bench in front of the house, rocking to and fro with a sort of shivering moan, which it was piteous to hear dying away in the wind as we got farther from the door.

On my arrival at the police barrack with Courtney, I learned from Dr. B——s that the Widow Murphy was in a poor state. He feared there was a fracture of the skull. She was also seriously injured by burning. In short, he had a very unfavourable opinion of her recovery. Within the last half hour she had in some degree revived, and recognised her daughter.

I then sent Catherine Murphy and Winifred Cox (the servant-girl who had been in the house at the time of the attack) to my own head station, where I soon after arrived

with the prisoner. I had sent a policeman across the fields to the magistrate with a few lines in pencil, to request he would come over as soon as possible, as I feared there had been murder done during the night, and I had not long to wait his arrival. He received the informations of the daughter and the servant-girl, both of whom swore in the most distinct and positive manner against Thomas Courtney as the principal, and he was fully committed for trial.

The same day, James Murphy, having returned from the fair, and finding how matters stood, came to me and detailed a conversation he had with Tom Courtney two days before the fair, which I could not but consider of some importance. I therefore brought him over to the magistrate in the evening, and his informations were also taken.

The third day following these matters Dr. B——s rode to my door, about breakfast time, and told me the widow could not long survive. I lost no time, therefore, in sending for the magistrate, and, in less than an hour, we met at her bedside. The doctor then declared the poor woman could not long survive—at most, not more than a day or two, but, in all probability, not more than as many hours. The magistrate then asked her if she understood what the doctor said, to which she quietly, but with short, quick breathing, replied, "She wanted no doctor to tell her that, for she felt she was going fast."

The magistrate then, in a solemn manner, implored her to tell the truth, as she was about to appear in the presence of her Maker; upon which she lifted up her hands in silent prayer; and, after a long pause, which none of us seemed inclined to interrupt, she at length said, "I know that I am going to die; and it is not of him I am thinking, although he left my poor James an orphan, and my little girl without a mother. Oh, sir! I'd rather say nothing at all about it. I forgive him: oh! let me die with the comfort of forgiveness upon my heart. He must have been mad, for he was not drunk, but I'll not swear against him. I'm on my death-bed, and I'll not take an oath at all. Oh, Tom, Tom! I forgive you, and may the Lord forgive you as I do this day!"

The magistrate here told her she would be required merely to tell the truth before God. He considered she was bound in conscience to do so.

"Oh, I know that, sir," she replied; "and sure you can have the truth from enough without asking it from a dying woman. Isn't there Kitty herself? and there's Winny Cox, didn't they both see him better than I did, and didn't they both tax him to his face? and sure he never spoke a word, for he couldn't deny it. Oh, Tom, Tom! Thomas Courtney, may the Lord forgive you this day! 'twas surely you and your party

that murdered me. Oh, Tom, Tom! avic macree, wouldn't I give her to you, and welcome, before any boy in the parish, if she was for you; and didn't I often tell you, asthore, to wait, and that may-be she'd come round? Oh, Tom, Tom! if I wanted help, isn't it to yourself I'd send? and to think that it was you, Tom, that came and murdered me, and robbed me, and that it's on you I must lay my death at last. Oh, Tom, I wonder will the Lord forgive you, if I do this day." Here the poor woman lay back exhausted.

The magistrate, who had written all that was necessary of what she had said, and put it into proper form (I had written down every word precisely as she uttered it, and copy from my note-book), then read it over to her, and asked her if it was true? She sat up in the bed with so much more strength than I thought she possessed, that it struck me, for a moment, she might not die; and laying her hand upon the paper, she said, "I declare, as I am a dying woman, that is nothing but the truth. Oh, Tom Courtney, it was well for you if you were down in the fever that night, or your mother crying over your corpse; or sure, if my poor James was at home, you wouldn't have the face to come next or near us; but wasn't it yourself, Tom, that sent him to the fair on purpose, as he tells me? Oh, Tom, Tom!" And she lay back again, completely overcome.

We all then left the house, and the priest, who just then arrived, remained to impart the consolations of religion to the dying woman.

November 19th.—Constable Hanly arrived at my station early, with an account that the Widow Murphy died during the night. Alas, the poor Widow Murphy! Oh, unfortunate, unhappy Tom Courtney!

November 21st.—More grist to the mill—Constable Hanly with me again about breakfast-time, with important information. Indeed, I knew this before he spoke, by the manner in which he shut the door after him when he came into the room.

"Well, Hanly," said I, "what is this you have to tell me now?"

"Why, then, sir, I'll tell you that. The very night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked, the party called at the house of Phil Moran, who keeps a public-house at the cross-roads of Shroneen, and asked for whiskey. Moran, I hear, refused to open the door at that hour, and they smashed it in and made him give the whiskey. Now, Phil Moran is an uncle of Tom Courtney's, and, I believe, recognised him and spoke to him. I think, sir, this clenches the business, if it be true."

"It is indeed very conclusive evidence, if we required it, Hanly," said I.

"To be sure we do, your honour; 'tis better than all the rest put together—his own uncle."

"True, indeed, Hanly; the business was bad enough before, but this clenches it, as you say. How did you hear it? Did you see Moran himself about it?"

"No, sir, and that's what makes me believe it the more. He left home, ere yesterday mornin', after the widow died, and has not returned; but he let it slip, the morning after it happened, as a good joke, and before he heard of the attack, and then he drew in his horns, and thought to hide it, and now he's gone off."

"We hardly require him, Hanly," said I. "Do any of the other inmates of the house know anything of the party having called at Moran's for the whiskey? Mrs. Moran, for instance, what does she say about it?"

"I didn't ask her a word about it, but, as I can hear, she does not. 'Twas himself gave them the whiskey; but, you may rely upon it, I'll make him off if he's in Ireland, or the kingdom for that matter, and then we'll have the whole story. You may depend upon it I'll make him off, your honour."

"That's right, Hanly," said I, although, to tell the truth, I had no great wish that he should succeed. There was abundant evidence already against poor Tom Courtney, and there was something revolting to my feelings in putting up his own uncle—his mother's brother—on the witness-table against him; yet I had no doubt I would be obliged to do so; for Hanly was a straightforward, persevering fellow, who would put up Courtney's own father, if he thought he could give evidence against him, and I was fully prepared to hear him knock at my door some morning with word that he had "made him off."

Mrs. Moran was that day examined by the magistrate, and was either unable or unwilling to give much information upon the subject of the party having called for the whiskey. She denied that the door had been broken in, or that she ever heard her husband say he knew any of them. She did not know where her husband was, or why he had left home.

This was, therefore, all we could ascertain on the subject, unless we could succeed in tracing Philip Moran; but as it may be some time before Hanly can be able to "make him off," this may not be an inappropriate place to say a few more words of the Courtneys, and more particularly of Tom.

Old Ned Courtney, Tom's father, was one of the higher class of farmers. He was a most respectable man in every sense, and was much looked up to by the gentry in the neighbourhood as a discreet, *knowledgeable* man. He had realised a few hundred pounds, which lay to his credit in the branch bank of Ireland. He was a favourite with the upper class, who used to shake hands with him at the fairs, and ask his opinion about stock.

I speak now of old Ned Courtney, as he was at the time of the unfortunate occurrence already partly detailed, and which

must, ere long, completely bleach his even now partially-silvered hair.

Thomas was his eldest son. He was sent, when a mere *gosssoon*, pattering along the road in his bare feet, taking every sound out of the damp pathway, to a neighbouring school, where he soon exhibited great parts for learning, and, ere three years had been completed, was fit to "blind the master" in the classics, to say nothing of writing and ciphering. He would argue with him and *discoorse* him for a whole hour with an ingenuity that baffled, and an eloquence that astonished poor M'Sweeney (such was the master's name), while the younger scholars sat with their mouths open, and their *universels* on their knees, whispering and nudging, in wonder and delight, to see the master scratching his head with his left hand, while every moment he drew the thumb of his right across the tip of his tongue, and, with a rapidity that almost eluded the quickest eye (and Tom's eye was quick), turned the leaves over and over, backwards and forwards, quoting a line here and there, as much as to say, "Why, thin, you young jackanapes—you—there isn't a line of it from cover to cover (the book had none!) that I hadn't at my fingers' ends before you were born—'Tityre tu patulæ recubans,' och, bother!" another turn or two—"O formosæ puer nimium ne crede colori"—bah! can you translate *that*, Misther Courtney?—eh!"

"You're out there, at all events, Mr. Mac, for I never had a bit."

"Well, you're as consated as if you had—stan' up there. Three syllables, will you?" And thus would half an hour's sparring take place between M'Sweeney and his pupil.

About this time, too, for Tommy was now past sixteen (and it is extraordinary how early the Irish youngsters *take a notion*), Tom Courtney fell in love with Catherine Murphy, the daughter of the Widow Murphy, of Cortheen. She was a beautiful girl, somewhat about his own age. But if my remark about the youngsters falling in love thus early be applicable to the boys, believe me it is no less true as regards the girls in Ireland; and, early as Tom Courtney was in the field, he was not in time, for there was one before him, and Catherine refused to hear a word from him, point blank, though without telling him why; but he soon found out, and as he shortly afterwards changed the scene and manner of his life, and, perhaps, many of the feelings with which his boyish days were associated, he thought but seldom of Catherine Murphy, or if he did, it was, perhaps, without regret that he had been unsuccessful as her lover.

Tom continued, however, to go to M'Sweeney's school for another year, at the end of which he had learned more than the said M'Sweeney could teach, and was "quite all-out and entirely," to use the pedagogue's own word, "beyant his in-

genuity or comprehension to resolve." M'Sweeney, therefore, called one morning on old Courtney, and told him "that he'd have to send Master Courtney to some other school, for that he could get no good of him—that in place of larnin' his lessons, and houldin' his tongue as a clever boy ought, and takin' the larnin' from them that was able to give it, it's what he was always interruptin' him, startin' him questions and meanderin' about books that he wasn't within a year and a half of."

It soon got abroad in good earnest that young Courtney was indeed a very clever boy, and that he could translate the Greek and Latin authors, and make no more of them than Johnny Rooney would of a *Read-a-ma-daisy*, and so it was that the parish priest—indeed, two of them—came one day to his father's, and examined him; in fact, they did their utmost to puzzle him, but without success—he quite astonished them.

After this examination, they had a consultation with the father and mother, and very soon after it was rumoured that young Courtney was intended for the ministry, and would soon be going to Maynooth.

To Maynooth he ultimately did go, and there he spent nearly three years studying for the Church, and occasionally coming home to see his parents for a few days.

It was before the end of the third year that Courtney unexpectedly appeared at home, having nothing whatever of a clerical appearance about him, and unhesitatingly declared that he never would go back to Maynooth, as he had given up all idea of going into the ministry, at least into —, and here he stopped short, and would give no reason for anything he either had done or intended to do.

After this interview, it was pretty generally reported through the parish that young Courtney had turned Protestant—a circumstance which, as he had not been at mass since his return, was also generally believed. On the other hand, however, he had not been at church; but this was an extreme step, which, perhaps, he was not prepared to brave, if his views were even so decided or confirmed as to have prompted it.

Tom Courtney was tall. His glossy, dark hair grew in rich curls backwards from a broad and manly forehead, and contrasted with the marble whiteness of a long neck, which Byron might have envied. His eyes shone with a dark but soft brilliancy, which prevented you from being able to ascertain their precise colour. His nose was straight and perfectly formed. His mouth was the most beautifully-formed mouth you ever saw, and his smile reminded you of the old ballad of the "Wild Irish Boy," which says, "the whitest of pearl did but mimic his teeth." His cheeks were pale—very pale—except at times, when exercise, or the excitement of debate, or argument, tinged them with a bloom, which for a moment you thought rendered

him handsomer than usual, but, when it was gone, you thought you were wrong, and that the pale cheek became him most.

In disposition, Tom Courtney had hitherto been considered a most amiable and benevolent young man, and, as I have already said, his character for everything that was correct and good had been proverbial. He was by no means ignorant of the position he had already attained, and was likely still further to attain, by his learning and abilities; but he had not, in consequence, exhibited any unbecoming pride or superiority over those with whom he had hitherto associated; on the contrary, he was humble and discreet, and held fast, by his manners and conduct, the friendship of all those with whom he had been friends when he was no better dressed or better educated than themselves. With all this, Tom Courtney was as brave as a lion, and, for his age, as strong and active as any young man in the parish. Neither was he averse to the country sports and games of his time. In these he joined heart and hand, and you might sometimes see him stop his sport, and turn round to take the part of some poor weak and luckless urchin, who had been tripped up and tyrannised over by some strong lout, who was double his match. Several instances of his disposition in this respect I was myself acquainted with—one I may mention, as it will tend to illustrate his love of justice, and, at the same time, the bravery of his nature.

Upon one occasion he met little Barney M'Dermott upon the road, crying in a most piteous manner, all covered with mud and dirt. He was trotting along the road, grinding the clay into his face and eyes with one knuckle after the other, trying to stanch the tears, but it was no use—they would come, and his cheeks and eyes were in a wretched state of clay and wet—any one must have pitied him to see the pickle he was in, and to hear the cry he kept up. Several persons who met him did pity him, but it was the silent pity of the eye—Tom's was the active pity of the heart.

"What is the matter, Barney, my boy?" said Tom.

"I went, sir," said Barney (for the youngsters were in the habit of saying 'sir' to Tom from the time they heard he was going to be a priest), "I went, sir," said he, "iv a message wid a bit of a bundle for Mr. M'Sweeney, below the chapel of Curhowla, to Mr. Kelly the praisier, and when I gev him up the parcel he handed me a fippenny bit and a piece of white bread, and tould me to go home and tell Mr. M'Sweeney that all was right."—Reader, you must fancy the sobs, and the digs of the knuckles into the eyes, at the proper points in Barney's tale, for I am not *au fait* at crying and sobbing upon paper.—"Well, sir, big M'Guire, that's Bully M'Guire as they call him ("I know him," said Tom) was passing by at the time, an' he seen me getting the fippenny bit, an' he followed me on the road a piece until he got

me out of retch of the house, when he tuck a houl't of me by the throat an' bid me give it up at wanst; but I held on as long as I could, and wouldn't give it up, for what should I, sir—my fippenny bit?—but he thrun me down, an' bet me, and kicked me, and tuck id ov me in the spite of all I could do; and the piece of bread, too, sir, an' I'm all sore, an' kilt, where he murdered me."

"Never mind him, the cowardly ruffian," said Tom, taking Barney by the hand and bringing him to the drain at the road side, where he took out his pocket handkerchief and washed the poor little fellow's face and hands, and, scraping his *corduroys* with the big blade of his penknife, he sent him home with the sobbing and crying so far subdued by the promise of another "fippenny bit," that an odd sort of hysterical laugh broke out now and then in a very ludicrous manner.

Upon the following Sunday, Tom Courtney walked up in front of the chapel of Curhowla, just after the congregation came out from prayers. It was a puzzling thing to them to think what brought Tom Courtney there of all people, for, added to the reports which had gone abroad concerning him, Curhowla was not his parish, but three miles from it; and, besides, he had not come in time for prayers, and it was remarkable that he was not dressed in his Sunday clothes, but in his every-day working and studying suit. Well, at all events, there he was, speaking civilly to such as spoke to him, and looking about him, as if he wanted to see some person in particular.

"Did you want any one, sir?" said a rosy-faced chap about twelve or thirteen years of age, who had been playing "high spy, I" round the chapel during prayers with a few more of his sort.

"I do," said Tom; "I want to see a fellow they call Bully M'Guire; is he here?"

"Oh, then, indeed an' he is," replied the chap, "you'll find him behind the chapel wid Andy Regan and two or three more of 'em, playing pitch and toss; will I tell him you want him, sir?"

"No, you need not mind it," said Tom, passing on, and just as he turned the corner he saw M'Guire under a large sycamore tree, and heard him vociferating with a great oath a strong denial of having picked up a harp instead of a head, while one of his toss-mates as strongly, and with as great an oath, charged him with having done so. As Tom came forward Andy Regan saw him, and wanted to refer the dispute to him, and began to explain it, while M'Guire swore another tremendous oath, that "he'd leave it to no man, and that he'd throunce any one that *dared* to put in his word," at the same time turning a look of defiance at Courtney.

"I'll have nothing to say to *this* dispute," said Tom, "but I have a little business with you, M'Guire, upon another account."

"Well, and what have you to say to me, *misther* Courtney?—nothing but what I'm able to answer, if you were twice as great a man, *misther* Courtney—book larnin's not always the strongest, and you'll find it won't do here."

"We'll see that," said Tom. "Do you know little Barney M'Dermott, a boy from my neighbourhood, that you saw at Mat Kelly's on Wednesday last?"

"Well, and what if I do?"

"Just this," said Tom, "that you beat, and kicked, and abused him in a very brutal manner; and more, you robbed him of a five-penny piece, and, if you don't hand it out this very minute, I'll see if I am not able to make you."

This was a stout speech for a young man in a strange chapel-yard, and not within a stone and a-half as heavy as the fellow to whom it was addressed, and from whom it elicited no more than a horse-laugh. However, Tom not only said it, but at the same time he closed up towards M'Guire, and you might have observed the delight with which the other chaps eyed him, particularly Andy Regan, as he prepared to grapple with the "Bully." And if Tom required "back"—stranger and half-Protestant as he was generally thought to be, he would have had it in that crowd against Bully M'Guire.

"Come, hand it out at once," said Tom, taking him by the collar.

"Not for you, you turn-coat," said M'Guire, seizing him round the body, and endeavouring, by a sudden trip and side jerk, to throw him on the ground. But Tom was too active for him, and, hitting him a quick and decided blow full in the face, he staggered him a pace or two from him, the blood spouting from his mouth and nose. It was now to be a decided struggle which was the best man, and M'Guire, seeing that his best chance was at close quarters, again rushed in upon him, and seized him round the body. A fierce struggle then ensued—what Tom Courtney wanted in weight he had in bone and sinew, besides being as active as a deer. The result was that he ultimately got M'Guire down, and declared that if he did not give the money up, he would drag it out of him by force. M'Guire then promised to give it up if he'd let him out, and Tom stood off him.

All this time the bystanders looked on in great delight, to see "the Bully" getting what they long wished to give him, but what none of them had the courage to attempt.

M'Guire then fearing the result of another struggle with his antagonist—for all bullies are cowards—handed Tom a "fip-penny bit," at the same time swearing all sorts of vengeance against him; but Tom kept never-minding him, and, quietly turning his back upon the whole party, proceeded home.

The next morning Tom went to M'Dermott's house, which was not far from his own, and gave little Barney his fippenny bit, with one from himself to back it.

Now, some persons may think the above circumstance unfavourable to the disposition of Tom Courtney, and had better not have been recorded of him, as it indicates a turn, on his part, unnecessarily to thrust himself into a quarrel, which is at variance with the amiability already attributed to his character. I am of opinion, however, that it arose from no such disposition; on the contrary, I am convinced the feeling which prompted the act was such as did credit to his heart, at least. However, the fact is just as I have stated it, and, be it for him or against him, judge ye! but such was the young man, not yet twenty years of age, who lay in gaol, charged with the barbarous and cruel murder of a defenceless old woman; supported, too, by evidence that could scarcely fail to force belief upon the minds of all those who heard it, and ultimately bring conviction home to the unhappy individual.

So matters lay for three months, and it was now the middle of February. The assizes drew near; nothing new had turned up, and Philip Moran had not been heard of in all that time—a very damaging fact for poor Tom Courtney's case.

Moran was a comfortable man, and, between a cheap farm and a public-house at a good cross-roads, he was doing very well in the world. He was never known before to have been three days absent from home together—now, he had been absent for three months; and it was not clear to me, that unless his evidence was very positive against his nephew, it might not be as well for him if he had not gone off. Under these circumstances, I was not sorry one morning to see constable Hanly walking smartly up the little avenue that led to my quarters, and I soon heard his tap at my door. He came in, as I had anticipated, with a broad grin on his face.

"Well, Hanly," said I, determined to give him an opportunity of coming out with what he had to say, as if I had not anticipated it, "I suppose there is no chance of finding out where Philip Moran is; the Crown summonses have arrived this morning, and there is one for him."

"No chance in life, sir," he replied, drawing himself up to his full height, "no chance at all, but a dead certainty; I made him off at last."

"Is it possible, Hanly? we're all right now; what does he say of the transaction? or did you sound him upon it yet?"

"Say, your honour? why, then, not a word, for I didn't see him; good or bad, he's not in this part of the country, and 'tis so best, your honour; but I know where he is stopping, and that's as good. I'll serve him with the summons before Saturday night, as sure as his name is Phil Moran."

"Where is he, Hanly? and how did you make him off?" I added.

Hanly then described how "he had commenced to deal at

the post-office for tea, sugar, and candles, &c., leaving Mrs. M'Loughlin of Clonterm, and sent his little son Johnny, sometimes twice a day, for such matters, with instructions to purtend to be a stupid chap—which your honour knows he isn't—but to have his eyes and ears wide open. Well, your honour, yesterday, while he was in the shop, a tap comes to the wooden pane in the window, and a girl handed in a letter, with ninepence to post-pay the postage, and said, 'Be sure, mam, if you please, to send that letter by this night's post.' 'We never delay letters in this office,' said the post-mistress, seemingly not well pleased, for she slapped up the wooden pane in the girl's face, and threw the letter upon the counter while she was getting the tea and sugar for the chap. Well become him, your honour, he *skiewed* his shoulders round a bit and read every word of the direction—'To Philip Moraghan, at Mrs. Carney's, Carrickfergus,' and there's where I'll get Philip Moran; your honour knows Moraghan's only a blind—and a bad one," he added, smiling at the success of his plan.

"Well, Hanly, I'm sure you are right," said I, and I gave him the Crown summons with directions to start in plain clothes upon his mission.

March 2nd.—Hanly arrived; he had "made off" Philip Moran, and brought him with him. I took him before the magistrate with the view of having his informations taken, but he refused in the most positive manner to be sworn, maintaining an unbroken silence. The magistrate explained to him the position in which he was placed, if his evidence was against his nephew, but that at the same time he had a duty to perform from which he should not shrink; but Moran only compressed his lips the more closely, as if determined not to speak. The magistrate then told him, if he continued to refuse, he had no course left but to commit him to gaol. His only reply was, "God's will be done, I do refuse." A committal was then made out, and Philip Moran lay that night not four cells from his nephew in the county gaol.

March 7th.—It was now the morning before the assizes. The Crown Judge, Sir William Smith, had arrived, opened the commission, given his charge to the grand jury, and retired to his lodgings—the town was in a bustle, two sentries were measuring about duelling distance before the judge's door, and the sheriff's carriage was rolling up the street with a long white rod sticking out of the window. Policemen with their packs had been arriving on the previous day in small parties from the distant stations, and lodging-houses and eating-houses were on the alert. Two of these police parties met from different directions at the head of the main street, when the following incident occurred: Constable Collert, with two men, plumped up against Constable Ferriss, with one man, at the corner of the street.

"Halloo, boys," said Ferriss, "where do you put up? let us all stop together. Martin Kavanagh recommended us to stop at Frank Hinnigan's, a quiet, decent house, and no resort of any one but respectable people; come along with us, you'll not get cheaper or better lodgings in the town; come along."

"Ay," replied Collert, "so it is, but it's very far from the court and the parades—we're three to two against you, and come with us to Jemmy M'Coy's; 'tis just as cheap and respectable a house as Hinnigan's, and not half so far from the parades. Hinnigan's, I know, is a clean, comfortable house, but it is an out of the way place."

"Did you ever stop in it?" said Ferriss.

"I did, one quarter session," said Collert, "and, indeed, a nice, cheap house it is, but I tell you 'tis out of the way, so come along with us to M'Coy's; the County Inspector is very sharp as to time, he is always on parade himself. I vote for M'Coy's, 'tis quite close to our work, boys."

"Toss up for choice," said a young sub, who had not yet spoken, "and let us all abide by the wiinner."

"Done!" said Ferriss, "although I am very unlucky."

"Agreed," said they all in a voice, and out came a half-penny from Ferriss's pocket.

"I'll cry," said Collert.

"With all my heart," replied Ferriss.

Up it went—"head," cried Collert. "You lost," said Ferriss, "'tis legs; I won for once in my life, boys; may-be there's luck in that Manx halfpenny; come, lads, follow me." They all then adjourned to Hinnigan's lodging-house.

"But why," you will say, "drag in such nonsense as this into the story, and at such a time? It is trifling and unnecessary." I reply, "Pray, reader, be not too hasty in passing an opinion upon apparently small matters. The incident is trifling in itself, but it is not unnecessary. There was no luck in the matter, Ferriss had misused the word, and you will see by-and-by that I dare not omit the fact."

March 8th.—The assize morning had now opened upon many a miserable and panting heart, and upon none more miserable than the Courtneys and their friends—upon none, perhaps, so miserable as poor Tom Courtney himself, who was now on his way from the gaol to the court-house, handcuffed with some forty or fifty other prisoners, and guarded by an escort of police, with their bristling and shining bayonets. Whatever may have been his thoughts, his step was firm and his head erect as he passed into the dock. The judge soon after came into Court, and business was commenced amidst the calling of names, the crying of "silence—silence," the answering of "here—here," and, "to the box, Mr. —."

Some minor cases were gone into on that day, and Tom Courtney's trial was fixed for the following morning.

I should mention that Philip Moran had been brought to the Crown solicitor's office on the previous day, but that officer had failed to extort a word from him, and he was now in the witness-room behind the Court, as it was the intention of the counsel for the Crown to put him on the table to be dealt with by the judge.

March 9th.—Tom Courtney stood erect in the front of the dock, and never took his eyes off the clerk of the Crown while he was reading the indictment. When he had finished with the usual question, of "how say you, are you guilty or not?" Courtney threw his beautiful eyes, as it would appear, through the vaulted roof up into the very heaven, and replied in a voice which was not loud, but which, in its beauty and distinctness, was heard by the farthest person in the Court—"Not Guilty, so help me God, in this my great extremity," and he leaned forward, almost fainting, against the side of the dock. 'Twas of short duration, and a glass of cold water soon restored him.

The prisoner was then informed that a jury was about to be sworn to try him, and that he could challenge any juror to whom he wished to object so far as twenty, peremptorily, and—but he would not wait for any further explanation of his rights or privileges, and replied at once, "that he would object to no man—the jury came there to do their duty upon their solemn oaths, and he, for one, could not believe it possible that any respectable man, such as jurymen were, would be capable of violating so solemn an obligation. He was not aware of having any enemies—he was quite certain there were not twelve jurors in the Court who upon their oaths would give any verdict but one justified by the evidence—he would object to no man."

During this address, the judge viewed the prisoner with a steady and scrutinising glance, and then asked if the young man was defended by counsel.

Mr. B—y, the famous counsel in defence cases, stood up and stated that he had been engaged by the prisoner's father to defend him.

The trial commenced with an able statement from the counsel for the Crown, which, if supported by evidence, as I knew it would be, must crush all hope, if any yet lingered in the prisoner's breast.

Catherine Murphy was the first witness. She stated that on the 14th of November she was in her mother's house. No person was in the house but herself, her mother, and a servant-girl, Winifred Cox. Her brother James was absent at a fair. Some time after midnight there was a loud knocking at the door; witness got up, and put on her clothes, as smart as possible; was greatly frightened; her mother told her not to

speaking. Winny Cox slept in a loft over a small room that was off the far side of the kitchen. Winifred Cox got up also, while the knocking was going on, and, just as she was coming down from the loft, the door was smashed in upon the floor, and two men entered. They lit a candle at the fire; she knew the man that blew the coal, knew him when the light of the coal was flaring on his face, as well as after the candle was lit; could not be mistaken, as she knew the prisoner from the time they were children, and her heart jumped up when she saw it was Tom Courtney. The witness here hesitated and became confused—Mr. B——y made a cup of his hand, and placed it behind his ear, peering into her face with half-closed eyes. But the Crown having told her to take her time and tell the truth, she became reassured, and added, in an agitated tone, that she thought Tom Courtney had come to take her away—but she soon had reason to change her mind. The men were armed with pistols; they came to the bed-side, where her mother lay. One of them seized her by the arm and made her sit up. On her oath, it was the prisoner, and “it’s at his door I lay my mother’s death.”

There was here a sensation, and murmur through the Court, while a bitter smile broke upon the prisoner’s lips, but, after a few moments, the examination was resumed:—

Witness knew the prisoner for many years; he was son to a neighbour. Is positive that he is the man. The prisoner demanded where the money was; her mother denied that she had any money in the house. The prisoner then struck her with the end of the pistol, and said, if she did not tell where the money was he would give her more. Witness knew that her mother had a small box with some money in it, thinks about fourteen or fifteen pounds, besides some silver, but did not know where she kept it; if she knew, she would have told the prisoner at once to save her mother. She told her mother for God’s sake to tell him where it was, and let all their bad luck go with it. Her mother replied, “Never, Tom! you’re the last man breathing I thought would do me an ill turn, and, only for you struck me, I’d think it was joking you are, or through liquor, what I never saw on you yet.”

“Well, never mind what your mother said, what did the prisoner do?”

“They then dragged my mother out of bed, and brought her into the kitchen, where they struck her again, but she would not tell. They then drew out the rakings of the fire upon the hearth, and threw her down upon them. The prisoner held her under the arms, and the other man pulled her legs from under her. Witness then roared murder, and seized the prisoner by the throat, and asked him was he going to murder her mother for the sake of a few pounds? Called the prisoner

by his name, and said 'Tom Courtney, I'll hang you as high as the castle for this night's work.' He gave witness a blow which staggered her over against the wall, and said, 'Give up the money before there's mischief done;' her mother was screaming very loud. When they first threw her mother down upon the coals, Winny Cox jumped off the loft, and grappled with the second man. With Winny's help, and what witness could do after she got the blow, her mother struggled into the middle of the kitchen floor, and said, 'Give them the box, Kitty, 'tis in the little press at the head of the bed,' and she fainted off. Witness then showed them a small press in the wall behind the head of her mother's bed, which they broke open, and took the box with the money in it. The prisoner opened the lid of the box, and said 'All right, we had a harder job of it than I thought, and the sooner we're off now the better.' They then departed, leaving her mother, as she thought, dead. Witness saw the notes in the box when the prisoner opened it. There was also a purse in the box with some silver in it, which belonged to witness herself; would know it again, if she saw it amongst a thousand—a good right she'd have—'twas the prisoner himself gave it to her about four years ago; it was a leather purse, lined with silk, and there were letters upon it; witness gave it to her mother to keep for safety. Witness did not know the second man that came into the house, but would know him by sight for twenty years, if she saw him again; he was a remarkable man, with red hair, and the mark of an old cut across one of his eyebrows. Saw a third man standing outside the house door, looking in, but did not know him, nor would she know him again. Witness's mother died in four days after—has no more to say."

This witness was cross-examined at much length by Mr. B——y, principally as to her former intimacy with the prisoner, taking his information from the father, who sat next him, and to whom he whispered before almost every question. When he failed to shake her evidence in any degree, as to the identity of the prisoner, he turned upon the point of an early courtship with him, sifting her motives, and endeavouring to make it appear that it was from disappointed hopes, and spite she now came forward to swear against him; but Catherine Murphy's character stood too high, and her case was too clear, for this attempt to prove more than that it was the forlorn hope of counsel, who, "in point of fact" (as they say themselves), had no materials to cross-examine upon. The prisoner himself, too, seemed annoyed at it, and interrupted his counsel once or twice, apparently for the purpose of protecting the witness against such an interpretation of her motives.

"Now, *Miss Murphy*," continued counsel, and he laid a

very contemptuous emphasis on the word "miss," "on your oath, did you not, at one time, expect the prisoner would have married you? Come!"

"On my oath, I did not."

"On your oath, ma'am—and recollect that you are upon your oath—was there ever anything about marriage between you and the prisoner?"

"There was."

"Heh," said Mr. B——y (giving expression to that kind of short, quick aspiration which a smith does when sledging), as much as to say, "I have you now."

"The prisoner, at one time, asked me to marry him."

"O-O-oh! The prisoner *wanted* you to marry him, and you *refused*—is that it, ma'am—heh?"

"I did refuse him."

"Do you swear that, ma'am?"

"I do, positively."

"Now, *Miss* Murphy, you will find it very hard to make me believe that story; and I fancy you will find it rather hard to make the jury believe it, either."

"'Tis true, sir, nevertheless," exclaimed the prisoner, addressing the counsel.

"I protest, sir," said Mr. B——y, "if you interrupt me in this manner, I'll throw up the case altogether, and let you defend yourself; and I must say I never saw an instance in which the old pro——"

"Listen to me, prisoner," said the judge, interrupting the counsel before he could finish the sentence; "you have counsel engaged to defend you, who has not done anything, and who, I am sure, will not do anything save that which his duty as your advocate calls upon him to do. You had better, therefore, leave your case with him, and do not, pray, interrupt him or the Court again."

"I beg your pardon, my lord, and the pardon of the Court, if I have done wrong. I shall not do so again; but I hope the Court will permit me to say a few words, if I may be able, ere the close of this unhappy—this mysterious business." And for the first time the prisoner seemed overwhelmed with his feelings, and, laying his forehead upon his arms on the front of the dock, he sobbed aloud. There was a silent pause for some seconds. Not a soul in Court but seemed affected. The prisoner's demeanour all through, his gentlemanly manners (for they were nothing less), and his humility and readiness to atone for any irregularity or fault he might have been betrayed into by his feelings, brought the sympathy of the whole Court with him. He soon recovered himself, and stood again erect.

"You shall have ample opportunity afforded you to make any statement you think fit at a proper time," said the judge

"but, at present, I desire that you will permit the trial to proceed in the regular way. Now, Mr. B——y."

"I protest, my lord, I don't see that I have anything further to ask this witness. The only point which I thought did exist in her evidence has been *set right* by the prisoner himself; she may go down."

Winifred Cox was next examined, and she corroborated every syllable that had been sworn to by the first witness, in its most minute particulars. Heard Catherine Murphy say, "Tom Courtney, I'll hang you for this night's work; it's often my mother nursed you, to murder her at last." Knew the prisoner for many years, and could not be mistaken.

Philip Moran was then sent for to the witness-room, and put up on the table, and here there was a very painful scene indeed; not a being in Court whose heart did not beat. I have often heard of death-like silence; I have experienced it in the chamber of death itself, but never in a crowded court-house until then—there could not have been less than twelve hundred persons assembled within those walls, yet was the silence as still, as perfect, as complete.

Moran never raised his eyes, never opened his lips; he moved not; he did not appear to breathe. The clerk of the Crown held forth the book, and told him to take it, but his arms seemed as though they were dead by his side; not a word—not a move.

The prisoner hid his face in his hands, and leaned upon the front rail of the dock as his uncle passed up, and appeared to be overcome with inward emotion.

The counsel for the Crown rose, and, addressing his lordship, said, "My lord, this is a most material witness for the Crown; and, however painful the position in which he stands towards the prisoner, and in which we stand in bringing him forward—for I understand he is his uncle—the case is one of such magnitude in itself, and so peculiar as regards the unfortunate man in the dock, that we feel it imperative upon us to establish it by the mouths of many witnesses. The prisoner, I understand, has hitherto borne a most excellent and unblemished character, and I am aware that such will be attested here this day by many most respectable persons; but this very fact, my lord, makes it the more incumbent upon us to fortify our case by all the evidence we can fairly bring to bear upon it, in order to satisfy not only the jury, but the public, beyond the shadow of a doubt, as to the guilt of the prisoner. It is not my wish to press the case with any appearance of harshness or severity towards either the prisoner or this witness. We feel for his position, my lord; but his position it is which makes him one of our most material witnesses, and, however painful, we must press for his evidence."

"You are entitled to it," said the judge; "and I have no doubt he will give it to you. Witness, listen to me."—Not a move—not a stir.—"Witness, pray direct your eyes towards me, while I address a very few words to you," continued the judge.

Had he been made of marble he could not have been more immovable—death could not have been more still. I think the judge thought he must have been in some kind of fit, for he seemed perplexed, and I heard him ask, in an under-tone, if the medical gentleman, who had charge of the gaol, was in Court, and directed him to be sent for. In the meantime he again addressed Moran, saying, "Witness, I am quite certain you must hear what I say—at least, I shall take it for granted that you do. Your present course cannot avail you; the law must be vindicated, and, however painful it may be to you, you must give your evidence; or, should you persist in refusing to do so, I shall have no alternative left but to commit you to prison, and that, let me add, indefinitely."

Still not a word—not a move. Here the prisoner started up from the position he had all this time maintained, and called out, "Uncle Philip—Uncle Philip, won't you speak to me? You will—you must."

This seemed to act like magic on the witness, for he turned quickly round and gazed his nephew in the face as he continued, "Uncle Philip, take the book, and give your evidence like a man. What are you afraid of? Think you not that your unwillingness to tell the truth must be construed into an unwillingness to injure me: may it not—nay, must it not impress the jury and the public as clearly against me as any evidence which you can give? Uncle Philip, there is but one consideration which should tempt you to hold out in this manner, and that is a consciousness of having been induced, through any influence, to be about to state that which is not the fact—if that be the case, you do well to pause. But no, it is an unworthy thought, and I ask your pardon; the love you have borne my mother and myself, and the whole course you have adopted in this melancholy business, forbid the supposition."

Here the poor young man was completely overcome, and again covering his face with his hands, he writhed in the agony of distress—'twas the word "mother" that unmanned him.

I have been for upwards of thirty years in the habit of attending like places, and I never witnessed such a scene.

Presently the prisoner regained his self-possession, and "proudly he flung his clustering ringlets back," and continued: "Rouse yourself, Uncle Philip, take the book, and give your evidence; I know you will swear nothing but what you believe to be the truth."

"'Tis a difficult thing, Tom," said his uncle, turning round, "and for all I have to say it isn't much."

As he took the book, I heard Tom Courtney say, "God help you, Uncle Philip; they might have spared you this, for they had enough."

Philip Moran was then sworn and examined: Kept a public-house at Raheen. On the night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked, very late, or towards morning, some persons called at his house and asked for whiskey; refused to give it to them at that hour; they said they were travellers, and were very wet; that they should get it; looked out through the window, saw three persons; it was a moonlight night, but very wet; thought he knew one of the men who stood a little to one side; told them to go home, that they could be no strangers; one of them swore they would smash in the door if it was not opened, but that they had plenty of money, and would pay well for the whiskey; thought the easiest way to get rid of them was to give them the whiskey; lit a candle, and drew half a pint; did not wish them to come in, and brought it to the door, which he opened; two of them stepped inside, and said it was a shame to keep them so long in the rain because they were strangers. Witness turned the light of the candle upon the man who stood outside, looked sharp at him, and said, "There's one of you no stranger, at all events; Tom, what's the matter? won't you come in and dry yourself?" He made no reply, and witness said, "You had better go home, Tom, as fast as you can." Knew Tom Courtney since he was born; is his uncle by his mother; the prisoner came no nearer at any time than where he just stood—about four yards; the two men brought out the whiskey and a glass, and they all drank it amongst them; the prisoner would not come in.

This witness was then called on by the Crown to state positively whether the prisoner was one of those three men, or if he had any doubt. He was positive that the man who stood outside was the prisoner; he did not know either of the other men, they were strangers.

Moran was then cross-examined with great ingenuity, principally as to the dress which the prisoner had on; whether it was that usually worn by him, and the opportunity he had of distinctly seeing his face. Upon the whole, this cross-examination was not unsuccessful in creating a rather favourable impression towards the prisoner.

As the old man turned to go down, his eyes met those of his nephew—they were within four feet of each other, and Moran, having gazed at him for a moment, threw his arms and shoulders across the rails of the dock, and clasping him round the neck, he cried, "Oh, Tom, forgive me, but I could not wrong my soul."

"Stand back, Uncle Philip," said Courtney; "you'll drown me with your tears. I know you have sworn what you believe to be the truth, and I would disown you if you could do anything else, even to save my life."

He then staggered down, or rather was helped down, and you could have heard his sobs dying away in the distance, as he was supported out of Court.

James Murphy was then examined: Recollected the night his mother's house was attacked; was from home that night; went to sell some calves at the fair of Grange; had a conversation with the prisoner two days before the fair; witness was in a field looking at the calves, when the prisoner jumped over the hedge and bid him the time of day; the prisoner asked him if he was going to send his calves to the fair of Grange, he replied "not;" the prisoner said, "You are wrong, James, 'tis the best fair in the province for weanling calves, and take my advice, and don't miss it." Witness was induced by the prisoner's advice to go to the fair; it was eighteen or nineteen miles distant, and he could not return home that night; the prisoner knew that, for witness observed it to him as an objection to his going; was over-persuaded by the prisoner to go; it was on the fair night that his mother's house was attacked; if he had been at home, there would have been a different story to tell. On his oath he did not intend to go to the fair, and would not have gone but for the prisoner.

Cross-examined: Sold his calves, got a good price for them; never got so high a price for weanling calves in his life before—so far as the calves were concerned, the advice which the prisoner gave was good.

This closed the examination of witnesses for the Crown. The Widow Murphy's dying declaration was then read, when a murmur of surprise and indignation ran through the Court. Persons who had hitherto felt inclined to sympathise with the prisoner began now to look on him as a hardened and hypocritical ruffian; and with the widow's declaration the case for the prosecution closed.

Mr. B——y asked across the table "if the Crown did not intend to examine the officer of police who had arrested the prisoner? surely they would show that he had immediately absconded, and was taken in some distant part of the country in disguise, or under a feigned name."

The Crown replied, that "they did not consider the police officer a material witness, and they did not intend to examine him."

Mr. B——y then said, "if he was not produced by the Crown, he would examine him upon the part of the prisoner, and his 'learned friend' would then find out that he was a very material witness."

"Perhaps, Mr. F——h," said the judge, "you had better tender him for cross-examination."

"My lord, I have no objection that the prisoner's counsel should avail himself of this gentleman's direct evidence, and I shall reserve myself for any question which may appear necessary upon the cross-examination."

"Very well, Mr. F——h," said his lordship, "pursue your own course, but I must say it is an unusual one."

Old Ned Courtney was the first witness for the defence, and a miserable example of wretchedness and despair he exhibited. He could not, nor would he swear positively that his son did not leave the house on that night, but, to the best of his belief, he did not. He was not cross-examined.

The leading witness for the defence, the prisoner's brother Billy, was then put up. He was an exceedingly handsome lad, about sixteen years of age; his colour, fresh and beautiful, with an intelligent, soft, hazel eye—unlike his brother, his hair was of a golden brown, and hung in bright curls half way down his smooth, peach-like cheeks; the whole cast and expression of his countenance was singularly prepossessing, and one could scarcely behold the steady look with which he met the crowded Court, as he took the book to be sworn, without feeling that nothing but the truth would fall from his lips, and yet it was the general expectation that he would swear positively the prisoner had never left the bed on the night in question.

He recollected the night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked; the reason he had for recollecting it was because his brother, the prisoner, was taken by the police the next morning, and charged with the attack; slept on that night in the bed with his brother; witness and the prisoner went to bed about ten o'clock, locked the house door, and hung the key behind the parlour door, where it was always hung; the prisoner got into bed first, he slept next the wall, and witness slept on the outside; prisoner and witness both said their prayers before they got into bed; the prisoner was in the bed in the morning when witness awoke; turned several times during the night, and, on his solemn oath, the prisoner was in the bed on all these occasions; there was a chair in the room near the head of the bed, quite close to where witness lay, could put his hand upon it from the bed; the prisoner was the first to take off his clothes, he laid them on the chair; when witness took off his clothes he placed them on the chair, over the prisoner's; was first up in the morning, and on his oath, to the best of his judgment and belief, neither the prisoner's clothes nor his had been touched during the night; his clothes were uppermost, and the prisoner's underneath, precisely as he had left them when getting into bed; had a conversation with his father and

mother on the day the prisoner was taken; witness's father asked him couldn't he clear Tom? he replied that he could clear him upon all the books that were ever shut or opened; his mother clapped her hands and said, "Thank God!"

Cross-examined by Mr. F——h: The prisoner had other clothes in a box in the same room; he could have got them without touching those on the chair.

"Could he not have left the house without your knowledge, sir?"

"'Tis just possible, but I am positive he never did."

"Do you mean to swear, sir, that he did not do that which it was possible he could have done without your knowledge?"

"I'll tell you ——"

"No, sir, you'll tell me nothing until you give me a direct answer—I ask you, sir, again, and for the last time, will you take it upon yourself to swear that the prisoner did not leave the house that night after you and he went to bed?"

"I will not swear it positively."

"You may go down, sir."

"You were going to say something just now," said the judge.

"I was going to say, my lord, that I would not swear positively to anything which I did not actually know of my own knowledge; and in this case, although I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the prisoner did not leave the house on that night, yet, as the possibility does exist that he could have done so, however safe I might believe myself to be in swearing it, I think it would be wrong to do so."

"It is a very honest answer, my good boy," broke in Mr. B——y, "and stamps truth upon every tittle of your evidence."

The witness here became much affected, his eyes filled with tears, and the corners of his mouth worked and twitched with emotion. He put a handkerchief to his eyes as he turned to go down, more, I think, to hide his brother as he passed than to check his tears; but the prisoner stretched out his arms and grasped him by the shoulder, saying, "God bless you, Billy, you're all right, man—you're all right; forgive me if I was afraid of your love."

Billy then rushed through the crowd, carrying the sympathy of every one who heard his evidence with him.

I was then examined at great length upon the part of the prisoner, but I shall mention my testimony as briefly as possible:—

"In consequence of information, I proceeded to the house of the prisoner's father, for the purpose of arresting him. Found the prisoner at breakfast with his family. There was not the slightest appearance of guilt or confusion, upon the part of the

prisoner, when I went in.”—Objected to, but subsequently admitted.—“The whole party seemed surprised, and the father asked if anything was the matter: watched the prisoner very closely while I told him the unpleasant nature of my visit. Knew that the previous night had been very wet; the roads were heavy with mud, and the fields were drenched with rain; examined the prisoner’s clothes and shoes, they were perfectly dry; he expressed a wish that I should examine some clothes which he had in a box, and I did so; they were quite dry and neatly folded, also his great-coat and hat, which were not even damp; made diligent search for pistols or other fire-arms, or money—found nothing of the kind.”

Mr. B——y then asked me if I could form an opinion from all I saw, whether—

Objected to by the Crown.

“Did his learned friend want to make a thirteenth juror of the witness?”

Mr. B——y: “Well, I’ll come at it in another way:—Did you, on that morning, tell the prisoner’s father that you could clear his son, for that you could swear he had not left the house that night?”

“Not exactly; but, if the Court will permit me to explain, I shall repeat what I did say.”

The Court bowed, and I went on:—

“I was walking with the prisoner’s father a short distance behind the prisoner and the two policemen who had him in custody. The father was overwhelmed with surprise and grief. He asked me who swore against his son? I begged of him to keep quiet. He said, ‘Oh, sir, they must be worse than devils to swear against Tom, for he never left the house last night.’

“‘Can you, or any of you, swear positively to that, Courtney?’ said I.

“‘Why, sir,’ he replied, ‘if I could swear to anything I did not actually know I would swear it, but sure Billy, who slept in the bed with him, can swear to it.’

“‘Why, Ned,’ said I, ‘I think I could safely swear to it myself, from the state in which I found his clothes and shoes.’ That is precisely what occurred.”

Counsel took the opportunity, before I went down, to ask me how long I had known the prisoner, and what was his general character for peaceable and quiet conduct?

“I had known him about four years—since I came to the district. His character throughout the county was extremely good; in fact, he was proverbial for being of a peaceable, amiable, and studious disposition, and I believed very justly.”

I was cross-examined at some length by the counsel for the

Crown as to the possibility of the clothes and shoes having been dried before my arrival. I admitted the bare possibility of it, but that I found it very difficult to reconcile the state in which I found them, at so early an hour, with the fact—if fact it was—of the prisoner having been out the previous night, which I knew had been extremely wet, and his having been at Philip Moran's public-house at the hour sworn to by his uncle.

The only other evidence which was brought forward was as to character; and certainly, if it could have availed in opposition to the flood of evidence which was against the prisoner, he would have been turned from the dock a free man. The highest, the most noble in the county, one and all bore cheerful testimony to the amiability and uniformly good character of Tom Courtney. The priests (for they still claimed him) thronged forward to the table to bear witness to his benevolence and kind-heartedness from a very child, and the case closed.

The judge slowly turned himself round towards the jury, and made a very long pause—so long that it became at last the subject of whispers from one to another, and I heard some one say that he was only waiting for the buzz (which always takes place at that moment in a crowded Court) to subside, but I did not think it was.

He commenced, however, and it was the signal for death-like silence. I shall not follow him through his charge: he left no point of view in which he did not put the case, and it was beautifully painful to listen to him, even in that hopeless case. I shall never forget his voice—his views—his periods. He closed, and during the whole of his charge he never once used the words “on the other hand, gentlemen” (alas! there was no “other hand” to turn to); nor did he close with that general and hackneyed finale to all charges, “if they had a doubt, a reasonable doubt” (and it was a termination of which his humanity rendered that judge particularly fond); but in this case he seemed to feel—the whole Court felt—that it would have been out of place; and his closing words were, “I leave, then, the case with you, gentlemen; and I do so with a firm persuasion, that, as upright and conscientious jurors, you will do your duty without respect to persons, and fearless of the result, founded on the evidence, and the evidence alone, which has been brought before you.”

Oh, what a hum—what a buzz—what whispering and wiping of faces—what altering of elbows on the ledges of the seats—what shaking of heads, and compressing of lips, as people looked in each other's faces while the jury rose to retire; and “poor young fellow!” “God help him!” “unfortunate mother!” and such like remarks passed in an under-tone from one to another. I lifted up my heart in silent prayer to God,

that He would indeed help both him and his mother in that distracting hour. Not a man, not a woman, not a child—and there were children there—left the Court, although there were numbers who had not tasted food for nearly twelve hours; such was the awful suspense, the dreadful anxiety to learn that which every person there knew to as great a certainty as that the sun, which had been some time set, would rise again in the morning.

Contrary to all expectation, the jury remained in for nearly half-an-hour; not that they doubted (as I learned afterwards), but from a sheer reluctance to hand in the fatal word. Indeed, it was the good sense and humanity of one of the jurors which prevented them from giving still further delay (such was their repugnance), by representing that every moment they remained in beyond what was reasonable, in so plain a case, was only calculated to nourish a vain and delusive hope in the prisoner's breast, and lead him to the belief that it was possible to take a favourable view of the case. The justice, the humanity of this was at once acquiesced in, and the jury-room door opened, and forth came a reluctant but conscientious jury. The issue-paper was handed down. The clerk of the Crown read over the names of the jurors, and read aloud, though his voice trembled as he uttered it, the awful word "GUILTY!" adding the useless but usual words, "Have you anything to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner, on hearing the word "GUILTY!" had brought his hands together, stretched his arms along the front rail of the dock, and laid his head down upon the backs of his hands. In this position he remained, evidently struggling with inward emotion. There was a death-like silence then, indeed, in the Court, as there always is immediately previous to the sentence of death being passed. At length the judge, who had been gazing at some imaginary object in the air, said, "Prisoner!"

At the word the convict—for such, indeed, he now was—started up into an erect position, and, pushing back his long, dark hair, which had fallen down over his forehead and eyes, showed a face of marble whiteness, but an unstimulating eye of surpassing beauty.

"Prisoner," said the judge again.

"My lord," said the prisoner, "I have been asked if I have anything to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon me. If the question be not altogether an insult or a mockery, may I be permitted to say a few words to the Court?—not, I am aware, that they can have any influence upon my fate, but, my lord, that they may be remembered when I am no more;" and his lip quivered.

The judge made no answer, rather permitting him to proceed than giving him permission.

"My lord, I have been found guilty of a crime of which I am as innocent before Heaven as any person who now hears me, or looks upon me standing here, in the eyes of the law a convicted murderer, and about to receive sentence of death and execution—oh! terrible, terrible words! There may be eyes now looking at me, there may be ears now listening to me, of those who know, and who could prove my innocence, even at this moment. If such there be in Court (and the prisoner turned round and surveyed the crowd in rear of the dock) let them behold me—let them listen to my words. Of course, my lord, I allude to the real perpetrators of this horrid crime, should any of them be here, and which is not impossible. Do I expect, then, that, if they be, they, or any of them, will stand forth and avow it? Alas, no! I have no such hope; 'tis not in human nature; and the hearts which would perpetrate such a cruel deed will be but too glad to chuckle in the security of my conviction."

Here there was a great bustle in the centre of the crowd behind the dock, and a strong-looking man, who had fainted from the heat, was removed into the street, where the fresh air soon revived him, but I do not believe he returned into the Court, and I heard somebody say he was a stranger.

"They may hear," continued the prisoner, when silence was restored, "from the lips of a dying man, that they are about to commit another murder, and that, sooner or later, justice will overtake them, and my character will be redeemed, and my memory rescued from disgrace and shame—perhaps ere I be rotten in the grave."

Sir William knit his brow, and seemed as if he would have stopped him. He at once perceived it, and added—

"Pardon the expression, my lord—this is not a time for choice of words; but if I have used an undignified or improper expression while addressing your lordship, pardon me, I pray, and attribute it rather to the agony of the position in which I am placed than to any want of respect."

The judge appeared satisfied, and the prisoner continued—

"My lord, I cannot, and I do not, while asserting my innocence, quarrel with either your lordship's charge, or with the verdict of the jury; I do not even know how to quarrel with the evidence. I never injured any one of the witnesses; on the contrary, I had far other feelings at one time—perhaps far other objects than injury towards one of them. This has been adverted to by the talented and anxious gentleman who has undertaken my case, and although I was opposed to his view, knowing the facts as I did, upon a point of examination implying an unworthy motive, and false swearing to Catherine Murphy, I take this opportunity—the last sad one I can ever have—of

offering him my warmest thanks for his zealous and able, though fruitless advocacy, and, at the same time, of asking his pardon if I interrupted him in a hasty or unbecoming manner. If I advert myself to this matter, it is because I do not acquiesce in the justice of the motive which has been attributed to Catherine Murphy's evidence. I cannot, and I do not believe, that her poor old mother—her murdered mother—and my heart still bleeds at the contemplation of her sufferings and death—I cannot believe, I say, that she rushed for judgment to her God with a perjured lie upon her lips; I cannot believe that either she or Catherine has sworn what they knew to be false. I cannot believe that James has turned an innocent and casual conversation against me for a wicked purpose, knowing me to be innocent. He, at least, my lord, has sworn the truth. I freely admit the accuracy of the conversation detailed in his evidence: it was a casual matter, with no other object than to serve him, and founded upon the success of my own father upon similar occasions. Besides, were my object that which has been attributed to it, might I not as well have said to James Murphy, 'James, I wish you would go away to the fair of Grange on Thursday next, for I want to murder your mother, and rob your house on that night,' as have acted the subsequent part I did, had such been the object of the conversation which actually did take place? Who but a fool would have held such a conversation with him, had he not made arrangements to fly with his booty before he returned? Did I fly? You have heard where and how I was found. Intimately known as I was to the widow, to Catherine, and the servant-girl, undisguised to have entered the house, and committed murder and robbery, and then returned to my own house, not more than a mile distant, sat down to my breakfast, and calmly waited the result—could I, I say, have courted an ignominious and shameful death more openly, more successfully, more promptly, than by such a course? But I have not alluded to my uncle. Can I believe that Philip Moran—the only brother of her whose heart I now see breaking almost beneath your lordship's bench, and which I doubt not, in mercy, may be cold before my own—can I believe that he would join a foul conspiracy to take away the life of an innocent man, and that man his sister's son—a conspiracy, too, the success of which must be purchased by multiplied perjury of the deepest dye, and for which no depth of ingenuity can divine a motive? I cannot believe that he has, or that they have, done so. What shall I say, then?—that I am guilty? No, my lord, as I stand before the God of heaven, who knoweth my heart, I am not guilty."

The convict here paused for a moment, and turned his head towards one of the side boxes below him.

"I have just heard a remark, my lord," he continued, "expressing surprise that I did not make this statement to the jury before they retired, rather than to the Court after the verdict. I doubt that the law would have permitted me to do so; but I do not doubt the futility of such a course, neither does the gentleman who defended my case, else had he not been silent, were it lawful; had I been permitted, I should have declined to do so. And why? Because I felt the impossibility of anything which I could say to contend against the evidence, and whatever I set forth must have been received by the jury and the public as false and hypocritical, coming at such a time, in the vain and delusive hope of swaying men's minds in my favour, and I should but too surely have added the brand of liar to that of murderer upon my name. It may not be so now: the die is cast—my doom is sealed. That short word, written in silence by your foreman, and spoken aloud by the officer of the Crown, has removed my case into a higher Court. I stand now, not so much before your lordship, as before the Lord of heaven. At His tribunal I must soon appear; and falsehood, which could never have availed to save me, would be worse than useless now. I may, therefore, hope there are some, at least—perhaps many—here who will believe my words, when I again declare, in this awful moment, that I am wholly innocent of act, part, or knowledge of this dreadful crime. I believe, my lord, that an inscrutable Providence, whose ways are past finding out, has permitted—for some mysterious purpose, which neither you, my lord, nor I can scan—a fatal delusion to fall upon the minds of all those who have this day witnessed against me. He has the power even still to dispel it; and should He hasten His mercy in time to save me from a cruel and ignominious death, how shall I live to thank Him—to serve Him!—but, if not——"

Here the unhappy man exhibited great emotion; his lips quivered, his voice trembled, and his whole frame shook.

"But if not," he continued, recovering himself, "and that my doom in this world shall indeed be fixed, I trust I can say, 'His will be done!' but for the sake of my memory and my character, and for the sake of those who loved me here, I hope and trust He will reveal it when I am gone."

He paused, and the judge, thinking he had finished, put his hand behind him, doubtless for the purpose of assuming the black cap.

"A very few words more, my lord, and I have done. I doubt not that your lordship will tell me that you perfectly coincide with the propriety of the verdict, and that no person who has heard the evidence can for a moment have a doubt

of my guilt. Perhaps your lordship may tell me that a solemn declaration of my innocence, in opposition to such evidence, is only a fearful aggravation of my guilt; and although I cannot, as I have already said, upon that evidence, quarrel with either the verdict, or with that opinion, I once more, and for the last time—at least, before your lordship—assert my innocence; and further, I most solemnly declare, that were an admission of my guilt to purchase the life which I must so soon resign for a shameful, sudden, and perhaps a painful death, and to turn me free and unshackled from this dock, while my name and character were blasted with the crime, I would not, for I could not truly make it. The Lord has laid his hand heavily upon me; it is a sore affliction, which I cannot comprehend, but which must take its course. May the Lord lighten the load, or increase my strength to bear it! to Him I commit myself, soul and body. My lord and gentlemen, I have done, and I thank you for the patience and attention with which you have listened to me.”

The prisoner ceased, but not a word, not a whisper, not a stir in Court. All eyes turned from the unhappy man to the judge, who, after an apparent consultation with his own mind, assumed the black cap with a trepidation very foreign to his usual mode. All persons present seemed to expect a long and, doubtless, a very feeling address to the unhappy convict, ere the final words of the sentence should close his fate; but I never saw Sir William Smith so completely, so perfectly overcome. He made one effort to speak in vain, and it was evident he would not make a second until he had mastered himself, and could command his voice. I had, too, a secret feeling, that he believed in the innocence of the prisoner. After a prolonged and painful silence, he merely said:—

“Thomas Courtney, I have listened, with all the attention which I considered your unhappy position demanded, to your statement. Every person in the Court, as well as the jury, has heard the evidence upon which you have been convicted; and in the justice and propriety of that verdict there is not one solitary individual who must not concur—nay, you yourself have done so. They have also heard your statement; and whether that statement be an aggravation of the crime or not, I shall leave to be settled by the final Judge, before whom you must soon appear. I shall only add, that if your statement be false—and I cannot reconcile its being otherwise, with the evidence, if it be true—you will find, perhaps when too late, that it will be a dreadful aggravation indeed.”

He then sentenced Tom Courtney to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, in the usual words, upon the next day but one following. The miserable man was then removed from the dock to the gaol, amidst all the customary clamour and screaming of relations and friends.

The Court was adjourned, and in one hour the town was as quiet as if nothing beyond the conviction at a petty-sessions had taken place.

The weather was very fine and dry for the time of year, and Sir William, to the surprise of every one who had witnessed all he had gone through that day, directed the sheriff to have an escort ready in one hour from the closing of the Court; and having made arrangements with his brother judge (who had nothing to do in the Record Court), he left for the next town on the circuit, by a clear, fine moonlight.

It was by this time very late; and, as I felt harassed and fatigued both in body and mind, I retired to my lodging alone and depressed. The evening wore on: in a state of distraction I retired to rest, and soon fell into a confused slumber. How long I slept, or half slept, I know not—at least, I did not know until I was awakened by a thundering double knock at the street door. I had an instinctive feeling that it was for me, and, jumping up, I put my head out of the window, and asked, "Who was there?"

"Oh, come down, sir, come down as fast as you can," said Ferriss, who, with another policeman, stood at the door.

"Why, what is the matter now, Ferriss?" said I.

"Oh, come down, sir; dress yourself smart, and come down, sir, and I'll tell you."

Of course I lost not another moment in dressing myself and going down. As I passed the clock on the landing-place, I saw that it was not far from two o'clock. Something serious I was certain had happened, and I felt a dreadful presentiment that Ferriss's news was, that Tom Courtney had put an end to himself. Judge of my astonishment when I opened the hall door, and his first words were, that Tom Courtney had made his escape from gaol, and that he had again arrested him in a public-house in the town.

"Quite and entirely impossible, Ferriss," said I, "on every account impossible; out of the question."

"Quite true, nevertheless, sir," he replied; "I have him in the police-barrack, not forty perch from where you stand; and what's more, I have one of the fellows that was with him at the widow's house, and who, I am sure, assisted him to make his escape. You remember the red-haired thief that Kitty swore she'd know again?"

"You're dreaming, Ferriss; 'tis, I say, quite impossible; I can't and I don't believe it."

"And why not, sir? why wouldn't he, if he could? and, faith, if it wasn't for Edmond Ferriss, he was a free bird before morning. Come down to the barrack, sir, yourself, and see him; may-be you'll believe your eyesight."

"Scarcely," said I. "What did he say, Ferriss, when you took him? How did you know he got out? Where did you find him? Does he now admit his guilt?"

"He never opened his lips since I took him; but I heard him and his companion talking the whole business over of the attack, and how well they escaped. There can be no doubt of his guilt now, at all events. Oh, then, what a sweet tongue he had, sir! Did you hear him to-day—faith, I believe I may say yesterday—why, he had me almost persuaded at one time, in spite of everything, that he was innocent."

We hastened to the barrack. As I entered the day-room I there beheld Tom Courtney sitting upon a form, handcuffed to another man, and a policeman on either end guarding them. He had changed his clothes, but did not appear to have had time to cut his hair, or otherwise disguise himself. There was a ferocity in his eye, and altogether in the expression of his countenance, I had never before seen, and which I did not conceive it capable of assuming. I looked him full in the face, and said—

"God help you, Tom Courtney! what is this you have done?"

He did not return my gaze, and he replied not.

Looking upon him from that moment as a condemned and hardened hypocrite, I turned from the room, and gave directions that no person whatever should be permitted to speak to him, or he to any one. I then brought Ferriss with me to Mr. ———, the magistrate, whom I routed up as unexpectedly as I myself had been. As we went along, and while we were waiting for the magistrate to dress, and reconcile himself to so untimely a visit, Ferriss gave me the following account of Tom Courtney's second arrest:—

He and his companions had retired to their lodgings, rather tired and harassed after the duties of the day—their room was off a long narrow one which was used as a tap-room—there was, however, another door leading into their room from an outside passage up three little three-cornered steps, which door was generally used when there was company drinking in the tap-room, but on this occasion it was very late, and, as there were no persons in it, Ferriss and his comrades passed through it into their sleeping-room, and were retiring to bed—there was a chink of the door between the two rooms open, Ferriss's companions had got into bed, and he himself had taken off his clothes, and had just put out the candle, when he heard the door of the outside room open, and steps advance into it, and he saw a light. Now, Ferriss was a cautious, sensible man where business or duty was concerned, although a smart, pleasant fellow where it was not; he never did anything in a hurry, and therefore

seldom did it wrong, and in this instance he thought it was just as well to take a peep through the chink previous, as he thought, to stepping into bed; but Ferriss did not go to bed that night, near as he was to doing so, for, as he looked out, if ever he saw mortal man, he saw Tom Courtney sitting at the end of the table directly opposite him—the candle shone right upon him, full on his face—he could not be mistaken. There was another man sitting sideways to the table, but turned round towards Courtney, so that he could not see his face; but it was no matter—he saw Tom Courtney beyond a doubt, nay, if a doubt could have existed, which, under the circumstances, might have been natural, it was dispelled by the following conversation, every word of which Ferriss drank in, *erectis auribus*, with more than ordinary surprise:—

“Well, Tom, my boy—for I can’t help calling you Tom, though you bid me not—I hope I may congratulate you now at least on your escape from the halter, eh? Don’t you think you may say you are safe? Give us your hand, old boy.”

The other looked at him with a contemptuous curl of the lip—Tom Courtney’s curl all over—and, letting him take his hand rather than giving it to him, replied, “Yes, I hope we are safe, perhaps, from that job; but recollect, Martin, there are other things to the full as bad, if not worse, than the widow’s, and the sooner we can get clear out of the country the better; my heart misgives me that there may be some mischance yet.”

“Your heart is quite right for once, my lad, at all events,” thought Ferriss; but he would not stir for the world until he heard more; he was, as he said himself, “in the receipt of a bagfull of information of the right sort.”

“Don’t be down-hearted, man,” continued Martin, “here’s the girl with the whiskey.” It was just then brought in and laid on the table, and the girl left the room.

“Martin, *you* have no right to call me down-hearted—recollect to-day, didn’t I stand it like a man? It would be more like the thing if I called you a chicken-hearted coward. *you* were very near spoiling all.”

“Well, well,” interrupted the other, “you said enough about that already, and I told you I couldn’t help it. The recollection of the poor Widow Murphy’s screams, and the blood upon her grey hairs and face, and the way that you spoke, Tom, and wanted the people to stand back that I might be seen, was too much for me, and the place was so hot, and altogether I could not help it; but it’s all over now, and you promised you would not bring it up again, so no more about it. But let us hear your plan, Tom—what is it?”

“Just to drink my share of this half-pint, smoke a pipe.

and be the best half of the way to Galway before daylight—will that do?"

"Right well; here's to you and me: there's not another man in Ireland would have escaped as you have."

They drank, and helped themselves again.

All this time Ferriss was stealing into his jacket and trousers like a mouse, and listening and peeping at the same time. He was glad to see—what no man ever saw before—Tom Courtney charging a pipe, and preparing to smoke. This was nuts and apples to Ferriss; it was his time for business, and, of all men in the force, he was not likely to spoil a job by hurry; he therefore stole over and very gingerly awakened his two comrades, and whispered to them, "For their life not to open their lips, or make a noise, but to dress themselves as smart and as quietly as possible, and," he added, "our fortunes is made."

This having been accomplished—not the making of their fortunes, but the dressing themselves—he told them who was in the outside room, and sent them in their *stockin'* feet, but with their bayonets, through the little door of which I spoke, to the outer door of the drinking-room, to prevent the escape of the men, and with directions to stand fast until they heard him inside. All being arranged as he directed, he returned to his former position, and, taking a final peep, he saw Tom Courtney and his companion puffing away. Need I say what next? Ferriss, throwing open the door, rushed like a tiger upon Tom Courtney, and gripped him by the throat; the other two men sprang in with drawn bayonets. There was a fearful struggle—'twas for life or death, and Courtney and his companion fought like persons who knew and felt what the result of defeat must be; but Ferriss and his comrades were no light customers, and the odds being in their favour, both as to numbers and being armed (although they did not inflict any injury with their bayonets), Courtney and his accomplice were ultimately overpowered and handcuffed, and in a very short time after were lodged in the police-barrack, where a strong guard was placed over them.

When Ferriss had finished the recital, from which I have put the above into the form of detail, he pulled out an Isle of Man halfpenny out of his pocket.

"Do you see that, sir?" said he, holding it on the palm of his hand in the moonlight. I did; it had three legs kicking every way upon it.

"I wouldn't take a five-pound note for that halfpenny; I never won a toss but the one I won with that, and it was the means of my taking Tom Courtney, for the Tubercullen boys and us tossed up to see where we'd stop in town; we were for

Hinnigan's, and they were for M'Coy's: if I lost the toss we'd have gone to M'Coy's, and Courtney was clean gone for ever."

We were standing at the hall-door all this time, waiting for the magistrate. The door was at length opened, and we went up stairs to the drawing-room. I told him that Courtney was indeed a villain and a hypocrite; that he had made his escape from the gaol with the assistance of an accomplice; that Ferriss had overheard him fully admit the crime, and boast of how he had escaped; but most fortunately he had been enabled, with the assistance of his comrades, to apprehend them both in the lodging-house, and they were then under a strong guard in the police-barrack. I found it just as hard to persuade Mr. — of the fact as Ferriss had found it to persuade me, but he came up to the barrack and was there perfectly satisfied of the whole thing. Like myself, he asked him one or two questions, and receiving no answer, turned away. We determined then to remain up all night till the gaol should be open in the morning, and we brought Ferriss back again to the magistrate's lodgings, where we took a very full statement from him in writing of the conversation and arrest of Courtney and the other man; and if a person could enjoy anything at such a time, we almost did enjoy the idea of the *governor's* distraction when he first heard of Courtney's escape, and his face again when we should inform him that he had been re-taken: musing and thinking on these things, we turned our steps towards the gaol long before the usual hour for its being opened, or the officials ready for business. When we turned the corner, early as it was, we saw the governor standing at the outer gate, with his hands in his black-velvet jacket pockets, and his head down.

"He does not look as if he had heard it yet," said I.

"Oh, he must," said Mr. —; "look at him."

We approached him: there was nothing of excitement or hurry about him—rather a melancholy sadness as he returned our "Good morning, governor."

"This is a bad business," said Mr. —, "but it might have been worse."

"Worse, sir! my God, sir, how could it be worse? the poor young fellow!"

"Poor young fellow! how so? He might have escaped altogether; he was within a snap of your fingers of being off."

"Escaped! being off—what do you mean? Ah no, no, poor fellow, I am quite certain he would not have moved a step if the gates were open all night, and that it was to save his life."

Mr. — and I looked at each other; we did not suppose he had heard a word of what had happened.

"Was it late last night when you saw him? or when did you see him last?" said I.

"Poor fellow, I have but just left him, and, notwithstanding all the evidence, I declare to Heaven, gentlemen, my opinion is, that, if ever a man was hanged in the wrong, that man will."

"What?" cried Mr. — and myself in a breath, "do you indeed say that he is here? that he has not made his escape?"

"Oh, gentlemen, this is no time for joking. I am not able to bear it—indeed I am not, and I did not expect it from either of you. Ah, poor fellow! I never saw so reconciled a creature: he says, but for his mother, he could bear it all. Poor fellow! God help him!"

"Indeed," said I, "we are not joking; it would be worse than cruel to do so at such a time; but you must be mistaken, for, beyond a doubt, Tom Courtney did make his escape last night, and has been re-taken, with one of his accomplices, by some of my men; they will be here in a few minutes. One of my men—Ferriss—even heard him confess the whole business while talking to his accomplice." The governor looked at me as if he thought I was mad, and then at Mr. —, to see if he would confirm what I had said. Mr. — saw the state of excitement he was getting into, and said—

"When, in deed and in truth, did you see him last? This is most extraordinary."

"Not ten minutes ago. Why, I tell you, I had but just left him, not five minutes, when you turned the corner and came towards me; but, come, and you shall see him yourselves this moment. Poor fellow! God, I say, help him—indeed, he has helped him wonderfully, for I never saw so reconciled a creature—he's like a lamb: come, gentlemen, and satisfy yourselves," and, as he turned to lead the way, I saw, what I had never seen before, tears trembling in the eyes of the governor of a gaol. I confess I had my doubts, as I followed him, of the state of his mind at that moment, as I felt confident of the impossibility of his showing us Tom Courtney. We arrived at the cell-door, and my heart beat violently—I knew not from what cause. The governor unlocked the door and we entered; there sat the real, true Tom Courtney as innocent before the Lord and his country of the murder for which he had been condemned, as the new-born lamb. We had cautioned the governor on no account to make any allusion to the subject of our previous conversation, and, having merely paid him a short visit of apparent sympathy, we left the cell.

On our return to the outer gate the police were just coming in with the prisoners, and, as they passed into the ante-room for examination, the governor actually started—he pinched my arm, and, turning aside, he said, "My God, how perfectly alike! I see it all; it must be the case."

The truth had flashed upon us when we saw Tom Courtney in the cell, it now flashed upon the governor when he saw the prisoners pass him into the ante-room.

The room was then cleared, with the exception of the principal prisoner, the governor, and myself, and Ferriss was directed to remain. Mr. — having then cautioned the prisoner in the usual manner, commenced to examine him. He stated that his name was Michael Lynch, that he was from the County Galway, that he knew nothing whatever of any crime he was taken up for or charged with; he was on his way to the fair of Enniskillen to buy pigs, when he was taken up by that gentleman there (pointing to Ferriss); for what, he could not tell. This is all that could be got out of him, as he positively declined saying one word more, or answering any questions whatever. He was then removed, and the other prisoner brought in, and as they passed in the lobby, I heard Lynch say to the other, "*A dark night, friend,*" at the same time giving him a significant look. Another dumb witness, thought I. This man was in like manner cautioned and examined. He said his name was Martin Cooney, that he did not mind the caution he got one straw; he would tell the whole, if he was to be hanged for it the next moment, "and it's longing I am since yesterday, when I heard him speaking, to tell it." He was cautioned again, and it was fully explained to him that anything he said would be written down and proved against him.

"So best, so best, gentlemen; I'll tell everything; I have enough upon me, and I'll have no more—least of all the blood of that poor innocent young man, Tom Courtney. Gentlemen, my companion's name is Peter Hopkins, I don't know what he told you, he's from one village with me in the County Mayo—'twas he and I, and another boy, no matter who, but I'll tell if I'm obliged, that broke into the Widow Murphy's house and robbed and murdered her—Tom Courtney never set a foot near it, no more than you did, but Hopkins is so like him, that he was taken for him by every one that saw him that night; even his own uncle, as Phil Moran turns out to be, swore to him—if you misdoubt me, gentlemen, you'll find an old purse in his small-clothes' pocket this very moment, that belonged to the daughter; she swore to it yesterday, and she'll know it."

"Begad, you won't get it in his pocket," said Ferriss, "for I have it in mine, but surely I got it in his pocket just now when I searched him; here it is, gentlemen, and money enough in it, too," and he laid it on the table.

"The less I lie, then, 'tis all the one thing," Cooney continued; "oh, gentlemen, I thank God I'm taken, for surely that young man is innocent—clean innocent. I had like to faint in the court-house yesterday when he was speaking about

the real murderer, and Hopkins is the chief one, and I'm the other. Oh, Tom Courtney, a hair of your head shall never fall by me, now that I'm taken, and thank God, gentlemen, I am taken."

In this strain he went on, and the magistrate took down a full and detailed statement which he gave of the transaction at the Widow Murphy's, but which you are too well acquainted with already. He further stated, "that when they heard a young man named Tom Courtney was charged with the murder and taken up, they knew that it must have been from a strong likeness between him and Hopkins, as Hopkins had been called Tom, and even Tom Courtney, on that night, by both the widow and her daughter, and also by Philip Moran, at the public-house—they thought it a good chance, and were determined to let him suffer for it. He was quite sure he would have done so, if he had not been taken up; there were two or three warrants out against him in the County Mayo for different crimes, all bad enough, but no murder amongst them."

He then gave the name and residence of the third man, and repeated that he was willing and ready to abide by all he had stated, that his mind and conscience were easy since he was prevented from being accessory to the murder of Tom Courtney.

The prisoners were then committed for re-examination, and the governor was directed to keep them strictly separate.

The next step was to send for Catherine Murphy and Winifred Cox, in order to see if they could identify Martin Cooney, and what they would say upon seeing Peter Hopkins. For this purpose, the prisoners were placed in a yard with ten or twelve others, and they stood next each other but two. Catherine Murphy was brought to the door of the yard, and desired to look through a small square hole, and say if she saw any person she knew, or had ever seen before, but she had been kept in perfect ignorance of what had taken place. She looked for some time, ranging her eyes from one end to the other of the row; as they reached Cooney, on each occasion they stopped, and she gazed for some seconds at him; they also paused, but not so long, as they fell upon Hopkins, and I thought she turned a little pale. At length, turning to the magistrate, she said:—

"Yes, sir, I do; I see another of the men who attacked my mother's house."

"Point out where he stands," said the magistrate.

"He's standing there, sir, next but two to the poor fellow who was condemned yesterday, but whose dress is greatly changed since then—that's him with the red hair, he's the man that Winny Cox grappled with; I'd take my oath to him upon a hundred books."

The magistrate then assured her that Tom Courtney was not in the yard at all. She did not appear to believe him, and she scrutinised the man again very closely, and said—

“Is not that him, next but two on the right of the man I have just pointed out with the red hair?”

The magistrate and the governor both solemnly assured her that was not Tom Courtney, and that he was not there. She appeared greatly confused, and burst into a profuse perspiration.

“Bring me into the room, for God’s sake,” said she, “and give me a drink of water—there are the two identical men beyond a doubt; I see them together now as I saw them that night—oh, Tom Courtney, would I have mur——”

But, ere she could finish the sentence, or had reached the room door, she had fainted. Hopkins was then removed (I cannot say why, but the magistrate would have it so) and Winifred Cox was brought to the door. She promptly and distinctly identified Cooney as the man with whom she had struggled on the night of the attack, and all she appeared to me to require to render her perfectly happy in this life was—then and there to be *let at him* with her bare hands: “let me at him, that’s all ever I’ll ask—oh, let me at the villain, that’s all I’ll ask,” she repeated half a dozen times before she could be removed from the door.

Mr. — and I then requested the governor on no account whatever to permit any communication to be made to Courtney of what had transpired for the present, as we intended to post off directly after the judge who had condemned him, to put him in possession of everything that had occurred, and take his instructions.

In half an hour we had breakfasted, and were rolling in a chaise and pair to C——r, and the whole town we had just left rang with the fact that Tom Courtney was innocent after all, and that the real murderers were taken up; while poor Tom Courtney himself, whom it most concerned, was, perhaps, the only person who had not yet heard a word of what had happened. This was perhaps cruel, but the magistrate thought it absolutely necessary until the judge’s advice and opinion had been obtained upon the subject.

“Besides,” said he, “we shall not be more than ten or twelve hours away.”

On our arrival at C——r, we drove at once to the judge’s lodgings; it was not yet one o’clock, and his lordship had only just done breakfast when we were shown in. He appeared to have anticipated some unusual communication, for he had seen us get out of the carriage, and heard the words, “important business.”

“Well, gentlemen,” said his lordship, as we entered, “’twas

late yesterday when I saw you last ; you have come post ; what has happened since I left ? I almost anticipate your reply what is it, Mr. — ? pray tell me at once."

"My lord, Tom Courtney——"

"Ah ! I feared for him, I dreaded it," interrupted his lordship. "He should have been looked closely to ; I left town last night in a strange state of mind on his account."

"My lord, Tom Courtney is *innocent* !" almost shouted Mr. —, with excitement. "The real murderers have been taken, and one of them has confessed everything."

"I knew it, I knew it," said his lordship ; "I could not be mistaken in the truth coming from his lips. Was there a reporter in Court ? How do you get rid of the evidence ? It must have been a conspiracy. Tom Courtney innocent ! I knew he was ; that is, I did not know he was, of course, but I hoped he was—I felt he was—I feared he was—yes, I *feared* he was ; it must have been a conspiracy." And his lordship talked himself to a pause.

"No, my lord," said Mr. —, "I am happy, for the sake of the witnesses, to say that there was no conspiracy."

His lordship looked surprised.

"None whatever," repeated Mr. — ; "a mistake as to identity from a remarkable likeness."

Mr. — then recounted the whole of the circumstances from the moment the two men entered the tap-room of the lodging-house up to the moment we left the gaol, and read for him Martin Cooney's statement.

"I am more than obliged to you, gentlemen," said the judge, when it was finished, "for the promptitude with which you have brought me this intelligence. I felt that there was at least a possibility of that young man being innocent, and I dreaded learning the fact when it would be too late. How unfortunate for poor Tom Courtney that he should be so like so great a villain, or rather how unfortunate so great a villain should be so like him." And his lordship kept drumming with his beautifully-cut filbert nails upon *The Patriot* newspaper, which I believe soon after became, and still remains, *The Dublin Evening Mail*.

"Does your lordship think," said Mr. —, "that we may at once intimate to the poor young fellow the happy and unexpected deliverance that awaits him ?"

"Promptly, and distinctly, the moment you return. Tell him that his life is safe, but conjure him by all the fortitude he has shown throughout to compose himself, as it must be some days—perhaps many—ere his discharge can be legally effected. Let him be treated with the utmost kindness ; not as a prisoner—that is, not as a felon or a convict. I shall be prompt in doing

all that is necessary to procure his release, but there must be some delay; his life is, however, safe, and his liberty is not far off. I will see what they will do with Cooney; he has behaved well; you had better leave his statement with me."

We then took our leave of his lordship, but, ere I was at the door, he added—"One word, Mr. C——: be cautious how you convey this intelligence to poor Courtney; he is a young man of very extraordinary temperament; a very fine mind, but peculiarly sensitive."

"You may depend upon my discretion, my lord," said I; and I hastened down stairs after Mr. ———. By this time the horses were fed, which was all we permitted the driver time for, and we were soon rolling back to S——.

On our return, I lost no time in speeding to the goal upon my mission of life and light to the dark and troubled heart of poor Tom Courtney. I met the governor in the yard, who told me that no person had since seen Courtney, except himself, and that he had not the most remote idea of what had taken place. I told him, shortly, of our interview with the judge, and its result.

"God knows," said he, "I am glad you have returned. I think it was a cruel thing to leave him under so many hours' heavy affliction, which might have been spared him."

"It could not be avoided," said I; "but relief is at hand; give me the key of his cell." He came with me himself, and, opening the cell door, I entered, and he shut me in.

Tom Courtney was sitting on the side of his bed, but started up to meet me the moment I entered, and, stretching out both his hands to me, he said—

"Oh, sir, I am glad you are come; I thought you would have been to see me to-day before this hour. My time is short. Oh, sir, I have spent a miserably wretched night and day—death itself would have been preferable to the night I have spent. I wished to have told you this morning, but you hurried away, I knew not why. Oh, sir, I have been nearly mad—at times, I think I am mad. Can you wonder? Oh, how could it be otherwise? I wish it was all over. Oh, sir, if I could subdue my heart to the will of God, if I could feel that I had submitted to His mysterious will, with what pleasure I could behold the light of that fatal morning, now so near! but I have had a fearful struggle, and I hope—oh, yes, I do hope that I have not lost the battle. At one time, I feared I had been conquered, and that all was lost.

"Oh, sir," he continued, and a curious change came over him—"oh, I have spent a miserable night; oh, how I wish I had not slept at all! the waking to a new certainty of consciousness was frightful. And I had an extraordinary and tormenting

dream—oh, is not dreaming a curious faculty of the brain? Have you ever been perplexed during sleep by one constant, unaccountable, irreconcilable idea—a confused yet distinct idea—the certainty of an impossible fact—at one and the same moment knowing it to be impossible, yet believing it to be true—distinct, though confused—plain, but incomprehensible? 'Tis difficult clearly to explain what I mean, but I dare say you may have experienced some such thing, particularly if your mind has dwelt long upon any painful subject. Such I experienced last night to a very painful degree. I dreamed that I was in a foreign land—pardon me, sir, for all this, I must talk, for thought has nearly set me mad—I dreamed that I was in a foreign land, and that a horde of savages, naked, and armed with knives, were pursuing me to take my life. There was one more furious than his fellows, a fiendish-looking man, and this man I thought was James Murphy, although it was not from his appearance, with which I was so well acquainted, that I recognised him, for he was tall and swarthy, naked and tattooed like the others, but I was quite sure it was James Murphy. Instead of a knife, however, he had a rope, which he swung round him as he ran, and cried—

“Keep back, keep back; let me have him, it was my mother he murdered—he's mine; keep back, I say, with your knives—the rope, the rope, he's mine; I'll have him—now—now—ah! I missed him—come on, come on; the Widow Murphy shall have blood for blood,' and they still pursued.

“Soon my strength became exhausted, and they every moment gained upon me. I felt that I must be overtaken and strangled, perhaps cut up and eaten, by those savages. And now the moment of my doom arrived: Murphy overtook and seized me; the rest came speedily up, and, clashing and brandishing their knives over and around me, seemed eager to begin their feast. At this moment a man rushed into the midst, and striking down Murphy's arm, who had just raised it to force the rope about my neck, called out—

“Murphy, touch not that man—that's Tom Courtney. I charge you touch him not—lay not your fingers on him—'twas I that did it!—

“As if by magic, the horde of savages disappeared, and, except my deliverer, the whole scene vanished. I turned to look upon him to thank him. Then arose the impossible fact—the confused, distinct, plain, perplexing idea—I knew that it was impossible, yet I saw that it was true. Gracious God, sir, I gazed—upon myself! a second separate self—'twas as if I stood out of myself, and looked upon myself standing near; as if I was myself and some other person at the same time. I had heard myself say that it was ‘I who did it,' and yet I thought

that I was saved, and my innocence made clear. I could not understand it. I awoke with my heart on fire, and ever since I have been haunted with the frightful idea of hope—frightful I call it, for, alas! it must be for ever extinguished with to-morrow's sun. Another matter, sir, has served to perplex me, perhaps even more than that curious dream. I thought—ah! it must have been but thought—but about two hours ago, that little window above my head was open as it is now, and I fancied—I'm sure it must have been but fancy—but I did think I heard some one in the yard say—

“‘If that be true, it saves Tom Courtney.’

“I'm almost sure I heard the words, or some of them; but surely, if there were any grounds for hope, you, at least, sir, would not have left me so long a prey to despair.”

He hid his face in his hands, and leaned upon the edge of the table, which was near the bed where he sat.

I had let him run on all this time, thinking it best to do so; indeed, I knew not how I could have stopped or interrupted him, such was the rapidity with which he spoke, without being too sudden and abrupt in my communication. I now sat down beside him on the bed and took his hand—it was red hot—and I said—

“Tom, my good friend, I could wish to see you calmer and more composed—more totally thrown upon the Lord for help and comfort.”

He interrupted me with—

“Oh, sir, the bitterest pang within my heart is, that I have not been able to seek help and comfort as I ought; that I have not been able to submit myself blindly—entirely to His will, without questioning it; but I sometimes—ah! too often, I want to know His reasons for this sore affliction—unmerited, indeed, sir, unmerited, so far as regards the crime which has been put upon me. I know it is as a child I should submit, but I inquire His *reasons*; I ask what I have done; I argue with Him, and at times, I fear, I openly rebel; yet, with all this, there has been a constant prayer that it might be otherwise with me, and my state of mind for the last hour—oh, how precious, how invaluable is an hour now to me!—has been reconciled, and, I trust, submissive. I had intended, sir, had the Lord permitted, to have endeavoured to serve Him in a foreign land, for which choice there were many reasons. Having seen a bright light, I felt fired with zeal to wander amongst distant and unknown regions to impart it to others; hence, perhaps, the connection of naked savages with my sleeping thoughts. But there was too much of *I will* in my plans, and the Lord has indeed shown me that ‘man proposeth, but that God dis-

poseth.' His will be done; with His help, nothing shall again disturb my soul: God is good, His will be done!"

"He is indeed good, Tom," said I, pressing his hand, which still almost set mine on fire; "He is very good, and can save those who trust in Him. He can save to the uttermost."

"I do trust Him with my whole heart and soul—I am content." And he hid his face again in his hands.

"Oh, sir," he added, almost immediately starting up and turning his full gaze upon me, "the valley of the shadow of death is dark—very dark, and to enter it while the sun is shining over me, and the birds are singing around me, and the fragrance of the blooming flowers fresh upon the breath of spring—and in the prime of life and health, full of young and ardent hopes—all this might, perchance, be borne, had sickness, or even accident, brought down an unsullied name to an untimely grave; but, oh! thus to be cut off by a cruel and disgraceful death, with the stain of murder falsely stamped upon my name and race—oh, sir, it is a dark, a dreadful, a mysterious dispensation."

"God is powerful as well as good," said I; "His arm is not shortened that it cannot save; trust in Him even still, Tom," and I pressed his hand fervently.

He turned a piercing glance upon me: "Take care, sir—oh, take care what you say. I told you I was content; strike not the spark of hope again, or I may die mad, and perhaps be lost."

"Recollect, Tom, that the knife was actually raised in Abraham's hand to slay his son before the Lord saw fit to interfere to save him. He can save you even still, Tom, if it be his will to do so." •

"If—if," he repeated, convulsively, while the burning tears ran down his wrists into his coat-sleeves, "if——! ah, sir, you could not be so cruel as to speak thus, if there be no hope."

"Tom," I continued, as he still kept his face hid in his hands, "do you remember ever to have given a purse to Catherine Murphy?—the one, I suppose, which she swore to in her evidence?"

He raised his head and looked at me; there was a wildness in his eye, and a twitching about the corners of his mouth, that almost frightened me, and I even still feared the effects of the communication that was rising on my tongue.

"Yes," said he, more calmly than I expected, "some years ago—why do you ask?"

"Would you know it again, Tom, if you saw it now?"

"Surely—anywhere in the world; it was a leather purse, lined with silk, and letters marked upon the lining; but why do you talk of such things now? I should think of other

matters. I expect the Rev. Mr. A—— every moment; talk not of such things now, I beseech you."

"Is that it, Tom?" said I, throwing it upon the table before him.

"Yes," said he, snatching it up, "that is the very purse, but where—where did you get it? Catherine Murphy swore it was taken away by the murderers; oh, sir, tell me where did you get it—when? where? how? speak quickly?"

"In the pocket, Tom, of as great a villain as ever lived," said I; "in the pocket of the real murderer."

"Then I am saved!" shouted Tom, springing to his feet and seizing me by the collar of my coat with both his hands, and shaking me furiously—"I am saved! oh, tell me, I am saved. My God, I thank thee; oh, my mother!"

"You are, Tom—saved beyond the possibility of doubt; not pardoned, for they have nothing to pardon, but fully—freely saved."

He stood for a moment like one bewildered, like a statue; the burning flush fled from his cheek, and became as it was wont to be in Tom Courtney's happier hours; the water-gates of his heart were broken up and gushed forth in torrents of soft, cool tears. He threw himself upon his knees by the bedside, and I left the room.

A few words, by way of conclusion, are necessary to this story. It has already extended far beyond what I had anticipated when I commenced to take it down in the form of a narrative from the heads given in my private journal; but I do not hesitate to say that it is a faithful detail of facts which took place under my own knowledge. If the reader thinks that I have spun out the incidents to an unnecessary length, he must attribute it to the great interest I once took, and of which I cannot, even at this distance of time, divest myself, in so curious a case; one, too, in which I myself bore so intimate a part—*quorum pars magna fui*. A few words more, then, and I have done.

Martin Cooney made a detailed statement to the magistrates respecting many robberies and burglaries in the County Mayo, in which he and Hopkins, and two or three others, had been engaged. The officer of the district was written to, and corroborated this statement, adding that there were two warrants outstanding against Hopkins and Cooney for the offences, but that they had hitherto baffled the police. Their account was now about to be settled. Three others were apprehended upon Cooney's information. He was received as king's evidence, and with his testimony, together with that of the persons who had been robbed and injured, Peter Hopkins—"Dromio of Syracuse," as Sir William called him, and two others, were convicted

and transported for life, Hopkins having the manliness to confess in open Court (after the sentence) that it was he who had attacked the Widow Murphy's house, and that Courtney had neither part nor knowledge of it. He said, "He was glad, now that his life was not concerned, that he was saved the sin of that young man's blood being added to his other crimes."

Tom Courtney saw Hopkins before he left the gaol. He smiled a scornful smile as he looked at him—he admitted there was a strong likeness, but he could not be so good a judge upon that point as others. He reminded me, however, of his dream, referring to the subject several times at some length, and declared, at last, that he fully and freely forgave the persons who had sworn against him, adding, that had it been in the daytime, he could scarcely have forgiven them.

Sir William Smith it was who tried Hopkins at C——r, and he told me afterwards, that even between twins he had never seen so great a likeness. Courtney's mother also saw Hopkins, and—oh! the fondness of a mother's heart—she strenuously denied that there was the *smallest resemblance* between him and "her boy"—that nobody but a common fool could mistake them.

This opinion she maintained to the last, and I doubt not that she really believed it.

The day fortnight that I told Courtney he was saved, an order for his discharge having arrived, there was a merry and a happy party at the gaol gate. The whole parish came in to give poor Tom a joyous greeting and a cheerful escort to his home once more: cars of all descriptions—low-back and high-back, gigs and tax-carts, arriving every moment. Such brushing of straps and stitching of harness—such rubbing of stirrups and punching of holes—such smoothing of cushions and greasing of wheels—was never seen as had been going on from daylight that morning. There was a young man in the crowd calling to this man here, and shouting to that man there—leading a horse-man by the bridle to the front, backing a car or gig to the rear, and marshalling the whole crowd into something of processional order. It was that honest, uncompromising, fair-haired boy, who would not even risk the perjuring of his soul to save his brother's life: it was Billy Courtney.

Soon the crowd was in some degree of order—upwards of sixty men, mounted on their country horses, three abreast in front—then came from fifteen to twenty cars and other vehicles, of one sort or other, filled with the *beauty* and *fashion* of the parish. Next the gaol gate stood an empty jaunting-car, the horse's head covered with boughs of evergreen nodding to the breeze, with now and then a proud, impatient toss of the head, and a pawing of the ground by the animal, for he was old Ned Courtney's jaunting-car horse—and a good one. Billy was

now mounted in the driving-seat, with whip and reins in hand, ready for the start, while about two hundred men, women and children on foot, filed along the gaol wall to the right and left of the gate, prepared to follow two abreast in the rear.

Presently a monster key was heard struggling in the lock, and with a loud, short, shoot of the bolt, the gate was thrown open, and forth issued Tom Courtney, leaning on his father's arm, while upon his own leaned his mother, smiling and joyous, though rescued, I may say, at the last moment, from a broken-hearted grave. I wish you could have heard the shout that rent the air as they appeared. I have heard loud, simultaneous shouts from assembled thousands, but so hearty, so enthusiastic, so devoted a cheer I never heard, and never can again hear—shall I say it? yes, nor do I blush to own it, that it brought tears of sympathy and joy—of exultation, swelling up in my eyes—if they ran over, it is no affair of yours—but many there were that wept outright.

Tom Courtney and his mother mounted on one side, while his father and Philip Moran mounted on the other. Three cheers more rent the air, the word "forward" ran from mouth to mouth; Billy Courtney cracked his whip; old Larry Murrin, the piper, dressed in a spick-and-span new suit, struck up a lively quick step in advance of the whole procession, which moved forward with smiling, happy, chatting faces; and, in less than two hours, Tom Courtney, a free and happy man, sat at breakfast, with a numerous party of delighted friends, in his old home.

Somewhat about two years subsequent to the termination of the above events, Tom Courtney joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and soon after was ordained one of their ministers, and hastened to fulfil the aspirations of his heart. I think it was to the coast of Africa. I saw a letter from him to a religious friend; he was well, and freely alluded to the incidents which I have endeavoured to detail. He thanked God for what had occurred, saying, that "he considered it had been the greatest of the many mercies with which he had been favoured." That is now upwards of thirty years ago, since which period I have altogether lost sight or intelligence of him. He may be alive, or he may not; but of this I am certain, that if he be not alive on earth, he is alive in heaven, and a bright angel there. What if the spirits of just men made perfect behold and know what is taking place on earth?—I doubt it; but if they do, may not Tom Courtney have been all through looking upon me while I have been tracing these eventful incidents of his early life?

THE BANKER OF BALLYFREE.

PART I.

ABOUT fourteen miles from the county town of —, if eight and twenty years have not changed it, there is a well-built stone stile, leading off a public road in the interior of the country to a footpath through the fields. Following the path, the rising ground leads by a gentle curve over a green hill of pasture and meadow. It descends on the other side into a marshy plot, cut out into turf banks and bog holes, at the foot of a mountain of no despicable height, covered from the very base to the summit with brown and purple heather. How beautiful it is in summer! its peculiar fragrance putting you in mind (if you are a sportsman) of grouse-shooting and bogberries, and, if you are not, putting you in mind of nothing at all; it might as well be nettles or dockings for you—you don't care about it—'tis different with some.

Nigh half way in the ascent the path turns along the side of the mountain, and, after a short half mile, reverts abruptly to the left, leading directly up the breast of nearly the steepest part. Suddenly you come upon the open mouth of a deep fissure running parallel to the path. The bottom of this cleft does not appear to keep an elevation in proportion to that of the mountain, but to run indirectly at the same level as when you first observe it, and the two portions of the mountain stand apart, as Wordsworth says,

“Like rocks that had been rent asunder.”

This fissure widens and closes with singular caprice, at times forming deep and dangerous chasms; at others, having solid bridges of heath-covered granite across the top—the cavity itself still running through underneath like a tunnel. The perpendicular sides are studded with brushwood, and stumps of blasted ash, or withered oak. The break ceases, however, and the mountain is again united ere the summit is reached. You will find this path a considerable short cut,

rather than by going the road, round the base of the mountain ; when you have gained the top, too, you have a splendid view. The principal feature of the prospect is a small village, called Ballyfree, situated in the midst of a fertile little amphitheatre, almost entirely surrounded by towering mountains of brown and purple heather : hence, indeed, the name of the village, Ballyfree, being the Irish for "town of the heath."

At the upper end of this village there lived a respectable lone woman named Honor Mitchell. Her husband, old Jack Mitchell, although a poor man, had been a tidy and very tasty one, and contrived to keep his cabin in a state of cleanliness, which contrasted favourably with those that stood scattered about. It was Jack himself that painted the door and window-sashes that "good, serviceable brown." It was he who clipped the hedge about the little garden, whitewashed the wall beneath, and put up the gate into the potato plot in the rear ; he managed, too, to get his humble residence a good coat of oaten straw thatch about every third year.

The inside of the house was as well cared for as the outside. It was looked after by Honor, who had only to keep things clean and in their places, for she had all she wanted in the way of furniture—a dresser, beds, chairs, tables, pots, pans, kettles, and cans, quite sufficient, but no more, for old Jack Mitchell, although he did not like to want anything, neither did he like to have anything he did not want. But, alas ! poor Jack Mitchell could not ward off disease, and he died ; but not, I believe, without having, in every sense of the word, set his house in order, and I am sure he has been many years in heaven. He had no children of his own ; nevertheless, he left one to comfort the forlorn heart of her who tarried behind, and well she did it.

When Jack Mitchell died, his widow held on, by no means, of course, as comfortable as when her poor husband was alive ; but her landlord was a good man, and the agent had much consideration for her, leaving her the use of the little cabin and potato garden during her life, at a nominal rent. And she might thank old Jack Mitchell, who was dead in his grave, for that, too.

It happened that the agent went one day, soon after old Jack's death, to Ballyfree, upon some disputed mearing business. When he arrived there, and saw how admirably old Jack Mitchell's cabin was kept, and how it was a credit, and ought to be a pattern to the village, and how clean and respectful poor Honor Mitchell herself was when she curtsied to "his honour" at the door, and handed him a petition "to lower the rent on her, and leave her where she was," he hesitated not at once—and his promptitude doubled the boon to the poor widow—

to promise she should not be disturbed, and that the rent need not trouble her.

This was enough for poor Honor Mitchell, and it was more than many agents would have said, at all events, without an authority from the landlord; but the agent knew his man, and he knew himself, which was still better, and he plumped out the promise at once, not caring how many heads with listening ears were peering out of the doors hard by.

But you must be introduced to the village, and some of the persons who resided there, a few years previous to the time to which our tale refers, and to some of the principal *dramatis personæ* of this narrative. There was the little orphan, Cicely Grimes, who lived with Honor Mitchell; she was universally loved by all the neighbours, and was called "Cil" for fondness. She was the daughter of a poor travelling woman, whose husband put all he could together, and left her for America. She was obliged then to take to the road with her little girl, and she wandered from village to village, and from house to house, with a large wire hoop full of tin porringers for sale—or "looking for a bit," and she always found it, for, with all their faults and all their wants, the Irish peasantry are charitable and kind, and poor little Cil and her mother were pitied and befriended wherever they went. The range was wide, and they never troubled the same neighbour too often, for the tin porringers were more an excuse for begging than anything else. There was a great deal of "sickness going" one summer, and poor little Cil's mother was taken ill of fever on the very day she made her accustomed appearance at Ballyfree.

This was the time for the kind and warm-hearted amongst them, and where is the Irish village without many such? They could not, indeed, take the poor woman into their houses, where they had children of their own—plenty; but they did what they could. They contributed one thing or another towards erecting a hut for the poor creature in a backward place. Old Jack Mitchell, who led everything of the kind, tore down a couple of couples from an unoccupied outhouse—another fetched over a back-load of clean, dry straw, with a promise of more if required; one or two more went to cut a load of *scrans*, and another brought up a light sheet and a pillow. Some of the young fellows set to work, and in less than two hours the poor woman was lying in as comfortable a hut as the circumstances admitted of. One or two offered to take poor little Cil, or "*colleen a mitthol*," as they called her, until her mother should recover—until—ah!

"There were plenty who would give a look in at the woman now and then, by turns, without harassing that young creature over her day and night." But the poor little girl heard the

talk, and declared at once she did not dread the fever, and she would not leave her side—"she would let nobody look after her mammy but herself." Oh, Cicely! how I admire the love and courage of your little heart, though you were not then ten years old! Alas! poor little Cil, before ten days had elapsed, you were indeed an orphan, running with a wild and frightened cry from the hut where the dead lay, towards the village.

The first person she met was Honor Mitchell, who, between sobs and cries, ascertained from the child that her mother was dead.

"Come here, then, my poor little colleen," said Honor, taking her by the hand and leading her home, where she endeavoured to comfort her with the assurance that she should never part with her. Old Jack was not at home, but some time after came in, and, in the meantime, the little girl had cried herself to sleep in an inner room.

"That poor woman is dead," said Jack, throwing his hat upon the dresser and knocking down a plate; "I have been making a collection to bury her. I have searched high and low for her little girl, and she's nowhere to be found; God help the creature. The moment I heard of her mother's death, I determined nobody but ourselves should have the care of her."

"Hush, hush!" said Honor; "speak easy, Jack, avourneen, I hope you did not 'waken her with the clatter you made with your hat."

"How so? why, where is she?" said Jack, his gloom brightening.

"She's asleep in the bed there within; I was before you with her, Jack, dear."

"You're always first in what's right and good, Honor, dear," said Jack, his face now quite bright. "But I must be off again," he added, taking up his hat; "I must go below the road to some of the rich farmers, and may-be as far as Mr. W——'s, to help us with the berrin; have a sup of warm milk for that poor colleen when she 'wakens, and I'll do what I can for them that was her mother this mornin'."

With this, Jack Mitchell left the house upon his circuit of mournful charity.

Luke Farrell, the man of the village, was commonly called "The Banker of Ballyfree." He was married, and had one son, a handsome lad, Hugh Farrell, at this time about twelve or fourteen. His mother was a sensible woman, whose greatest misfortune was her marriage with Luke. His temper rendered her life one of watchful inquietude. Her principal anxiety, however, was that little Hugh should get fair play in the way of learning. She feared, from his father's disposition, that Hugh's schooling was likely to be neglected, as too costly a concern.

She had a wild notion, which nothing could conquer, that if he got what she called "book larning," he would make a great man in the world. With this dream in her thoughts, she made a bold attack upon her husband, when Hugh was ten years old, to send him, as a beginning, to a good hedge school, not much more than a mile from the village. She need not have been so energetic.

Luke had his faults—they were neither few nor mild—but he was not altogether devoid of some feelings, which did him credit; and upon this occasion he acted sensibly; nor can it be doubted that affection for his son was uppermost in his heart, notwithstanding the uncontrollable love of money which reigned within him.

Luke had been a schoolmaster for some years, and perhaps felt the value of knowledge too keenly to deny it to the only child he had; but, be all this as it may, when the subject was mentioned by his wife, instead of being met with a harsh denial, such as she had anticipated, to her surprise and delight, he cordially agreed with her; in fact, he had already been speaking to Mr. Finley, the schoolmaster at the cross-roads, and had settled the matter, and Hugh was to slip over the mountain to school for the first time on the Monday following.

Luke Farrell was about forty-eight years of age. He was a tall, spare man, and, though much under-limbed for his height, he always wore what the country people call "small-clothes," but which you may understand to be knee-breeches. He generally wore a blue cloth coat, cut like a shooting-jacket. He never, as far as I could learn, wore any waistcoat but the one, and it was black. His stockings might be grey, or blue, or claret, for they were covered with dark drab leggings to match his breeches. No one ever saw him wear a great coat, winter or summer.

There was something not pleasant in Luke's countenance—his forehead and brow hung heavily over a cunning and suspicious eye—not so much that you suspected it, as that you felt it suspected you. His nose was not cocked, and yet he had high cheek-bones and wide nostrils, singularly inconsistent with his forehead and eyebrows. His mouth was the most disagreeable feature in his face. There was a malformation of the under jaw, which rendered it unpleasant to hear him speak, particularly if he addressed himself directly to yourself; his teeth grew promiscuously, and so close, that there appeared to be a double row in the front, so completely in the way of his tongue, as to render his articulation indistinct. He felt this, and had contracted a habit of rubbing the back of his hand across his mouth while he spoke, which, instead of hiding the defect, as it was intended to do, pointed it out the more.

Luke Farrell was of no mean parts either, particularly in

arithmetic and writing, but the unfortunate defect in his mouth was often the cause of a titter or a grin amongst his scholars, and caused him to become habitually irritable, until at last losing all temper and self-control, he would, upon any occasion of even a smile, cane the backs of the whole school soundly. In two or three instances of this kind several of the boys ran home crying, and putting one shoulder forward first, and then the other, to try and quiet the smart which still warmed their backs; and their mothers, taking off their jackets, found thick welts upon their shoulders. No wonder if Luke Farrell soon found out, that whatever his knowledge of figures might be, he was not fitted in other respects to "teach the young idea how to shoot," and, as there can be no schoolmaster without scholars, Luke Farrell was obliged to turn his thoughts to something else.

When he gave up his school, he had a few pounds—say, forty—and he knew a girl who had about sixty; and he was arithmetician enough to know, that, if he could put these sums together, they would make a hundred; besides, he liked the girl, and had liked her for some time. The doubt was, not did she like him—no, but could she like him; she tried, and, whether she did or not, I do not know—but Peggy M'Nulty married him. Luke was a shrewd, money-loving, money-making man. He was bred and born—I should say "born and bred," but that custom has it otherwise, and I had so written it from the habit of my ear—he was bred and born—have it so—in Ballyfree, and so was his father before him, from whom he inherited an interest in the best house in the village, and the kindest bit of land along the mountain's foot.

As has been hinted, his greatest fault was an inordinate love of putting money together. This one absorbing thought mastered every better and warmer feeling of his nature. Having got hold of Peggy's sixty pounds, he put it to his own forty, and considered how he could turn it to the best account.

Nor was he altogether selfish in these considerations. He was aware that, so far as he was personally concerned, he did not want it, and never should: he never made any use of it—there it was, in the Bank—he had everything he wanted, and more, for his love for the money itself curtailed every other wish and want, save that of counting his increase—the *amor nummi* was the sole idol of his heart, and it certainly did increase *quantum ipse pecunia*. But he knew he could not take it with him—his son must have it all, when the hand that had accumulated it should be cold and clenched in the grave.

Thus he went on hoarding, and occasionally lodging it in the Bank at S—o. But it is time to inform you how he managed to increase his store so rapidly.

Having, in the first instance, so much ready money at command, it is not to be wondered at if he was sometimes applied to by a distressed neighbour for a small loan, "until they could get that lock of oats thrashed," or "until the pig would come round," more particularly if it was at such times as the tenants were noticed, that "the agent would sit at Michael Brennan's public-house, on the — inst., to receive the rents." On such occasions Luke Farrell was always ready to oblige "the distressed neighbour" with a trifling loan, given upon the We O. U. of the said distressed neighbour and another not so distressed, and generally for an amount one-third more than the sum lent. There was no interest at all paid, but the additional sum, in consideration of which the loan was made, was lumped at once with the We O. U. He had a regular "sliding scale" upon which he made these loans, which varied according to the situation of the parties, and the risk attending the *kindness*. Thus, the loan of a pound (which was the smallest sum he would lend) brought into his pocket-book a We O. U. for one pound ten, payable at the end of three months; two pounds brought one for three; three pounds, one for four pounds five; and so on, in proportion to the circumstances of the borrowers, up to five pounds, beyond which he did not like to go. He managed to make as many of these We O. U.s fall due about the same time as he could, that, in case they were not paid up, or partly so, he might take out as many decrees as possible at a time, and thus save the expense of attending at every return of the quarter sessions. In case of part payments only being made when these bills became due, the scale ran as follows:—A person whose debt was three pounds was permitted to let it stand as it was, by a payment of ten shillings in cash; but if he was able to hand out only five shillings, he was obliged to give a fresh We O. U. for three pounds six; and so, in proportion, as regarded other sums. This was the system he had been working upon, from the time he brought his wife to Ballyfree, to the day when Jack Mitchell asked him for help to bury Nancy Grimes. He also kept a meal store, and gave meal to the *distressed*, from one stone to eight, upon usurious credit, and good securities. And thus he came to be called "The Banker of Ballyfree."

It so happened, when Jack Mitchell called in to Luke Farrell's to make the collection, that he found the husband, wife, and boy all at home. Luke was by no means a cold or harsh-spoken man; nor did he appear to want warmth of feeling upon any subject requiring ready sympathy, so long as words and a mere expression of kindness were all he was called on to give; but touch him on the subject of money, and the frost was a sudden, hard, black frost.

"Luke," said old Mitchell, after the customary salutations of the morning had passed, "that poor woman, who was down in the fever, is dead: she died this morning."

"Poor creature!" said Luke, "she did not last long: I wonder what will become of her poor little girl!"

Old Jack felt no wonder whatever on *that* head, so he made no remark upon the subject, but went on to say, "The neighbours must do something towards burying her, and I think a collection ought to be made to buy a coffin, and put her decently into the ground."

"Ought to be—ay, ought to be," said Farrell, "but what's everybody's business is nobody's business, and who's to make a collection?"

"Oh, for that matter," said Jack, "I'm the very man that'll do it; and I'm on my rounds this very minute: 'twas that brought me here first, as I know you have a long purse, and would never grudge a trifle in such a case."

"Begging—always begging, Jack," said the Banker. "'Tis but th' other day you came here for an armful of dry straw for that same woman, and I gave it. I don't see what right beggars have to be coming through the country, and dying under the hedges about the village, and then getting themselves buried at the expense of any man who may happen to have a few shillings put together for th' agent. It's a very hard case, Jack—so it is. I suppose you'll be making a collection for that slip of a daughter of hers to-morrow or next day?"

"No, Mr. Farrell; you need not be afraid of that. Come, give us half-a-crown to begin with, there's a good man!"

"Half-a-crown! why, then, Jack Mitchell, may-be you think I'm made of money? Half-a-crown! Where would I get half-a-crown? Any trifle I have I can't call my own until the rent's paid. I believe you're fairly dramin'."

All this time Luke Farrell was passing half-crowns and ten-penny bits noiselessly through his fingers, in his breeches pockets, feeling for a fippenny bit, but he could not find one.

"Come, Luke," said old Jack, trying a touch of intimacy, when the dignity of "Mr." had seemed to fail—"come, Luke, give me half-a-crown. We all know you have it—you won't miss it: 'twill be a great help to us, and a good pattern to begin with."

Luke Farrell stealthily laid half-a-crown on the end of the black wooden chimney-piece, and put his elbow over it. He had nearly determined to give it, but it was too much to part with, except by degrees. His son Hugh saw him.

"Come, Mr. Luke," said Jack, adding dignity and intimacy together in a last hope of success, and modifying his demand to, "give us more or less."

"Call again, Jack," said Luke, "after you go through the village, and let me see what others do, and I will see if I can't give you something towards her."

"Well—thank you, Mr. Farrell, thank you," said old Jack, getting up and leaving the house, with a feeling of indignant disappointment on his mind.

Luke Farrell was still dropping the half-crowns and ten-penny bits through his fingers in his pockets, but so gingerly as not to make a noise. Second thoughts struck him, when he heard Jack Mitchell's steps departing from the door: what if any one in the village gave more than he had determined on giving? he should advance at least to the same amount, and old Jack Mitchell had a piece of copy-paper and a stump of a pencil in his hand to take down the names; so he thought, upon second consideration, that it would be best to compromise the chances, and give a tenpenny bit at once; and, with this intention, he followed old Mitchell down the lane.

"Here, Jack," said he, "there's no use in being hard-hearted; it's what I never could be, and it's quite right that poor woman should be buried decently, and as soon as possible: here's a tenpenny bit towards her coffin."

"A tenpenny bit! Oh, Luke, I'll give more than that myself," said old Jack, letting it lie upon the palm of his hand, and looking at Luke in wonder.

"'Tis all I can afford to give," replied the other; "and 'tis all I will give, I swear to you, so you needn't come back to me, let you be short or not; now mind that, Jack. Here's twopence over and above for the little girl; God help her!"

"I'll put the coppers to the tenpenny, Luke, and make a shilling of it towards the coffin: 'twill look better, Mr. Farrell," said Jack.

"No," said Luke, "you'll do no such thing. Didn't I swear to you I'd give no more towards it? the twopence is for the little girl, and nothing else."

"Here, Luke, dear," said Jack, handing him back the twopence, "*'Colleen a mitthol'* won't want your ha'pence, with the blessing of God."

Luke took the twopence, dropped them into his pocket over the half-crowns, and turned in, through a gap, to his farm.

It happened that Luke Farrell found one thing or another upon the farm that caught his attention, and occupied his time until it was late in the afternoon; and, as he had relieved his mind and conscience by a liberal act almost the first thing after breakfast that morning, he was in good humour, and pleased with everything he met, as he went on from field to field. It was the beginning of August, the weather was fine, the meadows were cut and saved; the potatoes looked well, and the

corn crops were beginning rapidly to change colour; some patches were already tinged with gold. Luke Farrell returned to his home well pleased with himself, and inclined to be so with others; and, although his was an ugly smile, it was always welcome, for it indicated that money was not uppermost in his thoughts for the moment.

But, to prepare you in some degree for what took place shortly after his return, I must tell you what occurred while he was away.

In his hurry after old Jack Mitchell in the morning, Luke forgot the half-crown which he had laid upon the end of the chimney-piece. About an hour after he was gone, when Mitchell was returning from his mission, young Hugh Farrell was standing at the door, looking over his geography lesson for Mr. Finley. His mother was sitting in the shade of the house, mending a pair of stockings for Hugh, who leaned against the jamb of the door with his legs crossed and the palm of his hand stealing slowly down the face of his "Sharman," and a little humming pur of the course of some river issuing from his busy lips, and his eyes rapidly passing from the book to his mother's work, as he saw, or did not want to see, the next place it "entered." What the river was you could not make out, and would never have known if you had not heard, from the confidence with which he came to the end of his task, that it passed by Ratisbon and Passau, and "emptied itself" (which, by-the-by, a river never does) into the Black Sea.

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Farrell, looking at him over her specs., as he came by, "what success have you had? Good, I hope."

"Oh, pretty good, Mrs. Farrell; but I'm afraid I'm short still."

"Did you see Luke since?" said she.

"Oh yes, he followed me down the lane that time."

"Did he give you anything towards it, Jack?"

"Oh, next to nothing, I may say—next to nothing. He's a hard man where money's concerned, Mrs. Farrell, although he is your husband," and he was moving on.

"Stop where you are a moment, Mr. Mitchell," said Hugh, and he darted into the house. While he was away, Mrs. Farrell slipped a "fippenny bit" into Jack Mitchell's hand, saying, "There, Jack, I couldn't give you that this morning while he was here himself. He doesn't know I had it."

"Here, Mr. Mitchell, is half-a-crown, I got on the chimney-piece. I think it was intended for you," said Hugh, putting it into his hand.

"Well done, Hughy, my boy! I'll put your name down for this," said Jack, opening out his slip of paper, and touching his tongue with the end of his pencil.

Mrs. Farrell looked at her son much distressed, and old Mitchell, thanking them, hastened down the lane.

"Hugh," said his mother, drawing him over to her, and leaning the boy against her bosom, "you're a kind, good boy, and God grant what you did may not get you into trouble; but, if I knew what you were about, I'd have said 'don't,' in time to stop you; but I couldn't take the money out of the old man's hand."

"Mother, I'm sure my father intended that piece of money for Mr. Mitchell, for I saw him put it upon the end of the chimney-piece, and you know Mr. Mitchell said he gave him nothing."

"Next to nothing, Hughy, dear, he said, but I'm sure he gave him something. You know how particular your father is about money. I'm sorry you touched it—very sorry, Hugh," and she sighed again.

"For that matter, mother, it makes little difference: he promised me half-a-crown when I'd been a year at school, if I was a good boy; that's over two years ago now, and he never gave it to me yet, although Mr. Finley told him I was the best boy he had. Let him put one against the other now."

"He's not likely to do that, I fear, my poor boy; I think I'll say it was I that took it."

"No, mother, you won't. You often told me never to tell a lie. What can he do but beat me? I'll tell him about it the moment he asks."

"Well, Hugh, I believe you're right, but I'm sorry I did not know what you were going to do."

Hugh Farrell then pursued some other river from its source amongst the mountains, a distance of three or four hundred miles, until it "fell" into some ocean or other, and his mother went on with her mending; but she could not mend the matter that was next her heart, for she knew Luke Farrell.

It was late in the afternoon when Luke made his appearance, looking pleased and happy.

"That's a fine day, Peggy," said he, "blessed be God; and everything looks well."

"It is, indeed, Luke, dear," she replied. "It's well when we are contented, and thankful for the mercies we have, instead of longing for them that we haven't."

Luke Farrell was a sharp man, and he conceived that this was meant to convey that he was avaricious. Ugly as his smile had been, Peggy was sorry to see it vanish.

"We have great reason to be thankful, Luke, dear," she continued, "for we have plenty of everything, and something to spare."

"You seem down, somehow, Peggy; what's the matter with

you? You shouldn't be down, woman; we have plenty of everything, and everything is thriving. Cheer up, I say; everything is bright."

"Bright with us, Luke, indeed; but I was thinking of that poor creature that died this morning, and what in the world will become of the poor little colleen, and she so young."

"Oh, as to the poor woman, I gave a help this morning to bury her, and others, no doubt, will do the same; but as to the little girl, I suppose she must do as her mother did before her, and what she was brought up to do—beg through the world, and be buried at the cost of her neighbours, wherever she chooses to die."

Luke having thus delivered himself, entered the house, and sat upon the nearest chair. They followed him in, and Hugh got ready to tell the truth, for he knew the money would soon be missed.

"It's a hard tax upon people that's neither kith nor kin to her," said Luke, rising up, and going towards the chimney-piece. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, "where's the half-crown I left here this morning? faith, may-be it's what I shoved it into this open between the wood and the wall with my elbow, for I went out in a hurry. Get me the chisel and hammer, Hugh; I'll soon get it, and a nail or two will set all right again."

"I—I—took——" the mother was beginning.

"No, you didn't; I took it, father, and gave it to old Mitchell towards Nancy Grimes's funeral," said Hugh, firmly.

"You young pickpocket rascal, how dare you touch it? How dare you touch it, I say, you pilfering, stealing young robber, you?" and Luke Farrell took his son by the soft, flat part of the ear. "How dare you touch it, I say, you young ruffian?" and he gave him a good pull, and took hold of the other ear.

"Oh, Luke, Luke, dear," the mother began, but was interrupted by her passionate husband.

"Hold your tongue, woman; do you want me to let him turn thief and pickpocket without checking him? I'm ashamed of you, Peggy. How dare you touch it, I say, sir?"

"Father," said the boy, "I beg your pardon; I thought you put it there for Jack Mitchell, and he told me you gave him nothing, and I thought you forgot it, and would not be angry."

"He lied, the old beggar! I did give him as much as I could afford, and more; you had no business to touch it. Did you suppose I could afford to give half-a-crown to bury a beggar? How da-a-re you touch it, I say?" and he twisted both his ears until they were crimson red.

The boy did not cry, but looked his father in the face.

"Father," said he, "you promised me half-a-crown long ago, when I went to school, if I was a good boy at the end of twelve months, and learned my book well. Let that half-crown lie against this one, and don't beat me."

"Worse and worse, you young rascal: you want to put it on that now, do you? You were to be a good boy, and well you have proved yourself deserving of it, by robbing your father when his back was turned, you young pickpocket; you'll never be fit for anything else, that's more. You young scoundrel, I'll turn you out of the house; and a good riddance I'll have of you. I suppose I'm robbed right and left by you; but I'll keep you no longer, you thieving brat; how dare you take it, I say?" and he twisted his ears until they were like thumb-ropes.

The boy never winced.

"I never took a penny before, father, in all my life."

"How do I know that, you young robber? Them that would rob would lie; but I'll tell you what it is," and he twisted his ears again, "I'll have done with you this day. Another hour I'll not harbour a robber in my house. Another meal of mine you'll never eat. Look here, young man," he added, "do you see *that*?" pulling a five-pound note out of his pocket, and holding it towards his son. "Take that, and begone, you young ruffian. Take it to the city, where you'll have fair play for your fingers. The master pickpocket will perfect you in your trade for half the money, for you'll be an apt scholar, and he won't have much trouble. Take it, I say, and be off with you," and he thrust it into the boy's hand.

"Perish the fee that would bind Hugh Farrell to disgrace," said the boy, indignantly, and with the rapidity of lightning he thrust the note into the fire, where, ere the father could rescue it, it was nothing but a thin, blank film, with little red soldiers hunting each other over the transparent surface.

This was the climax to Hugh's destiny. Enraged beyond control, the father lifted a light stick, which lay in the corner, and with all his force struck his son right and left across the face, raising thick, red welts upon his cheeks, and then laid it heavy upon his back and sides. Hugh did not quail; and Luke Farrell, infuriated more by his calm humility than he would have been by the most forcible resistance, seized him by the collar, and, with a mighty swing, pitched the poor boy out upon the pavement, shut the door, locked it, and sat down upon a chair.

Peggy Farrell dared not interfere, for she knew Luke Farrell. She heard not a cry, nor a moan, nor a word from her son, though she had seen him thrown with force upon the stones; but she heard his young, light step running from the

house, and she fainted. She knew her son ; young as his heart was, she knew it.

Luke, roused to exertion, bathed his wife's temples with cold water, opened the door, and looked out.

As soon as Mrs. Farrell had recovered, she said, " Luke, I am sorry you were so harsh with Hugh ; he's a high-spirited boy, and he won't come back."

" I fear he will, the young rascal," said Luke, " he knows a trick worth two of that ; but I won't let him ;" and he went to the door and looked out again.

" I think he's gone into the haggard," he said, " and he may stay there ; I'll warrant he'll be stealing in to his supper, the young robber ! I hope he'll repent, before he shows his face again, after burning my five-pound note."

" Luke, Luke, I think you have greater cause to repent of what you have done than that poor boy. He did not think he was doing wrong ; he thought you left it there for Jack Mitchell, indeed he did ; and recollect all the names you called him. 'Twould be enough to say all you did, and tear his poor ears in that way—to say nothing of the manner in which you beat him—if he took it out of your desk in the dark."

" Well, well, may-be so ; 'twill do him no harm, at all events to stop abroad for a while, 'til he thinks of himself. You know he was wrong, Peggy."

" I know he was, but I think, Luke, dear, it would do you no harm to go out and see if he's in the haggard, or about the place, for I think I heard his steps running down the lane."

" Never mind him," said Luke, " you may depend upon it he'll come back by-and-by ; you don't want me to be the first to come round, do you ?"

" I do, Luke, you treated him too harshly ; if he roared, or cried, I wouldn't think so much about it ; but he never winced nor opened his lips—I know the boy's honesty and spirit, and you oughtn't to think of first or last, but see is he about the place ; if you don't, I will, Luke, weak as I am," and she made an effort to rise.

" Stop where you are, woman," said Luke, " there's no fear of the boy ; he's too knowing a chap not to return ; he's only waiting until I'm cool, and he's right, the young rascal !"

" Well, perhaps so, Luke ; but, if I was able to rise. I'd look after him, that's all."

Luke went out, and walked to the end of the house, where he remained for about a minute looking through the hedge ; he soon heard something rustling in the straw, and returned.

" I knew he was in the haggard," said he, " I heard him in the straw." But Luke Farrell was wrong—it was a cock, scratching.

It may here be objected that Luke Farrell was not a man whose disposition would have prompted him to sacrifice a five-pound note, even to attain the object of securing himself from future robbery, or of getting rid of the expense of his son as a member of the family. The first he did not believe, or dread; and I will do him the justice to say, that he would not have been a party to the second, to save the whole sum he had already accumulated from the river or the flames. The whole thing was an outburst of passion, and he never intended that his son should act upon it. He did not, however, anticipate the result of his heartless and cruel suggestion, which had roused him so completely beyond control.

Hugh Farrell, when he was thrown out upon the street, and heard the key turned in the door behind him, rose up, ran at full speed down the lane, got out upon the road, and, turning to the left, continued his speed towards Dublin. He dropped not a tear, he uttered not a word during that long, dark night—dark to him.

Evening came, night came, and morning came, but Hugh Farrell came not.

I am not going to describe what the father's feelings were, or what were the mother's, as days, weeks, and months passed by, and no tidings were heard of her boy; or how, when days, weeks, and months, had multiplied into years, she drooped, and died, without her eyes being blessed or her heart relieved by a sight of him before she departed; but so it was—Luke Farrell was left a lone and hated man, whose sole companion was the burning memory of remorse and shame.

But did he alter his course of life? No; he went on lending, lending, and taking higher interest for his money.

This continued for some time, when he suddenly determined to lend no more—to remain at Ballyfree only until he collected the money which was already out, sell his interest in his house and land, and then quit the place for ever.

There was a public-house at the cross-roads near which Mr. Finley kept his school, and on an evening in the beginning of December two brothers, Daniel and John Costelloe, were sitting in an upper room—they were sitting *strad'legs* upon a form, facing each other, with half-a-pint of whiskey in a noseless jug, and a glass with a bell-mouth between them.

"What's the matter with him of late, Dan? he'll lend no more, and he never stopped at a worse time for us; they say he's fretting about the boy."

"Never mind, we'll try him; get it we must, or Micky will be apt to go in the wrong ship, if he doesn't swing; we must work a ten-pound note out of him at the very least—the old miser!"

"I doubt it; Billy Maher wanted to get three pounds from him a Sunda' last, and he wouldn't give it, although he offered himself and his first cousin, Frank Kinnealy, a man with five stacks of corn, to join him in a We O. He says he'll lend no more, but gather in what's due; they say, too, that he means to sell his houlding and go to America, in hopes of finding his son; his heart's broke at last about the boy, and so it ought, the old miser! it's little matter what becomes of him."

"Well, he wouldn't go before March, anyhow, and if we put in a We O. for fifteen pounds, don't you think he'll give us ten? you know it will be the same thing to us, John, what we put it in for."

"Ay, if he gives it; but we ought to let on to drive a hard bargain, rising by degrees, Dan, to put him off his guard."

Their conversation proceeded much in the same strain, with one or two mysterious expressions, which seemed to have reference to a result quite different from their success, or otherwise, in obtaining the loan.

Having finished the half-pint, they left, determined to ask Luke Farrell for the loan of ten pounds. There was a friend of theirs, who wished to go to the West, for fear he would be sent to the East, and funds were requisite.

Luke Farrell was sitting on the following day, at a little rickety table, with a box of papers before him, when he heard a double step coming to the door; he shut down the lid of the box, locked it, and wheeled round on his chair facing the fire, Dan and John Costelloe came in.

"Mr. Farrell," said Dan, "we're come to you for the loan of a trifle of money."

"You needn't, then," said Luke, "for I'll lend no more."

"Well, but to sarve a neighbour, Mr. Farrell; you're sure of your money with us, you know."

"I don't doubt that at all, boys; but I don't intend to lend any more; I'll never enjoy a penny of what I have—I can't!"

"Why, then, we'd give you good security, Mr. Farrell, dear, and a trifle over and above what you used to charge, for we're at a great short."

Luke Farrell's ear drank in the words "something over and above."

"We want ten pounds, Mr. Farrell."

"Well, and if I was to break through my rule from a wish to serve you, boys, what would you be willing to put in the We O. U.; and who would you get to join in it?"

"Well, Mr. Farrell, as we want the money very much, and as a great deal depends upon it, we'll put in the We O. for fourteen pounds. Come, now, you haven't a word to say."

"I have plenty, Dan Costelloe. I'll quit lending money;

it may have brought me in a few pounds in as many years; but, Dan, I'll quit; I tell you it didn't bring me luck—look at me."

"It won't be so, Mr. Farrell, and this is the last time we'll ever ask you. Come, we'll do the thing decent, and make it for fifteen pounds. Here, John, take the paper out of your hat."

"Not so fast, boys; I have paper enough of my own; if I do this, it will be the last time I'll ever lend a pound; recollect I said that, Dan Costelloe. I'll never lend another pound to mortal man, so nobody need ask me. You must get some one to join you, for you're co-partners, living on the same land."

"Our neighbour, Michael Carney, will join us," said John.

"He'll do very well; he was always regular himself, and I haven't his name in my papers now at all; it's a mere matter of form, boys, for you'll never ask him to pay a farthing of it."

"Never, never," said they in a breath, "you may be sure of that."

Luke Farrell then opened his box again and wrote out a "We O. U." for fifteen pounds, payable in three months, in due form, ruling three strokes at the foot, and told them to go for Michael Carney, and he would see if he could make out as much as they wanted before they came back.

"I think that man's a prophet," said Dan, when they were fairly out of hearing.

"He told some truth," said John, "or I misdoubt me very much."

They hastened on to Michael Carney's, and brought him back with them to Luke Farrell's, where they all signed the document, and the Costelloes got ten pounds, consisting of notes silver, and copper; for Luke wished it to appear that there was some difficulty in making out so large a sum.

In the following spring, Luke Farrell sold the interest in his house and farm, for which he got a ready purchaser. He gave up possession early in March, and took a spare room in Honor Mitchell's house for the short time he intended to remain in Ballyfree, which, by the time the Costelloes' We O. U., and some other balances, were paid up, he thought would be about the beginning of May.

Never was greater punctuality observed than in meeting the demands of Luke Farrell, more particularly so far as the Costelloes were concerned.

"'Twould be a pity not to give him his rights without trouble, an' he goin' to lave us;" "Many's the good turn he done the most of us;" "He'll want every penny he has where he's goin';" "God speed him, and send him luck, he was always a good neighbour, boys;" and such like expressions passed amongst the young men of the village, as they leaned over

a sunny wall near the chapel on a Sunday, waiting for prayers, amongst whom Dan and John Costelloe were loudest in their commendations; but there was an ironical sneer about these expressions of praise which might not have been pleasing to Luke Farrell, had he heard them.

Dan Costelloe was one day about this time planting potatoes in the garden at the end of his house, when Luke Farrell walked up to the door.

Dan threw down the loy at once, and came round to meet him.

"Welcome, Mr. Farrell, welcome!"

Now, Luke Farrell was of all others the very man that Dan Costelloe wanted to get into chat with, and that without seemingly seeking to do so; and this opportunity he afterwards called a "godsend."

"Welcome, Mr. Farrell," repeated Dan, taking an old red cotton handkerchief out of the crown of his hat, and wiping his forehead; "won't you come in and sit down?"

"Why then, no, Dan, I thank you; I'll just sit here for a minute, for I only want a word or two with you." And he sat down on a stone seat at one side of the door.

"An' welcome; or twenty words, if you please, Mr. Farrell. Can I do anything for you? for, if I can, it's I that ought."

"A trifle, Dan, I hope. You see I must go into S—— to-morrow, and as I sold off everything, you know, I have no horse of my own, and I thought, may-be, I'd ask you for the loan of your beast to-morrow. I'd think very little of walking it, Dan, but I want to get in before two o'clock, and I may have some delay, and would be late back, so I just came over to see if the beast would be idle to-morrow. I don't believe you began to plough yet."

"An' if I did itself, Mr. Farrell, I'd take a hundred horses from the plough sooner than see you at a short. Oh, death an' ages! yes, to be sure, to be sure; and a hundred thousand welcomes, and why not?"

All this time Dan Costelloe was drawing the first finger and thumb of his right hand from the backs of his jaws to the point of his chin, making a rough, gritty noise upon his stiff, grizzly beard. I suppose the sensation was not very pleasant, for he soon changed the motion, and began to make a cherry of his lip instead—he was thinking.

"A' then, Mr. Farrell," said he, looking up off his thoughts, "they say we're goin' to lose you. Is that the case? Devil a one in the townland that wouldn't be sorry for you."

"Thank you, Dan, thank you; but I'm not going to leave yet, a bit. I have some business in S—— to-morrow, but I'll come back, Dan; I'll come back for certain. May-he I'd be leaving you about the days of May."

"Oh, I know, Mr. Farrell. You'll be going to the Bank, I'll engage, and, upon my faith, you're right enough; this is no place to be keeping money, except a trifle; and you don't want much, now that you don't mane to lend any more."

"To tell you the truth, Dan, you're right; I think it's not proper to be keeping the trifle I have in cash in the house in this lonesome place."

"Indeed an' you're right, Mr. Farrell, there's no knowing what temptation it id be, if it was known that you got paid for your farm, and got in the most of what was due, besides the sale of your farming utensils, and your little sticks of furniture. Why, Mr. Farrell, you can't have less than a hundred, or a hundred and twenty pounds, I may say, in your pocket, this minute, for it's safer even there than in the house."

"Not so much, Dan, not so much as that; but about the horse?"

"Sure, I said, if I had a hundred horses, you'd be welcome to them, and so you should; let me see—this is Thursday. I was for town myself a-Saturday. I have a couple of vessels of butter for the market, and I'll be putting him to the car; one day can make no differ, Mr. Farrell, and you can sit up, an' welcome. John and I'll be going in; you can come with us, and we'll take care of you, never fear. 'Twill be better than going your lone, and the horse couldn't well go in the two days after other."

"Thank you, Dan; it will do very well. I wonder," he added, "is Jemmy M'Govern's horse idle?"

"Oh, M'Govern's horse fell yesterday, and smashed himself to pieces. His knees is tied up in meal and wather," said Dan.

"Well, I believe it is better to go with you on Saturday; the road's long, and it will be well to have the company of a neighbour; I'll be ready for you when you call."

"Arra' blood-and-turf! to be sure it is; nobody but friends knows you have so much money about you, and I'll warrant Dan Costelloe is not the man to tell any one; '*bidtha hurst*,' Luke—that's the word."

Dan Costelloe having picked out all he wanted to know, it was finally arranged that he was to "yoke the beast" on Saturday morning, and call for Farrell at nine o'clock.

Notwithstanding the kindness of Dan Costelloe's arrangement, Luke strolled carelessly in the evening to James M'Govern's to ask about the horse, thinking the story about his having smashed his knees might be exaggerated, and still thinking his money travelling companion enough. He met no person in the place. The stable door was open, and, hearing the crunching of a horse eating hay, he turned in to satisfy himself. The horse stopped chewing, looked round and "listened"

at him. Dan Costelloe had told the truth, and Luke Farrell felt more satisfied with the arrangement than he previously had done.

It was much later than the hour settled upon before Dan Costelloe called at Luke Farrell's, on Saturday morning, and he was ready waiting. His breeches' pockets were buttoned tight, and the blue shooting-coat buttoned over them.

"Why, then, what kept you, Dan? I'm afraid we'll be late enough," said Luke.

"There's a shoe loose on the mare," said Dan, "and I sent for that fellow, Murneen, to drive a couple of nails in it, but, bad cess to him, he's away at a funeral. Come, up with you, Mr. Farrell, we'll get them in at M'Gurk's, upon the road; John's gone across the mountain. He'll be at the stile before us."

Luke Farrell did not like the delay, but he thought the less objection he now made the better, so he got up and away they drove.

That night, about eleven o'clock, the horse and car were brought home by a man named Thomas M'Dermott, brother to the friend for whom the Costelloes borrowed the money. Having put up the horse, he took the footpath across the mountain again, late as it was, and returned with Dan and John Costelloe in about an hour after.

Luke Farrell did not return with them, and the next day they gave out that he took the late coach for Dublin, on his way to America. In about ten days afterwards Mr. Finley, the schoolmaster, received a letter from Mr. Farrell from Liverpool, which, if there were any persons in the village who had the curiosity to ask, or in any way to doubt whether Luke Farrell had really gone to America or not, was sufficient to answer all such questions and allay their doubts.

PART II.

I WAS sitting in my room one sultry afternoon, in the end of August, with my whole paraphernalia for fly-tying before me. I knew where two or three very large trout had been basking in the sun all day, wagging their broad tails, and dropping down a few yards with the stream, and then working up again to the same point, sucking down every black midge that touched the surface of the water—"smoking their pipes," as we fishermen call it. I knew that they would rise freely after sunset, and I was in the act of tying a small black fly with silver twist and a stare's wing, when a knock came to the door. It was my "private orderly," who told me there were two women below stairs who wanted to speak to me.

You may imagine that I was in no very ready plight to go down stairs, with an unfinished fly in my fingers, and my feathers spread out at the mercy of any breath of wind which might capriciously pay them a visit.

"Desire one of them to come up," said I, while I continued to finish my black midge.

Presently I heard a distressed step upon the stairs; an elderly woman entered, and, making a low curtsy, said, "She *wanted* to trouble my honour." She was in a great heat, and seemed very much excited, and she added, "Would I ask your honour for a glass of water?"

"Most certainly," said I. "Sit you down, ma'am, and you shall have it in a moment."

I then went into the inside room, and procured it from the croft which was upon my dressing table; and seeing that the poor woman was in such a heat, I unlocked a cupboard, and, throwing a glass of sherry into the tumbler, I handed it to her. She drank it off at a draught, and then drew a long, heavy breath. "Ah, then, God bless your honour! that drink saved my life," she said; "that's if it is safe," she added. "May-be your honour 'd give the little girl that's below the like of that, for she's worse than what I am; and a good right she has, for she carried the box a'most the whole way, an' she's fairly kilt—that's what she is, my poor little Cil!"

"Is the poor thing silly?" said I.

"God's mercy, no, your honour, the farthest in the world from it; but her name is Cicely, and she used to be called 'Cil' for fondness. God bless her! I think she saved my life—that's if it is safe. But she'll tell you the whole thing herself, so she will. My poor little colleen!"

Perceiving that she was herself much better of the draught, I said—

"Well, ma'am, may I ask your name, and the nature of your business?"

"You are 'the chief,' sir, aren't you?" was her reply.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm the chief."

"My name's Honor Mitchell, sir, widow of old Jack Mitchell, of Ballyfree, if you know where that is?"

I assured her I did not.

"Nor old Jack Mitchell?"

"Nor old Jack Mitchell."

"Well, well, to be sure; I thought everybody knew Jack Mitchell of Ballyfree, God rest his soul; he was the best man ever lived, or ever will live in the townland," and she wiped her face and drew a sigh.

"Well, Mrs. Mitchell, tell me at once what is your business, or what I can do for you."

"Very little—not much—nothing at all for me I'm afraid, but I came to lay the truth before you, and sure you'll do what you like when you hear it."

"Perhaps not; but I'll do what I can, at all events, if I can be of use."

Honor Mitchell then proceeded to give me a hurried sketch of Luke Farrell; that he had lodged for some time in her house, and how, about four months previously, he had left Ballyfree in company with Dan and John Costelloe, and had never afterwards been seen or heard of: he was known to have a large sum of money in his pocket the day he left. She heard that Mr. Finley, the schoolmaster, got a letter from him from Liverpool, and she believed there were several who had seen it, and this had satisfied their minds; but she never felt quite sure about it, for he had left a box full of papers behind him, which he was always very careful of, and kept it locked and hid under his bed. "I kept it safe," she continued, "and said nothing about it to man or mortal ever since, hopin' every day to hear from Mr. Farrell about it, for he knew well I could read; many's the paper I witnessed for him; but I doubt the poor man will ever write another scroul, for no later than yesterday the little colleen overheard a conversation about the same papers, and there were a few words thrown in now and then that must have meant poor Luke, and that gives me trouble on his account; but it is well the little girl heard what she did, and I lost no time in bringing in the papers, box and all, to your honour for safety."

"Have you any good reason," said I, "to suppose that Luke Farrell was unfairly dealt with?"

"Sure your honour will hear what Cil has to say, and you'll know better than I can as to that. I know that he had upwards of a hundred pounds in his pocket the morning he left Ballyfree, in company with Dan and John Costelloe, and that he never came back. But will I call herself up until you hear what she has to say?"

"Yes, I must hear it from herself."

Mrs. Mitchell then called up Cil. The child appeared rather sunburnt than originally of a dark cast; she had a remarkably clear tinge of skin. Her hair was raven black, and her teeth uncommonly white and well set, while her eyes were of a bright brown—busy and intelligent. Finding that what she had to say was of great importance, I took out some paper, and requested her to repeat it slowly, while I wrote it down.

She stated that on the previous afternoon Honor Mitchell sent her to Michael Brennan's public-house at the cross-roads, about a mile from Ballyfree, for one or two little matters. There was no person at home but Mrs. Brennan. When she had

got what she wanted she was coming away, but, as she came to the door, she saw Dan and John Costelloe walking up the road, and she turned back. She said to Mrs. Brennan that she hoped they would pass by, as she would not like them to see her, for John Costelloe thought to make free with her once before, and threatened, the next time he met her, he would not let her off so easy. She went behind the door of an inside room, hoping they would pass, but they came into the shop, and she heard Dan tell Mrs. Brennan to bring them up half a pint of whiskey. This frightened her very much, for she had no way of escape; but seeing the shutter of a press-bed lying open against the wall in the far corner of the room, she had just time to dart in behind it. There she stood, breathless with terror; she could not see them, but could hear every word they said. Dan Costelloe began—

"I wonder what keeps Tom; he's behind time. Look there, 'tis near three o'clock; and half-past two was the hour."

"Pshaw! man, that old turnip of his isn't worth a pin; I often told you to part it and get a decent one. I wouldn't keep it. Dan—mind my words—part it, or it may bring you into trouble yet."

"No, faith, John; that's where I'd be a fool in earnest. 'Tis safer with me than if I parted it; sure I don't put it in my pocket once a quarter, and wouldn't now but for I fixed half-past two for Tom."

"Well, Dan, if the same watch fell to me, I'd sink it in the lough, or throw it over the rocks after him, sooner than I'd be keeping it. Take my advice. I suppose Tom will soon be here now; but what do you mean to do, Dan?"

"To do! why, to get hold of the papers, to be sure, at any risk. I'll warrant there's money along with them; he never left himself that bare, for you know he meant to come back. The papers—the papers, I say, and all that's in the house belonging to him."

"She won't give them up, Dan; she's as stout as a bull."

"Won't she? athen may-be she won't! faith, an' if she doesn't she might do worse, John. We might send her the short cut to America, after Luke; eh, Jack, my boy?"

"No, Dan, you won't do any such thing——"

Just then the door opened, and another man came in; she did not know his voice, but the Costelloes called him Tom. Dan asked him what kept him, and he said he was full time enough. Dan told him they were going to take away any papers belonging to Luke Farrell they could find in Honor Mitchell's house, a-Sunday night; that he might depend upon it there was money in the box where the papers were, and that he should have his share, if he'd come. He replied that "they

ought to let well enough alone; they had done enough already, and, if his advice was taken, they'd never look after papers, or money, or anything else; if they did, to mind what he said, they'd be sorry for it but once, and that would be all the days of their lives." Dan said, "if the young chap ever comes home, he may be down on all them that didn't pay up, and find out, or suspect something. I'm for the papers, boys; I know we'll be apt to get some money along with them; that fellow couldn't live without a few pounds to come and go upon in his keeping—the papers, I say, and that a-Sunday night; here, boys, help yourselves, I'll stand another half-pint—come, boys!"

"No, nor the devil a dhrop more you'll drink to-day, Dan, and I tell you wanst for all to lave things as they are, or you'll be sorry," said Tom.

"Not through your manes, Tom, I hope."

"No, that's not what I mane, and you know that very well, Dan Costelloe, but I give you my advice as a rale friend—if it was anything else, I wouldn't be here now."

"Well, I believe you, Tom, and perhaps you're right; here, give us your hand, man, I didn't mean that. Come, let us be off; if you won't come, Tom, we won't go, that's all about it—here, Mrs. Brennan, take the half pint out of this," he added, leaving the room, and they all went out.

She remained quiet for several minutes, until Mrs. Brennan came and told her they were gone clear off. She then went home as fast as she could, and told it all to Mrs. Mitchell—; "and we only waited," interrupted that old dame, "until it was dark, to lock up the house, your honour, and come away with our lives, and we brought the papers with us; and there's the box, your honour, for all the world as Luke Farrell left it the last morning he set eyes on Ballyfree."

I then sent Mrs. Mitchell and Cil to a lodging-house hard by, rode over to a neighbouring magistrate, and told him the whole story; he fixed the following day to meet two or three other magistrates, to examine the girl, and consult on what steps ought to be taken. I ascertained at the Bank, in the meantime, that there were upwards of four hundred and eighty pounds lying to the credit of Luke Farrell, with one half-year's interest some time over-due, and undemanded. Luke Farrell had not called at the Bank, or lodged any money at the time that he left Ballyfree with the Costelloes. For some years past, and until the last gale was due, he had been very punctual and regular in drawing the interest, and re-lodging it, with some addition from his pocket.

Primed and loaded with this information, I attended the meeting of the magistrates. They re-examined the girl, and after some consultation (which I did not think the case re-

quired), a warrant was made out for the arrest of the Costelloes.

The box was then opened. It contained a heterogeneous collection of papers—old promissory notes and We O. U.s, partly paid up; lists of persons who owed small sums; lists of rates of bonuses to be added to the sums lent, according to the amount in an extraordinary tabular form; memorandums, or bank receipts for lodgments, with the amount of interest drawn and added. There was a sum of fourteen pounds in bank notes and silver, and last of all there was a short will, without date, written in a large, clear hand, to the following effect:—

“In the name of God, Amen! I, Luke Farrell, of Ballyfree, having all my senses about me, make this my first and last will and testament; that is to say, I leave all the money which lies in my name in the Bank at S——, to my son, Hugh Farrell, if he be still alive, and if he be dead (for the which may God forgive me!), I leave all the said money to the Right Rev. Dr. —, in trust, to be disposed of in charitable purposes, and for the good of the holy and true Church, provided it be satisfactorily proved to the said Right Rev. Dr. — that my said son, Hugh Farrell, be actually dead, and died unmarried, or without leaving lawful wife or children. And if the said Hugh Farrell should leave a lawful wife or children, they shall be entitled to all the said money.”

Having replaced the papers in the box, I took the warrant to apprehend the Costelloes, and the magistrates left for their respective homes.

I left my quarters about midnight, and arrived at Ballyfree before the first pale streak of approaching day betrayed the dawn. The village lay in deep and silent repose—not even a watchful cur was heard to growl, as we stole towards the Costelloes' house.

When I knocked and demanded admittance, Daniel Costelloe at once got up, and opened the door; they were both at home.

We instituted a most minute search in the house, and on the premises, in expectation of finding something belonging to Luke Farrell—the watch, for instance, which he was known to have carried, but no such thing; nor did we find any money beyond seventeen pence in Dan's tobacco-box.

I left a first-rate hand at that kind of thing, with two others, behind me, to continue the search, with directions, as soon as there was sufficient light, to have the garden closely examined, in case the body of Luke Farrell might have been buried there—for that he had been murdered I entertained not a doubt—but no trace or vestige could be found of his body, or anything that could lead to a discovery of his fate.

I returned home with my prisoners. We came over the mountain by the pathway. It was a beautiful morning; the larks were not singing, for it was too late in the season, but they were awake and happy in the grass. The purple tops of the mountains were beginning to acknowledge the first golden tinge of a glorious sunrise, while portions of the valleys were still clothed with the white shroud of a dense fog, through which the corn-fields showed dimly, with stalks magnified into twice their real size, and, in some instances, the broad, yellow surface of the flat, uncut corn hung heavy with excess of dew, through which the "red poppies peered, with corn-flowers' heavenly blue." Across the hill came, first, a solitary crow, with slow and steady wing; then came another, and another—then four or five—then too many to count before they got mixed in their flight and had passed by—then the whole army: they had fixed upon the district of Ballyfree for that morning's occupation. The cobwebs were all visible, in various shapes and forms, composed of fairy strings of almost invisible pearls—like Lilliputian lace patterns hung in a monster shop; some were like the crowns for babies' caps, starred out from a tiny circle in the centre, and edged round with silver fringe; others were like long pieces of narrow lace, that might be sold by the yard, hanging in festoons from the point of one heather-bell to another. Talk of French flowers in the window of a monster shop, indeed! I tell you the most beautiful and expensive variety they ever possessed could not bear comparison with that sprig of broken heath upon yon bank, or even with that common lover's daisy lying across the path. Talk not at all of monster shops, or the beauty and variety of the goods displayed in them; you would never mention one of them, if you had been with me upon the mountain's brow that morning, as the first blush of the rising sun threw its golden rays into the amphitheatre of Ballyfree. Monster shops, indeed!—no, they have all too many storeys, and the ceilings are too low, and there is not half light, and you must turn, first this way and then that, to catch the proper colour of what you are looking at. Oh, no! the only real monster shop I was ever in had but one storey, and the ceiling was ever so many thousand feet high, and was painted a beautiful pure blue, and there was light enough to see the goods, and I stood in the middle of it on that morning upon the hill-side at Ballyfree.

About two o'clock that day the prisoners were brought before the magistrates and examined separately; they both had the same story: that they had given Luke Farrell a seat on their car to S——, where he parted with them, saying he wanted to go to the Bank to lodge a trifle of money. "No," said Dan to him, "but to draw it all out and take it with you." "No," he

replied, "I'm not such a fool, Dan; 'twill be safer where it is; I'll take but a trifle with me, and have the rest to the good when I come back again, and bring Hugh with me, with the blessing of God." John said he met him again later in the day, and that he said he was going to start by the coach for Dublin, on his way to Liverpool, and from that to America.

Matt. Finley, the schoolmaster, was examined, and produced the letter. It bore the Liverpool and Dublin post-marks, besides that of the country post town of the district, and was as follows:—

"DEAR MATT.,—This comes to you, hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves me at present, thank God for it! I made no delay in S—— the day I left Ballyfree, but came on to Dublin by the night coach. I didn't wish to fret the neighbours by saying I would not come back, or by taking my leave of them, for they were all very partial to me, particularly the Costelloes, who were my best friends. I never let on to the Costelloes that I was going, until the coach was almost ready to start, when I met John on the bridge and told him: indeed, he cried like a child, and wanted me to wait till May, but I couldn't. Give my love to Honor Mitchell, and the Costelloes, and M'Govern. Tell Billy Carney not to fret about the trifle he was behind; he's welcome to it, and any other of the neighbours that was short. We had a very stormy voyage from Dublin to here. This is a very large town entirely, or city I believe I should call it. The ships in the river is as thick as the heath upon the mountain behind Tim Fennelly's, there are so many masts. I sail on Friday in a ship called the 'Erin-gobragh'; she's a very fine ship, bigger than your school-house a great deal; she's bound for New York, where I'll be, with the blessing they say, in three weeks. You know I'm gone to look for Hugh, or nothing would make me leave Ballyfree. I hope, dear Matt., this will find you well, and all inquiring friends; but, as I had some time to spare before I sail, and as you know it's no trouble to me to write, I thought I'd let you know where I am, that your mind may be easy about me, as I came away without so much as '*bannacath-lath*,' particularly the Costelloes, who were my best friends. Tell them not to be uneasy, as I'll never forget their kindness to me the day I left them, and Thomas M'Dermott, though he doesn't belong to Ballyfree, but I saw him once or twice, and he's a decent, well-behaved boy. —Dear Matt., I remain, your loving friend,

"LUKE FARRELL.

"P. S.—Dear Matt., tell the neighbours not to be uneasy about me, particularly the Costelloes. I hope Jemmy M'Govern's horse is better."

Finley swore positively that this letter was in Luke Farrell's handwriting, with which he was well acquainted; so did one or two others; and, after a consultation upon the whole case, the evidence being quite insufficient to detain them, the Costelloes were discharged. I retained the letter, and subsequently compared it with the documents in the box, known to be in Farrell's handwriting, and was convinced that the letter was not written by the same hand; besides, there was too much about the Costelloes in it to please me. I considered the fact of the money still remaining in the Bank to Luke Farrell's credit a very suspicious circumstance, if the man had really gone to America; but felt that nothing further could be done, unless fresh evidence could be procured.

One year and eight months subsequent to the above transactions, Constable Harvey reported that, on the evening before, a man had been most inhumanly beaten at the three roads of C—, and he had brought him to the police barrack, where he was then lying quite insensible. Harvey was very much afraid he had been murdered: he had not spoken a word, and none of the police or neighbours knew who he was. In less than ten minutes I was mounted and away to the scene. The district doctor was there, and had very little hopes of his recovery; he had been frightfully beaten about the head and body; there was one slight fracture of the skull, "not dangerous, *per se*," the doctor said, but he feared that he was inwardly hurt—he had resisted all stimulants, and lay, to appearance, dead. He had been washed and cleaned, and exhibited the features of a very young and handsome man. He had a valuable ring upon one of his fingers. Constable Harvey had been on patrol, and was the first to discover him lying on the road; at least, if any one had previously seen him, they had "passed by upon the other side."

Singular to say, a silver watch and chain, and so much as sixteen sovereigns and some silver, had been found on his person; so that it was evident either that robbery was not intended, or that the perpetrators had been disturbed before they had time to complete their design. There were no letters or documents, however, by which it could be ascertained who the young man was. This was on Friday. Thursday evening he had been beaten; and on Saturday, about two o'clock, there was a meeting of the magistrates of the district to inquire into the matter.

This meeting was held at the petty sessions-house of the district, about a mile from the place where the outrage took place, and, as usual upon such occasions, there was a considerable crowd about the door. A policeman was posted outside for the

purpose of keeping the people from the window, and I observed him pushing a young boy from the corner of the sash two or three times, who pertinaciously attempted to return. I took an opportunity of entering into conversation with the policeman, and the moment the boy saw him engaged with me, he returned to his *spud* at the side of the window. I then told the man not to interrupt him further, but to keep his eye upon him, and I walked up the road, still keeping him in view.

Immediately opposite the sessions-house door, and at some little distance down another road, stood the gable-end of a public-house. At the end of this house stood a tall, stout young man, looking timidly around the corner. What first attracted my attention was, that he had a clean shirt on, and was evidently dressed in his Sunday suit, which was very unusual, as the day was Saturday; his shirt-neck was open, and he had on a brand new coat and breeches, a new Caroline hat, a pair of beautifully-knit blue worsted stockings, and pumps—not a speck upon him from top to toe; and it was Saturday!

“What can be the cause of it?” thought I. “Can he be going to, or returning from a dance? or, perhaps, he is fresh from a wedding. No, I have it,” thought I again, “he is fresh from, perhaps—a murder,” and I quietly returned into the sessions-room.

I beckoned Harvey, and directed him to go out carelessly, and, without attracting his attention, to look at the man who was standing at the corner of Philip Moran’s public-house, and to bring me word what he knew of him.

The constable returned shortly, and reported that his name was Thomas M’Dermott, and that he lived about three miles off, at the foot of the mountain.

“They say,” continued Harvey, “there was a brother of his ‘left the country;’ but he does not live in my sub-district, although he sometimes comes to our chapel; I never heard anything against that young man—he was never before our petty sessions.”

“No,” said I, “a petty-sessions court is not the one that could deal with that man’s doings. I suspect, Harvey, he was at the beating of that poor young man who lies above at your barrack—I think dying. Look at him, as clean as a new pin, with his best clothes on, and a clean, white shirt; and recollect that this is Saturday. Is that usual, or is it not? He has not moved out of that spot the whole morning, nor taken his eyes off the boy he has posted at the window to listen; it crosses my recollection, also, that his name was mentioned as a ‘decent boy’ in the letter purporting to come from Luke Farrell.”

“What you say is all quite right, sir, whether he was at the beating or not; would you think of arresting him, sir?”

"Most decidedly, but not just yet; I must secure time for his house and premises to be searched before the alarm of his arrest can arrive there, but I'll keep my eye upon him."

I then gave Harvey directions at once to send three policemen to M'Dermott's house, with instructions to make a diligent search for his every-day clothes and shoes, or anything which could connect him with the beating; and, calculating the time which would bring them there, I would have M'Dermott seized, and detained until the result of the search should be ascertained.

Giving them due time to arrive at M'Dermott's house, I walked out on the road, followed by Constable Harvey. There stood Thomas M'Dermott still. I had not lost sight of him, I promise you, during my arrangements. I walked carelessly past him down the road. I had a good opportunity of passing close to him as I returned, for it was evident he did not suspect anything. When I came up to him I stopped. I saw Harvey watching me.

"Well, my man, what is your name?" said I.

"What's my name?" said he.

"Yes, that is the question I asked; it appears you heard me well enough."

"What do you want to know for?" said he, hesitating, and evidently preparing for a move.

"Just this," said I, springing upon him, "that you are my prisoner, Thomas M'Dermott."

He made a desperate effort to get away from me, but Harvey coming up in an instant, he was secured.

I then returned to the sessions-court, and, having cleared the room, reported to the magistrates what I had done, and the grounds upon which I had acted. There were four magistrates present: the chairman said he thought it was a hasty step to arrest a man because he had a clean shirt upon him, and hoped I was safe in what I had done; that it was a pity I had not consulted the Bench in the first instance; and he did not see upon what grounds the man could be detained. Another magistrate nodded his acquiescence to this view.

"Just have the goodness, gentlemen," said I, "to await the result of the search which I have directed at the prisoner's house; if nothing arises to implicate him, you can discharge him. I am quite aware of the responsibility I have taken upon myself, and am willing to bear it."

The other two magistrates took my view of the case, and "rather gave me credit for apprehending the man, not because he had a clean shirt on, but because he had it on upon a Saturday—a most unusual thing, and in the immediate neighbourhood of what they feared would turn out to be a barbarous murder; they were decidedly for waiting the result of the search."

It was not long delayed. Before an hour had elapsed, the men were seen coming across the hill with a large bundle over one of their shoulders, slung upon the point of a carbine; one of the other men had three sticks. It was as I had suspected—they had the prisoner's every-day clothes, covered with blood and dirt. The breast of the shirt and the waistcoat were thickly sprinkled, as if it had suddenly spouted out upon them, while the cuffs and sleeves of the coat were saturated with heavy blotches, as were also the legs and knees of the breeches. They could not find any stockings, but the shoes were besmeared with bloody mud. To two of the sticks was attached bloody hair, corresponding in colour with that of the unfortunate victim. Here, then, was abundance of justification for the arrest of the prisoner. Here was a host of evidence against him, if we could prove the clothes to belong to him, which he strenuously denied. The magistrates were unanimous in thinking it better not to ask him any questions, and he was committed to gaol for further examination.

Day after day and night after night lay that poor young man between life and death; no one knew who he was—none had ever seen him before. He could not be removed from the barrack; but, fortunately, the district doctor lived at no great distance, and he did not want for medical attendance or nursing. Another doctor was called in, and fee'd out of the money found on his person; and for days, though life remained, there were but very slight hopes of his recovery. I was there daily, watching the first return to consciousness or life; and Harvey had instructions, should he become sensible during my absence, carefully to note every word that might fall from him.

On the fourth morning I received a note from the governor of the gaol, to say that Thomas M'Dermott wished to see me; he added that I ought to go at once, as he suspected he had something of importance to communicate. I lost no time.

The first question M'Dermott asked, when the door of the cell was shut, was—"How was the young man—was there any hope that he'd get over it?"

"Very little indeed—scarcely any," I replied.

"'Tis a bad job," said he, "but not the worst yet."

"Take care what you are about, M'Dermott," said I. "Any statement you wish to make had better be made to a magistrate; be cautious and consider well what you do, for anything which you say to criminate yourself will be taken down in writing, and given in evidence against you; and, if the young man dies, it may involve your life."

"Well, your honour, I'm obleeged to you for telling me that; but I'd be glad you'd send for Mr. W——, and stop here

yourself while I tell him what I have to say—for say it I will, let me live or die; for if I don't, there's a grate dale will go unpunished that's a long time lying by; and it was they that drew me into that as well as this."

"But why send for Mr. W——? he lives a long way off; will not any other magistrate do equally well?"

"No, no, I know him so well; I couldn't tell the half of what I have to say to anybody else, and I wish you'd stand by yourself. Send for Mr. W——."

In the afternoon of the next day I called again with Mr. W——. M'Dermott was duly cautioned upon the effect of any disclosure he might make, but he was still determined to make a full confession. The magistrate took down the following statement:—

"Upon the day that Luke Farrell left Ballyfree, in company with Dan and John Costelloe, I met them by appointment on the road to S——. I was aware that it was the intention of the Costelloes to delay on the road so long, that Luke Farrell would be late for the Bank, where they knew his business was to lodge a considerable sum of money. In this they succeeded, by stopping at a forge to get a shoe fastened on the horse. They stuck close to him all day while he was in S——, and brought him to a public-house, just before they left the town, where they persuaded, or almost forced him to take a tumbler of porter with a couple of glasses of whiskey. He was the worse of liquor when he got on the car, and it was then closing dark. We had twelve or fourteen miles to go, and we did not arrive at the cross-roads of Skeeoge until it was within one hour of midnight. By this time Luke Farrell was getting the better of the liquor, and we stopped at a small house on the road side, to give him another glass. Dan Costelloe told me to take the mare and cart home round the road, and that they would bring Luke Farrell across the mountain by the footpath 'as soon as he had taken enough,' and to make haste back to meet them. I went home with the horse and car, and returned to meet them by the path. When I gained the top of the mountain, I heard the Costelloes some distance below me on the footpath. It was a light night by this time, and I saw them about twenty perches from me. I saw one of the Costelloes strike Luke Farrell and knock him down; they then both struck him several times about the head with heavy sticks. I heard Dan say, 'That'll do; he's finished; be quick now.' Farrell never spoke a word; he must have been very drunk. They then stooped over him upon their knees, robbing him. In less than a minute they stood up, and one of them said, 'Come, in with him;' and they dragged him to the edge of the chasm and threw him over. I got frightened, and ran back to

Ballyfree as fast as my legs could carry me. I then turned again and met the Costelloes not far from the village. They asked me what kept me, that they expected me long before. I said I could not find the key of the stable for a long time, and that I did not like to leave the mare loose on the street, and that I came away the moment I tied her up. John said I did right not to leave her loose, as the people might be talking if she strayed to any of their doors. Dan said, 'You didn't meet the old miser going home, did you?' John laughed, and said he'd be an ugly customer to meet then, for anybody that was afraid of ghosts. They said he was gone to America, and I said I supposed it was the short cut he took, and Dan Costelloe replied, 'You may swear it, Tom; but *bidh a hurst*, we have your share here—so come along.' I then returned with the Costelloes, and remained with them until next morning. They took eighty-four pounds and some silver from the body of Luke Farrell, and a silver watch. I got twenty pounds for my share, though I done nothing but bring home the mare and cart. They got thirty-two pounds each and the watch, with whatever silver there was. They tossed up between the watch and the silver, and Dan won the watch. I went home the next morning. The Costelloes were greatly frightened when they were taken up and their house searched; but when the body was not found, nor anything in their house, and when they were discharged, they were sure all was over, and took courage again. They never kept the watch or the money in the house, but they have the most part of it still. We could not think why Honor Mitchell left Ballyfree so suddenly; but we suspected it was she who had the Costelloes taken up, on account of Luke Farrell having lived in her house and left a box of papers behind him. We were to have taken these papers from Honor Mitchell the Sunday night after she left Ballyfree—that is, the Costelloes were, for I was against it; but they insisted on it. It was Dan Costelloe himself that got the letter written to Mr. Finley; he got Frank Larrigan, of Cornashea, to write it, and he gave it to a man named James Casey, who was going to America, to put it in the post-office at Liverpool."

The portion of his statement which bore upon the case of the young man who had been beaten was this:—"Upon the Thursday previous he was at the Costelloes, at Ballyfree, when a handsome, well-dressed young man walked up through the village. He went direct to Honor Mitchell's house, and made some inquiries at the door. He then went on to Luke Farrell's, but found none of the Farrells there. He then returned to Honor Mitchell's, and went in; all the people of the village were peeping at him from their doors, and the word ran through them that it must be young Hugh Farrell. He came out of

Honor Mitchell's house in a few minutes, muttering to himself, and swearing about law and justice, and left the village. Dan Costelloe sent a small boy after him, to watch which way he'd go, who dogged him to Michael Brennan's public-house, where he called for something to eat. The boy sat in a corner unobserved, and heard all the questions the young man asked about the Farrells and Honor Mitchell. He inquired how long it was since Mrs. Farrell died, and where she was buried; how long since Luke Farrell went to America, and if the Costelloes were still living in Ballyfree. Mrs. Brennan answered all his questions, and told him that, upwards of a year and a half ago, there had been a letter from Luke Farrell, from Liverpool, to Mr. Finley, the schoolmaster. He said he should see the letter, or he would not believe a word of it; that he knew Luke Farrell's handwriting well, and could tell if it was his in a moment. He said he'd start off that very night to S——, where he could soon find out whether Luke Farrell went to America or not, and that he'd let people see that he was no fool. The boy made haste back and told us all this talk, and Dan Costelloe said, 'Boys, we have no time to lose; that's young Hugh Farrell, as sure as I'm Dan Costelloe, and he'll work some harm upon us, if we don't stop his mouth. 'Tis as good to be hanged for a cow as a goat, if it is to be; that's a smart, determined young fellow, and he'll find it all out, if we don't quiet him. The night will be very dark, and we must be at the cross-roads of C—— before him; there's nothing else for it.' I could not refuse to go with them, for I was sworn to assist any brother at his bidding. Gentlemen, you know the rest; we were at the cross-roads before him, and you saw the work we made of it. We would have robbed him, but that we heard some persons coming towards us with a heavy step like the police, and we made off; we never looked behind us. The Costelloes came to my house—it was as short a way as they could go to Ballyfree—and took a drink of water, and stopped for half-an-hour. They threw their sticks in the corner, and told me to burn them, that they had done enough."

Here, then, was a pretty business—old Luke Farrell murdered—young Hugh Farrell, in all probability, murdered also!

No time was now to be lost. I procured an order from the magistrate to apprehend the Costelloes, and at midnight I surrounded their house with police. Alas! the birds were flown. No Dan—no John Costelloe was to be found. They also knew that no time was to be lost, and they had not lost it; they were gone—fled.

We scoured the whole side of the country to no purpose—they were not to be found. They had taken the alarm at M'Dermott's arrest; had put all their ill-got money together,

and started for America during the few days that M'Dermott had been meditating the disclosure.

We then proceeded to make another search for the body of old Farrell. We went to the fissure and chasm in the mountain. In many places we were obliged to creep through narrow passages upon our hands and knees; in some, to climb up smooth, slippery rocks, rendered practicable only by round excrescences formed here and there by the incrustations of the constant dropping from the roof above. One advantage in our search we had, which was, that the body having been thrown over from above, must be in some of the open portion of the fissure, where we would have light to explore.

On we went through this long, cavernous fissure to the very end, poking into every nook, behind every rock, but no remains of a human body could we discover.

Suddenly we heard fearful exclamations of surprise from one of the men, at a short distance from us. He was pointing upwards with his finger, while his head was turned away; others had their faces buried in their hands. Casting my eyes in the direction, I beheld a sight which I shall never forget. There hung, upon a blasted stump of ash, about thirty feet above us, all that remained of Luke Farrell. When thrown over the edge of the chasm, the sharp stump had caught him by the stomach, just under the breast. His legs and arms hung all fours, towards the ground, something like the figure of a brazen sheep over the door of a woollen-draper's shop. Nothing remained of his clothes but a small portion of the coat about the shoulders: it was a frightful spectacle. The shoes clung to the bare bones of the insteps and heels, and his uneven and ill-formed teeth grinned most horribly. There was no doubt it was the skeleton of Luke Farrell, which had hung there for twenty months, exposed to the burning sun of summer and the cold frost of winter. How many a gluttonous feast did the kite, the raven, the scarecrow, and the hawk make during that period! nay, did they not rend the garments piecemeal from the unconscious corpse to gorge upon its purple flesh? No wonder that the bones alone were left.

We procured ladders and ropes and a large basket, and ultimately succeeded in removing the bones whole and complete, amidst a constant uproar of instructions, and a contrariety of directions, as to "the only plan."

A large crowd had assembled above, some of whom made their way into the chasm below, but made their way out of it again in half the time, telling others whom they met, "For the love of God, not to go in—that the sight would never leave their eyes." I need not repeat the broken sentences and ejaculations that passed from one to another of the women who were

there, some of them with children in their arms, knowing nothing of what was going on, but bawling lustily, and struggling for a bunch of heath, or a *bouhalawn bui*, until their mothers quieted them with a "whist alanah, whist, oh see! sure the dead man's coming out of the cave, and he'll ate you."

The skeleton was at length got out, and stretched upon a door, and brought down to Brennan's public-house, where an inquest was held the following day. The doctor swore that the skull had been fractured in three places, any one of which injuries must have caused death. One or two other witnesses were examined, who had seen the parties together, and a verdict was returned of wilful murder against Dan and John Costelloe.

The bones of poor Luke Farrell were placed in a coffin and decently buried in the old churchyard of Kilburren, about two miles from Ballyfree. Constable Harvey started the same day for Liverpool, in hopes that he might arrive in time to prevent the Costelloes getting off to America, but wrote, by the next post, to say he had ascertained that Daniel and John Costelloe had sailed for New York, in a ship called "The Brothers," two days before he had arrived in Liverpool. They had entered their names as Daniel and John *Costigan*. He had no doubt, from a conversation he had with the ship-agent, that they were the same.

All this time poor Hugh Farrell was slowly creeping from behind the cloud of death. He was now conscious, and began to recollect all that had taken place. He was still very weak, but the doctors had pronounced him out of danger.

Thomas M'Dermott at first feared that Hugh Farrell would have died, and that he might be hanged for the murder, if he did not save himself by "turning;" and, now that his recovery was rapidly progressing, and that the Costelloes had made their escape, he felt inclined to regret his confession. He could not now be received as king's evidence, as there was no person to be tried but himself, and he felt that the disclosure he had made would change the case against him from a gross assault upon the son, involving, at most, transportation for life, to that of murder upon the father, affecting his very life itself.

The weather about this time underwent a very sudden change, and for several days became wet and stormy; on one night it blew a perfect hurricane.

"I have often heard it said, 'that a man who is born to be hanged will never be drowned,'" said I, laying down a Dublin newspaper the third morning after Harvey had returned from Liverpool. "Tell the mounted man to get ready at once," I continued to my servant, who just then came into the room, "to go to Constable Harvey with a letter." He made his exit

with a "yes, sir," and I took up the paper to read the paragraph over again:—

"Total loss of the ship 'Brothers,' upon the coast of Wexford—dreadful loss of life." Then followed a detailed account of the shipwreck of "The Brothers," bound from Liverpool to New York with a valuable cargo, and a number of emigrants on board. Amongst the lost was the name "John Costigan," and amongst those saved was "Daniel Costigan," with (brother to John lost) in a parenthesis after the name. The account stated that the vessel was a total wreck, and that everything was lost—the survivors were in a miserable state, some almost naked—others totally so; and many much bruised and hurt by being cast by the waves against the rocks. They had, however, been hospitably treated by the inhabitants, who had supplied them with clothes and food, and lodged them in an old mill, until they could hear from their friends, or be sufficiently recovered to return home.

Harvey and another policeman were soon dispatched to the little town upon the coast of Wexford to arrest Dan Costelloe. On the sixth day they returned with the prisoner, and Dan Costelloe was forthwith committed to gaol, to stand his trial for the murder of Luke Farrell.

Time, like an iron shroud, closed daily in upon Dan Costelloe's doom—he felt it creeping around him to a point which he thought he could almost touch with his finger, and he knew that it must soon crush him with a cold, unsparing grasp.

The assizes were approaching nearer and nearer, and he was conscious that there was no hope of escape. Guilty he knew he must be; guilty he knew he was. Should he give up all hopes, and say so, and pray for forgiveness; or should he take the chances of the law, deny his guilt, and meet his fate as a man—which?

The assizes came round, and there stood Dan Costelloe in the dock—his cheeks not pale but flushed, his eyes rolling fiery and frightened glances around; and, now and then, a sudden contraction of the forehead and brow betokened bodily pain. The indictment was read, and the prisoner asked, was he "guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty, guilty!" he cried, looking wildly around him—"there he is—stop, John—take your knees off his breast, I say—give him air—stop, John, I say—keep him back, I tell you—keep him back, or he'll go over—take him out of that—look at his teeth—push back his eyes, they'll drive me mad. Guilty, my lord—see there! look at the mark of his scattered snagged teeth in the back of my hand still; they'll never leave it, my lord—see, John, how he froths at the mouth! Guilty, my lord. Loose

your teeth, Luke, dear, or you'll take the knuckles off me. Take him out of that, John—oh, wasn't it well for you that went to the bottom, money and all—see, there he is again, take him out of that, I say;" and with many more wild and frantic expressions, uttered with the rapidity of thought, the unfortunate man, apparently terrified by some unseen object, became quite exhausted, and fell over against the side of the dock.

The judge immediately directed a physician to be called. Having examined the prisoner in the dock, he pronounced the unfortunate man to be at that moment labouring under brain fever, and recommended that not a moment should be lost in getting him into the gaol hospital. This was immediately done; the poor man was sent off in a covered van to the gaol, continuing to rave in an incoherent and frightful manner. The judge directed the clerk of the Crown not to receive the plea, and the trial was postponed until the next assizes.

Before that day week, the burning fever had done its work, and unfortunate Daniel Costelloe was an inmate of the cold and narrow prison of the grave.

His last moments were fearful. He never for one instant became tranquil, or recovered his senses; but for five days and nights appeared as if he was in some frightful struggle for life and death with Luke Farrell, giving utterance to expressions of the same terrified character as those he had uttered in the dock. It took two men to hold him, at times, to prevent mischief; and he died at the end of a desperate struggle to free himself from their grasp.

Poor Hugh Farrell recovered slowly to learn all these things. He took the necessary steps to constitute himself the legal representative of his unfortunate father, took possession from me of the box of papers, every one of which, except the will, he burned in my little parlour. He drew the money out of the Bank, and having made Honor Mitchell a present of ten pounds, and young Cil a present of thirty to help her marriage, he returned to New York, where he is still, I believe, a rich and independent merchant. Before he went he sat a whole evening with me, and gave me a most interesting and extraordinary account of his passages and exploits, from the day that he started full speed from his father's door, until he returned to find his mother's heart broken, and his father's hearth in possession of a stranger—his father himself—where?

It would extend this narrative to too great a length were I to detail his story here; besides, it is well worthy of a separate consideration for itself, and I may, some day or other, present it to you in such a form.

One word about "Colleen a mithol." She had been hired as helper at the rector's house, where she soon became a great

favourite, and was advanced to be housemaid; and the beauty of her cap and pink ribbons would surprise you, to say nothing of the eyes which were beneath them; no wonder, by the time she was eighteen or nineteen, if she caught the fancy of a fine, handsome young policeman at the station close by; and the little girl who was once poor Cil—"Colleen a mithol"—has long since been "the sergeant's wife," and the mother of half a score young peelers and peelers' wives.

THE REPRIEVE;

OR,

THE WILD JUSTICE OF REVENGE.

IN the year 18—, the body of a beautiful boy, of about eight or nine years old, was found drowned in a quarry-hole in the county of —, in which I was then stationed. Some marks, which might have been of violence, or received while struggling for life amongst the sharp rocks which formed the sides of the hole, but which looked more like the former, made it desirable that the inquest should be conducted with the strictest and most searching minuteness.

Having heard of the occurrence at an early hour in the morning, I at once proceeded to the spot, and was fortunate enough to arrive before any crowd had collected, which might have altered the appearance of the place, so as to frustrate me in making such observations as might be of use in tracing the melancholy event to its source. It was generally supposed to have been purely accidental; and as it was known that the boy had been in the habit of resorting to the place for the amusement of fishing, I was not prepared to think otherwise; besides, Edward O'Connor—such was his name—was very justly a prime favourite with the whole parish, and it would be difficult to suppose any motive for violence towards him. I, however, made the police form a cordon for the purpose of keeping off the people, who had by this time begun to assemble in considerable numbers; and by this means, with the assistance of an intelligent member of the force, I was enabled to make such observations as the place admitted of, and the nature of the facts required. We found evident marks of footsteps upon one part of the bank, which could not have been the boy's—they were those of a man's shoe, with the usual description of nails worn by the country people; there were also the marks of a foot without any shoe, but which appeared to have had a

stocking on ; and what struck me as most remarkable was, that in every instance the mark of this foot proved to be that of the left, nor could we, upon the most minute search, find one of those latter marks made by the right foot, while those which were marked by the shoes were right and left indiscriminately. There was also a small fishing-rod found upon the bank, broken. On examining the body, there were found one or two cuts, as if inflicted by sharp stones, upon the face and forehead, and the tops of the fingers were much torn, apparently in the effort to lay hold upon the sides of the rocks, in the struggle between life and death ; but there was one cut upon the *back* of the head which it was more difficult to account for. A surgeon was examined, who stated that none of the wounds were sufficient to have caused death, and, in the absence of any further evidence, a verdict of "Found drowned" was recorded. Although I could not quarrel with the verdict, my mind was by no means satisfied upon the subject.

This boy was the son of a very respectable man, named Thomas O'Connor, who had some years before proved successful as a rival in courtship with a man named Terence Delany. Delany was a tall, handsome, active young man, and a great favourite amongst a certain class of young women in the neighbourhood. He was, however, wild, thoughtless, and unprincipled, and his habits and occupations were such as to cause the general remark, that he would never turn out well. Certain it is, that no cock-fight, dog-fight, or other disreputable meeting took place in the parish, which was not got up and conducted by Terence Delany ; and it was soon plainly foretold, that, if he did not change his ways, they would bring him to disgrace and shame.

O'Connor was the very reverse of all this : he was a cheerful, gay, industrious, well-principled young man, the pride of his father's cottage, and the delight of all who knew him. He was an only son, and well to do in the world ; and, although not so tall or so handsome as Delany, it was no great wonder, that upon a fair comparison of their respective merits, backed as he was by the good word of everybody, he should have carried the heart of Mary M'Kenzie—who was a good, sensible girl—in opposition to his handsomer but less worthy rival.

Delany had early perceived that his game was lost if left to honourable competition between him and O'Connor ; and pretending not to have taken his failure to heart in any way, or indeed to have entertained any further aspirations or intentions towards the object of their common addresses, did all in his power to conciliate O'Connor, and, if possible, to create at least a fair understanding between them, in hopes of being able to induce him to join him and his companions in their amusements,

representing them as innocent and manly, fitted for young men of their class and time of life, but with the deep and secret hope of leading him, step by step, into disgrace, or perhaps into committing some transportable crime, so as to get the stage clear for himself altogether. O'Connor was, however, proof against all his temptations, and, ere long, became the husband of Mary M'Kenzie.

Delany now, stung by vexation, disappointment, and wounded pride, plunged more recklessly than ever into excesses; nevertheless, towards O'Connor he became, perhaps, even more than usually civil, although a vow of revenge, which was limited neither as to extent nor time, was registered in his heart against him. Annoyed, too, by the jests and bantering of his companions at his want of success, he became irritated and morose, and more abandoned in his character every day, giving way to the worst passions of his nature; so that it was not without justice he became suspected of being concerned in most of the daring outrages which took place not only in that immediate neighbourhood, but within a range of some miles. It was, however, soon evident, that with a police force in the district, which, even at the early period of which I speak, had become well-organised and efficient, such doings could not go on very long without being detected; and, accordingly, one night Delany was apprehended in the act of carrying away a portion of the carcase of a sheep which he had just slaughtered, and divided with his guilty associates. This was a crime which had just then become of frequent occurrence in the district, and very little doubt was now entertained that the ringleader of the depredations had been caught, and that a remedy for the evil was at hand.

About two hours previous to the detection of Delany in the above act, a turf-stack in the rear of O'Connor's house had been set on fire and consumed, and strong suspicion rested upon Delany as the author, as a commencement to the night's work in which the sheep was killed. It happened, unluckily, that in this latter case O'Connor was compelled to give evidence against him. On being examined, he swore that he had been from home on the night his turf-stack was burned, and on his return at a late hour, in company with a friend, he met Delany at a sudden turn of the road, with something like a sack or bag across his shoulder—this was at the corner of a short lane leading into the field in which the sheep was killed; that he saw Delany turning out of the lane into the road, before he knew who it was; that, upon Delany perceiving him, he appeared very much annoyed and confused, and swore an oath that, "go where he would, O'Connor was there before him;" upon which the other replied, "The next place you go, I hope I'll neither be there

before nor after you." This was corroborated by the person who was in company with O'Connor at the time, and with the evidence of the police, who shortly after apprehended Delany. He was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Upon his being removed from the dock, he looked fiercely at O'Connor, who was in one of the side-boxes, and exclaimed, "It's a long lane that has no turning; yourself or your son may be at home before me."

More than two years beyond the term for which Delany had been transported had expired, and nothing had as yet been heard of him, which was indeed a subject of much joy to the whole neighbourhood. O'Connor had now four children, of whom Edward, the boy found drowned, was the eldest, and peace and happiness pervaded the whole district, until the latter, at least, was interrupted by the melancholy event we have described.

Edward O'Connor had frequently gone over to his aunt's, who lived not far off, and was very fond of him; and as he had, in case of wet or severe weather, often remained there for the night, his absence on the occasion in question suggested no alarm in the minds of his father or mother, till they were aroused from their sleep, at day-break the next morning, by the sad intelligence of what had happened.

When poor little O'Connor had been some five or six weeks numbered with the sleeping dead, I was awakened at midnight by a policeman, who stated that Thomas O'Connor was below stairs, and wished to speak with me in all haste. I instantly ordered him to be sent up, at the same time dressing myself as quickly as possible. On entering the room, he shut the door behind him, and the first thing that struck me on beholding him was, that the poor fellow was out of his mind—madness was in every feature. I asked him, with as much calmness as I could assume, "What was the matter?—what had he to communicate?" He turned full upon me; and what a sight presented itself—his eyes flashed fire, his hands were clenched, his teeth set firmly together, and his whole frame convulsed with fury.

"For Heaven's sake, O'Connor," said I, "tell me what is now the matter."

"Murder! murder!" he whispered, placing his mouth close to my ear. "Delany!" he then cried aloud, still clenching his fists, and rolling his blood-shot eyeballs, which nearly started from their sockets.

"Try, O'Connor, to be calm," said I; "what reason have you to suppose that——"

"Calm—calm—reason to suppose—calm!" he cried, looking at me as if I myself had been the murderer. "Reason to suppose!" he repeated, "I know it—I ought to have known it

from the first—'tis done—'twas he, the bird of hell—'twas he ; but this world's range shall be too small to hide him from my vengeance. My boy—my boy—my murdered boy !” and he strode about the room with frantic gestures.

There was no use in speaking to him until this fit of fury had in some degree subsided, and I stood, silently meditating upon the possibility of his suspicions being well founded, a notion that had before crossed my mind. At length he threw himself upon a chair, and burst into tears, crying again, “ My boy—my boy—my murdered boy ! ”

I was glad to see the tears, and once more entreated him to be calm, stating that the law would assuredly overtake Delany, if he were guilty. The word “ if ” again roused the unfortunate man, and, seeing the state of mind he was in, I regretted that I had used it.

“ The law ! ” he cried, “ the law ! if—if—but I want no law, I'll have no law ; these hands—these hands alone,” and suddenly throwing himself upon his knees, before I could prevent him, he swore a fearful oath that he would seek no law, or have no law, and rest neither day nor night, till, with his own hands, he had avenged the blood of his murdered boy. He would have proceeded, apparently, ere he rose from his knees, to have added curses to his oath, but that I seized him round the body, and, placing my hand upon his mouth, again implored him to be calm, assuring him that his conduct must altogether frustrate even his own object, and thwart our best endeavours to trace Delany. This had the desired effect ; he paused, and whether it was from conviction, or with a view to deceive me, I could not say, but in a moment he became wonderfully calm ; and he who had hitherto been like a hungry tiger raging for his prey, had now become mild and gentle as a lamb.

“ Tell me that again,” he said, “ persuade me but of that, and you shall lead me like a child.”

Of course I was delighted that I had hit upon so fortunate an expression, seeing the effect which it produced upon him. It was, in fact, the thing which was most likely to tend to the success of any efforts to bring the perpetrator of this mysterious murder (if such, indeed, it was) to justice ; while, upon the other hand, anything like rashness, or even an admitted knowledge of the fact, upon the part of O'Connor or the authorities, might for ever frustrate our object—secrecy, and an apparent absence of suspicion, being indispensable to insure success.

O'Connor seemed determined to keep his word, and was now as calm and tractable as I could wish ; I could perceive, however, as I thought, in his manner, a steady though unexpressed determination for personal vengeance in preference to the tardy justice of the law ; now and then a bitter smile, not altogether

unallied to satisfaction, would curl his lip, as if anticipating the glory of some desperate and frightful deed. Having, apparently, settled this point in his own mind, he sat down when I bade him, and detailed the grounds on which he believed that his child had been murdered, and why he believed that Delany was the author of the deed. He told me that a travelling pedlar, with whom he was well acquainted, had just returned from the North, and had called at his house, as was his frequent custom; that he had, on this occasion, made a statement to him, which left no doubt whatever upon his mind of the fact. The man had promised to stay at O'Connor's until morning, and to remain up until he should return from me with instructions as to what was best to be done; I, therefore, proceeded to accompany him, not a little glad that it was such an hour of the night as would prevent observation.

On arriving at the house, I found the person he had mentioned seated in a chair, asleep by the fire. O'Connor awoke him, when I recognised him as a man with whom I was already in some degree acquainted, as he had been in the habit of travelling through the country selling linens, table-cloths, towelling, &c. He briefly told me his story, and it was one which, indeed, left not the shadow of a doubt on my mind that Edward O'Connor had been murdered in the most inhuman manner, and by the hands of Delany. Then did the words I myself heard him utter more than nine years before, when convicted of sheep-stealing, come forcibly and fearfully back upon my mind.

As the pedlar's story will be briefly stated in its proper place, I shall not anticipate it. I may add, however, that he was a respectable and well-informed man for his station, who had for many years been in the habit of travelling to the north of Ireland with a horse and tax-cart, purchasing linens, table-cloths, towels, &c., which he made sale of again upon his return tour through the country; and that he was a person, the truth of whose statement was not likely to be called in question. He appeared much distressed at the melancholy event which had occurred. Edward O'Connor had been a great favourite with him; and he seemed willing to undergo any personal inconvenience to assist in bringing the guilty perpetrator of the murder to justice. Having heard this man's statement, I left him, desiring that he would not open his lips upon the subject to any person whatever, and that he would drive to my house about ten o'clock on the following morning with his stock of goods, which, as he had heretofore occasionally done it, would not create any suspicion. He did so accordingly; and, before he left, I had his informations most fully taken by a neighbouring magistrate, for whom I had sent early that morning.

The next great object was to secure Delany. It was now

certain that he had returned from transportation, his term having expired, and it was as certain that he had murdered young O'Connor, but where was he to be found? Except upon the evening in question, he had never been seen, and then, so far as we could yet learn, by M'Conchy, the pedlar, only. He was not supposed to have returned from abroad—so far from it, indeed, that it was universally believed throughout the district he had not and would not return. Matters continued thus for nearly four months, and both O'Connor and myself began to despair of success, when the post one morning brought me a curious-looking letter from Swineford, of which the following is a copy :—

"SIR,—I am glad to inform you that Delany is in custody in this town. You had better lose no time in coming here, as he is only sent to gaol for a week, for cutting a couple of young ash-trees in a gentleman's plantation near this; he gave his name as James M'Guire. I happened to be in the court, where I was waiting to speak to a good customer of mine, who was sitting upon the bench, and I knew the villain the moment I saw him, but I said nothing when I found that he was sent to gaol for a week. There's no doubt in life but he's the man; make no delay, and I'll wait here till you come, or until I get a letter from you.—Your obedient servant,

"JAMES M'CONCHY."

It is needless to say that I started off by the very next coach; and at the end of ten days I had the satisfaction to see Delany in the county gaol of —, to which he was fully committed for the murder of Edward O'Connor.

The day of trial at length arrived, and I stood before the dock while Delany was arraigned. He pleaded "Not guilty," in rather a bold and confident tone—arising, I should say, from utter ignorance that the pedlar was a witness against him. Upon hearing, however, the name of James M'Conchy whispered at the Crown side of the bar, he turned ashy pale, his lips quivered, and he leaned against the rails for support. The witnesses were few. Thomas O'Connor, the boy's father, was the first. He merely proved the finding of the body, and its identity with his son Edward. I was the next witness called, and gave evidence as to the marks of the shoes, and the footsteps as of a left foot with a stocking on, as described previously.

James M'Conchy, the pedlar, was then sworn and examined: Had known the prisoner for some years; had seen him once or twice at O'Connor's house, some years ago; witness was travelling late in the evening, on the 15th of September last, in the neighbourhood of O'Connor's: it might be a mile, or per-

haps more, from it; believed the place was called Crossdeen; saw a man standing over what appeared to be an old sand-pit or quarry-hole; it was inside a hedgerow to the right of the road; there was a short, stiff bit of a hill at the place, and, as witness pulled up his horse into a walk, he saw the man throw several stones into the hole, and heard him say, "D—— you, will you never go down?"—the man's back was towards him at this time, and witness called out, "Halloo, lad, what's the matter?"—the man, without turning round, replied "that it was a dog of his own which had torn one of his neighbour's sheep, and he was afraid, if he did not destroy it, he would get into trouble;" he then walked on at a quick pace inside the hedge, but he did not run, and he came out upon the road at a gap; by this time witness had mounted the hill, and, getting on again at a quicker pace, came within about fifteen or twenty yards of the man, as he jumped out at the gap and crossed the road; had a full view of him, and for the first time recognised the prisoner as the man, whom he now identified; observed that the prisoner had not any shoes on him as he passed across the road, but he had stockings on; saw one shoe under the prisoner's left arm; it was the arm next him; he might or might not have had another under his right arm. This witness further stated, that he had no doubt, at the time, that what the prisoner had told him about the dog was true, and, therefore, went his way. When he subsequently returned from the North, and heard of the death of young O'Connor, and the place where the body had been found, he at once mentioned the circumstance he had now stated in evidence to his father, and his belief that the boy had been murdered. The place where the body of young O'Connor was found had since been pointed out to him, and it was the same at which he had seen the prisoner, as already described.

This witness was cross-examined at great length and with great ability, principally as to how far he was from the person, and the opportunity he had of seeing him, so as to be positive of his identity; whether there had ever been any quarrel or cause of ill-will between him and the prisoner; how long it had been since he had seen him previous to the transaction detailed in his informations and evidence—in short, every point upon which it might be possible to confuse him or shake his testimony; but the learned counsel failed to damage his evidence, or disturb his temper in the slightest degree.

Peter Tully was next sworn and examined: He stated that he was a shoemaker by trade; lived at Derrygeela, about half a mile from Crossdeen, where the body of Edward O'Connor was found; knew the prisoner Terence Delany; recollected the morning the body of Edward O'Connor was found; was bringing home a pair of shoes the evening before which had been left to be mended; met the prisoner upon a

pathway through a cornfield; the corn was breast high, and met the prisoner face to face; he had no shoes on at the time, but he had stockings on; he had one shoe under his arm; witness said, "Death and ages, is this Terry?" "It is, Peter," said he, "but you need not let on." The prisoner asked witness if he had an old shoe that would match that; witness said he had no odd shoes, and no old ones, except what belonged to customers, but that he'd make him a pair; the prisoner replied, "that's 'Live horse and you'll get grass.'" He took the shoes out of witness's hand and looked at them; he offered one of them to the sole of his foot, and said "it was a pity they were entirely too small, or the man that owned them would never wear them." Asked him what became of his other shoe, and he replied that it was burned. The prisoner then left him, and as he crossed the first ditch he began to run; witness never saw him since until this day. This witness was then cross-examined at great length upon the usual points that suggest themselves to the mind of a zealous and ingenious advocate, but nothing was elicited favourable to the prisoner, and the case for the Crown closed.

There were no witnesses for the defence; and at that time prisoner's counsel were not privileged by law to address the jury. It remained, therefore, only for the judge to charge the jury; and when I say that it was the late Sir William Smith who tried the case, that is a full guarantee that, while a legal, able, and lucid recapitulation of the facts was laid before the jury, no point which bore in the remotest degree in the prisoner's favour was lightly touched on or passed by. But indeed there was little of the kind to be found upon his lordship's notes; and at the end of half an hour the jury retired more to escape the gaze of a crowded Court while writing their verdict, than from any doubt that it must be comprised in one fatal word. In less than ten minutes they returned; and, after the noise occasioned by their getting into their places, and answering to their names, and the bustle of the crowd stretching forward to hear, amidst the hish—hish—h—h of the sheriff, with his hand up, had subsided, I say, that the old phrase of "hearing a pin fall" is far too weak to express the silence that reigned, as the foreman uttered the awful word, "GUILTY."

With this verdict the judge, as well as every person who heard the trial, could not but concur; and his lordship, after remaining for three or four minutes as silent and unmoved as a statue, compressed his lips once or twice together, and, having assumed the black cap, passed sentence of death and execution upon the prisoner—to be carried into effect upon that day three weeks. This long delay formed the subject of some conversation, as, at

that period, the extreme penalty of the law was usually carried out in a much shorter time after conviction than is the case at present ; and it was supposed not to be without some ulterior object connected with the prisoner's fate.

Time wore quickly on, and, as it began to enter upon the last week, it was pretty generally whispered that the unfortunate man had made some very important disclosures with respect to two or three desperate transactions, which had taken place within the last twelve months, to the Government magistrate, who had frequently visited him in his cell. The magistrate had proceeded to Dublin upon two different occasions since the trial, it was supposed for the purpose of communicating with the Government upon the subject of these disclosures ; and although he did not say anything upon his return, from which to form a decided opinion, it began to be pretty well understood—amongst the officials, at least—that he expected to procure for the unfortunate convict a commutation of his sentence.

About the middle of the last week, I was in the prisoner's cell with the magistrate. There appeared to be a very material point in discussion between them, carried on in that cautionary under-tone so generally observed upon such occasions, and which arose more from habit on the part of the magistrate than from any intention that I should not hear what passed, for he requested me to accompany him. I caught, however, only the following unconnected sentences, as I stood near the door :—

Magistrate.—"Cannot be more particular—decided—not authorised—positive—strongly recommend—all in my power."

Prisoner.—"If I could be sure—disgrace—informer—die after all—say you'll do it—sworn on the cross to be true—save me—tell all in both cases—God help me !" and he lay back on his bedstead, and appeared to faint. I confess I thought it was shamming. On recovering himself, he seemed altogether averse to speak ; and, with his hands firmly clasped upon the crown of his head, he walked backward and forward in his cell.

We retired, and I said to the magistrate—

"That unhappy man knows more than he will tell you without a positive promise of pardon, at least of mitigation."

"He does," replied Mr. — ; "but that is the very point upon which I cannot venture to be positive. The Government will not make any promise, not knowing the value or otherwise of the information he may give, or the sincerity or truth of it ; and he will never give the information, except upon the distinct condition of his life being spared. He dreads the idea of turning informer, he says, for nothing, and dying with the curse of kin upon his memory ; but if he could be assured that his life would be spared, he would tell everything. I am quite confident

that he has knowledge of facts most important for the Government to be in possession of. In the meantime, the day approaches, and I have pressed the Government to yield as far almost as I can venture. I go to Dublin by this night's mail again for a last interview with the Chief Secretary upon the subject—so far I am bound to the unfortunate man, and I will do it. There are one or two matters in particular which I wished him to have been explicit upon; but you see how cautious and determined he is. I will, however, see what can be done. I am not without hope that the last day's post may bring a reprieve. See him again this evening, tell him that I have gone to Dublin, and implore of him to make an unconditional disclosure of all he knows, particularly of Farrell's business; and write to me to the Chief Secretary's office to-morrow, and watch the post for my reply."

Mr. — started for Dublin at four o'clock; and, after seeing him off, I returned to the prisoner's cell. I found him in a very different state of mind, notwithstanding the few hours which had elapsed since I had seen him in the morning. He would tell nothing; said, "he thought the magistrate was only deceiving him for his own purposes; that he heard Mr. — was a bloody-minded man; that he knew he was to die, and it should never be said he died a traitor; that he had made up his mind to abide his doom, although he was quite sure Mr. — would give five hundred pounds to know the one-half of what he could tell him, but he would suffer twenty deaths before he'd turn traitor; he knew he had been guilty of many crimes, but he would not add that one to them." Here he snapped his fingers in the most rapid and nervous manner it was possible to conceive, and walked about his cell, attempting to whistle. It was overdone, and I could see, at least I thought so, that he was acting for a purpose, and, in fact, was ready, nay, anxious, to tell all he knew, even upon a mere chance of escaping the fearful death that awaited him. When I told him Mr. — had gone to Dublin, he said, "he might save himself the trouble;" but immediately asked, in a most anxious tone, "when he would be back?" I said, "it was uncertain; that he would do what he could in his behalf; but I feared it would be in vain, as he had not treated the magistrate with the confidence he ought to have done, and that he might say anything he wished to me." He appeared much disappointed, looked full at me for several seconds, and then said, "It's all over; why did Mr. — go away? why did he not stay?" adding, "he'd tell him all he knew, hoping only for the mercy of God that his life would be spared." I told him again he might tell me anything he wished, and that I would write to Mr. — to Dublin, and see him again the moment I heard from him. To this he made

no direct reply, but still asked, "Why did he go? why did he go? what can he do? 'tis all over!" It struck me then that he really had nothing to tell; at least, nothing that could be depended on as true.

This was on Wednesday evening, and the execution was fixed for the Saturday morning following. That night's mail had already left for Dublin, so that my letter could not go till the following day, and would not reach before Friday morning. There was, however, sufficient time for a reply; and, although matters were much as he had left them, I wrote an account of all that had passed to Mr. — that night before I retired to rest.

The next day the convict was in a very sulky and savage state of mind, apparently unwilling to speak to any one, if I except myself; and the gaoler told me he was constantly muttering to himself about "traitors," and "dying true," so that I could add nothing to my letter of the night before. Friday morning's post brought me a letter from Mr. —, stating that he still feared the worst for the unfortunate culprit; nothing had as yet been done of a decided character; the Chief Secretary could not see sufficient grounds for not permitting the law to be carried into effect. "I pleaded that there was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him," the letter went on to say, "and the value of the information, which I had no doubt he would give, upon several very important cases, as regarded the tranquillity of the country. A meeting has been fixed for three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, between the Chief Secretary and the Attorney-General. Sir William Smith, the judge who tried the case, has been requested to attend; of course, I am also to be there." He feared much, however, from the lateness of the hour fixed for the meeting, that matters might not turn out as he wished, but he would, undoubtedly, return by the mail on Saturday morning.

This evening, about seven o'clock, as I was on my way to see Delany, I met the priest, old Father O'Donohoe, coming out of the gaol; he was weeping, and threw up his hands and eyes when he met me, and exclaimed, "God pardon him!" I turned with him, and he told me he had been with him for the last two hours; that he had given up all hopes of escaping the last extremity of the law; that instead of this causing him to repent of his sins and think of his poor soul, he was in a morose and almost ferocious state of mind, upon which all he could say had not the least effect, except, indeed, to make him worse. He had not only confessed the murder of young O'Connor, but declared it in the most reckless and exulting manner to all who came near him; but had, in no one instance, expressed the slightest repentance or regret. He added, that he thought the unfortu-

nate man had lost his reason, and that it was an awful thing to send him into eternity in such a state. Here the poor old man wept again, and continued to utter, "God pardon him! God pardon him! God convert him!"

"Mad or not mad, it is indeed an awful thing," said I, "to send him into eternity in such a state."

I was proceeding with the priest in silence some few steps further, when I heard a smart step behind me, and a messenger from the gaol, touching his hat, told me I was wanted. I bade Father O'Donohoe good evening, and returned to the gaol. It was Delany who had expressed a wish to see me, and I proceeded to his cell. On the turnkey opening the door, "You may retire," said I. "He may stay where he is," said Delany at once, in a loud tone; "what I have to say the world may hear, and the world shall hear to-morrow." He then turned to me and asked if Mr. — had returned from Dublin? I said he had not. He asked if he had written? and I said he had. He then walked rapidly about, and said, "If there was anything good, you would not wait to be sent for; but it's all over now, and I'll show you—I'll show the world, and I'll show O'Connor, if he's not afraid to look, what Terence Delany can do. He knows to his sorrow—and more of that to him—what I have done already; I *did* murder his son; I saw his looks, I heard his dying cries for mercy, but I didn't heed them. I might have been rich beyond the seas, very rich, but for the one long-ing throb of hatred in my heart. Thousands of miles I have swept the rolling ocean over for revenge; and I have had it. If the coward dares to come here to-morrow in the crowd, before the world, to his face I'll tell it, that he was always a chicken-hearted, swaddling rascal, supplanting better men than ever he was, by hypocrisy and lies, but afraid to meet them in fair or open trial—O'Connor! O'Connor, mercy!—ha, ha! mercy—where's my own? Down, down—see the bubbles and the mud—mercy!—ha, ha, ha!"—and bursting into an hysterical fit he threw himself upon the floor. My heart sickened within me at such hideous depravity, and I turned to go, when, starting up again with wonderful composure, he continued—"Listen to me, sir. I have one consolation left me, and that is, that O'Connor shall hear from my own lips that it was I who murdered his son. You may tell him, too, that I am aware he swore an oath, never to wait for the law; that it should never overtake me—his vengeance should outstrip it—and that he would never rest day or night until with his own hands, he paid the debt he owed me. I paid the debt I owed him honestly, with every hour's interest that was due. I know he swore this oath to several; it was his boast—'twas but a boast. I didn't fear him; for, had he tried it, except from some dark corner, which is just what he

would do, father and son had both died by me. Tell him he's foiled ; the law will rob him of the skulking, cowardly revenge he would have sought ; and to-morrow's sun will set upon his perjured lips. He'd be afraid to meet me openly, face to face—he'll be afraid to meet me to-morrow, tied and pinioned though I'll be : his trembling, dastardly heart will be afraid to listen to me, ay, to look upon me—ha, ha, ha!—the coward !” and he sank upon his bed exhausted. Shocked and dispirited, I turned towards home. I could not but meditate, as I went, how that man could have accused O'Connor of endeavouring to take a cowardly and skulking revenge upon him—him who had himself taken a silent, dark, cowardly, and murderous revenge, through a helpless and unoffending child, who had not the strength or power to defend himself. I felt that between them I knew which was the coward.

I had not been long at home when O'Connor's wife called and sent in word that she wished to speak with me. I desired her to be admitted at once. She told me her husband had been in a most distracted state of mind all day ; he had now become much quieter, and she begged of me to go over and see him, and reason with him, as he seemed determined, in spite of all she could say, to witness the execution the next day ; and, so sure as he did, she apprehended something would happen to him. She thought that having resolved upon some desperate act had alone been the cause of his apparent calmness. He had been looking at and rubbing the dust off a gun which was hanging up over the fireplace in his own room, and which he had not touched for weeks before ; she much feared the poor man had lost his senses, and she thought he ought to be taken up at once, and kept safe until after the execution. I told her to return without delay, to take no notice of him, and that I would go over in less than half an hour and speak with him.

O'Connor lived about a mile and a half from my quarters ; and I got to his house about nine o'clock. I found him just rising up from his supper, and he did not appear to me at all excited, or in the state of mind described by his wife ; but then I recollected what she said about his having become much quieter, and what she believed to be the cause. I told him I had been very busy all day, but could not resist, even at that late hour, calling over to see him and ask how he was—knowing how his mind must suffer under such painful circumstances. He thanked me, and said he was much better ; that he had been in a very wretched state all day, but he could not help it, he was so fretted. I said it was not to be wondered at, but that he must not permit himself to get excited—it would soon be all over, and he ought now to divest his mind of all malice or ill-will towards the unfortunate being who was about to be hurried

into eternity as a punishment, as well as to answer for all his crimes.

"I've tried it, I've tried it," he said. "I have nearly broken my heart trying to forgive that man; but I can't, I can't—it's no use. Oh, my boy! my boy!—my darling, murdered boy!"

I shall not here detail all the conversation which passed between us, or the arguments used on my part to endeavour to bring him into a proper frame of mind. There was something about him, however, so calm and collected, and so very different from what I expected, that might have been very gratifying had I not suspected the suddenness of the change from what Mrs. O'Connor had so short a time before described to me; and I thought I saw a lurking resemblance upon his lips to the bitter smile of a former period, with which I was not satisfied. I was determined to be plain with him, and to come to the point at once.

"O'Connor," said I, "you cannot, of course, intend to witness that unfortunate man's execution to-morrow?"

"I did intend to mingle in the crowd," he said, "but I have almost changed my wish. Did I not witness the sad, unmerited end of my darling, only boy, and can you wish to deny me the satisfaction—and you know how poor *that* satisfaction must be—of seeing the law fulfilled upon his murderer?"

"I do wish it, O'Connor," said I; "it cannot be—it shall not be. You must not, you shall not be amongst those who will witness the execution."

"Well, be it so; you know best. I'm sure you are for my good; but, oh! remember the——"

"Stop, O'Connor," said I, "you must pledge me your solemn honour that you will not be amongst the crowd which will assemble to witness the execution to-morrow. If you do not give me this pledge, I must be candid with you, and tell you that you must be kept away, and that I will do it."

"Do not fear, then," said he; "it is not my intention. It would be poor satisfaction—but poor, indeed—after the oath I swore, merely to see the villain hanged; 'twould only tell me that I slept upon my vow, and remind me that my lips were perjured, though my hands were clean. 'Tis past; I pledge what you require."

"Enough," said I, "I shall depend upon your word."

"You may, for my determination is now fixed, and I promise you it will not alter."

I left him, quite satisfied that he would keep his word.

It may appear strange, yet such is the fact, that up to this late period—Friday night—when the gaol was finally closed, and all, save, perhaps, the miserable culprit, buried in sleep, no

executioner's services had been engaged. This may have arisen from a belief in the sheriff's mind, who had been in constant communication with Mr. —, that none would ultimately be required, and none had, as is usual in such cases, intimated to him where he would be "heard of;" but so great was now the extremity of the case, and such the difficulty in procuring one as the hour approached, that the sheriff would have guaranteed a large sum of money for the services of such a person. He had the day before sent a special messenger a distance of seventy miles upon a mission in search of one, but he had not yet returned; he had, besides, given instructions to the gaoler—they were not then called governors—to procure the services of a man upon any terms; up to this moment, however, he had not been able to do so.

It was about one o'clock on this, the last night that Delany was destined to lie upon a bed—the wind moaned feebly through the iron bars in front of the gaol; the dim, pale moon peeped out suddenly now and then from behind the fleeting clouds upon the silent, dismal scene below, and as quickly hid her face again, when the outer turnkey and watchman of the gaol perceived a man muffled in a large coat, worn as a cloak, and a low-crowned hat, pass up and down several times before the gate. He appeared to look cautiously about him in every direction; at length he approached nearer, and stopped immediately beneath the gallows, and, looking up for some moments, "Never!" he cried, stamping his foot; and suddenly walked away. He had not proceeded beyond a few yards, when, stamping his foot again more violently, "Coward!" he cried; and returned directly up to the gate.

"Who goes there?" challenged the watch.

"I wish to speak to the gaoler," replied the man.

A parley then ensued between them, the watchman declaring the impossibility of disturbing the gaoler at that hour of the night without knowing who required him, and the nature of his business; and the stranger firmly declining to tell either the one or the other to any but the gaoler himself; "to whom," he added, "his business was of the greatest importance."

The turnkey, failing to elicit anything more satisfactory from the man, and, from his last expression, having some suspicion suddenly aroused within him that he might be the sort of person they were in want of, at length agreed to acquaint the gaoler; and accordingly did so.

One's own personal and immediate interest often sharpens the perception; and the gaoler at once supposed it was one of that dreadful fraternity of whose services he just then stood so much in need; and, dressing himself as quickly as possible, he hurried to the gate. As a necessary precaution, however, he

surveyed the stranger through the small slide-window; and, having satisfied himself that he had no companion, and was, so far as he could ascertain, unarmed, he desired him to be admitted, and shown after him into the waiting-room. Upon entering, the man appeared nervous and excited, and careful not to remove the muffling from about his face. This the gaoler did not much mind; he was not surprised at it; on the contrary, it confirmed him in the belief he had formed. "'Tis a trick with them all," thought he; "more, indeed, from habit than timidity," his thoughts added, as he closed the door, and asked the man his business. He replied in a hurried manner that he understood "there was a man to be executed on the following day, and that there was great need of a person to perform the task."

The gaoler admitted that such were the facts, and hoped he had come to say he could procure a person for the purpose—for there was something about the man which at once and altogether forbade the supposition that he would himself undertake the office.

"None," he replied, "except I perform it myself."

The gaoler looked rather surprised—at least, he felt so; but, being well pleased at the prospect of so awkward a difficulty being overcome, proceeded to ask, "if he was up to his business, and what would be his terms for the job?"

To these interrogatories the man replied—

"My terms are these: to be permitted to examine the machine for turning off the murderer, and to be asked no further questions."

"But what are your terms with regard to cash?" repeated the gaoler.

"I have been already paid for what I am about to perform, and I require nothing more."

He paused, and his quick eye glanced around the room with an impatient and wild anxiety.

"You have seen the sheriff, then?" observed the gaoler.

"No," replied the man; "the consideration for which I came here to-night has been supplied by another hand. But be quick; accept my services at once, or I am gone."

There was something, both about his manner and appearance, which the gaoler had never before seen in a member of his *profession*; and, although he was not exactly the stamp of man he would have selected for the occasion (had choice permitted), there appeared in this case to be no alternative but to accept his services. The fact, too, of his having declared that he had been already paid, at the same time that the sheriff had given an almost unlimited order on his purse for the same purpose, presented an opportunity of *very fairly* pocketing a round sum, which did not often occur, and which the worthy gaoler

did not think it prudent should be lost. Be that as it may—

“Follow me,” said he; and, taking a lantern in his hand, he led the way to the press-room. This press-room was an apartment about fourteen feet square. From the centre at each side a small, strong iron door, thickly studded with large, round-headed knobs, showed the entrance into two smaller rooms; to the rear, looking into the gaol-yard, was a small window, strongly barred, and to the front were eight stone steps leading to the platform, or drop, upon which the culprits stood beneath the gallows. Upon either of these steps there was an iron handrail to support those who led them forth, and upon the end of one of these rails, ready for the morrow’s use, hung a coil of strong hempen rope, with a loop upon one end. To the immediate right of the steps was a large iron wheel, with the handle attached to one of the spokes, and near to the outward rim. The machinery by which this wheel was connected with the bolts that sustained the drop outside, and upon which it acted, was beneath the steps, and could not be conveniently examined; but the bolts were then set, and the gaoler, standing beside the wheel, showed the man that, at a signal which would be given by the sheriff, he had only to lay hold of the handle, and turn the wheel suddenly from him to cause the drop to fall. He also showed him a roll of penny cord, hanging upon an iron hook, with which the culprit’s arms were to be tied behind his back, at the elbows. All this the gaoler exhibited and explained to the man, having still some doubts, from his appearance and manner, that he was really up to his business.

The man appeared perfectly satisfied, and turned to descend, when the gaoler, pointing to one of the small rooms, told him there was a bed inside in which he should sleep, and that he would send him his breakfast in the morning.

“Not for the sheriff’s wealth and thine together,” exclaimed the man. “Had I anticipated such a proposal, I should have made it part of my terms—and they have not been very exorbitant—sir, to have been permitted to depart, and return again at day-break; and if this point be not at once conceded, I forthwith decline all further connection with the matter.”

Here, then, was a new difficulty. The gaoler began to fear an attempt to deceive him, perhaps by a friend of the culprit, to prevent any further exertions to procure a person for the purpose required, and probably refusing to act when it came to the point.

“I fear you are deceiving me,” said the gaoler, “and that you are a friend of the convict’s; that your object and wish is to prevent all further endeavours to procure a proper person, in hope of prolonging his time, by refusing to act when it comes

to the point. I doubt you, and you see I am plain with you; you are not like a man who has been accustomed to the thing."

"You need not fear," said the man; "I am not a friend of the convict's. I will be plain with *you*, I am *not* accustomed to the thing—few men are; but I will make no mistake, and will go through with it, if I have life. Permit me to depart, accepting the offer of my services; and no earthly object—nothing but sickness or death—shall prevent my returning at daybreak."

He was accordingly suffered to go, and the gaoler returned to his *luke-warm* bed to lie awake, considering whether he had been tricked and deceived by some friend of the convict's. He determined that if any person of acknowledged abilities or qualifications in his line of business should make his appearance, at once to secure his services, without reference in any way to what had taken place with the stranger; no such person, however, made his appearance, or could be heard of in any of the directions in which he was sought, and the gaoler perceived, at the last moment, they would be obliged to put up with the rather doubtful qualifications of the stranger, who had returned, true to his word.

Time and the hour go through the roughest day; and that fatal morning broke upon Terence Delany, the evening of which was destined to close upon his grave. I waited anxiously the arrival of the mail. Mr. — did not come, as I expected he would have done; there was a letter, however, from him to me, and another to the sheriff. He stated to me that, up to the moment he wrote (a quarter of an hour before the mail started), nothing decisive had been done, but he was not altogether without hope of ultimate success. The informations in the several cases of outrage to which the convict had referred had been sent for to the clerk of the Crown's office, and were to be considered. He had written to the sheriff to say how matters stood, and to request he would delay the execution until the last possible moment—as, should a reprieve be obtained too late for the post, which, if obtained at all, was most likely to be the case, he would send it through the whole way by special express, and for which purpose he had written to prepare horses at the several posting stages along the road.

The gaol bell rang twelve o'clock, and it was supposed that the hour drew nigh. The numbers that had, from an early period of the morning, collected in front of the gaol, were now increasing every moment, and vast numbers hurried along every approach that could command a view of the gallows. Walls, gates, windows, the tops of houses were crowded—even trees in the adjacent fields and lanes afforded an elevated position for crowds of men and boys—all, all assembled through mere curiosity to see the execution; and I question whether

there was one person amongst the many thousands collected who stood there with the feelings proper for such an occasion. The door from the press-room to the drop stood open—one end of the rope was fastened to a pulley some two or three feet above, while the other end passed into the press-room; thus it occasionally swung to and fro in the wind, and at every jerk men's minds were fancying how that other end was about being occupied. The gaol bell rang one, and yet the criminal had not been brought forth, and the crowd began to wonder at the delay; and as time crept on they became weary, and evinced signs of general dissatisfaction—indeed, several indications of discontent had been exhibited for upwards of the last hour, and “Bring him out, bring him out; or is he pardoned, or reprieved?—the sheriff—the sheriff—let us go home—shame to keep us here!” ran through the crowd.

At length, a general murmur from the assembled multitude announced that he had come forth. He was attended by two Roman Catholic priests, one of whom said a few words, and stated that the unfortunate man intended to address the people at some length, and he trusted they would listen to him patiently, and attend to what he had to say.

I believe in my heart (indeed, I know) that Delany, to the last moment, deceived the priests as to the nature of what he intended to address to the people, and that at the moment they led him forth they were certain it would be in both tone and matter what they had recommended and wished, and what he had led them to believe it would be. Alas! how little did they know the heart of that hard, bad man. His eyes wandered rapidly over the now silent crowd, and the first words he uttered were—“O'Connor, where are you now? now is *your* time, I've had mine. Come forward now, man; don't be afraid; 'twas I, 'twas I, I tell it to your face, if you're here. Silence, boys—silence; let him hear me, if he's near enough. O'Connor, it was I that murdered your son, your only son, your darling boy; I owed it to his mother as well as to yourself. Come forward and curse me, if you are a man. Oh! I knew your cowardly heart would not let you come here to-day. Oh! how I wish you were by this hour to listen to the triumph of my revenge, dear-bought though it be. I'm going to die, boys; and I'll die like a man. I have one consolation—I know that O'Connor swore an oath to have no law but his own, and with his own hands to have revenge; but he's foiled, and now he's afraid so much as to look at me. He's a coward, and I fear he does not even hear me. Let him come forward now, and listen to the triumph of my dying words, and I'll forgive him all. He's childless—at least, he has no son, and 'twas I that left him so, for I, too, swore an oath, and I have kept it—thousands of

miles of the salt ocean could not wash it from my heart—but he, the coward, has broken his. The law has snatched the cup of vengeance from his lips, and he will die perjured and unrevenged."

I was quite shocked at such language coming from the lips of a man standing on the brink of eternity. Oh! had O'Connor been within hearing, I knew him too well to believe that any earthly power could have restrained him; and I confess I felt a sudden dread that he had not kept his word; and when I recollected that he had, the night before, been putting his gun (which I knew to be a very good one) in order, I feared every moment some rash and fatal act on his part. Nay, might he not, at that moment, unseen, be bringing it to bear upon the wretched man's heart? I regretted, then, that I had not secured him for the day. But no stir or movement in any part of the assembled crowd indicated that O'Connor had not kept his word, and I felt reassured.

Such language as that made use of by the miserable culprit might not have been permitted, and doubtless would not have been suffered from a man in his awful situation, had not the sheriff wished to make every possible delay, in hope of the express arriving with a reprieve, and which, from the tenor of the letter he had received from the magistrate, he had every reason to believe would come at last.

The unfortunate man, after the language above described, continued to address the people on other subjects not so immediately connected with O'Connor, and his tone and manner seemed altogether changed. He referred to part of his early life, and the evils arising from idleness and keeping bad company when young. He repeated the same things over and over again, so that I could not help thinking that he had received some hint or indulgence from the sheriff to speak against time, and I began to get heartily sick of, and disgusted with, the whole exhibition.

The high road to Dublin turned short to the left out of the upper end of the town, and the front of the gaol commanded a view of it for nearly a mile. The sheriff's eyes had been for some time steadily fixed upon a certain point of the road, the farthest that could be seen from where he stood; the unhappy culprit appeared exhausted, and had nearly ceased to speak—the awful moment had all but arrived—when the crowd at a distance began to move, and a tremendous shout was heard. Every eye was turned from the culprit to the direction of the cheers. A man was seen galloping at top speed upon a white horse; in one hand he held a long white rod, with a green flag at top, which, as he urged his horse to the utmost, was plainly discernible as it floated backwards in the breeze, while upon his

hat a red handkerchief was tied, as if from the very contrast of the colours to attract the more speedy and certain attention. As he rapidly drew nearer and nearer, the crowd continued to shout; and "Reprieve!—reprieve!" re-echoed from one end to the other of the assembled thousands. Still he urged his horse; the crowd gave way on either side, and cheered him as he came—crowds will always cheer the man who is contending against time. The wretched culprit gazed upon the scene in bewildered agony; the large blue veins of his bare neck swelled beneath the rope almost to bursting with every effort he made to swallow, and his large, full chest rose and sank in a manner absolutely painful to behold; his ear, too, had caught the word, and he cast back a look at the sheriff, which spoke more than volumes of entreaty to be recalled. The hangman stood at his post in a state of eager and extraordinary excitement, now glancing at the sheriff, now at the culprit, and now upon the messenger of life, if such, indeed, he should prove to be. At length, the man made the turn fronting upwards towards the gaol, and, waving a large white letter over his head, put fresh spurs to his horse. He had now reached almost the very walls of the gaol, still waving the letter, and crying "Reprieve!" at the top of his voice. "Reprieve!—Reprieve!" re-echoed in one tremendous shout from every mouth. "*Never!*" roared O'Connor, in a voice of thunder; and, with a rapid and convulsive turn of the wheel, he launched Delany into eternity!

O'Connor kept his vow, and this was, indeed, "The Wild Justice of Revenge!"

NOTE.—O'Connor never left the gaol; from the very moment of the last fatal act he lost his senses. He was for some time a confirmed lunatic, from which state he gradually sank into that of hopeless idiocy, and died in the gaol at the termination of little more than two years.

THE TWO MULLANYS.

PART I.

IN the midst of a bleak and dreary part of the country, immediately upon the road-side leading from G—— to the principal town of one of the western counties, are the ruins of what was once a snug and comfortable cabin. At present, scarcely more remains than one-half of each gable, the materials, which had at one time formed the roof and side walls, lying now a heap of nothing better than mere rubbish in the centre. To the left, as you drive towards E——, is the site of the cabbage garden, a small, square patch of ground, fenced in from the surrounding fields by a ditch, partly of osiers, a few stunted quick, and some furze. Immediately below this garden, for the house was built against a hill, there is a small green field, which partakes of a soft, marshy nature, and which, for the most part, yields nothing but rushes. One small spot of this field, a few yards from the lower corner of the garden, appears somewhat greener, and of better quality than the rest. There is nothing whatever, either in the individual spot or the surrounding scenery, to attract the attention of the traveller, except, indeed, that the barrenness of the whole line of country and the bleakness of the road are of so uninteresting a character, as to induce him to hurry on towards whatever fireside—if it be winter—he may be destined for; and yet, to me at least, and some others, the spot is not without interest of a deep and lasting character. These old walls, that garden, and the field, are not without their tale.

I had known it, some few years previous to the time I now write of, to be what I have already said, a well-built, snug cabin. It was at that time inhabited by a man named James Mullany, his son James, jun., and a grandson, named Billy Cassidy, a boy then about nine or ten years old. The old man, for he was at that time beyond seventy, was a widower. He was a small,

sharp-set man, very active and hardy, not looking within ten years of his real age, of *very industrious* habits, and withal, of a very cranky and disagreeable temper. He was commonly called "*Jemmy the Lad*." The precise meaning of the word "*lad*," as applied in this case, it might not be easy to define, but no person who has been for half the time which I have been in the constabulary can be at a moment's loss to understand it. His son James was, as far as person goes, a curious son for such a father—he was a huge, thick, heavy fellow, with a very large head, and a forbidding countenance; perhaps he was not unlike his father in *some* respects. Young James's temper and disposition were of a morose and sulky nature, and, somehow or other, no person felt inclined to have any dealing with him. Billy Cassidy, to describe him in a very few words, was the *cutest* chap of his age in Ireland.

The old man's holding consisted of the house, and about seven acres of the land immediately about it, which he held at an unusually low rent, and of which he had an unusually long lease. He was, notwithstanding the *industrious* habits of which I have spoken, a very careless and slovenly farmer, ever waiting for the last moment for getting in his crops, and the same in saving them—he was an idle old fellow, apparently taking the world easy, and yet, with all this, he thrived better than many of his neighbours. If his crop of oats looked thin, or ripened late—what matter? the stooks seemed much better and more numerous now that they were *put together* than people thought they would be before it was cut, and the haggard at the end of his house by no means bore a just proportion to the scanty and dwindled prospect exhibited by the crops in their growing state. Jemmy had always half a score of very fat geese—you might see them any day, white and clean, picking themselves upon a small muddy pool at the road-side, dammed up for the purpose by Billy Cassidy, or standing quietly on one leg upon the brink, having performed their ablutions before you passed; neither ~~was~~ he ever without a few smooth black turkeys gobbling inside the ditch, if you only cracked your whip. These last, however, for an old widower, where there was no woman to boil and chop nettles, was a matter which puzzled the neighbours to think on, for they all—such as reared any—had their right number: indeed, with all this seeming prosperity, so much at variance with his apparent mode of life, it was not to be wondered at if some persons were found who pretty plainly hinted that it might be no *very* hard matter, after all, to account for it. "When the cat was cut last year, didn't Johnny Corigan miss several stooks out of his three-acre field? But as he had not put them up in rows, and did not count them, what could he say; and, even if he had, what could he do? Jemmy's crop,

now that it was cut and put together, appeared much better than was expected; but what of that? Jemmy, nor any one belonging to him, was never seen in any man's field, early or late. And didn't Biddy Dempsey lose two turkeys out of her crate one day going to the market of G——? And wasn't Jemmy 'the lad' a piece of the way with her? And wasn't he seen walking behind the cart? but what of that? sure, it was only to screen himself from the shower. Besides, if he took any of the turkeys, how could he bring them home without somebody seeing him? And he had turkeys enough of his own; but more than all, he went on every inch to the market himself, and transacted his business—oh, it must have been some of them town's boys that took them after they got in, Jemmy never laid a hand on one of them." Such was the style of conversation respecting Jemmy Mullany, which was usually carried on at wakes and dances, or in the forge at the cross-roads—such was the equivocal defence of his character, which generally passed amongst the neighbours whenever Jemmy's name was "drawn down," and which was more likely to damage him in the estimation of any stranger who happened to be present, than any direct charge would probably have done. In short—and I might have said so long ago—old Jemmy Mullany bore no very good character in that country, and, as birds of a feather are said to flock together, his son James and Billy Cassidy, in a great degree, partook of his reputation. But to my story.

The sun had been some short time set, and dark-gathering clouds, accompanied by a sharp, cold breeze, and some scattered drops of rain, indicated the approach of at least a very heavy shower, if not of a decidedly wet night, about the latter end of the first week in November, when old Jemmy Mullany was overtaken upon the road, not very far from his own house, by two women travellers, who evidently walked with an eager and hasty step, anxious to get on as fast as possible, and now and then casting an apprehensive glance at the dark cloud above them.

"God save you, honest man," said one of them, on coming up with him.

"Save you kindly," said Jemmy, of course.

"How far are we from C——?" added the spokeswoman.

"Just nine miles, good woman," he replied.

"Dear, oh dear, Kitty, what will become of us at all, and night fairly down upon us before we go another mile?" and, turning to Jemmy, she continued, "Is there no lodging-house upon the road where we could put up till morning?"

"Not one, dear, nearer than four miles," said 'the lad.'

"Nor any decent man's house that would take us in? we are travelling women, and would pay well for our beds, or one would do us both, for that matter."

"Oh, the sorra one, dear (Jemmy was very civil), barrin' I take yez in myself, but it's ill my poor cabin can put up the likes of you, I'm thinking."

"Any port in a storm, Mary," whispered Kitty, who had not hitherto spoken, but in too low a tone, of course, for Jemmy to hear her.

"Thank you kindly, honest man," said the woman; "I dare say it is very good, and will shute us very well; we'll give you a shilling for our bed, and, as we intend to start at daybreak, we will not eat anything in the morning till we take our breakfast in C——."

"Why, then, seeing that I am a poor man myself, and sometimes take in a decent traveller, I will not refuse that same," said Jemmy; "and, although I say it that shouldn't, you may go farther and fare worse for a bed, for I have plenty of feathers;" and so he had.

Now, in the above conversation, both Jemmy and the woman—she, perhaps unintentionally—had spoken some very home truths, as you shall soon hear.

To Jemmy's they went, and having taken "an air of the fire," they soon retired to their room below the kitchen, pointed out to them by Jemmy himself, and having deposited their bundles (for they each carried one) on the foot of their bed, they went to rest, and were both soon in a sound sleep. As they had determined to start before day, they paid Jemmy the shilling over night, and Billy Cassidy, who was, as you know, a stirring chap, was to let them out at any hour they liked in the morning.

Jemmy and his son James, and Billy Cassidy, went to bed in another room above the kitchen (this, as applied to the rooms in an Irish cabin, does not mean over, for it invariably consists of but one storey, neither, consequently, does below mean under); the kitchen, then, lay between the two rooms, and was altogether unoccupied—if I except a half-starved, burnt, snuffling kitten, with a choking cough, and an equally miserable half-blind cur pup, with bandy legs and a very large head, with yellow spots over its eyes; and which same pup, although not much bigger than a rat, Billy Cassidy called "Captain!" Both these animals lay puffing and sneezing, actually in the ashes—apparently heedless, if not altogether unconscious, of the sparks which from time to time came in contact with their skin—hair they had none. Thus far the house was silent, and the inhabitants at rest; but whether the party which occupied the room above the kitchen were asleep or not, remains to be seen—certain it is, that the two individuals who lay in the room below the kitchen never slept better or more soundly in their lives. They had travelled far, and carried rather heavy bundles; but, as what

took place in the house will be made known at the conclusion of this story, it would be out of place further to allude to it here—indeed, at this period, and for some years after, very few knew it, and I was not one of those few; you must therefore be content to become acquainted with the facts pretty much in the same order that I became acquainted with them myself.

I lived at this time in the little village of ———, and occupied two upper rooms of a house, in the lower part of which a police party was stationed.

“What is all that jaw and noise about below stairs, Curry?” said I to my orderly, as he brought in my boots and hot water one morning much earlier than usual.

“Prisoners, sir, that the Ballywellan party has brought in for robbery,” said he, opening the window, “or upon a charge of robbery,” he added as he retired, for he was somewhat experienced, and one of the most cautious men I ever met.

When dressed, and I had come out into my little sitting-room, where the breakfast things were laid (one of everything), and where the kettle was singing merrily upon the hob, I rang the bell—that is, I knocked upon the floor with my heel—and Curry came up. I desired him to send up the sergeant of the party who brought in the prisoners.

“Well, Answell,” said I when he entered, “what is the matter now? who has been robbed?”

“Old Jemmy Mullany, your honour, that was robbed last night by two travelling women who were overtaken by the severity of the weather near his house, and to whom he gave a night’s lodging; I have them here, your honour, in custody, and old Jemmy and his son James are coming in to swear informations against them.”

“All right, Answell,” said I; “but do you believe the old rascal? at all events, it is only ‘diamond cut diamond,’ I suspect, what did he lose?”

“I’ll tell your honour that” (pulling a memorandum book out of the crown of his cap); “he lost three linen shirts, four pair of long worsted stockings—for you know the old chap wears knee-breeches—two old dress pattern waistcoats, one sovereign, and three and sixpence in silver. Soon after daylight this morning, your honour, old Jemmy and the son came running up to the barrack, and told me they had been robbed in the night by two women, who had craved a night’s lodging from the rain and storm; that they had started off before day, and must have passed the barrack about half an hour, or thereabouts, as they were bent for the north. We hurried after them, the two Mullanys, another of the men—that’s Dowdle, your honour—and myself. We soon came up with the women, and took them into custody; we brought them to the barrack and

searched them, and, sure enough, we found the very articles mentioned by both father and son, and which they had accurately described; some in one bundle, and some in the other."

"All very fine," said I; "and what about the money, the sovereign, and the silver you mentioned; did either of them identify that? I suppose they did."

"I got that rolled up in a piece of paper in one of the bundles, and the old chap says it is his."

"Did either he or the son say anything of having lost the money before you searched the women?"

"No, not a word, sir; but the minute I found it and unrolled the paper, old Jemmy said it was his—that it was in the box with the other things, and he said he could swear to the piece of paper."

"So I dare say he will," said I; "but, Answell, what sort are the women? and what do they say for themselves?"

"Indeed, then, sir, they are very decent, respectable-looking women, not to belie them—one of them, in particular, that's the silent one; and they are ready, not only to swear that they know nothing whatever of the articles found in their bundles, or how they came there, but that they now miss several things, such as gowns, shawls, and handkerchiefs, together with two sovereigns and four shillings in silver, which they say were taken out of their bundles, while they were asleep at Mullany's last night; and they want to bring a cross-charge of robbery against the Mullanys; but your honour knows very well it's no matter what *they* say, for, of course, they'll say anything to try and clear themselves; and, indeed, one of them says very little, that's Kitty Foley—she's quite silent and condemned like; oh, I'm sure it's a good case, and that they'll go the ground, every inch."

"Well, Answell, perhaps so; but I do not like those Mullanys, I never thought much of them, and I am always inclined to doubt anything they say; you know, as well as I do, that they bear a very indifferent character."

"Indeed I know that, sir; but, if they were twice as bad, they are telling truth this time."

"I hope so," said I, "for their own sakes."

The parties were shortly afterwards brought before a magistrate. The Mullanys swore home against the women, so far as identifying the articles found in their bundles being their property, and that they had been taken out of a box which was in the room in which they had slept in their house the night before.

Constable Answell swore to having found the articles in question in the possession of the women, and that the articles

had been previously described to him by the Mullanys. There was nothing to do but to commit.

I was in the magistrate's office during the examination of the Mullanys and Billy Cassidy. The pattern-waistcoats were his; and everything was stated in so distinct and straightforward a manner, and the finding of the articles proved so satisfactorily, that no doubt was left on the magistrate's mind, who signed the informations, and bound the parties to prosecute. I confess my mind was not made up with the same promptitude or satisfaction. The statement of the Mullanys was given with a pertinacity of detail, and an accuracy of agreement between them in the most trifling and unimportant matters, which suited not with my belief of genuine truth; besides this, there was something about the women, particularly the youngest, who could not be more than nineteen or twenty, and who was exceedingly pretty, with a dark, brunette, gipsy cast of countenance, which made me wish, with all my heart, to disbelieve the Mullanys altogether.

When we were left by ourselves I mentioned my doubts to the magistrate, particularly arising from the fact, that nothing had been said by either of the Mullanys about the loss of the money until after it had been found, and I suggested that it might be well to give an order to search Mullany's house for the articles stated by the women to have been lost by them while they were there; but it was no use.

"It could not be done; of course the women will say anything in their present circumstances. I could not give an order to search, except upon a sworn information, and you would not have me take *their* informations, they being actually committed upon the heavy accusation of two others, so well supported by unquestionable facts; besides, what earthly motive could the Mullanys have in fabricating a story so valueless to themselves—the finding of the articles by one of your own men—the positive identification of them? In short, I cannot conceive what grounds you can have for a moment's doubt; who, and what are the women? where were they coming from? and where were they going to? Could they answer any one of these questions satisfactorily? For my own part, I have no more doubt that they robbed these poor men than I have that I now see you before me; and, even if I had, I have no choice left but to commit the prisoners and send the case for trial."

I determined, however, to take an opportunity—such as police alone know how to take—to search Mullany's house without an order. It was not very long before such an opportunity occurred, by a general search for arms in the district, and I was resolved to make the most of it. There was not a hole or corner in or about Mullany's house or premises that was

not ransacked over and over, but not a single thing could I find to justify the statement of the women. I directed Answell, nevertheless, to keep a sharp look-out, in hopes of seeing some of the articles described by them with either of the Mullanys, but to no purpose; nothing of the kind was ever seen, and my mind had nearly cleared itself of all doubts upon the subject previous to the trial.

The assizes soon came round, and "Crier, call James Mullany and James Mullany, jun.," were almost the first words I heard as I entered the court. They answered to their names, and were sent to the witness-room. On the morning of the second day they were sent before the grand jury and a "true bill" was found. About two o'clock the same day, the clerk of the Crown stood up and said—

"Put Catherine Foley and Mary Johnston to the bar," and the trial proceeded.

The prisoners pleaded "Not guilty," but had no counsel employed to defend them.

James Mullany (old Jemmy) was the first witness sworn, and examined by the counsel for the Crown:—

"Recollected the 6th of November last; was coming home from the bog, closing dusk in the evening; was overtaken on the road by two women, not far from his own house. The prisoners in the dock are the women. They carried each a bundle. They asked him if he could give them a night's lodging, as it was very late and likely to be wet, and that they would give him a shilling for their bed. Witness said he would, and they came with him to his house, and sat for a while by the fire, while he was preparing a bed for them. Witness is a widower, and there is no woman belonging to the house. There was a box in the room where the women slept, containing clothes and other articles; it stood near the head of their bed: the box was locked. One of the women handed him a shilling before they went to bed, saying they would start before day in the morning, and his grandson, Billy Cassidy, was to let them out at any hour they rose up. He and his son James, and his grandson, Billy Cassidy, then went to bed, in the other room. The kitchen was between the room in which they slept and where the women slept. Did not hear the women going away in the morning. Was rising shortly after daylight, when Billy Cassidy ran in and told him that the things in the box were all tossed, and that the women had gone away and robbed him. Called his son James, and made all the haste he could: went to the box and found it had been broken open in the night and robbed. Missed three linen shirts, four pairs of long stockings, and two waiscoats: would know all these articles again. Saw them about an hour after he missed them; saw them with the

police; was present, in fact, when they were found in the possession of the women. Swore positively to the prisoners: did not know their names, only, as he since heard, that they called themselves Catherine Foley and Mary Johnston."

Articles produced by Constable Answell. The witness positively swore that these articles were his property; that they were taken out of a box in his house the night the prisoners lodged there. He was present when they were found in their possession.

The prisoners, not being defended, were asked if they had any question to put to the witness before he went down, and, as usual in such cases, instead of asking any questions, one of them—not the gipsy girl—commenced a long and rapid statement, denying everything, and declaring that they themselves had been robbed, and that the prosecutor's things had been put into their bundles without their knowledge.

James Mullany, jun., and Billy Cassidy were examined, and corroborated the old man's evidence in every particular to the very letter.

Constable Answell was then examined. He stated that, on the morning of the 7th of November, he was standing at his barrack door just at daylight; he saw two women pass by; bid them the time of day, and asked them how far they were going; one of them replied that they hoped to get as far as C—— to breakfast. He considered them very respectable women from their appearance, and they passed on. Remained about the barrack, in and out, for some time. In about twenty minutes or half an hour, young James Mullany came running up, followed by his father; they told him they had been robbed in the night by two women, who lodged in the house, and had left it before daylight. Witness said he saw them pass by a short time before, called out another of the men, and pursued them with the Mullanys. On the way, he asked what things had been stolen; young James said they lost three linen shirts, four pairs of long stockings, and two waistcoats. Soon after, came up with the women, and took them into custody; brought them to the police barrack, where he searched them; found three shirts in one of their bundles, and four pairs of stockings and two waistcoats in the other—the articles already produced and identified are they, and the prisoners in the dock are the women he got them with.

"This witness may go down," said the Crown counsel.

"Stop a moment," said the judge; "I wish to ask the constable one or two questions."

"Did either of the Mullanys say they had lost anything except the articles which you have already mentioned, and just now produced?"

"No, my lord, not before I searched the prisoners."

"Then you found the identical articles which the Mullanys stated they had lost?"

"I did, my lord."

Looking at the informations—"Was there anything about a sovereign, and three and sixpence in silver?"

"There was, my lord, but not until after the bundles were searched; I found a sovereign, and three shillings and sixpence rolled up in a piece of paper, and the old man said it was his; he said he would swear to the paper—I have it here."

Court—looking again at the informations—"Call up old James Mullany again," and he was soon on the table.

"James Mullany, listen to me. These are your informations, and you have sworn herein that you lost a sovereign and some silver, which you state were in the box with the clothes, and you have sworn here that the sovereign and silver which was found with one of the prisoners were those which you lost; at least, you have sworn to the piece of paper in which it was rolled up."

"I did, your lordship."

"Yet you said nothing to the constable about having lost money until after it was found, neither have you said anything about it in your evidence upon the table to-day—how is that?"

"I wouldn't wish, your lordship, to swear to anything but what I could be sure of, and it is hard to swear to money."

Court—"So it is, but you have sworn to it in your informations; constable, hand him that piece of paper with the money in it—now, look at that, and tell me if it be yours."

"Your lordship, I wouldn't wish to swear to the money at all."

"Well, will you swear that on the occasion in question you did lose a sovereign and some silver, rolled up in a piece of paper in every respect similar to that now produced, or do you mean to swear to the paper which is produced, but not to the money which is in it? I wish to understand you."

"Your lordship, I don't wish to swear to either the money or the paper."

His lordship then asked the prisoners if they wished to ask the constable or old Mullany any questions.

The gipsy girl was still silent, but the other, Mary Johnston, blazed out at once—

"Oh, my lord, justice, justice is all we want, my lord; it's that old thief and his son, and that gallows young hemp, my lord, that robbed us, and that's not enough, but they'll trans-

port us now, my lord, the perjured villains ! They robbed us, my lord, of two sovereigns, besides shawls, gowns, and handkerchiefs. Oh, my lord, that young hump, Billy Cassidy, sitting there looking up at your lordship, whispered me upon the road, the day we were taken, that, if we'd give the old chap forty shillings, he'd never bring a word against us, and that if we didn't, he'd surely transport us ; but sure they took, I may say, all the money we had ; however, the sovereign in the paper escaped them, my lord, and sure they'd take that too, if they met with it. That old villain, you see how he won't swear to the money now, in hopes to gain b'lief from the jury, my lord, for the rest of his oath ; but sure he swore to it before, and your lordship sees into him ; justice, my lord, is all we want—the perjured villains—look at them ! ”

His lordship listened to the whole of this with the utmost composure, and who else had a right to stop her ?

It had been remarked by almost every one, that Catherine Foley, whom I have called the gipsy girl, from her likeness to that class, had not opened her lips from the commencement of the trial, nor was this unnoticed by the judge, and, addressing her, he asked if *she* had any questions to ask, or anything to say in her defence.

“ My lord,” said she, in a very calm and collected tone of voice, “ will anything that I can say be of any use to us ?—if it will, I have plenty to say, and I'll say it ; but if it will not, I have nothing to say, and I'll hold my tongue : you may go on, my lord, and it's with all respect to your lordship I say it ; you may go on, my lord, and, gentlemen of the jury, you may finish your work, and let them *poor creatures* ” (pointing to the Mullanys) “ get home before night, for I'll say nothing, if it can do us no good in the end.”

“ Let me hear what you have to say,” said his lordship, pushing up his spectacles to the top of his forehead under his wig. I have always remarked that both judges and lawyers invariably follow this practice when they wish to pay particular attention to what is said, which makes me think that if spectacles are good for the eyes they must be bad for the ears. “ Let me hear what you have to say, Catherine Foley—that is the name, I think.” Putting down the spectacles, and popping the tip of his nose within a hair's breadth of his notes—“ yes, Catherine Foley ; let me hear what you have to say,” and up they went again, and he leaned forward on the bench, looking her full in the face.

“ What I have to say, my lord, is this, that this woman here and myself are entirely innocent, your lordship, and we have been robbed and plundered by them perjured villains, and now they'll surely transport us, for what can your lordship do ?

"Twas all well done, very well done, and I suppose we'll travel ; but, when we're gone, let them villains be watched, your lordship, and I'll engage that gentleman there" (pointing to Answell) "if he looks close after them, will find some of the things we lost, after a while—they took one neck handkerchief, your lordship, with scarlet and black stripes—there was but the two colours in it—I'd know it in twenty years, if I saw but the breadth of my hand of it. There wasn't another the same of it in England, Ireland, or Scotland—it had but the two colours, my lord, scarlet and black stripes ;"—here she turned towards the Mullanys, who sat in the side box just under her, and with a tone of fearful imprecation she continued, addressing the old man—"I'll live to see that handkerchief yet, James Mullany, and may you live to feel it! I didn't live a wandering youth for nothing ; I learnt something of my mother's craft, for all I left them early ; and oh, may those black and scarlet stripes be the emblems of death and blood to you, you perjured sinner!—may you never part it 'til it chokes your dry and [shrivelled throat, and stops your lying, perjured breath! "

"Silence! silence, my good woman, you must keep quiet," said the sheriff.

"I beg your worship's pardon, I'll be quiet—his lordship there knows and sees the truth of what we say, and he knew the lies coming out of the old man's mouth, I know he did—his lordship sees it all, and so does the jury, and I'm sure they'll look into it."

The judge listened to this harangue with more patience and composure than I could have supposed possible, and without once interrupting the prisoner, at which I was not a little surprised.

The case for the prosecution then closed, and there were no witnesses for the defence.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said his lordship, turning round and leaning a little bit forward, "I shall not detain you very long with this case. You have heard the evidence of the two Mullanys, and the boy, together with that of the police-constable who found the articles, which have been most fully and satisfactorily identified, and in the total absence of any evidence—evidence, I say, on the part of the prisoners—I cannot anticipate much difficulty in your arriving at a proper conclusion ; there is, however, one point to which I wish to draw your attention somewhat particularly, and that is this—the very great minuteness with which both the Mullanys—both of them, gentlemen—detailed to the police-constable the several articles which had been stolen, how accurately they agreed in that detail, and how precisely the articles found upon the prisoners corresponded with that detail. Now, upon the first blush of the

matter, you might be led to believe that the exact correspondence of the articles found upon the prisoners with those *stated*—I lay an emphasis upon the word *stated* at present, gentlemen, for a reason which I shall mention just now—*stated* by the Mullanys to have been stolen, was in itself a circumstance strongly corroborative of their statement. Let us examine, however, whether this very circumstance may not fairly be liable to a very different view. I apprehend it may, and not unjustly; for instance—was it likely, when the Mullanys found they had been robbed, and the robbers not very long gone, that they would have coolly taken time to look over their things so as to enable them to ascertain precisely what had been stolen, and what had not—was it not more likely, gentlemen, that, having ascertained the mere fact that they had been robbed, they would at once have pursued the women, well knowing that they could identify anything—nay, everything belonging to them which might be found in their possession, should they be overtaken? This, gentlemen, is the reason why I marked the word ‘*stated*’ rather strongly just now. At the same time, I need not tell you, gentlemen, that you will not consider what would be most likely in opposition to sworn facts. Again: there is another circumstance in this case, which strikes me as rather extraordinary, and which I have no doubt has not escaped your own observation, and it is this—that not one word was said by either of the Mullanys—*either* of them, gentlemen—as to the money having been taken, previous to its having been found by the police-constable in the bundle of one of the women. Then, and then for the first time, gentlemen, we have the elder Mullany stating that it had been taken out of the box, and claiming it as his. You have seen all the other articles which they lost, and you will judge whether a sovereign and three and sixpence would not be of double—nay, treble—the value of them all put together, and, therefore, most likely to be first looked after, supposing it to have been in the box with the other things, and to have formed the burthen of their complaint to the police. But further respecting it; in his informations before the magistrate, which I have before me, and which I have carefully looked into, old Mullany swore positively—for I am bound to presume he swore it positively, or it would not be here—that he lost it at the same time with the other things, and he stated there, as well as to the police-constable at the time, that he knew it by the paper in which it was rolled up; you have seen, gentlemen, that he now refuses to identify, or to claim it. There might be a difficulty as to the money, but he fails to identify even the paper; at least, he refuses to do so. If these circumstances, gentlemen, are calculated to create a doubt in your minds as to the truth of the Mullanys’ story, you must not

forget to ask yourselves, on the other hand, what could their motive be for fabricating it? It has not transpired; neither has their character or testimony been impeached—at least, not legally impeached; for you are too experienced not to know, that the mere asseverations of persons in the situation of the prisoners at the bar, cannot be received by you, uncorroborated as they are, much less positively negated, by the facts—for let me tell you, gentlemen, you are bound to take them as facts—which have come before you. I refrain from making any observations upon the matter and tone of the statement made by the prisoners, further than that of itself it can form no defence to the crime with which they are charged. Some of you, gentlemen, have asked the prosecutors very proper and judicious questions without any result beneficial to the prisoners. If you believe the evidence of the Mullanys, and the police-constable, Answell—and I cannot see upon what grounds you can disbelieve it—you will find the prisoners guilty. If, on the contrary, you disbelieve the evidence, or if the circumstances to which I have more particularly called your attention are such as to create a doubt in your minds—such a doubt as sensible, intelligent men, on their oaths, would be justified in forming—you are bound to give the prisoners the benefit of that doubt, and to acquit them."

The jury retired—I knew they could not be long in, and only retired to stretch their legs.

While they were in I began to recapitulate the whole case in my own mind. I was convinced that the Mullanys were lying from first to last—'twas only a moral conviction, and was of no avail, serving only to annoy my mind, which I confess it did, not a little. I thought, at one time, the judge was of the same opinion, but I did not like his charge, at least, the latter part of it. Why point out to the jury two circumstances strongly calculated to throw a doubt upon the statement of the Mullanys, and then tell them that they should discard these circumstances from their minds altogether, and that they were bound to take everything that had come before them as facts? This was neither one thing nor the other, as I thought; but what right had I to think? perhaps I was wrong all through. I tried to think I was, but I could not; I believed the prisoners were not guilty, but I knew very well what the verdict must be.

Here they are—here they are!

"Gentlemen, answer to your names."

"Here"—"here"—and so on.

"Gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?"

"In number forty-seven, gentlemen, you say the prisoners are 'guilty.'"

"Silence, silence! you must keep silence."

The judge almost immediately sentenced the prisoners to be transported for the term of seven years each.

They turned to go down; but Mary Johnston, just then catching a view of the two Mullanys, stopped short, and, throwing herself forward towards them, she exclaimed—

“Jemmy Mullany, may the curse of an innocent and banished woman, old and perjured villain as you are, follow you to a violent and speedy grave!”

“Ay!” exclaimed the gipsy girl, gazing upon them with a look more of wonder at what she knew to be the extent of their villany, than of despair at her own fate—“ay, may the father call for mercy to the son, and be denied it; and may I live to hear the son call for mercy to his lordship there, when he can no more give it to him than he can now give it to us. Thank your lordship—thank you, gentlemen of the jury, sure you only did your duty; but the most of you are young men, and your lordship is not old, and some of you may live to see the double curse fulfilled upon them notorious perjurers! Thank your lordship, thank you, gentlemen of the jury, it was not your fault, you could do nothing but what you did;” and making a low curtsy, and smiling and laughing, she followed her companion to the back of the dock, from whence they were soon after removed to the gaol.

Thus ends the first part of the history of the Mullanys.

NOTE.—I think it right here to mention, that the judge made some representation to the Government upon this case, and that the women were never sent beyond Kilmainham, or some other gaol in Dublin, where they were confined for a space of twelve months, at the termination of which they were set at liberty.

P A R T I I.

ABOUT eight months after the close of the foregoing transactions, I was on my way to visit the Ballywellan station of police, which was a mile and a half beyond Jemmy Mullany's house.

When I was something about a quarter of a mile from Jemmy's my horse dropped a shoe, and I stopped at the forge at the cross-roads adverted to in the beginning of this story. While Micky Monaghan, the smith, was pointing a few nails to put on the shoe, three men came into the forge, two of them much younger than the other, who came in first.

“Micky,” said he, “will you lend these boys your sledge for a few throws? they have a half-pint bet.”

"The sorra sledge you'll get here to-day, boys; my sledge is cracked already with your work, and you'd knock the piece out of the corner of it on the hard road."

"Show it here, Micky?" said he, taking it up.

It was handed round and examined: amongst the rest, it was referred to me to say if there was any danger of injuring it. I looked at it.

"Not the least," said I; "the bit is out already."

"Death an' ages is it?" said Micky. "Bad cess to you, Andy Quinn; 'twas you done that a-Sunday, and I told you not to touch it. There's no hoe with those youngsters. You may have it now and welcome, boys, the mischief's done already; but see, boys, don't throw on the road."

To this they agreed, and went out, taking the sledge with them. Somehow or other, there had been a crack near the corner of the sledge, and the piece had been knocked off—whether by Andy Quinn or not I cannot say—and the deficiency was about an inch and a-half by an inch, and of a triangular shape. Having looked at it for a particular purpose, when referred to, I had remarked it rather accurately. When the shoe was on, I mounted my horse and rode away. "What has all this to say to the story?" Stop a while; I told you you should be content to take things as I got them myself.

Six weeks after I had been in the forge, I received a report of outrage from Constable Answell, that John Corigan's barn had been broken into in the night, and robbed of four new sacks, and a quantity of dressed flax, besides a small quantity of threshed corn. I mounted my horse, and proceeded "to visit the scene." Constable Answell met me at the spot, and we proceeded to examine into the circumstances. John Corigan himself had been from home, and had not yet returned. Mrs. Corigan could give no further account of the occurrence than that the barn-door had been broken open, and the sacks, flax, &c., carried away—"Sure there was the door to be seen, smashed to pieces, and the things gone; it's a pretty story for himself when he comes home."

Answell and I then commenced to examine the barn and premises for any footsteps or other marks which might prove "a clue to the discovery of the perpetrators." Answell poked about in one direction, and I poked about in another; we met and passed once or twice.

"It's no use, your honour," said he. "I fear nothing can be made of it."

"I fear not," said I, and we passed round again.

I went into the barn; the door lay broken off the lower hinge, against the wall inside. Two boards had been broken completely off, the rest of the door clung together, but was

much shattered. A mark on the door-case, near the lock, caught my eye; another—and another upon the boards of the door itself—the very same. I looked at the detached boards which lay on the floor; I found the same mark strongly impressed upon one of them, and in some degree, but not so plainly, on the other. I knew the mark.

"Come, Answell," said I, "there is no use in stopping here any longer."

"Indeed, I think not, sir, and I'd give a trifle to pin the rascals, but it's no use."

We left the place. We remained silent for some time, both musing, but, oh, how differently! At last I said, in rather a gay and pleasant tone—

"Answell, will you think it very strange if I tell you that I know who broke in the barn, and where, in all likelihood, we shall find the stolen goods? and, further, that I found it all out while I was in the barn?"

"Think it strange! I couldn't think your honour was much less than a witch or a fairy," said Answell.

"You might be set down for a witch if you found it out," said I, "and I might be set down for a fool if I did not."

We proceeded again in silence for some time, when Answell ventured to ask—

"What does your honour suspect about it? or how did you find it out?"

"All I can say, Answell, is this—that I can take my oath, and safely take it, to the instrument which was used in breaking that door, and that I know the person to whom it belongs; but step out, we have no time to lose; I'll trot on and be at Mr. D——, the magistrate, before you; make no delay."

I was not long in getting there, and Answell arrived in some time after. I had sworn an information as to my suspicions, and my reasons for the same, being against Michael Monaghan, the smith, at the cross-roads of Aughacreen, and I described to Mr. D—— the circumstance about the sledge, with the piece out of the corner, corresponding with the marks upon the barn-door, and my not having the slightest doubt that the said sledge was the instrument used in breaking it open. We procured a search-warrant against Michael Monaghan's house and premises, and we were to bring the sledge and compare it with the marks upon the door.

I now thought myself a very clever fellow; I had no doubt of getting the stolen goods somewhere in or about Monaghan's. The sacks could be identified, having the letters "J. C." marked in white paint about the middle. The flax could also be identified, if the cord in which it was tied in hanks had not been removed.

The next day we went to work, and were at Monaghan's just after daylight. I knocked at the door, and Monaghan himself opened it: he had just risen and was dressed. I told him shortly what brought me there, and he seemed completely upset and distracted. He asked me "what reason I had to suspect him or his house; that there never was a whimper against him or one belonging to him; that he could get the best of *characters*."

"Sure, your own honour would bail me a hundred pounds; aren't you looking at me early and late these seven years?"

I then told him I should search his house and premises.

"Oh, and a hundred welcomes, your honour; to be sure, why not? Mary, get up with you in there."

But Mary was up already, for she had heard some of the conversation, and was standing nearly dressed inside the room-door.

"My God! what will become of us? we may quit the country after this anyhow, Micky, avic macree," and she clapped her hands as the lower order of the Irish women alone can clap them.

We then searched the house and premises very closely, and Monaghan himself assisted me, opening every box and cupboard in the house. He seemed greatly distressed, muttering every now and then, "My God! who could have done this?—who could have done this? We're ruined while we live; ruined out and out." But, if his wife attempted to join him in his wailings, he instantly checked her with a "Whist! woman, what are you crying about? Arra, hold your tongue, will you? What can they do? Quit your crying, I tell you."

Not an iota, or, as a lawyer would say, not a scintilla, could we find, nor was there anything in the manner of either Monaghan or his wife which could lead me to suppose they had been concerned in the robbery—quite the contrary. But the sledge—the sledge, thought I; I cannot be wrong about that.

"Is the forge open?" said I.

"No, your honour, but I'll open it for you in two twos," and he unlocked the padlock and let me in.

"There's not a pin's worth here, your honour, but what belongs to the forge," said he, taking down a board-shutter from an open window. "And not all that same," he continued, "for some blackguard stole my sledge—the sledge your own honour saw the day you were here, that had the piece out of the corner."

"I remember," said I; but I searched up and down for the sledge, nevertheless, while he thought it was merely a continuation of the search for the other things. It was not to be had.

"When was it stolen, Micky?" said I.

"The same day your honour was here last: the youngsters, when the whiskey was won, left it here upon this window; I saw them leave it there myself, and they brought me with them to M'Cormack's public-house to give me share of it, and I thought no more of the forge that night, your honour; the little boy locked the door, but he took no notice of the window or the sledge; the window's next the road, and some person passing the way must have carried it off."

"And what have you done ever since?" said I, "for you know you could not do your work without one."

"I haven't much heavy work, your honour; and, when I wanted one, the gossoon used to slip up to Paddy Maher's for the loan of one; but is there anything about it, your honour?"

"No, Micky," said I, "nothing—come, Answell—Micky, you know, I could not help it, I only did my duty, and I'm sorry to disturb or annoy you."

"But it's only fair to ask who swore against us, your honour, or who sent you here."

"Oh, nobody knows anything about it but yourselves, Micky, and say nothing about it; I tell you that no one knows anything about it but yourselves and me."

"But, your honour, it's only fair to ask, for I'd like to know the rascal that suspected us."

"Never mind, Micky; I tell you again that there is no harm done if you hold your tongue."

Answell and I then left the place, and I went to Maher's, where I ascertained that Monaghan had borrowed a sledge several times within the period alluded to. I was disappointed at this—and yet why should I feel disappointed? Monaghan was a very respectable man, and had always borne a good character, and why should I wish to find him otherwise now? I must do myself the justice to say that the thought was no sooner formed than it passed away. 'Twas evident the sledge was not there; he had stated that it had been stolen before I even hinted at the subject, and I had ascertained that he told the truth about getting the loan of one from Maher. So far, then, the sledge business was a complete failure.

Reader, you must now take a jump with me; but don't be afraid, the ground is soft, and you cannot be hurt, for it is Time I want you to jump over; just lay your hand upon his neck—I dare say you will find it as easy as to "take him by the forelock;" now, give me your other hand, and we'll jump together; come, a good spring—there, well done, here we are; and now let us see what we have jumped over—just four years and nearly four months—not a bad jump.

Who was that riding down the hill towards Jemmy Mullany's on the 4th of July?—'twas "*the chief*." I was going to

inspect a new barrack, which had just been built for us at Ballywellan station, and, as happened once before, just about the same place, a heavy shower began not only to threaten, but actually to put its threat into execution, for I heard several drops—of hail it was—hop off the crown of my hat: they were not then so particular about our wearing uniform upon those occasions as they afterwards became. I trotted on briskly, and got to Mullany's door just as it began to come down in earnest. Young James came to the door; I jumped off, and was going to *draw my horse* into the kitchen out of the rain, when James said, "Sure, I'll take the beast to the barn, your honour, and stop with him, and don't bother yourself with him." It struck me that he looked very pale.

"No, thank you, James; it will not last long; he'll stand quiet;" and I drew him in.

"James," said I, "get a cloth and wipe the saddle."

He was some time getting it, and then began to dry the saddle with his back towards me in a very awkward position. I saw no sign of any one in the house but himself.

"How is the old man, James?" said I; "I hope he is not out under that shower." He did not seem to have heard me.

"How is the old man, James?" said I again.

"Indeed, then, your honour, he's from home this while back."

"Not at home!" I remarked; "why, he seldom leaves home, James; when did he go?"

"About ten days or a fortnight ago, your honour."

"Where is he gone to, James?" I continued. Here James turned his back completely towards me, and appeared to be airing the cloth at the embers of an almost burnt-out fire, but replied—"He's gone, your honour—he's gone down to the upper—that is—up to the lower—part of the county of Cavan, your honour."

"I did not know he had any friends there, James," said I; "who is he gone to?"

By this time James appeared to be something better master of his subject, although he still found it difficult to dry the cloth, and he replied—

"He's gone down, your honour, to an uncle's son of his; he was very donny this while past, and he thought it might do him good, your honour, to go down for a start."

"And when do you expect him back, James?" said I.

"Why, then, the not one of me can tell your honour that; he said, if he got his health below, as he was old and past his labour here, he wouldn't hurry himself."

"What is his uncle's son's name, James?"

"His name, your honour—his uncle's son's name, is it? he's one Doyle, your honour."

Now, in the above conversation, I had not the slightest intention—at all events, at the commencement—of cross-examining James Mullany, nor had I any reason for so doing—perhaps it was his own manner in answering my questions which first gave it the tone of a cross-examination. There was certainly something so seemingly frightened in his manner, and evasive in his answers, that, as the conversation progressed, my suspicions were excited of something—I knew not what—and my mind was set a-thinking.

"Bring out the horse," said I, "'tis fine now"—it was not. James brought him out, I took the bridle, and he instantly stooped down to tie his shoe. It had not ceased raining, and yet he said nothing to induce me to stop till it was over—so unlike Irish kindness. Had I been made Inspector-General for it, I could not have mounted my horse at that moment—'twas so best—I hung the bridle upon my arm, and walked slowly up the hill. As I got towards the top, the air, and, I am now convinced, having got from within the influence of *that* house, revived me, and I began to recover myself, and my mind became clear.

"By all that's just and great," cried I, almost aloud, "there has been something wrong—worse than wrong there; however, I'll not hurry myself until I dip over the top of the hill, out of sight of the house."

When I had reached the top, and had begun to descend, I was able to mount my horse, and I trotted on at a smart pace. Without knowing why, I felt as if I could have ridden over a precipice, and I soon after reached the barrack. Having sat for some time in the kitchen, while the men were putting on their appointments and "falling in," I inspected the party, barrack rooms, and every thing in and about the barrack, perhaps more minutely than I had often done before. I afterwards wondered at this—I wonder at it still—but so it was. I then went with Constable M'Donnell into his own room—poor Answell had been discharged on gratuity—to sign the diary.

"M'Donnell," said I, "when did you see either of the Mullanys?"

"I see James, sir—that is, the young man—pretty often."

"When did you see old Jemmy?" said I.

"Now that you ask me the question, sir, I cannot well say when I saw the old man; I don't mind to see him for some time."

"Did you see him within three weeks or a month?"

"Oh, yes; yes, I did, sir; I saw him about a fortnight ago, or perhaps less."

"When were you down that way?" said I.

"Scarcely a day but I'm down, sir; I passed that way three or four times this week."

"Are you positive you did not see the old man for the last week or ten days?"

"Oh, quite positive, sir—let me see—the last—time I saw—old Jemmy Mullany was—Saturday eight days; that is, after to-morrow will be a fortnight since I saw the old man."

"Did you ever hear he had friends in the north, or that he had gone there?"

"No, sir, not a word; and I think if he was gone there I'd have heard it, for the neighbours are always talking of them, and it's by this door he would pass, and it couldn't be but some of the men would have seen him, or heard something of it."

"What did you hear the neighbours say, lately, about him?"

"I heard that James and the old man had very high words about selling the bit of land. James said they could get beyond forty pounds for it, and he wanted the old chap to sell it, and give him the half of it to go to America, and for the old man to go and live with his other son, John, who would keep him comfortable for the rest of his life for less than the other half, and leave him enough to put clothes upon him besides; I'm told, sir, the old fellow got furious, and swore and damned that he never would sell an inch of the land, and that he threatened to turn James out altogether, to do for himself, and that he never would leave him a sod of it; I'm told that horrid words passed between them, but that was a month ago, and I heard nothing since."

"Did you see the old man since you heard all that?"

"Oh, yes, I did, sir; I told you I saw him on Saturday was eight days."

"True, so you did; but you positively did not see him since?"

"No, sir, certainly not."

"Have any of the men seen him later than that, do you know?"

"I cannot say as to that, sir, but I'll ask them."

"No, do not, not yet, at least. Now, M'Donnell," said I, solemnly, "I'll tell you what it is—in my opinion, they have put old Mullany out of the way—murdered him—that is my firm conviction."

"My God, sir! what makes you think that? Can it be possible they would do such a thing?"

I then told M'Donnell, as I have told you, of my accidental visit to James Mullany, and the suspicions which his manner and answers created in my mind, and the extraordinary effect which they had upon me in the house.

"What is to be done, sir?" said he, leaning on his carabine, which he had not yet laid out of his hand.

"I'll go down," said I, "and search the whole place forth-with."

I then called in the rest of the men, and made inquiries of them. One of them said, "he heard that James Mullany and the old man had been fighting; that Billy Cassidy was seen pelting stones after him up the road, and that the old man was cursing and swearing;" none of them had seen him within the last ten days or a fortnight.

I then sent off Constable M'Donnell and three men, who were to take a circuit which would bring them to a cross-road about a quarter of a mile beyond Mullany's, and by this means they would appear to be coming home towards their barrack; whereas, had they gone straight towards his house from the barrack, and that immediately after I had been there, it might create suspicion. I was not to show myself over the top of the hill until I saw the police pretty close to the house, when I was to come on as fast as possible and join them. In due time I saw them coming, and, as I trotted on, I observed a man—James Mullany, as I thought—digging in a field not far from the house, and I saw him quit his loy, and turn from the police—"he's off," said I; "no, no, he is not; he's standing, and they are going up to him." I almost felt sorry—why do I say *almost*?—I felt sorry and disappointed that he did not run. I soon got to the house; the man to whom M'Donnell came up in the field was not James Mullany, but his brother, John Mullany; James was in the house when we went in, but Billy Cassidy was not; however, we got a hint that he was seen running across the fields to a neighbour's house, and we soon secured him.

"James Mullany," said I, in a solemn voice, and standing full before him with a determined manner; "James Mullany, where is your father?"

"He's gone, your honour, to the north," he replied.

"You are telling a lie, James, and you know you are. John Mullany, where is your father?" said I, turning to him.

"I don't know, your honour," he replied, "I don't live here; he may be gone to the north, or he may not, for anything I know; I did not see him this fortnight."

"Billy Cassidy," said I, "where is your grandfather?"

"He's gone to the north, surely, sir," said Billy, as smart as possible.

We then commenced a diligent search of the house and premises; M'Donnell went into one of the rooms, and another of the men went into the other, while the other two men and myself remained in the kitchen with the prisoners—for as such I looked upon them from that moment. James Mullany and Billy Cassidy were as silent as death; they looked at each other once or twice, but withdrew their eyes the instant they met,

while John continued to mutter over and over again, "My God, what's this for? what's this for?"

After some time M'Donnell came out of the room. He held some things in his hands, and had something under his arm, but which I shall not here describe. James staggered over against the dresser, and Billy Cassidy began to cry, while John Mullany stood mute and thunderstruck, hurrying his eyes from one to the other, which, if it was affected, was well done. I examined everything which M'Donnell had found, and then went into the room with him, where he described everything to me as he had found it.

"I am now convinced that I am right," said I, "and it would not be fair to ask the prisoners any further questions for the present, so be cautious—continue your search about the premises."

M'Donnell had not been very long gone out when he returned and told me that he was almost certain they had found a grave in the meadow below the garden. Do you remember the little green spot I told you about in the commencement?

"Fix your bayonets and bring out the prisoners," said I.

I found one of my men working away with a shovel, throwing up the loose clay.

"You may save yourself the trouble of digging there," said James Mullany, coolly; "that's where we were going to sink a drain, but it was too low down, and we quit it."

"Here, then," said the policeman who was digging and handing the shovel to James; "here, then, it will not hurt you to lend us a hand; we'll soon come to the bottom."

James refused, and turned deadly pale.

"Stop!" said I, "ask them no more questions—dig it out yourselves."

The man, notwithstanding, soon after offered the shovel to John Mullany with the same request, to lend a hand.

"No," said John, "I had nothing to say to it at the first, and I won't at the last; I'm afraid there has been bad work."

I think these words were genuine, and probably saved his life.

My men shovelled on and on; the clay was still loose, but, at the depth of nearly five feet, it became more firm, and nothing was found.

"There's nothing here," said M'Donnell, prodding into the clay with the point of the shovel.

"Stick to it," said Dowdle. "I don't think you are at the bottom of the disturbed clay yet."

James Mullany here made an exclamation to the devil, about cutting the tongue out of Dowdle, which I shall not repeat. Perhaps it had been better for him had he held his

own, for Dowdle then took a loy and loosened another spit of the clay. Before this was cleared up, the hole being then nearly six feet deep, we perceived a man's feet and stockings sticking up. A general murmur ran through the crowd around, for it had run like fire that the Mullanys had been taken, and from thirty to forty persons had assembled and were pressing around the grave. John Mullany, upon the feet being discovered, turned to his brother James, and exclaimed—

"Oh, you unfortunate wretch, it would be better for you if you had never been born!"

It was indeed the body of old Jammy Mullany; we pulled him up. He had been murdered, thrust head foremost into a sack, and buried at that depth to avoid all chance of detection.

I had been not a little annoyed at the heavy shower which had driven me into Mullany's house in the morning, but I could now see that the unerring hand of an overruling Providence had directed it, both as to time and place.

It was, by this time, past two o'clock. I mounted my horse once more, and started off for the coroner, who lived about six miles from the spot, directing M'Donnell on no account to permit the body to be further touched until I returned, and to have the most respectable men in the neighbourhood collected as jurors; indeed, the most of them were already on the spot.

About six o'clock in the evening I returned, and the coroner was following not far behind, with his friend, Dr. S——. They soon arrived, and, the preliminaries having been arranged, the witnesses were examined, and, in about an hour and a half, a verdict of "Wilful murder against James and John Mullany and William Cassidy" was returned. It was a melancholy occasion upon which the latter was first dignified with any name but Billy from the hour of his birth. The necessary documents were not long in being prepared, the witnesses bound to prosecute, and the prisoners on their way to gaol.

Before starting, John Mullany begged of me to allow him to speak a few words to his wife, who sat nearly distracted on a stone hard by. I said I would, but that it should be in my presence. He replied that he did not care if it was in the presence of the whole world. "Come here, Honor," said he, and as she approached he requested me to put my hand in his pocket and take out some money for him; but I ordered the handcuffs to be taken off him. He then took out a thirty-shilling note and some silver, and, handing it to his wife, he said, "Here, Honor, get my poor father's remains—surely there's only the remains of him left; but get them buried decently, Honor, jewel. Bad as he was, and God pardon him, he didn't deserve a dog's death. Whist, whist, Honor, don't be crying; the sun is not near the setting surer than I'll be back

with you before long. Honor, jewel, don't be taking on so about me, you know I never hurt a hair of his head, and a hair of mine won't suffer for him."

He gave her the money, and, turning to M'Donnell, he held out his hands to be re-handcuffed.

"You're right," thought I; "not a hair of *your* head will suffer."

At length I turned my back upon the above distressing and horrid scene, and at the close of a beautiful summer twilight I reached my home. What had I not seen and felt since I had left it about fourteen hours before? where had not my thoughts wandered to in that short period? Had they not travelled over years of time, and miles of space, to return to the one same, small, melancholy spot—the dock? But "chiefs," thought I, have no time to moralise; besides, 'tis not their business.

"Get me my supper, Curry," said I; "I have had but a crust of bread at the coroner's since morning."

'Tis hard to say whether Curry was quicker in getting it or I in getting rid of it, and, tired and weary, I lay down to rest.

PART III.

It was not far from the summer assizes—they frequently took place early in July, and on this occasion they were fixed for the 9th, just five days subsequent to the transactions already detailed. You may therefore suppose them now going on; look at the bench—you have seen his lordship before, I know you have; look now at the dock, directly opposite him—who are those two prisoners just about to be tried for murder? you have seen them before, too—yes, you are quite right—it is James Mullany, and his nephew, Billy Cassidy—they are now about to be arraigned for the murder of old James Mullany, the father of one, and the grandfather of the other—gracious Heaven, how shocking! "But who is that woman?"—"Where?"—"Don't you see that well-looking young woman with the bonnet, who has just created such a bustle nearly opposite, pushing past the police in spite of all they could do to prevent her—she has placed herself at the corner of the side box near the dock—see, she has stood up and folded her arms, and she is staring James Mullany steadily—who can she be? Stop—I think I have—I am almost—I positively have seen—it is, by all that's just, it is Catherine Foley, the gipsy girl! The Crown did not think there was sufficient evidence against John Mullany to put him on his trial—he did

not live in the house with his father, but at some distance from it, and nothing had come out in the Crown solicitor's office to connect him with the transaction—rather the contrary.

The petty jury having been called over, and the prisoners not having challenged a single juror, twelve men were sworn to try the case. The indictment charged the prisoners, James Mullany and William Cassidy, with the wilful murder of James Mullany the elder, at Dooris, in the month of June last past; it charged the murder to have been committed by tying a certain handkerchief about the throat and neck of the deceased, and pulling the same so tight as to strangle him and thereby cause death; and, as if that was not sufficient, it also charged the murder with having been committed by striking the deceased two mortal blows upon the head with a certain instrument called a sledge, or hammer; and, as if this had been too little, another count charged the prisoners generally with having assaulted the deceased with their hands and feet, and inflicting on him various injuries of which he, the said James Mullany, died.

The elder prisoner listened attentively, and, when he heard the horrid crime of murdering his father read out to him, he exclaimed, in a strong voice, "Oh, my lord, we're innocent, and for God's sake don't go on with the trial now; we're not ready—it was only a few days ago the charge was brought against us; for God's sake, my lord, don't go on with the trial until the next assizes—we're not ready, my lord—I declare to God we are not."

Court: "My good man, I hear your earnest solicitation to postpone your trial for this awful charge, but I have not the power to do so, unless some legal grounds be laid before me upon which I can act; why is it that you are not ready?"

"Oh, my lord, the charge was only made against us a few days ago, and I have no money to defend ourselves; we have no witnesses in; for God's sake, and don't go on with the trial until the next assizes."

"I tell you I have no power in the case; the Crown say they are ready to go on, and if they press the trial, I must hear it—I have yet seen no grounds why it should be postponed."

"For God's sake, and don't go on now, my lord—we have no defence ready, no witnesses in, and no money to get counsel."

"Yes, you have counsel, for an application was made yesterday evening, before the Court closed, to have the trial postponed, and counsel of that class, that it is to be presumed, if he had any legal grounds to rely upon, he would then have laid them, or would now lay them, before the Court. He has not done so—he does not do so—and I now tell you again that I have nothing to do but to try the case; if the Crown urges it, I must go on with it. I see your counsel there, and, if he

has any grounds to lay before the Court for a postponement, I will listen to him."

Mr. D——, rising: "My lord, I was consulted yesterday, not for the purpose of defending the prisoners, but merely for the purpose of applying for a postponement of the trial. I know that the unfortunate men have no preparation made for their defence, and if the trial goes on now, no counsel can be of any avail to them; they had no idea that the trial would be hurried on——"

"Would be what, Mr. D——?" said his lordship, pushing up his spectacles, and leaning back in his chair.

"Would be brought on, my lord, at the present assizes; in the application which I made yesterday, I had no technical or legal grounds to lay before the Court, upon which I could call for a postponement, but I considered that I had equitable grounds—the transaction has been of very recent occurrence; it was only four or five days ago that the inquest upon the deceased was held, and that the prisoners were committed; they were, as a matter of course, shut up in prison, and all communication with their friends cut off, and the time has been so very short between their committal and the assizes, that it is probable they were not able to communicate with them, so as to make any arrangements whatever for their defence. In the application which I made yesterday, I intended it more as an appeal to the mercy of the Crown than legal grounds to be laid before the Court. I know myself, my lord, that the prisoners are not in a fit state to go to trial, but of course I have no request to make of the Court; I merely state facts, and I do say, that if the trial is brought on—brought on, the prisoners are totally unprepared—the man stands up at the bar and solemnly protests to God that they are not ready for trial. I can say no more than that I have not been instructed to make any defence for them."

Court: "I will only say that I shall exercise very great forbearance if I do not give to the extraordinary appeal which I have just heard the reply which it has so justly provoked; but I must say, that it is monstrous to hear an educated man stand up and make such an appeal to a court of justice. The argument is, that the prisoner at the bar has appealed to God that he is not ready for his trial. If such an appeal were of any weight at all, every culprit who was placed in a similar position, and who wished to have the evil day deferred, would make a similar appeal. I wonder very much at the counsel for the prisoners taking such a course."

"What I said, I addressed to the counsel for the Crown, and not to the Court, and in this instance I did not say I was counsel for the prisoners; I was merely their counsel yesterday

in making an application for a postponement of their trial, and there my duty ended. I shall not now, in this awful moment, make any observations upon what your lordship has thought proper to say; I have volunteered in what I considered to be the cause of humanity—what I said was intended for the consideration of the Crown, and I will now content myself with saying that I feel I have conscientiously fulfilled a very painful duty, to which I was prompted by the dictates of humanity.”

Court: “The observations appeared to me extraordinary, and I am now glad to hear that they were not intended for the Court; but I must again say, that if the arguments—if such they could be called—were intended for the Court, I would practise very great forbearance indeed, if I did not give them the reply which they merited. You seemed to imply that the Court was acting tyrannically in forcing on a trial, although there were no legal grounds laid for its postponement. It appears that the inquest was held upon the 4th of this month, upon which occasion the prisoners were committed. They knew the charge against them, and they might have been prepared. It is now the 10th; but if the prisoners think they can have in their witnesses to-morrow—supposing them to have any—I will postpone the trial until then, or even until Monday or Tuesday, no matter what the inconvenience to myself may be.”

Mr. S——: “On the part of the Crown, my lord, we will consent to that postponement, but we have a public duty to perform, and, unless legal grounds be laid before the Court, we must go on at the present assizes.”

Mr. D——: “It is not for me to make any further appeal to the Court, or to the Crown counsel. I feel that I have conscientiously discharged my duty, and I shall offer no further observation.”

Mr. S—— then stated the case for the Crown, but, before he had proceeded far, he was interrupted by his lordship, who said—

“Am I to understand that the prisoners are defended by counsel?”

The Attorney: “They are not, my lord; I was merely engaged for them yesterday to procure an application for a postponement of the trial, but I have got no further instructions.”

Court: “The prisoners ought to have counsel. Mr. W——, would you have any objection to be assigned as their counsel?”

“My lord, I would not like to undertake their defence without the assistance of my friend Mr. D——, who was originally so far engaged in their behalf.”

“Then let Mr. D—— be assigned along with you.”

Mr. D——: “Any assistance I can give these unfortunate

men I will most cheerfully give without any compensation whatever, but I feel that I can do nothing for them without some preparation."

Court: "Then it is better that Mr. S—— should proceed with his statement, and, when he has finished, you can have whatever time is necessary to prepare."

Mr. S—— then proceeded with his statement, which occupied about half an hour, and Mr. D—— having expressed himself as ready to proceed as he could be, the following witnesses were examined:—

Dominick Cullum lived at Dooris; knew the deceased James Mullany; he was a very old man; he must have been close on eighty years of age; of late years he was sickly, or rather he was infirm, and walked with a stick or crutch; was at the inquest; did not see the old man for a fortnight or three weeks prior to the inquest; knew both the prisoners these many years. They lived in the house with old James Mullany. Witness is a sawyer by trade—was passing by Mullany's house before sunrise about a fortnight before the body was found; was engaged to saw about four miles off, and started early on that account. On that occasion he saw James Mullany, the prisoner, in his meadow; he was drawing two whin bushes after him; saw him stop about the place where the body was afterwards found. Was present at the inquest, and saw the body taken out of the ground; it was the same spot where he saw the prisoner stop with the whin bushes; knew the body to be that of old James Mullany. Swore informations at the inquest.

This witness was cross-examined, but not at much length; his evidence did not admit of it—it was principally as to how near he was to the prisoner, and if he bid him the time of day or spoke to him at all, and why he did not, as it was natural he should—an intimate acquaintance and neighbour, &c. &c.—but nothing of any consequence or contradictory was elicited.

Bryan Gormly was the next witness; he also lived at Dooris, was a neighbour of the prisoners, and knew them well. Was at the inquest on the 4th of July; some time in the latter end of June previous, he was passing by the prisoner's house—saw two whin or furze bushes in the meadow below the garden, within about four perches of the road—jumped over the drain, and went to see what they could be there for; wondered why they were left in the meadow, as the grass was getting up pretty high—the grass was a good deal trampled about the spot; saw the sods under the whin bushes as if they had been lately dug up and put down again, and slapped with the back of a loy or shovel; the bushes were directly over the spot where the sods had been fresh put down. Thought it was a drain which had been sunk, and that the bushes were put there to keep the grass

from withering, as the weather was very hot and bright. Witness saw a loy lying against the corner of the garden ditch—it belonged to the prisoner, James Mullany—he was quite sure it belonged to him, for he (witness) had the loan of it for three or four days, late in the spring, planting potatoes. When he saw it lying against the garden ditch, the handle of it was smeared with blue marly clay, as if it had been used in sinking a very deep drain. [The loy was here produced, and identified by the witness.]

This witness was cross-examined, but nothing material, or of any benefit to the prisoners, was brought out.

Michael Doran, sworn and examined: Knew the deceased, James Mullany—lived not a hundred perches from him; knew both the prisoners very well; they lived in the house with the deceased—they were son and grandson to the deceased; was at the inquest four or five days back, did not see the old man for a fortnight or three weeks before that. The old man had about eight acres of land; he and his son James, the prisoner, used frequently to quarrel of late—knew that of his own knowledge; the grandson, Billy Cassidy, used to join his uncle against the old man. One morning, about a month before the inquest, he heard roars in the house, and went over towards the end of it to listen; saw the old man coming out of the house with his long stick under his arm; he was limping; he was cursing and scolding; he said, when he came out, "Oh, you villains, you thought to murder me!" The old man was about eighty years of age; the two prisoners came out after him, and he then said again, "You villains, you thought to murder me, and you'll never die till you get the gallows." He then sat down on a stone bench at the end of the house, and appeared to be out of breath; he turned up his eyes to heaven, and witness saw his lips moving very fast, but whether he was praying or cursing he could not tell; was standing on the road close to the house when this occurred, and both the old man and the prisoners must have seen him—witness saw the prisoner Cassidy pelting stones after the deceased more than once.

This witness was not cross-examined.

Thomas Doran, sworn and examined: Is son to the last witness. He heard the roars in the house of old Mullany the same day that his father heard them, and corroborated all that portion of his evidence—he met the prisoner James upon the road one day before the inquest; asked him where his father was, or was he sick, as he had not seen him for some time upon the seat at the end of the house; the prisoner replied that he was very poorly, and had gone down to the County Cavan to his sister's. Witness was present when the body was found; the prisoner's brother, John Mullany, was also present; when part of the legs

and feet were stripped of the clay, John Mullany said to the prisoner, "Oh, James, James, it would be better for you if you had never been born."

Cross-examined: Never had any quarrel with the prisoners, or either of them; does not say he is very fond of the Mullanys; owes them no spite; told all he knew to the police of his own accord, but got a Crown test to come to the assizes. Would not be sorry if the Mullanys were out of his neighbourhood, and thinks nobody else would be sorry for it—heard several persons say they wished they were out of the country.

Court: "Surely, Mr. D——, you had better not——"

Mr. D——: "Very well, my lord, very well—you may go down, sir."

John Ward, sworn and examined: Was in his mother's house the day the body was found; the prisoner, William Cassidy, came running in and said, "The Lord save us, the peelers are at my uncle's house!" He got into the corner near the fireplace behind witness's mother and the children, and sat down on his hunkers. One of the children, who was about eight years old, said, "Ha, Casker, what made you kill the old man?" The prisoner said, "Whist, whist," and began to cry. "Casker" was a nickname that the prisoner Cassidy was called in the country. A policeman came in soon after and took Cassidy away.

Cross-examined: Never had a quarrel with either of the prisoners. Witness's dog, and a dog belonging to Cassidy, were fighting about a fortnight before the inquest; the prisoner's dog ran into Mullany's house with his ear cut and bleeding, and nearly torn off; it must have bled a great deal; could track the blood along the road; often heard the prisoner Cassidy say, that the dog used to sleep in the bed with him. Thinks it very likely that a dog, after being worried, would run to the place it was in the habit of sleeping in—if it ran into the bed, in this instance, it must have stained the sheets with blood.

Patrick Quinn, examined: Lives near Dooris; knew the deceased James Mullany well—knows both the prisoners; was at the inquest—the last time he saw the deceased was a fortnight or three weeks before that—he was sitting on a stone bench at the end of the house; he had a new pair of shoes on; witness said, "Well to wear, Jemmy." The old man said, he bought them the day before in the market, and that they were a good fit, except that they were too high at the sides, and they hurt him under the ankles when he walked. Witness replied, that was easy cured, and took his tobacco knife out of his pocket, and said he would soon remedy that for him; the old man took off the shoes, and witness cut down the edges in a sort of half circle, just under the ankles; the old man put them on again,

and walked about in them, and then said, "Long life to you, Paddy, they're complete now." Witness was present when the body was found; there were no shoes upon it then. The prisoner James Mullany was present; he was in custody of the police at the time. Witness remarked the new shoes upon him, and told the sergeant of police about it, and that he could swear to them. The sergeant then spoke to the officer, and the new shoes were taken off the prisoner, and he was made to put on an old pair, which he believes were found in the house—the sergeant can tell; would know the new shoes again.

This witness was not cross-examined, but was directed to stand by and not leave the court.

Margaret Walsh, examined: Lives at Dooris, very near to where the Mullanys lived. Knew the deceased, James Mullany; knows the prisoners—they lived in the same house with the deceased. About a week or ten days before the inquest, the prisoner Billy Cassidy came into her house about bedtime, and sat down by the fire. In some time after she said to him, "Billy, it's time for you to be going home, the childers going to bed." The prisoner asked her to let him stop till morning. She replied that she had no bed for him, that her own children were throng enough. The prisoner then said, to let him lie upon the hearth for God's sake, as his uncle James was from home, and he was afraid to sleep in the house by himself. Witness replied, "Why? haven't you the old man, your grandfather?" Cassidy replied, "Say no more about him, for the devil a sight of him ever you'll see again, except you * * *." [The conclusion of this sentence was too frightful to repeat, although it was expressed in open court upon the trial.]

Witness then said no more. She was greatly startled at the words the prisoner made use of; she crossed herself, and went down into the room to say her prayers and go to bed. The prisoner Cassidy lay down by the fire. About the middle of the night he got up, and thought to get out, but he could not open the door. He then came to the room-door, and asked her to let him out. Witness was very angry with him for disturbing the house at that hour, and told him it was fitter for him to stay at home, and not be making fools of the people. He said he would not come again, but that he wouldn't take the whole earthly world and stop at home by night his lone. She asked him what made him go away in the middle of the night: he said he thought his uncle James was come home, that he heard him whistling. She then got up and let him out. When she opened the door to let him out, she saw the prisoner James Mullany passing down the road towards his own house: it was grey-light, but she could know him well. The prisoner Cassidy went out and followed his uncle. Witness is a widow woman.

Cross-examined, as to whether it was from pure love of justice she came forward "at the eleventh hour," as she had never said a word of all this till after the body was found and the prisoners had been committed. It is not necessary to detail it here; it was rather lengthy, but nothing was elicited but that she "*bottled up her knowledge* till the unfortunate men were committed, and then, for the first time, she was struck with a sudden love of justice, although she suspected, for ten days, that the old man had been murdered," &c.

Constable M'Donnell, whom I may call the principal witness, was then examined: He stated that he was stationed about a mile and a half from where the prisoners lived. He knew the prisoners well; also knew the deceased, old James Mullany; he lived in the house with the prisoners, or, perhaps he should rather say, that the prisoners lived in the house with him. He recollected the 4th of the month: went to the house of the deceased, with three more of his party, on that day; went there by order of his officer. Apprehended the prisoner James Mullany in the house; the other prisoner, Billy Cassidy, was not in the house at the time, but he was apprehended by another policeman and brought in soon after. Witness searched Mullany's house; found nothing particular until, in one room, on pulling out a large deal-box or chest from the wall, a flag fell down from the face of the wall, and witness saw a hole scooped through into the side of the hill; the house was built against the face of a cut-away hill. Witness saw some things within the hole and pulled them out; he has them here. The first thing he took out was a smith's sledge: here it is; there were marks of blood upon the head and handle of it; they are on it still. [Here Michael Monaghan, who was squeezed up in the crowd not far from where I sat, called out, "There it is, your honour, there it is; that's the sledge; thank God, I'm clear of Johnny Corigan's barn."] He was, of course, instantly checked, and silence restored, when the witness continued: He next found a pair of sheets much clotted and stained with blood, and an old pair of shoes much worn, tied up in some flax: here are the sheets, and here is the flax. [The production of these articles produced a thrill of horror through the court.] These are not the shoes which he found in the hole: witness will explain that presently. Proceeded then to search the premises for the body of the deceased. Found two furze bushes in the meadow below the garden: the sods beneath the furze were loose and newly laid down, about the size of a grave. The rest of the party came out of the house, and brought the prisoners with them to the spot. The grave was then cleared out to the depth of nearly six feet, where the body was found in its clothes, but without any shoes: it was thrust

head foremost into a sack : this is the sack. [Great sensation in the court, amidst which John Corigan, stretching forward his long neck, exclaimed, "That's my sack, my lord ; I'll swear to it anywhere."] Witness continued : All the neighbours had by this time assembled, and a man, named Pat Quinn, said to witness that he could prove the shoes, which were then upon the prisoner James Mullany, belonged to the deceased, and he told him how he knew them. Quinn was examined before the coroner, and proved to the shoes at the inquest. The coroner directed witness to take them off the prisoner and put the old ones on him. These are the new shoes which the prisoner had on.

Pat Quinn was recalled, and swore positively they were the shoes which he cut down for the deceased, and he pointed out the slopes palpably to the Court.

Constable M'Donnell's examination resumed : The body was not taken out of the sack or touched until the coroner came about six o'clock in the evening. The body was in a bad state, but witness could easily recognise it as that of old James Mullany ; he knew him very well, and could not be mistaken. Helped to take it out of the sack ; saw blood upon the side of the head and down the face. The eyes were not shut. There was a handkerchief about the neck of the deceased : witness took it off, by directions of the doctor, that he might examine the body : this is it.

Here there was a great noise and bustle at the end of the side-box just below the table, and, in spite of every effort to restrain her, Catherine Foley, the gipsy girl, sprang upon the table like a greyhound, and snatching the handkerchief from the witness, she held it towards the judge, while, with the other hand, she pointed to James Mullany, crying out, "Scarlet and black—scarlet and black—does your lordship remember me?"

"Mr. Sheriff, let that woman be removed from the court and taken to the gaol for the present," said his lordship, "and remind me of her again at the rising of the Court."

She was, of course, instantly seized, and, as she passed close by the end of the dock where James Mullany stood, or rather leaned against the rails, she threw the handkerchief full at him and hit him in the face, at the same time exclaiming, "I knew I'd live to see you hanged, you villain!" She was carried out of the court, but her loud and frantic laugh was heard for some time, fainter and fainter, until it was finally lost at a distant turn in the street.

All this happened in much less time than it takes me to tell it ; there was, however, a dead and silent stop to the proceedings. The whole Court seemed awe-struck—not a soul seemed to breathe. I leaned my arms upon the edge of the table before me, and laid my face down upon them. I was afraid to

look at the judge for some moments: I need not have been so; with all their learning, these great and good men have not forgotten the lesson to control their feelings; and oh! how deep—how painful the effort sometimes. I raised my eyes; he was as calm and tranquil, to all appearance, as if a case involving no more than a month's imprisonment was before the Court. So extraordinary and unexpected, however, was the interruption, that even counsel seemed afraid to break the silence, and awaited his lordship's directions to proceed.

"Go on, Mr. S——, if you please," said his lordship.

"My lord, I have done with this witness."

He was not cross-examined, and went down.

Dr. S——, examined: Is a surgeon; was at the inquest upon the body of old James Mullany; attended professionally. Was present when the body of the deceased was taken out of the sack: examined it very closely; found two severe fractures on the head; at one of them the skull was broken in, part of the brain was visible; the other was not so severe, but the skull was fractured in both places. The wounds must have been inflicted with some heavy, blunt instrument: they were just such wounds as would have been inflicted with a smith's sledge. Sees the sledge upon the table, is positive that it was just such an instrument must have been used to inflict the wounds upon the head of the deceased. There was also an appearance as if the deceased had died from strangulation; the eyes were not shut, and the tongue was protruding. There was a handkerchief tied tight round the throat; had it taken off; thinks it was one of the police that removed it. The neck and throat were much discoloured and swollen, but cannot say that the deceased would have died from strangulation independent of the wounds on the head; but either of the wounds upon the head was sufficient to have caused death; indeed, from one of them, it must have been instantaneous.

This witness was not cross-examined. The counsel for the prisoners had given up cross-examining the witnesses, and the case for the Crown closed with the doctor's evidence.

I will not take up your time with the charge of the judge, though, in fact, I have it in my notes, as well as I could follow his lordship. It occupied not quite three quarters of an hour. I thought—but, perhaps, it was fancy—that I once or twice perceived an unsteadiness in his voice, which was peculiarly foreign from his lordship's usual tone and manner.

The jury retired, and, in less than fifteen minutes, they returned with a verdict of "Guilty" against both the prisoners, but recommending William Cassidy to mercy on account of his youth, and because they were of opinion that he acted under the influence of his uncle, James Mullany.

There was a deathlike silence in the court, and, from a whisper which the registrar gave the clerk of the Crown, it struck me that his lordship was anxious to have the whole of this sad business at an end, for the clerk of the Crown at once stood up and said, "James Mullany and William Cassidy, you were indicted for the wilful murder of James Mullany the elder, upon a certain day in June last. You pleaded not guilty, and threw yourselves upon God and your country. You have been tried, and both of you found guilty. What have you to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoners were silent.

The judge almost immediately proceeded to pass sentence, and addressed the miserable culprits, as nearly as I could take it down—I don't write shorthand—in the following words:—

"James Mullany and William Cassidy, you have both been found guilty, after a most patient and impartial trial, and without any direct evidence, yet upon the clearest and most satisfactory testimony, of a murder, which, if we look no further than the mere circumstances attending it, has seldom—very seldom, indeed—been equalled in atrocity, but which, when we consider the relative position of the parties concerned, is doubtless without a parallel. The unhappy victim of your crime—and I forbear to dwell upon the other claims which he should have had upon your sympathy—was already hastening towards the goal of life—his race was nearly run; a few more years—years did I say? nay, a few more months, perhaps weeks—must have closed that infirm old man's mortal career, and the peaceful, sinless hand of nature must have laid him in the grave. He was fast, very fast descending towards it—nay, he was tottering upon its very brink, yet you could not wait—not satisfied with the speed he was making, you pushed him headlong in, forgetting that the very violence of the push must inevitably drag yourselves in after him—and so it must be. You sent your unhappy victim before his offended God unprepared, and with all his sins—perhaps not without many of your own, upon his head—without a moment's time for thought or for reflection: doubtless he *'cried for mercy,'* and besought it at your hands, but *'it was denied him.'* I cannot forget—would to God I could forget—those remarkable words in the utterance of that fearful curse, now long passed by. But I must turn to other thoughts. The law will be more merciful to you than you have been, for, although it cannot avert your certain doom in this life, it will not show the same impatient haste that you yourselves have shown your victim; the law will grant what you yourselves—nearly related as you were to that miserable and

poor old man—denied. You shall have time to reflect, time to think—may I hope, time to repent? It is not my intention, much less can it be my wish, to aggravate your feelings at this awful moment by dwelling upon the enormity of your crime, or by recapitulating a second time, indirectly addressing yourselves, the dreadful and melancholy details which it was my duty to dwell upon when addressing the jury who tried your case, and which details—if I know myself—I brought before their notice without bearing unjustly or unmercifully upon either of you. Alas! I regret to say, the incontestable and proven facts, if they did not render the task easy, left me little to say. It is now, however, my duty—and, if you could even imagine the effort it costs me to control my feelings, you would give me credit for unaffected sincerity when I say, my painful duty—to address myself more exclusively to the awful position in which you at present stand, than fruitlessly to dwell upon the past. Perhaps I may have had, nay, perhaps I still have, some difficulty in altogether excluding the past from my own mind; but I have said it is not my intention to aggravate your feelings, and I would, therefore, no further advert to the past, than as it may be made available in pointing out to you the deep and speedy necessity there is for your repentance. You have no hope in this world—positively, absolutely, none. Happy for you, wretched men, that no case of guilt is so extreme as to exclude hope in the next. To that sole and only hope, which still remains for you, would I now direct all your attention. Seek it, I implore you; seek it ere the grave, towards which you are hastening, closes upon you for ever. Throw yourselves at the foot of the cross; do so in sincerity; seek for forgiveness—it will not be denied, if you truly repent. Send for your religious instructor—send for him speedily; implore of him to explain, and make you acquainted with the great and important truth of reconciliation, through the Saviour, for repentent sinners. But, even here, do not mistake me—put not your trust in man; think not that man can pardon or absolve. Man may teach the understanding knowledge, he can teach the lips to pray, but the Spirit of God alone can teach the heart and give it utterance—forgiveness is alone through Christ. What, wretched men, what would you not give, if I can read your hearts, to be able to recall even the last few weeks of your lives? How differently, may I not hope, they would again be spent! Lose not the good which may yet arise from the recollection of how they have been spent; review them calmly, and consider how enormous the amount of guilt—to go no farther back—for which you have, in that short time, to answer. I say not this to discourage you; on the contrary, I say it in order to show you the necessity there is that your repentance should

be the more speedy and sincere. You shall, so far as possible, have sufficient time to make your peace with an offended God; doubtless He is angry, too, but doubtless His anger may be turned away, if your repentance be sincere.

"One word more to the younger prisoner, William Cassidy, and I have done. I warn you, young boy, to take what I have said quite as much to yourself as to the other prisoner. Think not that the recommendation of the jury in your behalf can avail you anything; 'tis impossible, the case does not admit of it, and it were but to delude you with a false hope, which, at most, a few short days must crush, did I not warn you against so fatal a delusion. [Here his lordship assumed the black-cap.] The sentence of the Court is, that you, James Mullany, and you, William Cassidy, be taken to the common place of execution, and severally hanged by the neck until you be severally dead; that your bodies be buried within the precincts of the gaol; and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!"

The prisoners were removed at once from the dock to the gaol, and the execution, before the judge left town, was fixed for the 12th of August following.

I shall, however, spare you a description of the scene, and only remark respecting it, that Catherine Foley was foremost to be seen amongst the women directly opposite the drop, where she stood gazing upon the fatal spot apparently without moving a muscle, or uttering a word, until the whole thing was over, when, turning round to depart, she exclaimed, "James, dear, it's a pity they didn't make a cap for you of the handkerchief, 'twould have matched you well—scarlet and black—blood and death—come along, Mary."

Notwithstanding what the judge said to young Cassidy, he laid the recommendation of the jury before the Lord Lieutenant, and that unhappy young culprit was reprieved, his sentence being commuted to transportation for life. The evening before his uncle was executed he sent for me. He was greatly altered since his conviction, and the words addressed to him by the judge seemed to have made a great impression upon him. He appeared thankful beyond measure—indeed, quite overcome by the mercy which had been extended to him in sparing his life, and which he declared he had not a hope of. He expressed an earnest wish to make a full confession of all he knew, not only about the murder of his grandfather, and the part he had taken in that sad transaction, but of many other circumstances connected with the life of that miserable old man and his uncle James, and he requested me to write it down, which I did word for word as he repeated it, in the presence of the gaoler and the Roman Catholic chaplain of the gaol, and it was precisely as follows:—

Old James Mullany, of Dooris, was my grandfather; I am the son of the only daughter he ever had. My mother married a man named Michael Cassidy—she is dead these some years; she died when I was very young. I don't know where my father is now, or whether he is alive. My father went to America when I was very young; I think I was about three years old, from what I have heard. I remember my mother a little; I think she was a good woman, for she cried a great deal one night she had me in her lap. I heard that my father was obliged to fly from the law on account of some houses that were burned, when one of the party turned informer. My father and three or four others fled the country and went to America. My mother took ill shortly after my father went away, and died. I have no brothers or sisters—I think my mother had another child, that died along with her. I often heard my grandfather and my Uncle James talking about these things, sitting over the fire. I heard my grandfather say that Michael Cassidy took all the money he could put together away with him, and left my mother very poor. I think my grandfather was very fond of my mother; after she died he took me to live with him. I often heard him cursing Michael Cassidy; he fretted greatly for a long time after my mother died, and seldom rose up or lay down that he did not curse him.

I heard my grandfather say one night to my Uncle James, that "it was very well that my mother and my little brother both died together, for he saw nothing good in store for the chap that was left." I am sure my grandfather was a very bad man, but I did not think much about it at the time; and I was very glad not to be sent to school. I saw a great many bad things in my grandfather's house, but I was afraid to say anything, and I soon became accustomed to them, and joined in them. My Uncle James was also a very bad man—I think he was worse than the old man. They were both very kind to me, but I now think it was from fear, lest I might tell anything, if they vexed or beat me; but they reared me very badly. I did as I liked amongst all the boys in the parish, for they were afraid of my Uncle James to say anything against me, but they used to call me "Casker;" I don't know why, or what it meant.

I remember about four or five years ago, when two women came to my grandfather's house one night to lodge. They came in with my grandfather; it was he who brought them there. When they had gone to sleep, my grandfather, and my Uncle James, and myself, went into the other room to go to bed; my grandfather said—

"James, them women has sovereigns with them, besides the goods; I heard one of them whispering to the other upon the

road, they're well able to earn, the strappers—I heard the word about the money, and when they're fast asleep we'll lighten them a bit, maybe we'll hit upon the gold; at all events, we can't miss of something worth the trouble."

My Uncle James said, "Take care that they wouldn't waken and catch us—they gipsy women are as cunning as foxes."

"Never mind," said my grandfather; "I'll engage Billy will be able to slip in and bring out the bundles unknownt, and leave them back when we're done with them; they'll never feel him, he's so light; his bare feet will make no noise on the clay floor, and they're snoring like pigs already."

'Twas so agreed, and after waiting about an hour, until they were in a heavy sleep, I stole into the room, and brought out the bundles. They were on the foot of the bed, and I put the old man's great coat in their place, that the women, if they wakened, might not miss the weight. We searched the bundles and found two sovereigns and some silver, and my grandfather also took a couple of shawls, and one or two silk handkerchiefs out of them. He then said, the surest way to avoid being found out, was to put a few things of our own, which were not worth much, into the bundles, and leave them back, and then be the first to charge the women with robbing us in the morning, after they had gone clear away from the house. All this was done completely, and the bundles put back, just as they had been upon the foot of the bed. The women never wakened, and went away in the morning—you know the whole of this business yourself, sir, after the women were taken.

My Uncle James was very angry with my grandfather for not sticking to his oath about the sovereign that escaped us in one of the bundles, and which he swore to at first; he said, he was near spoiling the whole thing, by not swearing to it on the green-table. My grandfather said, he was afraid to swear to it, for fear the jury might think he was swearing too much for the sake of the money, and not believe him at all; that the women might then be freed, and he was afraid, if they got out, they might turn against him, and get his house searched for the things which they lost; he said, he got puzzled and frightened about it—he admitted afterwards, that he was wrong not to swear home to it on the table. I used to hear them talking over all these things.

There was a large hole broken through the side wall of the house, into the face of the hill at the back of the house, where my grandfather used to keep everything that he got in a bad way; he had a large flag that fitted the front of the hole, level with the wall, and he used to plaster the flag over with clay, every time he put it up, after taking anything out, or putting anything into the hole; he used to heat a shovel and dry the clay,

so that, in five minutes after it was plastered, you would not know it from any other part of the wall. I remember your coming there one time to search, as we heard, for arms—we were greatly afraid that you, or some of your men, would find the hole; the shawls and handkerchiefs were in it at the time, besides several other things. You moved a large deal box from before the place, and we thought all was over, but you only looked behind the box, and our courage rose again.

I remember my grandfather bringing home a sledge hammer with him one night; I was with him coming home from the market; we were passing by Mickey Monaghan's, the smith's, and he saw the window of the forge open; he went over to the window to look in, and he got the sledge lying upon the window; there was nobody on the road at the time, and the Monaghans were in bed; he looked about him for a moment or two. "You're done with this, Mickey!" said he, putting it under his coat, and carrying it away with him.

Some time after that, my grandfather and my Uncle James sat up late one night—they did not talk much, and I think it was after eleven o'clock they went out—my grandfather told me not to leave the house on any account until they came back; they were about two hours away. When they returned, my uncle had some sacks over his shoulder; there was some flax in one of them, and about four stone of corn in another; my grandfather had the sledge under his arm. The flag was immediately taken down, and the sacks and flax were put into the hole, and the flag put up again; I was mixing the clay while they were putting in the things. I used always gather cow-dung, and mix it with the clay to prevent it from cracking. The hole or cave in the hill was about four feet square, but the passage into it, through the wall of the house, was not near so large. My grandfather would not touch anything for a very long time after he got it, for fear of its being known. The shawls and one gown he sold to a pedlar, named Giblin, a dealer in soft goods of that kind—I'm sure Giblin knew the things were stolen; I think he was in collusion with my grandfather for anything in his way that he could pick up. You know my grandfather kept the black handkerchief with the red stripes; my Uncle James often wanted him to burn it, but he would not; my uncle snatched it from him one day, and thought to throw it into the fire, but it fell into the potato pot, which was on at the time, and I pulled it out, and gave it to him again; he was very angry with my uncle. He sold three of the sacks, one by one, at different times after he stole them; he cut the letters "J. C." out of the middle of the sacks, and said he would say it was a rat that eat a hole in them. I believe the sacks belonged to John Corigan—there were four of them; he

kept one of them, which was the one he was put into himself at the last.

My Uncle James used latterly to be very cross to my grandfather ; he wanted him to sell the land and to divide the money ; my grandfather would not do so, and they used to quarrel very much about it. My Uncle James, of late, did not seem so very anxious as at first for the land to be sold, and he told me one day that it would be better both for him and me for his father *not* to sell the land, for we could only get a part of the money ; but if his father was dead—and he could not live very long—we could sell it ourselves and have the whole of the money, and go to America, where we could make real men of ourselves. I don't know whether he intended at this time to murder my grandfather or not, but he said to me, " We cannot have long to wait, for the old chap is very weak and sickly now, a good push would settle him, and he's always in the way with them crutches of his ; he's a great nuisance, and the minute the breath is out of him I can get forty pounds for the land from Pat M'Manus. If he was able to work, or to come with us and earn his share, I didn't care how long he lasted, but he's past any good that was ever in him, and he's as obstinate as a mule ; and if he keeps us out of the money much longer, Pat M'Manus may have nothing to say to it, as he told me that if he didn't get it by Michaelmas he'd be off totally." I'm sure now, in all this, that my uncle was trying to put it before my mind that it would be well to kill the old man. I was thinking of it all that night, and as good as took my oath before God, that I would not have anything to say to the killing of him—then I used to think that he was very old, and getting very cross, and that I often heard him say " he wished he was dead," and if he was, I thought what a rich man I could be in America by the time I was grown up, but I always ended by swearing that I would never have hand or part in his death. I did not think my Uncle James would kill him, but, as he was sickly and weak, I hoped he would soon die, and save my uncle from doing so wicked a thing as I feared was in his mind. All that was sworn by the witnesses on the trial was the truth. I did not in any way help to kill my grandfather, but I helped to put him in the sack and bury him.

I think it was on the 22nd of June that my grandfather was killed. It was a couple of nights before bonfire-night ; I was sitting in the kitchen, and I saw my Uncle James go into the room where my grandfather was, and shut the door after him. I got frightened when I saw him shut the door after him, and I thought to whistle a tune, but my lips were quite dry. Soon after, I heard my grandfather calling out like a man that was shut up in a barrel ; I knew he was in bed, and I thought

my Uncle James was trying to smother him with the bedclothes. I heard my uncle's pumps shuffling greatly upon the floor; I then heard, as I believe, my grandfather falling out of bed, and I heard them struggling; I heard my grandfather as if he was choking, and I heard the words, "Mercy, James, mercy!" The struggling then continued for a few seconds, and I heard my uncle say, "You won't, won't you?" and I then heard a severe blow, and a heavy fall, and a deep moan; I then heard a second blow, and all was still. My uncle came out into the kitchen almost immediately after. I was greatly frightened, he looked like a madman; I cannot repeat all he said to me then, for I was so frightened I do not remember it, but he told me my grandfather was dead, and there was no use in leaving him there to get us both hanged. I said, "Oh, uncle! what made you kill him?" "'Tis done now," said he, "and you had better hold your tongue about it, and help to put him out of sight, or you will come in for your share of the blame as well as myself." I replied, "You know, uncle, that I can come in for no share of the blame, for I had no hand in it." "May-be you may, and more than you think," said he, "for I am just in the humour to follow my hand, and I can't be worse; so come, my lad, to work at once, and let us put him into the hole in the hill through the wall; up with you at once out of that." I became greatly frightened at the way my uncle spoke to me and looked at me. I was afraid of my life that he'd kill me if I refused to do whatever he desired me, but I took courage, and said to him, "Oh, Uncle James, dear, don't put my poor grandfather into that hole to rot—I never could live a day or sleep a night in the house if he was left there; besides, he'd never fit in it; don't, for God's sake, uncle dear, don't put him in there, and I'll help to dig a grave and bury him decent, at all events."

"You're a fool, Billy," said my uncle; "there's no night now, and we'd be surely seen at work digging. I say he shall go into that very hole, it's just a fit place for him; he began with it, and let him finish with it; so come along into the room with me and help."

I got up and followed my uncle in, trembling all over at what was before me. The poor old man lay upon the ground near the bed, and beside him lay the sledge hammer that finished him; he had bled a good deal from the nose, as well as from one of the wounds in his head. His hands were clenched, and were full of the damp bloody clay of the floor which he had grasped while dying. His head was turned half under him, and his old shirt and waistcoat were covered with blood. "Here, to work at once, if you have a mind to save your neck," said my uncle, and he lifted the corpse of my grandfather up by the shoulders and threw it upon the bed—it was then that the

sheets were stained with the blood—he made me get the sack, the only one remaining of John Corigan's four, and hold the mouth of it open. He then thrust the body into it head foremost, and dragged it over to the hole in the wall, and attempted to shove it in, but it was too long and he could not manage it; he tried to double up his legs into the sack, but he could not get them in. "It will not do, indeed, uncle," said I; "you must bury him abroad; there is a soft bed of an old drain in the meadow, and for God's sake bury him in it; we won't be half an hour clearing it out five or six feet deep, and indeed it will be the best plan."

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said my uncle; "do you think I'm mad to let myself be seen at such a work? Give me that reaping-hook from behind the rafter, and I'll soon make him fit, I'll warrant you, for I'll take his legs off at the knees," and he took the reaping-hook down himself, and began to turn back the mouth of the sack. I then got great courage in my heart, and was determined to risk my life in opposing him, when I saw such a horrid thing going to be done to my poor grandfather, and I commenced to roar outright, and I hardly cared a pin if my uncle killed me. He threw down the hook, and jumping over to me he put his hand upon my mouth. I struggled, and asked him was he going to murder me too? He said, "Whist, Billy, whist; I have done enough already; you're a good boy, and I won't do it; get the loy and shovel, the night's cloudy, and we won't be long; after all, may be it's best not to have him in the house—he might be the sooner and the surer found."

I think my uncle would have killed me when I began to roar, but that he would have been at a loss to know how to manage about hiding the two of us, and that he thought it the safest way to spare me, and get rid of the other body with my help.

We then went out and fixed upon a spot and dug the grave. Not a human being passed the road the whole time; we were not much more than half an hour at work. We then dragged the body in the sack to the spot and put it into the grave, and covered it up—it was very deep, and we did not think or expect that it would ever be found out. My uncle desired me to be sure to say, if anybody asked about the old man, that he was gone to the North. What Peggy Welsh swore on the trial was true: the night I went to her house was not the night my grandfather was murdered; he was buried four days at that time, and I always got frightened at night, if my uncle left me for a minute; that night he went from home, but I can't tell where he went to, he would not tell me. I wanted him to let me go along with him, but he would not let me. I was afraid that perhaps he had got the money for the land, and was going to leave me in for everything, and never come back. I pressed

him very hard to let me go with him, but he would not. I told him I was afraid to stop in the house by myself at night, and he told me I was nothing but a fool, and to go up to Peggy Welsh's and stop there until he came back. I was doubtful of him, and that was what made me so fidgety and uneasy at Peggy Welsh's. I heard my uncle passing, and got up from the hearth; Peggy Welsh let me out, and I saw my uncle, and followed him home—it was the first time in my life I was ever glad to see him—God help me, it was a sad and a wicked home to me!

Everything that was sworn on the trial was true. After my grandfather was buried, my uncle and myself got everything together, and we put them into the hole and plastered up the flag over the mouth of it—you would not know it from any other part of the wall, and I began to get something easy in my mind. My uncle took the new shoes belonging to my grandfather and put them on him, and he put his own old ones into the hole.

I have nothing more to say. I'm very sorry for my sins, and I hope God will forgive me, but I had no part in the murder of my grandfather until after he was dead, and any part I took in it then was against my will, and for fear of my uncle. All I have said is the truth, the same as if I was to go before my Maker in the morning. I hope God will forgive me; I have been always very wicked, but I lay it all to the old man himself and to my Uncle James—God forgive them; they brought me up badly, and showed me a very bad 'sample; but I may say they're both gone now, and I forgive them. My Uncle John had neither act, part, or knowledge, before or after, of my grandfather's murder.

I have nothing more to say.

Reader, you have seen the singular and extraordinary circumstances connected with the handkerchief, the sledge, and the sack, in this plain narrative of *facts*. You have seen them one after the other stolen by that unfortunate old man, James Mullany; you have seen each and all of them—if I may apply the phrase—become "*particeps criminis*" in the violent and murderous death which ultimately befell that wicked old man, and then, as it were, turn approvers, and assist in registering his crimes against him. Oh! does not this suggest matter for deep and serious reflection? "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how wonderful are his judgments! and his ways are past finding out."

M'CORMACK'S GRUDGE.

PART I.

"HAVE you ever been at Ivy-bridge, in the south of Devon?"

"Yes."

"There is no need, then, that I should describe the place to you."

"None in the world; I know every bluebell and violet for miles around it."

"A pretty extensive amount of knowledge, if I recollect aright."

"Doubtless."

"Well, but *I* have never been there."

"Oh, you! Then it would be quite useless to attempt to describe it to *you*. You should take the first opportunity of going to see it; or, failing an opportunity, you should make it your special business; 'twill well repay the trouble and expense. 'Tis as different from Tubbercurry in the county of Sligo as it is possible for the mind of man to conceive."

In the breakfast-parlour of a very beautiful little villa, in that very beautiful locality—not Tubbercurry, but Ivy-bridge—sat two persons.

"What an extraordinary way to commence a story about a man named M'Cormack! I should have supposed the scene laid in the back settlements of Galway or Mayo."

"Yes, doubtless, but you know that sailors on board ship, when they want to serve out a rope, or to spin a yarn, begin at one end, not in the middle; then you can follow it with your eye and your mind, without losing a twist or turn."

In the breakfast-parlour, then, of that villa at Ivy-bridge sat two persons, Mr. Walcroft and his wife.

"Lay down that newspaper, George, dear," said Mrs. Wal-

croft; "your breakfast will not be worth eating; whatever you are reading will keep cool, but your tea will not keep hot. I can't conceive what you see in that *General Advertiser*, the stupidest of all papers; and you are always poring over it."

"Set up and sell the es—tate of Da—vid Mears," muttered Mr. Walcroft, doubling up the newspaper. "I think I have hit upon it at last."

"Oh, the Irish estate you have been so long anxious to 'hit upon,' as you call it, for the sake of the shooting and fishing?"

"The same," said Mr. Walcroft; "but I'll read it for you after breakfast. The salt, Harriet."

Mr. Walcroft had now commenced his breakfast in good earnest, casting an eye, whenever the circumstances of his egg or muffin would permit, at the newspaper, as if he could read all about the estate of David Mears through the four folds of it, or as if he intended to say, the moment he had time, "I'll pitch into you presently, David."

The nice comfortable meal having at length come to an end, Mr. Walcroft resumed the newspaper.

"Now, Harriet, listen, my love; for you know this business concerns you as much as it does me. 'Tis no idle whim."

"Come then, George, let us hear," said Harriet.

Mr. Walcroft proceeded:—"Will set up and sell the estate of David Mears."

Harriet laughed outright.

"What are you laughing at?" said Mr. Walcroft. "What are you laughing at?" as Harriet continued to laugh, but not to listen. "Do listen, Harriet, dear."

"Why I only hope, George, that you have not found a mare's nest." But she suddenly subdued her laugh to a mere smile, seeing that Mr. Walcroft either did not perceive, or did not relish the joke.

Presently, as he looked at the paper again, it dawned upon him, and he could not choose but smile in his turn.

"Listen now, Harriet, my love. 'Tis the very thing I have been in search of for the last three years, but I would not purchase until I was sure of combining profit and pleasure, but here we have them both."

"The Master will, on Friday—in one lot—public auction—highest bidder—that and those—acres, roods, perches—clear profit rent—or thereabouts.' Well, I can study that by-and-by. It appears to be about the very thing that will suit our purpose. But here, 'Descriptive Particulars.' Ay, let me see what they say, 'Commanding an extensive view—house not long built—a market and post town—contemplated railway—planted with ornamented timber—fifty years' growth—considerable value—walled-in garden, and well stocked with—the beautiful valley of

the Shrulan river, which flows through—a gentleman fond of field sports.' Ay, here we have it," and Mr. Walcroft connected his sentences more deliberately from this to the end. "To a gentleman fond of field sports, the district affords a certainty of success seldom obtained, even in Ireland. The grouse-shooting is excellent, with free leave for miles around. There is very fair cock-shooting in the plantations within the demesne; and there are two or three excellent covers in the neighbourhood, where permission can be easily obtained by a resident at Curranure; and the snipe-shooting and duck-shooting are *ad libitum*. N.B.—There are two packs of harriers kept within hunting distance."

"If this is not just the thing that I have been on the watch for with those few hundreds, I don't know what is. Eh! Har, a month or six weeks at Curranure about Christmas; and if I don't supply you with game, call me blind; that's all."

Mr. Walcroft was a handsome man, about six-and-twenty at this time. He was not even a second son. He was one of what in marriage settlements, I believe, are called younger children; and had married, upon a younger child's portion, Harriet Wharton, a beautiful girl, not nineteen at the time. She had also a younger child's portion; and between them they contrived to live very prudently and very happily, upon little more than two hundred and fifty pounds a year, in the south of Devon. He also inherited a very small property from his maternal uncle in one of the midland counties.

Mr. Walcroft was particularly fond of shooting and fishing, at both of which he was considered an adept; and he had a sort of doubtful belief, that with a little practice he could follow the hounds well, too; for, so far as he had an opportunity of trying, he was a good horseman. Devonshire is not a very sporting county, not even for partridge; and any day during the winter that Mr. Walcroft succeeded in bagging one brace of snipe, or any winter during the whole of which he brought down three woodcocks, he considered that he had done more than most others similarly situated would have achieved. He had heard of persons in Ireland having bagged their fifteen and twenty brace of snipe, their eight and ten brace of cock, and their ten, twelve, and even fourteen brace of grouse, in a day. At first, Mr. Walcroft doubted all this; but at last he heard it from so many friends who were not likely to mislead him, that he was fain to believe it.

He cut the advertisement of the estate of David Mears out of the newspaper, and put it into his pocket-book. He wrote to his friend Bob Mahon, who was then fortunately in Dublin, having just done some business in the courts on his own account. This fact, perhaps, as much as anything else, determined Mr.

Walcroft to make a purchase of Curranure; for he had reason to know that Bob Mahon was a clever fellow, and would not bid for it beyond a fair value. The general belief about this time was, that great bargains were occasionally to be had; and the estate of David Mears promised so well, apart from the "Descriptive Particulars," that Mr. Walcroft resolved to try his luck. "What if he doubled," thought he, "or trebled the interest of his wife's fortune and his own; and in addition to a plentiful supply of game, was enabled to procure her a nice little pony phaeton and a side saddle! He would write that very post to his friend about it."

He did write; and Bob Mahon replied in great delight, and "recommended something of the kind to be done. He had not time to go down and see the estate, and return before the day of sale; but he could see the map in the office; and he would not go beyond a remunerating price. He knew something of that line of country, and it appeared to him to be not far from the mark."

Mr. Walcroft wrote again, saying what he thought it ought to be got for, but desiring him not to lose it for one or two hundred pounds.

Bob Mahon bid, and Curranure was knocked down to George Walcroft, of Ivy-bridge, in Devon, Esquire, for two hundred and forty pounds less than the first sum named in his letter, and consequently nearly five hundred pounds below what he would have been content to give for it.

Mr. Mahon was not sorry that his friend Walcroft had purchased this little property. It promised fairly to be the very thing he wished for, and was likely, so far as he could judge, to return him eight or ten per cent. for his money. "Why, he had it at little more than fourteen years' purchase. I have not mine at eighteen. Walcroft will not remain in Ireland except for three weeks or a month in the shooting season; and of course he will give me the agency of the estate. Perhaps I might reside there, and be sufficiently near to look after my own, which has no dwelling-house upon it; nothing but a farm-house and offices."

Soon after Curranure was knocked down, Mr. Mahon took an opportunity of inspecting it, and reported to Mr. Walcroft much to this effect:—

"I have seen Curranure—been all over it; and I like it *well*. There is *some* good land immediately about the house, which, by the way, is by no means so *splendid* or so modern as it was when *you* saw it. However, as you are not likely to exchange the mild and fragrant beauties of Devonshire for the cold and sporting attributes of an Irish property, except *pro tem*. while the snipes and cocks are in season, the house does not so much matter.

The lands are set *low*; and there are *no leases* on the estate; both very advantageous circumstances for you just now. The grouse and snipe shooting, I dare say, are good; the surrounding country and district look as if they *ought to be so*. With care, and proper revision of the value of the lands, and a steady determination to make the tenants—that is, such as you may permit to remain—pay up, I have no doubt you will be able to realise very good interest for your money. There *may* be more redeeming matters and qualifications upon the estate than I have as yet had time to find out. I give you first impressions. One thing I may add, however—that if the estate were put up again, I know it would bring three, or perhaps four hundred pounds beyond what you have purchased it at.”

“Why do you look so grave, George?” said Mrs. Walcroft to her husband, as he crushed the above letter into his pocket, and tried to whistle. “Any news from Bob about the——”

“‘Mare’s nest,’ you would say, Harry. There is news; there, read that. I fear he has been too precipitate,” and he handed her the letter.

Mrs. Walcroft read it, and handing it back said, “Well, George, I really don’t see that there is much in this to make you look grave. Matters, they say, are every day on the mend in Ireland; and I am quite sure that the property is well worth more than you gave for it. What a pretty name—Curranure!”

Although Mrs. Walcroft always spoke cheerily, and in the happiest manner about Curranure, Mr. Walcroft did not again revert to the subject, except to say that he would go over and judge for himself; but, as the season was far advanced, he would not do so until the winter shooting had set in. The grouse shooting was nearly over; and confessedly there was no partridge shooting on the estate.

Winter had come and gone. Mr. Walcroft had paid Curranure a visit, had gone out upon a wild red bog with a brace of steady pointers, and a big-headed pock-marked gossoon with white hair, to show ‘his honour’ the way, and carry the bag.

“Shall you be able?” said Mr. Walcroft, looking at him doubtfully, and recollecting all he had heard of eighteen and twenty brace of snipe a day, to say nothing of the wild ducks. “Besides,” he added, “you will have to carry this extra pouch, for I’m told the shooting is excellent.”

“The game’s plenty any way, your honour,” replied James Doyle, with a knowing grin. “You’ll have nothing to do but powder away; and, be gorkins, I’ll go bail to carry home all your honour levels afore night; but af you’d be advised by me, you’d lave the dogs at home.”

“What nonsense, boy! Do you think I’m a fool?” said Mr. Walcroft.

Jamesy did just think he was; but he was too *cute* to say so; so he only gave another grin.

It did not give James a pain in the back of his neck to carry home all Mr. Walcroft shot that day. He was not accustomed to walking a red soft bog, and he got into two or three *scraw-luggers*. The snipe, without being one-tenth part as numerous as the "Descriptive Particulars" led him to believe they would be, were wild; his English dogs were not in the habit of seeing so far before them; marked one or two snipe down a long way off; got puzzled at the frequent *cheaking* of the birds as they rose; and it ended in their pursuing them in spite of the thundering and repeated "Come up heres" of Mr. Walcroft, who would have given a trifle that he could have 'come up' a little himself, for he was sunk half way to the knees in a thick, yellow, mossy sludge.

He returned at dark, out of spirits and out of humour, having bagged three brace and a-half of snipe, one brace of which were *jacks*; and the next day he could scarcely stand upright, from pains in his back and legs.

This specimen of *ad libitum* snipe-shooting was quite enough for one who had never seen an Irish bog before; and Mr. Walcroft made arrangements to hurry back to Harriet. He took the opportunity, however, to look over and examine the estate with Bob Mahon, and make himself acquainted with the *pros* and *cons*. He liked it better than one might have supposed; but he plainly told his friend that he would rather shoot one brace of snipe any day in the irrigated meadows about Ivy-bridge than bag eighteen or twenty brace in that confounded, black, shaky bog, where not only his feet but his legs and whole body were wet.

He came to some understanding with Bob Mahon, who was to act as his agent, with respect to the house and some thirty or forty acres of land immediately about it, termed the demesne, which Bob consented to hold at a fair rent, deducting the percentage for collecting the rents upon the estate.

That it might not be said, however, that Mr. Walcroft had not given the shooting a fair trial, he wet himself to the middle once or twice again, with somewhat better success, having left his dogs at home, by the advice of his white-headed boy, notwithstanding what had passed between them upon that subject upon the first occasion.

Mr. Walcroft, when leaving Ivy-bridge for Ireland, had intended to remain at Curranure for three weeks or a month, and had allowed Harriet to put up note-paper and envelopes in her own proportion. His second note, however (his first having scarcely done more than announce his safe arrival), set forth in larger hand than usual, and with one or two notes of admira-

tion, that he would leave for home the day after he wrote ; and on the eleventh day after he had left Ivy-bridge he walked into the boudoir of that sweet little villa, and into Harriet's arms at the same moment.

You may be sure she asked him a great many questions that evening about Curranure—the place with the pretty name!—although she did not anticipate very favourable answers, from his speedy return.

"Well, Harry," said he, in reply to one of these smiling questions—"well, Harry, to be candid with you, as far as the shooting goes, your definition is not far wrong. It may be good at times, but 'tis dearly earned, particularly at a distance from you ; and, I imagine, only fit for those who are used to it. I cannot manage to walk those Irish bogs at all ; one sinks to the knee at every step ; and I think the 'varmint,' that they say St. Patrick banished, are only hid under the mud, and catch a fellow by the feet ; it is so difficult to get them up again."

"You have been learning something about Ireland, at all events, George ; what is it you say were banished by St. Patrick ?"

"'Varmint,' they call them there ; they mean snakes, and toads, and all poisonous reptiles."

Harry laughed. "A month, then, George, will, I dare say, give you about enough of it any winter?"

"A month ! I've done with it, Harry, except as a spec., and in that respect I think it will pay us at least double the interest we have been receiving for our money. They do say matters are likely to mend in Ireland."

"Could I not go over with you, George ? a month might not then seem so bad," said Harry.

"No, my love ; let well alone. I got enough of it to deter me from subjecting you to such a change."

"Ah, George, I fear it is, after all, what I said it was."

"Hush, Harry ; if it is, I can tell you it is full of eggs. We will stay where we are ; and our friend Bob Mahon, who is better used to the bog-trotting, will sometimes send us over a basket of game."

"Well, George, as you like ; you know I am quite happy where I am. But tell me something about the more important points of the estate."

Mr. Walcroft then described the place, entering minutely into all the particulars as to the quality of the lands, the solvency of the tenants, the arrangement he had made with Bob Mahon as to the house and the prime part of the land immediately about it. In short, he put all the advantages and disadvantages of the purchase fairly before her ; for, although Harriet Walcroft had soft, glossy hair, mild, violet eyes, and

beautiful white teeth, she understood these things perfectly well; and the evening closed with a satisfactory result to both their minds.

But matters did not mend so soon after this in Ireland as Mr. Walcroft had been led to expect; and those who had spoken to him in a hopeful and confident strain of her prospects were, like all mortals beneath the sun, shortsighted. Few persons are unacquainted with the sudden and destructive blight which the will of an inscrutable Providence cast upon the potato crops of Ireland in 1846, and which continued with more or less severity and virulence for several years. At the time of which I write, the crisis of the disease had scarcely yet come. Ireland's heart and lungs were, as physicians express it, still "engaged;" matters had not yet arrived at that point when it is said they must mend; and it would not be difficult to recall many scenes of harrowing and heartrending misery emanating from that awful visitation, more particularly in the south and west, where numbers of the peasantry, with sorrow be it recorded, were hurried by starvation to the grave—many to the poorhouse, the emigrant ship, or the prison—and some, alas! I fear, to the gallows.

At the best of times, Ireland has not been without her absentee landlords and her grinding agents. The former, either from necessity, or mayhap from choice, living on the Continent, and spending the money torn from the hungry jaws and naked shoulders of their impoverished tenantry, in the cheap luxuries so easily procured there, fifty and sixty per cent. under home cost. The agent, naturally, perhaps, a benevolent and kind-hearted man, is "bored to death" for remittances; and, as habit is second nature, he becomes used by degrees, first to the wail, then to the curse, of an ejected tenant, and finally becomes hard-hearted to everything connected with the estate, except the noise of his thumb counting the dirty smoked notes, or the jingling of silver in a linen bag.

It is not to be wondered at if, from 1846 say to 1852, many a man who had hitherto been comfortable and independent, became unable to meet the "agent's" demands, and was ultimately obliged to give up his little bit of land, and remove from his once happy home to the cold, blue-looking walls of the poorhouse, where charity, like medicine, was weighed in a scale.

It is not to be wondered at if, on twenty miles of any road in the south or west, where, in 1844, I could have counted some hundreds of comfortable dwellings as I rode along, the smoke curling up from behind the whitethorn or elder, indicative of social life and industry,—it is not, I say, to be wondered at if, upon the same tour, subsequent to that period, nothing but broken-down gables and black rafters were to be seen.

It is not to be wondered at if many acres, which once waved with soft rustling corn, or suddenly burst upon the sight and smell with whole fields of blossomed "cups" or "Cork-reds," now lay untenanted and comparatively waste.

It is not to be wondered at if, during the above period, many landlords, both at home and abroad, were sorely beset, and many a fine estate was seen to pass through the auctioneer's clutches to the hands of strangers from the hands of those who could trace their possession for centuries.

Praised be a merciful Providence, these matters are not still so! Never was Ireland—God bless her!—more prosperous and fruitful; and although the poorhouses are not untenanted (neither are they in England), we have not the heartrending scenes of 1846 and '47 before our eyes. At least, no one now dies of starvation; we do not spend eight or ten hours a day in a close room covered with meal dust, while a crowd of old women with handkerchiefs and bags are fighting "for the window," and thrusting in their long skinny arms, with the price of half a stone of yellow meal clutched tightly in their fleshless palm.

Neither is it to be wondered at, however it may be deplored, if, during that hapless, almost hopeless period, some disconsolate starving hearts diverged from poverty to crime. But it is not such I am now about to record;—no, if my countrymen have a dark side, it is no darker than the best, not half as dark as many; but, such as it is, I would turn it aside, and let you gaze upon the bright.

No matter what the cause, and no matter what the year, but the fact that Mr. Walcroft's estate became so deeply in arrears, that it became necessary to evict such of the tenants as could not meet a reasonable portion, say three-fourths, of the demands against them, became—as the fashionable phrase has it—a patent fact; and for those who could not do so, there was no consideration, no alternative—"Out, out, out," behind ditches or drains, into poorhouses, or fever hospitals, it mattered not. "Out, out, out," were the words; for Mr. Walcroft was now depending upon the rents of Curranure for the very necessities of life, and had been obliged even to forego the beauties of Ivy-bridge for a cheap lodging at Boulogne. His agent had been "bored to death" for the rents. He seized, he drove, he sold. He remitted all he got; but 'twas not enough. Mrs. Walcroft's care and anxiety had increased, and was likely to increase; and George wrote to Bob, "while there is a shilling due, I must have it; if not, evict at once; don't lose a quarter sessions; the lands are let low; you will then get some money in hand from new bidders for the vacant farms; and I think you may venture to raise the rents from five to six shillings an

acre." He did not seem to know, "good, easy man," that he was talking rank folly, considering the state of Ireland at that time, or that, while he was eating his made dishes, and drinking his claret at tenpence a bottle, at Boulogne, poor Bob Mahon, by following his advice, might be doomed to bite the ground, and to wallow in his own blood on the road.

A snug, tidy-looking whitewashed cottage lay embosomed amidst some hawthorn and *bore-tree* bushes upon Mr. Walcroft's estate. It stood a little apart from other houses of the kind; indeed, it was so far above its nearest neighbours in the tidiness and cleanliness which it exhibited, that I have called it a "cottage." Had I had occasion to speak of others in the vicinity, I could not in justice have soared above the term "cabin."

It was a dark November evening, and a cold blast rocked the tall Canadian poplars which Myles M'Cormack had planted, about nine years before, between the red and black boundary of his farm. The best room inside the cottage was now occupied by two individuals, both females—a mother and her child.

And can that delicate-looking mother, with her pale face and anxious eye, with her thread-bare shawl thrown over her still more worn dress, with her large shoes and no stockings, be the same trim, tidy, well-dressed, happy-looking bride, that nine years before came to take possession of that house and farm as its comely mistress? Ay, marry is it, the very one.

By her side, reclining on a stretcher-bed, lay a delicate girl with a still paler face. She was the only child Mary and Myles M'Cormack had ever had; and she was not yet nine years old. Her large full eyes, as she occasionally coughed, would turn to her mother, whose anxious heart watched to forestall every rising wish of her darling Kate, whether it were for something to allay her thirst, to raise the pillow under her head, or to cover her feet. Poor little Kate had never been a strong child, and it required all a tender mother's tender care to rear her.

She was now, however, only labouring under an incidental cold, which it required but a little patience, with proper treatment, to subdue. Nevertheless, there was something in Kate M'Cormack's fragile form and pensive features which left the impression upon the minds of those who looked upon her, that there was not much time between her and the company of angels.

Mrs. M'Cormack had evidently some other anxiety just then upon her heart besides her poor little suffering Kate. She was restless and uneasy. She threw a few withered sticks upon the fire; then sat for a few moments, and a few only, by her child's bed; but ever and anon she was at the window, looking out towards

the rear of the house, and muttering some words which no human ears but her own could hear.

Mary M'Cormack loved her husband with all the undivided, faithful devotion which an ingenuous and previously untouched heart could pledge; and now a wild thought, which might one day madden her brain, was creeping over her mind, as the tide creeps upon some smooth, bright strand, which ultimately it will cover with its boisterous waves.

Myles M'Cormack, from the hardness of the times, and the losses he had sustained upon his farm both in cattle and crops, had got so much in arrear with his rent, that it was impossible he could ever pay up; he was one of the doomed. "Out, out, out," was the word, written in large, heart-sickening letters upon the door-posts and door, the gables, and even on the chimneys of his house; he could read it as plainly as possible through the smoke. He had received notice to quit; the case had been tried, and the time was closing upon him when Mary, Kate, and himself would be turned out upon the road, in the middle of winter, and in the snow, too, for it had just set in.

Mary could not keep from that window. She was there every moment, gazing on two men who stood behind the garden hedge, talking in an earnest manner. She could not hear them, but from the appearance of the man who stood with her husband, apparently laying down the law, she boded no good. She saw her husband take a sheet of paper and a quill from his companion, and cram them into the crown of his hat; and this it was, coupled with one or two expressions which Myles had muttered in his sleep, that now started that wild thought in her soul respecting him.

As the snow had now commenced, and the only move the men made was from behind the hedge to the scarcely less protecting shelter of a small cock of rotten straw hard by, Mary could stand it no longer, and, turning her dress up about her head and shoulders, she ran to the corner of the house to call her husband.

Whether those men had finally settled their business, or whether they did not wish to persevere after the interruption, I know not; but Pat Rooney struck off across the fields, while M'Cormack followed his wife into the house.

"Myles, darlin'! you're standing there abroad this long time, and there is a piercing blast; what business can Pat Rooney have with you, that you did not bring him inside? Our firing is scarce these times, but there was the shelter of the house at all events, and sitting is as cheap as standing."

"How long will you be able to sit here, Mary?" said M'Cormack, knocking down a deal chair, and shaking a few flakes of snow from the lappels of his coat.

"Not long, Myles. But sure the Lord will do something for us. Trust in Him, Myles. Here, take this sup of hot milk; you're lost with the cold, standing out there with that man."

"Ay, that poor fellow will be thrust out, too, the same day with ourselves. He has some friends, but we have none—the back of a ditch or the poorhouse will be good enough for us." And he ground his teeth as he said this.

"Here, Myles, sit down, asthore, and drink this sup of warm milk; and don't be talking that way," replied his wife, raising up the chair that had been thrown down, and placing a tin porringer in his hand.

M'Cormack laid the milk upon the end of the dresser, and said, "You'll want it for that poor girl's supper, Mary; I have what will warm me better here, that Pat gave me;" and he pulled a small bottle of whiskey out of his pocket. As he raised it to his mouth, his wife instantly pounced upon it, and, snatching it from his hand, flew to the door and smashed it against the wall of what had once been a cow-house, but was now empty and cold. "Oh, Myles, Myles!" she cried, returning to where the sullen man stood conscience-stricken—"oh, Myles! you that didn't taste a drop of liquor this six years, are you mad, Myles—where's your medal?"

"Medal!" he repeated, with a hoarse laugh; "great good it did me; look at me, Mary," he added, in a softer tone, "look at me and at yourself, without, I may say, a rag to cover you; and look at that creature there, and nothing now but the cold road before us."

"Hush, Myles, she's getting better, and with the blessing she'll soon be up. Here, asthore macree, drink this, and don't go wrong your soul with liquor after taking the pledge."

He hesitated for a moment, gazing in her face.

"God bless you, Mary," said the stalwart man, taking the porringer from her hand and drinking off the milk.

"And now, Mary, you have saved Myles M'Cormack from one mortal sin, if not from more. If it was the last drop in the country, I must have drunk it. But where did you get it, Mary, for our neighbours are as poor as ourselves? I'm afraid that, in avoiding one sin, I have committed another almost as bad, in robbing that sick child of her supper."

"No, Myles, I have another drop in the cupboard, and indeed it was young Master Harry fetched it over in his own two hands. I saw him coming along the road with his maid, and, when they turned in over the stile, he took the bottle from her hand, and carried it in himself."

"Young Harry Mahon!" ejaculated M'Cormack, standing up, "the agent's son?"

"Yes, Myles, and the servant had a loaf of bread—white bread—which he said his mamma sent with the milk for our sick child."

Here there was a long pause. M'Cormack stood up to his full height, six feet four, and, crossing his hands behind the back of his head, he walked once or twice up and down the room, with a low mutter that Mary thought and hoped might be a prayer.

"How could they know she was sick?" he at length broke forth; "I thought we might be all down in the fever or dead, without 'the quality' knowing or caring anything about us. How could they know it?"

"I'll tell you that, Myles; I was out on Friday last pulling a few plants to make a drop of dandelion tea for the little girl; and I met Master Harry and his maid upon the road. Well, of all the questioning and cross-questioning I ever got, it was from that young boy, as to what they were for. And when I told him, he would not believe me, until his maid told him they were very good for delicate children. He said he was sure it was for a pig I wanted them. Poor child, little he knew we had not a pig this two year back. And nothing would satisfy him, Myles, but to drag his maid every inch to the house, and in he came to see the sick child. He believed me then, and saw me putting the plants into a pot to boil. But, the innocent creature, he said, he was sure good white bread and milk, that he had plenty of at home, would be much better for the girl than 'that green, stinking stuff'—them were his words, Myles—and down he came this morning with the bottle and the loaf."

"Where was I on Friday, Mary, that I didn't see the boy?"

"Why, then, it was that very morning that Pat Rooney called here and took you away with him; I don't know where you went. But, Myles, I'll tell you what it is—I may as well out with it at once—Pat Rooney is doing you no good, and if you will take the advice of one that loves every bone in your body, and hates every hair on the head of any one that would lead you astray—and that's myself Myles, avourneen—you'll quit colloquing with Pat Rooney, that's what you'll do. There now, it's out."

"Pat Rooney's is a hard case, too, Mary, but sure it isn't as bad as our own. If he has a larger family, he has more friends that's able to take them among them; and his wife is as strong as a horse, able to go through the world when another would be buried in the nearest churchyard. He means to earn a great deal in England coming on the summer, and to send her through the country with the poor children at her heels. There's a man, Mary, that could get the loan of a pound when I could not get

the loan of a shilling, and he never took the pledge. I'm glad I did not break it, Mary; but I'm sorry I ever took it. That man has friends in every parish in the barony; and, what's more, they're *bound to stand to himself and his children*, go where he will, not all as one as ourselves, Mary. I could not leave you unless I left you in the poorhouse, and then for that poor creature there——"

"Well, Myles, if Pat Rooney has friends, they're not the sort that will do him credit, or such as I'd like you to have. And as for the poorhouse, if it does come to that, I'm sure it's better than to be straggluag the country with a bag on one's back, looking for a cold potato. But I tell you, no good can come of listening to that man's advice. Let every herring hang by its own head, and Pat Rooney never brought a man the right road yet. There was——"

"Whist, Mary, that was not his fault. And what do you mean by 'letting every herring hang by its own head?' Do you mean to say that he'll be hanged?"

"I might mean that same, Myles; but I don't. God between the poor man and harm—I only meant to use an old saying, and not to let us mix up our hardships with any man's; to have nothing at all to say to him. That's what I mean. I heard one or two words he spoke very loud; and I misdoubt very much he's giving you bad advice about the agent. That's what I think."

"What did you hear?" said Myles, in an embarrassed tone of inquiry.

"I heard him say 'he deserved no better, or any exterminating tyrant like him.'"

"Well, Mary, 'tis a hard case. The failure of the crops and the disease among the cattle was from the Lord, and should not be visited upon us poor creatures, who have suffered enough already, and are next to starving as it is. Sure if they'd give us a little time, and forgive us what's due, we'd come round with the times, and be able to go on again, as well and better than any new tenants he'll get."

"What was Pat Rooney saying to you, Myles? That's what I want to know, eh?"

"That was just what he was saying. He says the times are likely to come round; there's not a year but the potatoes stand it better than the last. He had two barrels and a-half himself this year, where he hadn't two stone and a-half last year. 'Twas the same with ourselves, Mary. And, with the blessing, a couple of years more will put them over it; we could then pay on from a fresh start, and that's all any one coming in can do. As to the rent that's due, he never can get a penny of it, and he knows that. Wouldn't it be fitter and fairer for him,

then, to leave it with them that has it these forty years, and never was behind with the rent till the first year of the rot, than to give it to strangers that never gave them a penny piece, not all as one, Mary?"

"That's all very true, Myles; but sure, if his honour chooses he can do it; we can't make him do what he doesn't like."

"No; but, perhaps, we could prevent him from doing what he does like——"

"What do you mean, Myles? sure you wouldn't let it enter your head, let alone your heart, to harm Bob Mahon. For the love of God, Myles, take care what you're about. You know what Pat Rooney did before; he got two poor boys transported through their listening to his advice. Now, Myles, if there's life in me, I'll——I'll——"

"Whist, Mary, hold your tongue; I'm not going to harm Bob Mahon, only to frighten him——"

"You'll have neither hand, act, nor part in the like, Myles; unless you mean to kill me first. Oh, be led by me, Myles, ashore macree; have nothing more to say to that hang-gallows fellow, Pat Rooney. He's as cute as a fox; you know as well as I do, that he put them two poor boys, the Coughlans, forward in that business, and held back himself; when, if right was right, the same Rooney ought to have been hanged instead of them being transported. And, as sure as my name is Mary M'Cormack, he'll leave you in for it, if you have anything to say to him."

Mary threw her arms around her huge husband's neck, kissing his forehead and his cheeks, and continuing to exclaim, "Myles, Myles, don't break my heart; you that never grieved me since the first day I bestowed it upon you; sooner or later you'll come to grief, if you listen to that fellow!" and she kissed his lips and cheeks again and again, while her warm tears flowed upon his rough, unshaven chin.

"Don't, father dear," murmured the poor sick child; "I'm sure mother is right;" and she cast a beseeching look at the distracted man.

"Myles," continued Mary, "hide nothing from me; I think I can give you better and fonder advice than that man."

M'Cormack strode through the room with his eyes fixed on the floor, while Mary still gazed upon him through her falling tears. At length he stopped before her.

"Mary," he replied, "I love you now no less than I did ten years ago, when I first came across you. Isn't it my love for you, and that creature beyond you, that has made me half mad? Mary, do you hide nothing from me. What did you hear pass between us? or rather, what did you hear him say? For, Mary, I did little else but listen to his maddening words."

"So I thought, Myles, darling; so I'm sure. I'll tell you what I heard and saw then; and let us cast our lot with the Lord and not with the devil."

"The devil, indeed, I believe, Moira," said Myles; "but he's not where you are, core of my heart;" and the gigantic fellow stooped down and fondly embraced his wife.

"Now, Myles, I'll tell what I heard and saw, and I'll ask you to tell me no more than you choose. But whatever you do tell will be safe with me; and I'll only give you my advice upon it. I told you that I heard him say 'he was a tyrant, and deserved no better.' I know he meant Bob Mahon. I saw him give you a sheet of paper and a quill—they're in the crown of your hat, Myles—and as I turned the corner of the house to call you in when the snow began, I heard him tell you not to forget to bring the Prayer-book on Sunday night next. There's no Prayer-book in the house but the one—my Prayer-book. Oh, Myles, is that fit work for a blessed book like it, and on a blessed day?—the book you gave me, Myles, the day I swopped hearts with you before the holy altar."

"Whist, Mary, jewel; sure I wouldn't fret you for the world. Isn't it, I say, my love for you, Mary, that has put me through other after this gate? Has that man Bob Mahon any heart to take the roof from over our heads? and the winter coming down upon us—and that creature there—'twill be the death of her, that's what it will. Oh! Mary, Mary, if we could stop this without doing harm! Pat says a few lines would do it, a few that he could show Mr. Walcroft; he would not insist upon putting us out, for fear of the worst; but we don't mean to do a hap'orth, but write a few lines just to threa——"

"To threaten him with death, Myles; and that same might be followed up in spite of you, for I don't believe you would do more than you say. Oh, Myles, Myles, I'm sorry ever you learned to write a scroll. But no, you won't, you sha'n't! Myles, if you love your Mary, and I know you do, kneel down there and take this book; I'll not ask you to swear upon it, Myles; but take it, and pray to God to keep you from temptation; tell that poor dying child there, the only one we ever had, to tell them in heaven that you wouldn't do it."

Here poor little Kate began to cry, and finally to cough; and for a few minutes both father and mother thought she was going to die.

The strong man gazed thoughtfully upon her rolling eyes, while the mother held her up, sustaining her throbbing head till she regained her breath, and then laid her head gently down again upon the pillow.

"Myles," continued Mary, in a beseeching tone, "promise me that you'll go no farther in this black business; give me that

paper and the quill, as a token that you'll be advised by your wife. Do, Myles, asthore;" and she went towards his hat, which lay upon the end of the dresser.

Myles looked at her, but did not move. She took the paper and quill, and, tearing them into fragments, threw them into the fire. She then clasped the huge man again in her arms, and sobbed upon his breast.

"Leave me to myself, Mary," he said at last, disengaging himself from her embrace: "I never knew how much you loved me till to-night."

"Did you ever doubt it, Myles?" said Mary, looking at him sadly.

"Never, Mary; but I did not understand your love, or the turn it would take. Will you forgive me, Mary, mavourneen? But I thought you'd back me up in frightening Bob Mahon."

"In frightening him, Myles! have you lost your senses? and is that the sort of love you thought I had for you? to think I'd see you destroy both body and soul, or even to stand silent by, let alone to back you! Oh, Myles, Myles!"

"Well, Mary, I know you are right all through; and let them do or say what they will, I swear by the blessed Virgin, that I'll be advised and guided by you in everything but one—one only."

"And what's that, Myles, darlin'?"

"I must meet Pat Rooney and Mick M'Quade on Sunday night."

"No, nor the sorra foot, Myles, nor the sorra take the one inch, Myles."

"I must, Mary; I must."

"Why *must*, Myles?"

"Because if I hold back from that meeting they will mark me; ay, Mary, and, may be, murder me."

"God forbid, Myles. And is that the opinion you have of them that you are going to join? Oh, Myles, Myles, you won't go!"

"I will, Mary; but it will be to free myself from them openly. I'll stoutly refuse to have act, part, or concern with them. But I'll promise, Mary, to hold my tongue, and never speak a word of what's past. If I didn't go forward, and tell them this plainly, and that I'd have nothing to say to it, they'd only think I was going to inform on them. And, Mary, darlin', they'd harm me; and then what would you do?"

"I doubt the power them fellows will have over you, Myles, particularly that M'Quade; his tongue, as well as his heart, belongs to the devil. Don't go near them, Myles."

"I'll go, Mary; but don't fear or fret about me. Didn't I swear by the blessed Virgin, that I'd be advised by you in every-

thing but the one? But, Mary, I must go; my only chance is to be plain and honest with them, before it goes any farther."

"Well, Myles, swear upon this Prayer-book that you gave me ten years ago, that you will not join them men, by thought, word, or deed, to harm Bob Mahon. 'Tis yourself, Myles, I'm thinking of, for I don't like a bone in his body. For my sake, Myles, swear this; and then if you think it best and safest to tell them so, plainly, why go in the name of God; but let it be in his name."

"For your sake, Mary, I'll do it; and I'm beginning to bless God already that you put me from the like."

"And you'll have reason to bless him for it. See now, Myles, if the Lord won't find some means or other to keep you from poverty, as well as from sin—that's my own Myles." And she clung to his gigantic form, and caressed him over and over again.

After this lengthened conversation, Mary prepared a homely supper for herself and her husband. She was a thrifty, careful person, and made things go twice as far as many others would, or could have done. And although poverty is not too strong a word to convey a notion of difficulties which had for some time overtaken them, yet that high-spirited, struggling, and uncomplaining little woman kept everything in and about the house so neat and clean, that the agent's deputy reported to him, that "it was impossible the M'Cormacks could be so very poor as they let on to be."

"Making a poor mouth, eh?" said Bob Mahon.

"That's exactly it, sir," said the 'driver.'

It was no poor mouth, however, but too painful a fact. They had neither potatoes nor corn, no, nor a "sup of milk," but as they bought it; and their means were confined to the precarious chance of an occasional day's wages earned by Myles. Doubtless, there was what in those days was called "a project" in that barony; but it happened to be eight miles from Tullybrin, and would have entailed the necessity of M'Cormack remaining away; and, what with the expense of a lodging, it would not have supported himself alone. No wonder, then, that he was not found at "the project," drawing a wheelbarrow after him, in the midst of a string of lazy, drunken idlers. If, under these circumstances, poor Myles, who had never known care or unhappiness till the blight came upon the potatoes year after year, and instead of eight or ten stacks of corn, and a good cock of hay in the haggard, a pair, or, mayhap a pair and a-half of good smooth cows chewing their cud in the bawn or the cowhouse; a long well-sodded pit of potatoes in the garden, and from four to half-a-dozen nice *slips* in the sty about this time of the year; these things were all *nil*;—if, I say, under these circumstances, and the dread of his wife and sick child being turned out in the cold snow to perish and starve, if

Myles was near losing his balance, and yielding to the tempter, can it be wondered at? And if that fond wife's word of love and religion restored his equilibrium, how great the blessing and how blessed the means!

PART II.

THE snow lay deep upon the ground the next morning, and for several days afterwards there was no alteration in the white glare that spread its dazzling brightness over the whole face of the country. Sunday came; and during the three days that had elapsed since you first saw Mary M'Cormack and her sick child, if no change had taken place in the external world, more than one change had taken place within that house. First, the delicate little girl had gained strength from hour to hour, and was now sitting up by the fire, poor and scanty as it was, with a warm shawl across her chest, and a book in her hand; while the cheerful smile of her mother, who sat silent by, seemed to be cast back in simple harmony from the daughter's lips upon her heart. Myles M'Cormack had gained strength from hour to hour too. He had been at early prayers that morning, and had now returned, and was fondly chatting to his wife and little Kate. It was on the tip of Mary's tongue to ask him if he met Pat Rooney or Mick M'Quade at chapel; but she thought it better not, and just caught herself in time. She was well satisfied with her husband's course since the conversation she had held with them three days before. This was, she knew, an important day for him, and he began it well. He still adhered to his resolution of going to meet Pat Rooney and M'Quade that night; but Mary did not now doubt him. She felt convinced not only of the straightforward course her husband had determined to pursue in that "black business," as she still called it, but she also felt satisfied that, having sought strength from the Lord, he would not be bent from that course either by all the hope they could set before him of averting his impending fate, or all the dread they could picture to his mind of poverty or starvation. She knew Myles too well to fear that he could be intimidated to join in their plans. It was, therefore, with an affectionate smile of confidence upon her lip, and a secret prayer rising from her heart, that she handed Myles his hat, saying—

"Myles, I will not seem to doubt your steadiness of purpose by repeating my advice to you upon this business. I have never had reason to doubt your word, let alone your oath. God speed you, and send you safe back to me, Myles, asthore!"

He bent down his tall figure, and, throwing his fond arms around his pretty wife's neck, he exclaimed—

"Mary! as I prove faithful to my promise, and to you in this business, may I rise or fall in this world and the next!" And he then left the house.

Mary bolted the door after him, murmuring a prayer for his safety and strength; and then she returned and sat by her silent child, until it was time to give her "a bit of supper," and help her to bed. She then resumed her chair by the fire, and even from that moment sat with a listening ear. But she had long to wait for a sound, for the night was calm and frosty.

The snow still lay deep upon the ground; the frost had been hard for several nights; and as Myles turned in over the garden hedge, and crossed the fields at the rear of the house, a crisp, sharp noise accompanied his footsteps. The moon had not yet risen; but there was a pale, white light upon the horizon where she would soon rise, and the stars glittered brightly in the heavens, nearly double the height above him that they would have done had the night been wet.

Myles plodded on to the place of rendezvous, an old, unoccupied mill, situated in a lonesome wild glen, about a mile and a half distant among the hills. Although he was not behind his time, yet he was not the first there; for, as he approached, he heard voices whispering, mingled with the choked purling of water, escaping from beneath a sheet of ice at the head of a small pool above the mill. Rooney met him at the doorway.

"All right, Mick," said he, turning his head round to his companion, who was behind him, "I told you Myles was game to the back-bone; now we'll see if we don't hunt that tyrant, instead of his hunting us. Come in, Myles, come in; you see we have a fire," said he, laughing; and he pointed to a few seds of well-kindled turf, which must have been lit for some time, for it was clear and bright. Three large stones had been rolled towards it, surrounding it in a corner. Michael M'Quade and Rooney led the way, and sitting down themselves, pointed to the unoccupied stone for Myles to do the same.

The object of this meeting was, in the first instance, to swear in M'Cormack as a Ribbonman, and to give him the pass-words and signs; and then, being as they considered *safe*, to get him, as he was a good penman, to write a threatening letter to Bob Mahon, promising him all sorts of sudden death and ready-made coffins if the ejections on the estate were persevered in.

For the first purpose it was necessary to have a person of M'Quade's rank present to administer the oath. What that rank was I am not quite up enough in such lore to say; I believe it was "Parish-master"—I was going to say, "*County Inspector*." However, there was no doubt that he had attained a very high position amongst the fraternity; and whatever the rank was, it was essential that he, or one of equal *status*, should be present at the swearing in of a new member, to render the thing *legal*.

Hence it was that M'Quade had travelled twelve miles through the snow, for the above purpose, to this meeting; but it was his duty to do so, or ten times as far, if called upon by a brother—knowing him to be such.

M'Quade, pointing, as I have said, to the unoccupied stone, requested M'Cormack to sit down. He hesitated. The big moon now shone full in through the dilapidated walls of the old house, but a projecting angle threw its shade across M'Cormack's face and shoulders, hiding from his companions the firm expression which was then gathering upon his lips. The white light, however, fell strongly upon M'Quade, who was sitting down; and as M'Cormack turned to speak, he distinctly saw the round silver-mounted end of what he could not mistake to be a pistol, glitter beneath the bosom of his waistcoat. Did this create doubt or hesitation in his heart as to the course he came there resolved to pursue? Not in the least; if it had any effect beyond surprise, it was to hurry the statement he was determined to make; although M'Quade's commencement of the business in hand delayed it for a proper opening.

"Come, boys," said M'Quade, pulling a bottle from one pocket and a glass from the other, "we always begin the making of a brother with a drop of the water of life; 'tis only in set cases, where time presses, that a brother can be made without three being present beside himself. And, Myles M'Cormack, let me tell you that it is a very great compliment to the man that is made specially, and for a particular purpose, as you are about to be; it spakes well for him—doesn't it, Pat? Here, Myles, the first thing you have to do is to drink 'damnation to all tyrants,' in a bumper. You are at liberty to think of any tyrant you like while you are tossing it off; but we never mention names." And, filling the glass, he handed it to him. M'Cormack, standing back at arm's length, held the palm of his open hand between himself and glass, saying, "I drink none, M'Quade; and Pat Rooney might have told you so, for he knows I took the pledge. See, here is my medal, that Father Mathew himself hung round my neck—I'll drink none, boys!"

"Halloo, Pat," said M'Quade, turning to Rooney; "what's this for? I thought you told me he was all right?"

"So I thought myself, for he took a bottle of liquor from me a-Thursday last, and as good as swore he'd drink every drop of it afore he came here to-night. Didn't you, Myles?"

"I'm sorry to say I did, Pat. I had nearly resolved, through poverty and grief, to perjure my soul that day; but, blessed be God! there was one that showed me my sin before it was committed; I'll drink none."

"And what on earth brought you here to-night?" demanded M'Quade, in a domineering tone. "Pat Rooney told you there was no use in your coming here, unless you got over

that humbug about the pledge. What brought you here, I say, you coward? You know we can do nothing further until you drink."

"I know that; at least, so Pat told me. But I tell you plainly I'll not touch a drop of it. And as to my being a coward, Michael M'Quade, it is because I am not a coward I came here to-night, and that you may see before I leave this."

M'Quade turned his left shoulder towards M'Cormack, at the same time drawing back his right hand with the glass unobserved, and as M'Cormack opened his mouth to continue speaking, the other threw the contents of the full glass of whiskey right into his face. "You shall, and drink twenty drops, or I'm no 'parish master,'" said he, while M'Cormack, overcome by the unexpectedness of the action, and the fact that a considerable portion of the liquor had actually gone down his mouth, set to coughing, at the same time very calmly wiping his face and breast with his handkerchief."

"Come, Myles," said M'Quade, before M'Cormack could reply, "come, Myles, I'm glad to see you know how to take it, and that I meant no offence. This is the way we have for saving a man's conscience who has had the misfortune to take that humbug the pledge; you have taken some whiskey now without breaking it, and you are all right. Now we'll be able to make a man of you, and we only want a few such men to make Ireland what she ought to be, and what poor Dan, Heaven rest his soul! would, had he lived, have made her—'great, glorious, and free.' Eh, Myles, my boy, isn't that the fact? No turning honest people out of their holdings because the Lord chose to smite the cattle and the crops. Did you bring the Prayer-book with you, Myles? We're all right, now; here, you can have no objection to drink now. And he filled up another glass of liquor, and held it towards him.

"Never!" said M'Cormack, dashing the glass from M'Quade's hand, in pieces on the ground. "And now let me tell you why I came here to-night, boys, that there may be no misunderstanding about it. I came here, then, to tell you plainly, Michael M'Quade and Pat Rooney, that I will not be made a Ribbonman of; and, further, that by word or deed I will never injure Bob Mahon, or any other agent over the estate. I might have stayed away altogether, boys, if I wished; but I promised Pat Rooney that I would come; and if I had not done so, then, indeed, you might have called me 'coward,' afraid to say that I had changed my mind. You might also have considered that I would have informed against you upon this matter; and it is upon this point I wish to set myself right with you; I am ready, therefore, to promise, or to swear, if you think it necessary, never to divulge a word of what has already passed."

M

"I'll tell you what it is, M'Cormack," said M'Quade, in a surly voice; "I did not come here twelve miles to-night to be humbugged by you, or the voice of that sickly voteen of a wife of yours. I see how it is very well. Pat told me she was the only one he was afraid of coming between you and us; and as to your promising, or swearing never to tell a word of what passed, I'll take good care we'll leave you no choice; for swear you must, and that a terrible oath, too." And he pulled out the pistol, and laid it ostentatiously upon the ground at his side.

It was a double-barrelled pistol, beautifully mounted in silver, one of a brace which had been taken from the house of the Rev. E—— M——, just twelve months before, by the said M'Quade, and others, his co-burglars. The fellow of it fell to the right of some other "parish master," and M'Quade's now lay silent and shining by his side. He hoped the sight of it alone would be sufficient to change M'Cormack's mind, and "bring him to the scratch;" but he mistook his man.

M'Cormack could not doubt but that the pistol was loaded, and in good order. Did his heart then beat as he gazed upon it? Yes; but not with fear or doubt; never was he more self-possessed; more determined.

"I hear a step," said he, looking to the opposite old broken-down window place. M'Quade's eye followed the direction; at the same time, his hand dropped instinctively towards the pistol, but he was late! Like lightning from the clouds, M'Cormack had taken advantage of the moment, and springing upon it, stood at bay before them.

"Now, M'Quade, listen to me," he calmly said; "you have no child to deal with, and that you know right well. I doubt that, even with this loaded pistol pointed at my breast, you could have bullied me; and it is not my intention to bully you; but it is perhaps as well in my hands as in yours. It does not suit my wishes or disposition to become a Ribbonman, and I will not do so; neither will I break the solemn pledge I took against liquor. Just now, as you laid this pistol beside you, you as much as implied you would *make* me swear, with its muzzle to my breast, that I would never betray you. That oath I came here voluntarily to give you, in order that your minds and my own might be at ease upon the subject. I have my doubts, that I would not sooner have entered into a death struggle with you than have suffered you to extract through fear that which I was and still am willing to give you freely. Here, then, I solemnly swear by the Blessed Virgin, that I will never disclose or discover, directly or indirectly, to any mortal living, anything that has already passed between Pat Rooney and myself with respect to the agent, nor anything that has passed between us three here to-night. I owe you this oath, boys, because I misled Pat; otherwise he might not have told me all he did. But I caution

and warn you both that this oath is not intended to apply to anything which either of you may propose or mention to me for the time to come upon the subject. Stand back, now, and let me pass out."

"You may trust your life, Mick, to Myles' word, let alone his oath," said Pat Rooney. "He's as good a man as ever lived; but 'tis his wife that has ruined him."

"You're a liar, Pat Rooney; and I advise you to take care what you say. 'Tis my wife who has saved me from ruin and from hell."

"Well, Myles," said M'Quade, "although I'm not a married man, I like you the better for loving your wife, and backing her up. You may be a good man, after all—you are a smart one any way—and would answer us well only for the same wife and child. But, sure, who can blame you? I'm quite certain you'll never budge a word of what has already passed; and we must be dark to you in future. But the pistol, Myles, the pistol—you don't mean to hold it?"

M'Quade was a deep, knowing fellow, quite fit for his situation under any circumstances; and it will be perceived, by the foregoing tone which he had adopted towards M'Cormack, that he had read his character at a glance, and shaped his cue accordingly.

"No, M'Quade," replied M'Cormack, "I'll have nothing to say to it. I know now to whom it belongs; but I look upon it as part of my oath to say nothing about it."

"But you'll give it to me, Myles, and we'll all go home good friends?"

"Well, yes; but 'tis loaded, both barrels; I'll just blaze them off and then return it to you; unarmed, I don't think I'd care much for the two of you," and he looked at the same time from the one to the other—they were both small men—and then, drawing himself up to his full height, he cocked both barrels.

"Don't, don't, Myles, for the love of Heaven," exclaimed M'Quade, "you'd only bring them peelers a-top of us; they are always on the watch, padrouling—bad luck to them!"

"Pledge yourself, then," said M'Cormack; "I'm sure I can trust your word."

"Give us your hand, Myles;" and he held out his: M'Cormack grasped it.

"By them five crosses, and the grip of a Ribbonman, I'll never hurt a hair of your head, Myles, or one belonging to you."

'Twas enough; M'Cormack handed M'Quade the pistol, and the three friends proceeded through the fields to the next cross roads. Here M'Quade again held his hand out to M'Cormack, saying, "Myles, I beg your pardon for calling you a coward."

you're the bravest man I ever met. I wish with all my heart we had a few like you belonging to us." They then parted.

We need not follow Rooney or M'Quade to their respective homes, if, indeed, it was thither they went. They were neither of them in the temper or disposition of Myles when they separated; and the probability is, that they went in search of some acquaintance of less stern rectitude, as a substitute for him, to carry out their plans.

Poor Mary spent the time of her husband's absence in genuine and sincere prayer—upon her knees—that he might have strength given him to resist their temptations. She knew, too, his love for her, and for that poor delicate creature upon the bed; and if, at times, she feared that this love, with the prospect of ejection, beggary, and starvation before them, might induce him to join in some plan of revenge upon the author, or even of frightening him, with a hope of averting all these; at others, in the knowledge and confidence of this same love, she felt that Myles had not only seen the matter in its true light, but had pledged his word to her; and although, in a mad moment, she once saw him about to break that word, still more solemnly pledged, she feared not now.

With these thoughts, mingled with prayers for his strength and safety, she heard his step at the door. She opened it with an anxious though a welcoming smile, saying, "Oh, Myles, darlin'! I'm so glad you're come back, and all right, I know, by your face!"

"Ay, all right, Moira, my love, so far as the business I went upon is concerned. Thanks to you, my wife, for keeping me in the right and straight path, when I was about to wander, like a fool or a madman, amongst the crooked and thorny briers of a dark forest. And we parted friends, Moll—sworn friends, I may say."

"Oh, Myles, what do you tell me? Surely you——"

"Did nothing, Mary, that I am ashamed of, or that you need be sorry for. No, Mary; had you been beside me, you would not have stopped or checked me in anything I said or did to-night. But I'm glad I went; I knew it was the best and safest plan."

Mary's face brightened with sincere delight; and, as she led her husband to the fire, and placed a hot bowl of good tea and some bread before him, she rubbed her hands together with a cheerful laugh, and said, "Come, Myles, the night is cold, and you have had a smart breeze in your face over the hills, though the early part of the night was calm. Take this, Myles, it will warm you."

M'Cormack looked at his wife with unaffected surprise. "Why, Moira, this is tea; downright tea, wherever you got it.

And white bread, too! Why, Mary darlin', where did you get this good fare? Have you coaxed Mrs. M'Loughlin at the Cross? I thought she refused you credit for a candle the other evening?"

"And would again, if I asked her, Myles. No, it was Master Harry's own self brought it to me, while you were looking for a job at the draining yesterday."

M'Cormack stopped suddenly in the apparent enjoyment of what was evidently a great treat to him, cold and hungry as he was, and, pushing the bowl from him, he said, sharply, "Mary, I won't drink it; and I wonder you have not more pride than to take it from that brat, Bob Mahon's son!—and, you may depend upon it, without his father's knowledge. 'Tis not like you, Mary."

"It was the mistress herself sent it, Myles. I made sure of that before I took a pin's point from the child; and I'm certain that Mrs. Mahon is not so tied up but what she can give a bottle of milk to our sick child, or a grain of tea to her poor mother, without anything wrong in it. Don't fear upon that point, Myles."

"Well, but, Mary, there is another point full as strong as that, if not stronger."

"What is that, Myles?"

"Do you think I can swallow anything that comes from Bob Mahon's? It chokes me, Mary."

"Whist, whist, Myles; don't talk that way. You owe Bob Mahon no grudge or ill-will; he's only doing his master's bidding; and them's bad thoughts to have in your heart. There, Myles, drink your tea; Bob Mahon may not be a bad man."

"Bad or good, I do owe him a grudge. Is it the man that's going to put you and your dying child out upon the road in the face of the white winter? I do; and may-be I'll pay him yet."

"Whist, I tell you again, Myles. I won't allow you to talk that way. You promised to leave your case in the hands of the Lord; and sure that's not the way to do it. Myles, take my advice, and it's all prompted by love for your soul and body. If you owe Bob Mahon any ill-will about this business, pay him with kindness or a good turn, if ever it comes in your way to do so; but, at all events, don't harbour such hard thoughts. Here, don't let your tea cool, that's a good man, Myles."

M'Cormack looked at his wife silently for a few moments, and then said, "I may thank you, Mary, for any good that's in me, since this smash came across us. May the Lord reward you! But you never told me of this present," he added,

drawing the bowl again towards him, and taking another pull at it.

"No, Myles; I was determined I'd have a warm welcome and a little reward for you when you came home to-night. But come, let us hear about your meeting with Pat Rooney, and whoever he had with him."

"Not one word until you pour out some tea for yourself, Moira, my love. I'm so bothered I was forgetting my manners entirely."

"You're not bothered now, Myles; you're all straight," the wife replied, pouring out for herself a cup of tea, and moving close up to her husband to listen.

M'Cormack then described to her everything that had taken place in the old mill with Rooney and M'Quade, while, at every pause he made to get through his bowl of tea, she kept saying, "Thank God, Myles," "Right, Myles," "Good man, Myles," until the story ended.

"And now, Mary," he went on, "I'm afraid this is the last comfortable meal we'll ever have within these walls. The order's out, and down they come, and out we go upon the cold world before six days, counting Sunday."

"Well, God's will be done, Myles. But six days is a long time; and there lives not a man, priest or parson, who can see to the end of it. The Lord can do a great deal in less time than that. It took Him but six days, Myles, to make the world. I dreamt last night, Myles, that we were to live here, after all."

"To be sure you did, Mary, and so did I, every night this two months; but what says that? Out we go, Mary, on Friday next. This is Sunday. Out, out, out we go; off, off, off with the roof; down, down, down with the walls. Oh, what a white lime-dust you'll see rise up from under the crowbars and pickaxes of them heartless levellers of Bob Mahon!"

"Well, Myles, sure it isn't their fault any way; they can't help it."

"No, I don't blame them. But, Mary, I was at the building of these walls myself, and worked harder, if not as well as any of the masons at it. And for the roofing, 'twas I fitted every couple of it. And many's the good sound coat of thatch these hands put over your head upon it these ten years past, Mary. And, look you, if it be not all torn off, and the walls levelled to the ground before this day week, it will not be from any feeling of justice or pity to us, but because it's too good a house, and too well got up, for them to afford to lose it;—hammered stone, and good lime and sand mortar, every perch of it. Ah, Mary, it will let the land well for them, and they have it for nothing—for nothing, Mary; don't you know that?"

"Yes, I know they have, Myles; and sure 'twill be a satisfaction not to see it levelled, at all events."

"I don't know that it will, Mary. I think I'd rather see it without one stone upon another, than see anybody else living in it. Mary, when I was building this house, there wasn't an inch of it riz from the foundation, that my heart didn't rise a foot thinking of you, and the day I'd bring you home to live in it."

"I'm sure of that, Myles. But let us pray to the Lord to strengthen us to meet whatever He means to put upon us, as we ought; and may-be, after all, He won't lean too hard, on account of the colleen."

By this time the tea and bread had all vanished, and a mutual sort of reverie crept over this doomed pair, until at length a fit of coughing from Kate, in the next room, roused the mother, and soon after the father; and, ere long, they retired for the night, and the house was sunk in still repose.

The day but one after the above occurrences, after a scanty breakfast, Myles left the house, telling Mary he was going to Curranure to see the agent, and to make a last effort upon his humanity not to turn them out with their dying child, like black spots upon the white winter that had just fallen upon the world.

"Go, Myles," she said, "and God speed you, and put it into his honour's heart to leave the roof over us."

It was not likely that his honour would be out tramping through the snow, and Myles consoled himself with the certainty of at least seeing him and pleading his cause before him. He had not studied a word of what he would say, and yet he had an idea that no power could resist the truths which he felt boiling in his heart.

He stood for a length of time at the corner of the paling in front of the window. He knew the master's office had a full view of him; but he stood till his feet were frozen in his shoes, and there was none to ask what brought him there. He changed his position, and passed close to the window; his tall head and shoulders must, he thought, have attracted the master's eye, if he was in the office. Again he stood for many minutes, and there was no sign of any person so much as looking at him. With all the intense dread an Irishman has of being "cut," he would have been glad had a dog rushed out barking at him; but he could not hear as much as a growl about the place.

"Be the powers! this won't do," said Myles; "he's in the house, and I'll see him afore I quit." And he marched round to the side-door communicating with the office, and deliberately thumped with his shut fist against it. A bell rang, and he presently heard Bob Mahon say to the servant, "See what that

fellow wants, and tell him I can see no one—it's M'Cormack from Tullybrin ; send him about his business."

The servant came out by another way, and delivered his message.

"Tell the master I can't leave this till I see his honour ; and, what's more, I won't," replied M'Cormack. He had not had half a breakfast, and the hunger as well as the cold was beginning to prey upon his temper ; he was getting savage.

The servant repeated the message, with some additions of his own ; told him to be off out of that ; it was no use thrapesing up and down there in the snow ; and he ended by advising him not to be losing his time.

"Losing my time !" said M'Cormack, with a sardonic laugh ; "I'm losing more than my time—I'm losing my senses. Go in and tell the master I can't leave this till I see him ; I only want a dozen words with his honour."

The servant turned away, saying, "I know he won't speak to you ; so you may as well be off at once." He then went into the house, and shut the door, leaving M'Cormack in the snow—not cold now, but burning.

The well-fed flunkey went no farther than the pantry, where there was about a hundred pounds' worth of plate, spread out upon a table, and, resuming his chamois and red powder, gave a large embossed teapot a few finishing rubs, and then issued forth again to see if "the fellow was gone away out of that."

No, there he stood with a determination in his fixed eye that indicated no intention of a move.

"I tell you what it is, Finn M'Coul," said the servant, "if you don't leave that, the master bid me loose the dog and set him at you. Then I'll go bail you'll soon find the use of your legs ; if you were twice as big, Caesar will make you run."

"You're a lying rascal," exclaimed M'Cormack ; "I don't believe his honour said any such thing ; and I won't leave this until I tell him what you said of him ; and, what's more, there isn't a dog in your kennel I wouldn't make paper of this minute if he came near me."

Mr. Mahon had his ear cocked at the office-window, and heard every word of the foregoing. He was aware that it was a gratuitous and cruel lie of the servant to say that he desired the dog to be set at M'Cormack. He was obliged to the unfortunate man for disbelieving it, and he felt softened towards him.

Bob Mahon, although the name does not foretoken the revelation, was an Englishman, and in heart and disposition (had he not been an agent) would have required but a few years' residence in Ireland to cause all the attributes of an amiable

man to be strongly developed ; for, as we say, "he had it in him." But his being agent to an absentee landlord, if it did not render that development impossible, was sadly against him. He could not, however, allow the man to go away with even the possibility of such a message being true resting on his mind ; and, throwing open the office-door, his appearance put a stop to any further rejoinder upon the servant's part.

M'Cormack stood erect, but did not speak, awaiting Mr. Mahon's first address.

"Well, my man," the latter said, "I sent you word that I was busy, and could not see you."

M'Cormack instantly took off his hat and replied, "Your honour's servant went in afterwards to say that I craved but a few words with your honour ; but I don't think he went as far as you, or I should have seen him through the window in the passage."

"You're right, M'Cormack ; and he delivered you a second message, which I did not desire him to do."

"Oh, no, your honour, only a little joke from himself," said M'Cormack, trying to smile, and at once backing out of his threat to tell the master.

"Well, M'Cormack, since you are here, and have thus broken in on my other business, come in. I have somewhat to say to you, and I will not delay doing so as I had intended."

M'Cormack followed Mr. Mahon into the office, when the latter closed and locked the door, putting the key in his pocket. He then retired behind a writing-table covered with bronzed leather, upon which lay a heap of papers, leases, and letters, neatly arranged. There was a brace of pistols hanging on large brass nails, and a double-barrelled gun upon a rack against the wall immediately behind him.

M'Cormack saw him lock the door ; he could not but see the act, for it was done ostentatiously. Mr. Mahon looked obviously at the firearms as he passed round the table, and commenced looking amongst the papers.

"Is anything wrong with me, your honour ? Do you mean to say I am a prisoner ?" said M'Cormack, crossing his arms upon his breast.

Mr. Mahon paused for several moments ere he replied : he appeared to be considering some point.

"No," said he, "you are no prisoner, M'Cormack, but I wish you to explain a circumstance to me, if you can."

"Couldn't I explain it, your honour, full as well without the door being locked ?"

"Perhaps so, if you can explain it at all ; but it is scarcely fair to ask you anything about it, as I suspect you may have been concerned in it yourself, and I would not wish to draw you

into any admission which might injure you. 'Tis about a threatening notice I received this morning. Here is the key of the door; you can unlock it," he added, handing it to him.

M'Cormack took it out of his hand, and laid it upon the table. "Your honour's word is enough for me, if there were a hundred locks upon it," he replied.

"'Tis usual with me to keep it locked," remarked Mr. Mahon, "and it was not done to detain or intimidate you."

"Intimidate me!" repeated M'Cormack, smiling. "But about the threatening notice, your honour," he added, composing himself, "I'm not afraid to meet anything your honour has to say to me."

"Yes, M'Cormack, here it is. Your case and Rooney's are both alluded to in it, threatening me with the death of Brock if either of you is turned out of your holdings. It may be right to say that I am aware you are a good scholar, and can write—I'll read it for you:—'Take notice, Bob Mahon, that no tyrant will be permitted to turn poor creatures out to starve. There's the M'Cormacks and the Rooneys under notice to quit. And where will you get better or honester men? Don't think we'll let that scratch-pole Jones, or any other informer, into either of their holdings. That fellow's not for your good or ours, with his lies. Take this friendly notice, and have nothing to do with the turning out of the M'Cormacks or Rooneys. If you do, their land will lie waste, for there's not a man in the county dar take it. And you may prepare your coffin, you and Jones, for the powder's dry, and the lead is round, that will lay you both low together. So take timely warning, and let the M'Cormacks and the Rooneys remain in the land. They paid the rent regularly, and were never behind until the Lord struck their crops, and if they're turned out now, you may expect the death of Brock or Going. Don't have the death of M'Cormack's child upon your soul; or we will have death for death. This is the only warning you will ever get; so don't leave your wife a widow, and your child fatherless.—Signed, CAPTAIN STARLIGHT.'"

Mr. Mahon, when he ceased reading this document, laid it upon the table, and looked M'Cormack in the face. "Now, M'Cormack," he went on, "it is well known, as I have said, that you are a good scholar, and can write well. And these facts cannot but naturally lead to the suspicion, at least, that you are implicated in the writing of this notice. There is not a word misspelt from beginning to end; and the language is far above any that I have ever seen in a similar document. It is only fair to tell you all this, that you may be cautious. I have here your signature to two or three papers, one of them very lately written, and I have carefully compared it with the name M'Cormack

several times written in this threatening notice; and I am bound to tell you, at least I volunteer to do so, that there is a very great similarity—look you here,” and Mr. Mahon went round to the man, and held the two documents before him, pointing with his finger to the names.

“They’re like, your honour; no man can deny that. But you have a whole page of my writing in that memorial, and see would you get any word like but the name. M’Cormack would be like M’Cormack, when a common word wouldn’t be like its fellow. Look through it, your honour.”

M’Cormack said all this with the utmost composure and self-possession; conscious innocence made him calm.

“Now, listen to me, M’Cormack,” continued Mr. Mahon; “you had better hold your tongue. I have no proof that it was you who wrote this notice. If I had, I plainly tell you I would have you transported. I am not likely to find the proof; but I have my own suspicions upon the subject. What I wish to tell you is, that if you had any chance of remaining a tenant upon the estate—and I was about to make an effort in your favour with Mr. Walcroft—this notice, whether you wrote it or not, puts an end to it; nothing can now save you from the road. I am not one to be intimidated or bullied into any course; and I can only say, that if you had nothing to say to the writing of it, those who had have done you an ill turn.”

“Well, your honour, I see at once that that notice has ruined me; and there’s no use now in speaking of what brought me here, for I see you could not do it with that notice afore you. And upon it I’ll leave the death of my poor child, the only one we ever had. But before God, your honour, this day, I’m as clear of act or part in the writing of it as the snow upon the window-stool beside you there.”

“The writing—that is, the name—is very like. Who taught you to write, M’Cormack?” continued the agent.

“Well, your honour, that is neither here nor there.”

“It is, both here and there, M’Cormack. You have declared before God that you have had no hand in the writing of the notice; and I should be sorry to think you would make so solemn a declaration if you really had anything to say to it. If, then, you are in no respect implicated yourself, you are the more free to assist me in tracing the authors. Should you be able to do so, your being willing can alone gain you any consideration in respect to your remaining in the land. You understand me.”

“I can’t misunderstand your honour; and the sooner your honour understands me the better. I repeat before God and the blessed Virgin, that I have neither hand, act, nor part in the writing of that notice. And if I could have prevented the

like, I would go far to do it; but as to aiding, or assisting, or opening my lips to trace them that did it, put it out of your honour's head at once; for if I happened to come across the knowledge of the whole concern to-night, and that your honour as good as swore to leave me in the house and land, forgiving all the back rent, I'd throw every stick of furniture I have down the river, and follow them with my wife under one arm and my child under the other afore I'd speak a word."

"Then you must be a Ribbonman, M'Cormack."

"No, your honour, I'm no Ribbonman. I refused to be sworn, I may say with a pistol to my breast. I never joined them, and I never will. But the fee of Curranure, from north to south, east to west, wouldn't be worth one *traneen* to Myles M'Cormack, with 'informer' tacked to his name; neither would I do it, if it was."

"Well, M'Cormack, I sha'n't detain you; but you must be prepared to give up possession upon Friday next."

"For that matter, your honour, I'm as well prepared to-day as I shall be then, except that the Lord has a few days to bestow strength upon my poor child between this and then. And, your honour, that's what brought me here to-day. But now I don't know what to say. That notice has said some of the very things I meant to say, pleading the cause of my wife and child; and sure if I repeat them now, it's what will only bring your honour back to the ould thoughts—that I had a hand in writing it. Oh, my God! that notice has stopped my mouth fairly. If your own honour doesn't look to me, I'm lost. That poor child will die; her mother will break her heart and soon follow her; and then Myles M'Cormack will want no land; he'll be a lone, broken-hearted man—God help him!"

Mr. Mahon was affected. There had always been something about M'Cormack—a straightforward, open readiness of manner, that led him to think well of him. The threatening notice staggered him; and, although he did not know how to disbelieve the solemn declaration which the unfortunate man had made, and repeated with all the appearance of truth, he felt, with that notice staring him in the face, that it would be impossible to yield a hair's breadth about removing him from the land. He therefore replied, perhaps with a simulated sternness in his manner—"Tis of no use, M'Cormack; the day is fixed for taking up possession. It was never in my power, with the positive instructions I have received from Mr. Walcroft, to alter or reverse that decision. And I candidly confess, that even if it were, this notice would render it totally impossible."

"Yes, yes; that notice has ruined any chance I had. But, your honour, my poor child; it will be the death of her in such weather as this. Oh, your honour, if anything was to come

across your own child—Master Harry—your honour, and that I was to have any hand in hurting him, sure you'd never forgive me. Look to me, your honour; look to the little girl and her mother."

"I have looked to them, M'Cormack; I have given the guardians notice, and they must be provided for in the poor-house, where they will be taken care of, and the child get medical advice and treatment. Indeed, M'Cormack, there is no use in your detaining me any longer. You ought not to owe me any grudge or ill-will for only obeying the orders of Mr. Walcroft. There now, you need not reply or wait." And Mr. Mahon opened the office-door upon the white glare of snow outside.

M'Cormack turned to go, and, looking at Mr. Mahon, he said, "Well, your honour, I see you're determined to put me out; and, hard as you are, I wouldn't have the death of your child upon my soul, as you will the death of mine upon yours—not to be made master of the whole estate of Curranure." And, without waiting for any response from the agent (which, indeed, the agent did not seem inclined to give), he stalked off through the snow like one distracted with grief.

PART III.

It may be supposed, from the description of the district in which Curranure was situated, that it was not very thickly studded with gentlemen's seats, or, indeed, with gentlemen themselves; and Mr. Mahon, almost immediately after he commenced residence there, was induced to permit himself to be recommended for a commission of the peace; and he was, at this time, a J.P. He occasionally met one, and sometimes, though very rarely, two other magistrates at petty sessions, about four miles off; but he always found, or perhaps fancied he found, that the name of *justis of the pace* was of great use, and gained him great respect amongst the country people.

Upon this occasion he put his office to more active and individual use than he had hitherto done.

M'Cormack had not been long gone when Mr. Mahon took the double gun from the rack, and, placing the threatening notice and one or two other documents in his pocket-book, issued forth, with a curly brown water-spaniel.

Mr. Mahon had nearly three miles to walk; but the snow had by this time been pretty well beaten down upon the roads, and he found no great difficulty in making good speed, which appeared to be an object with him.

It was not because Mr. Mahon expected to meet game that he took the gun with him; he was anxious, however, that any persons he might meet should suppose that such was his pursuit.

As he approached a small, well-built slated house, with a perch in front, he slackened his pace; and, ere he had arrived within some yards of it, he saw a policeman come to the door and look about him.

He knew it was the very man he wanted, by the three gold Vs. upon his arm. He did not stop, however, and merely saying in a low tone, as he returned the man's salute, "Sergeant, I wish to speak with you," passed on.

When they had gone a little way from the barrack, Mr. Mahon told Sergeant Myers of the threatening notice he had received. "It was pushed up," he said, "during the night, between the window-sashes of my office. I heard the dogs bark some time before day; but they soon ceased, and I fell asleep again.

"When I opened the shutters in the morning, this notice was lying on the broad part of the sash—read it." Sergeant Myers took the notice, and read it.

"Now," continued Mr. Mahon, "look at the signature of Myles M'Cormack to both these documents, and compare them with the same names in the notice."

Myers did so, carefully and with great deliberation, as every policeman ought.

"Well," said Bob Mahon, when he thought the sergeant had taken sufficient time, "what do you say?"

"Are them M'Cormack's own signatures, sir," said Myers, "to these documents?"

"Yes; I thought I made myself understood that they were."

"No, sir; you merely told me to look at them," said the matter-of-fact sergeant.

"Well, they are his admitted signatures; he is a good scholar, and the whole writing in those two documents is his."

"Well, sir, the names are like, very like; but I don't see that any other part of the writing is, and I don't think M'Cormack ever wrote the notice."

"I have not yet said that I think so; the feeling in my mind is against such a belief; but it is singular. Do you know M'Cormack well?"

"I do, sir, of a long time, and I always had a very good opinion of the same man. I never met him out after hours, and no one ever saw him overtaken in liquor;—two good points, sir, in a wild country like this, where I fear the Ribbon system has crept in."

"Do you know anything of the other man under notice—Pat Rooney?"

Myers paused without replying to this question: he appeared to be considering. At length he looked up, and, like a true Irishman, answered it by asking another. In rather a decided tone, he said—

"What morning did you say you got the notice, sir?"

"On Monday—yesterday morning. It was, as I have told you, thrust up between the sashes of the office-window. I am convinced it was at the time the dogs barked that it was done; I should say, between three and four o'clock, for I was uneasy until daylight. I heard the clock strike four some time after the dogs barked; but whether it was the first time it struck I cannot say, for I slumbered."

"You're pretty correct, sir, for all that," replied Myers, with a recollective look, and holding his chin calculatingly between his fore knuckle and thumb—"pretty correct, sir."

"Why, can you know anything about it, Myers?"

"I know nothing about the notice, sir—of course not. But give me a warrant to search Pat Rooney's house, and then, may be, I might know something about it."

"Why Pat Rooney's? I have more reason to suspect M'Cormack; and it was as to the propriety of searching his house I came to see you. The signatures, and the names in the notice—how do you account for that, Myers?"

"Well, sir, I can't actually account for it; there is certainly a great similarity; but there's always a great deal of consultation and scheming about the writing of them threatening notices. I heard three or four of such cases tried at the assizes in my time; and in two out of the four it was sworn that the person who wrote them, wrote as like another man, whose writing he had before him, as possible, for the purpose of fixing suspicion upon him."

"But why do you select Rooney instead of M'Cormack?" repeated Mr. Mahon, in what, I am ashamed to say, appeared rather a disappointed tone.

"That's just what I was coming to, sir, when you turned me off about the signatures. I have more reasons than one," Myers replied.

Now Sergeant Myers was a *leetle* bit like many of his class and rank in the constabulary, who did not wish to lose an opportunity of displaying their intelligence, and showing that they do not confine themselves to one view of the case, or ground their opinions upon any single foundation for probabilities; that they put *that and that* together, and finally arrive at a conclusion which no inexperienced person could ever have arrived at at all, and which the most experienced would

find it very difficult to differ from and impossible to controvert.

Sergeant Myers, therefore, commenced with a slight spice of what he considered philosophy, saying—

"I tell you, sir, that I have many reasons; but there is one which I think you will agree with me almost clinches the matter. In the first place, sir, when I see a man keep himself up from bad company, and apart from liquor; when I know him to be fond of his wife and child, and spend his earnings on bread and milk for them instead of in the public-houses; when I see him attending to his duties regular, and never meet him out after hours, or hear his loud word on the street; and when I know a man of my own knowledge to be consistent in that course for the ten years I have been acquainted with him, I would not be in a hurry to believe that he'd threaten any man's life for only doing his duty by them that trusted him with his property. But again, in the second place, when I see a man continually drinking with blackguards and drunkards, himself often the worse for liquor; when I see him keep company with reputed Parish-masters and Ribbonmen; when I meet that man between four and five o'clock of a winter's morning, with a drop in, coming from the direction of a gentleman's house, and the next day that gentleman tells me he got a threatening notice thrust in between the sashes of his windows (and that it must have been about that hour it was done, for the dogs barked furiously), I select that man, sir, for my suspicions in preference to the other. These are my reasons, Mr. Mahon, and I think them sound and good."

"I quite agree with you, Myers; the only thing that staggers me is the similitude of the writing."

"But, sir, I assure you that's nothing, particularly in this case. I know the man that taught M'Cormack to write, and he's as big an old rebel as ever lived. He was accused once before of writing a notice of the same kind; and I have seen Rooney and him together two or three times lately."

"Well, Myers, you seem to have studied this sort of thing, and I have no doubt you're right; but we need not lose more time talking here; come into your room, and I will give you a warrant to search."

They then went into the sergeant's room in the barrack, where Myers set Mr. Mahon right as to the necessity of a sworn information being made before he granted a warrant to search; and he made it accordingly, which, as he said himself, he could "lawfully do."

Mr. Mahon was very earnest with respect to inserting M'Cormack's house and premises in the warrant, upon his own grounds of suspicion. The sergeant urged, as far as he could

venture, that there was no necessity; and he even hinted at the illegality of such a course, as M'Cormack's name was not in the informations. But Bob Mahon insisted that his house should be searched, provided nothing was found in Rooney's to fasten the matter upon him. In this, and it was with reluctance, the sergeant acquiesced, as he folded up the warrant; and Mr. Mahon returned to Curranure.

Early in the afternoon of that same day, Constable Myers and two of his party marched up to Rooney's door, and entered the house. There was no person at home but "the woman" and a few of the younger children. Of course they were all greatly frightened. The wife, without knowing why, was glad her husband was from home. The sun was shining as powerfully as it ever does at that season of the year and at that hour of the day; and the snow, which lay undisturbed around, threw a strong light into the interior of the house. It was as favourable a moment for a search as could well be desired; and some such fortuitous circumstances are required to save the necessity of candles in searching the generality of houses such as that which the constable had now entered.

After a long and careful examination of dresser-drawers, cupboards, and boxes, Myers pulled out of a table-drawer an old copy-book, with some loose papers, the stump of a pen, and a sky-blue ink-bottle. Rooney's second son, a smart, clever chap, was in the house when the police entered, and it was his copy-book that Myers had hit upon. The first portion of it contained nothing but diligent imitations of head lines, such as "Ammunition car," "Banishment will be," and "Command you may," with "Thomas Rooney, his copy-book," written at the bottom. This was not the sort of specimens of practice in the writing line that Myers wanted; and he turned to the other end of the book. Here something more to his taste and purpose met his eye. "Take notice, Bob Mahon;" "Take notice, Bob Mahon, no tyrant;" with several other sentences identical with those in the notice, which had been written, but rubbed over with the pen. The handwriting, however, was entirely different from that either in the notice or the other documents which Myers held. The last page, too, in the copy-book had been torn out; and, on applying the notice to the portion left, it fitted in every particular the serrated edge. Myers turned to question the boy; but, bless your heart, Tom Rooney was by this time nearly two miles off, running at the top of his speed to tell his father that the peelers were searching his house.

This was the only oversight that Myers, in his zeal, had committed. Had he forbidden the boy, or any person, to leave the house, 'twas just possible Pat Rooney might have come home,

and walked into their very arms. When one of the men ventured to remark this mistake to Myers on their way home, he only tossed his head, saying, "It would have made very little difference, Heaney; that fellow has as many friends in this neighbourhood as there's copper caps in the district. There wasn't one within two miles of us but knew we were at his house; and it wasn't one, but a dozen, started off to tell him. At all events, we'll transport him without much cost to the country, for you'll never lay your eyes on him in these parts again."

And so it turned out. Pat Rooney absconded that same night, without ever having returned to take leave of his wife and children, and was never again seen in the district. I will not do him the injustice to say that he did not make arrangements for them to know where he was to be found, and to join him. Pat Rooney was not so bad as that.

The few days that now intervened between that upon which the above occurrences took place, and the morning which was to cast the M'Cormacks upon the world to beg or starve, were not long in passing. It was well known in the townland that the agent was to come out on the Friday, accompanied by the sheriff, to put them and the Rooneys out; and it was generally understood—but through what channel the information had been furnished I know not—that a *posse comitatus* of the agent's retainers were to complete the procession in a large cart, armed with ladders, crowbars, pickaxes, and other levelling instruments, for the purpose of throwing their houses down.

Many an anxious eye Myles M'Cormack and Mary cast to the hill beyond, over which those officers of the law must come in their approach to dispossess these wretched creatures.

It was now the beginning of December. The wind blew in sudden and piercing squalls from the cold north; and the heavy clouds that frequently darkened round the horizon, came onward, onward with the surly blast, until they covered the hills and valleys in a white shower of small hard snow, and gave a character of severity to the day.

I am not now going to inveigh against landlords and agents; the former called "tyrannical," because they proceed quietly and legally to assert an undoubted right; the latter "hard-hearted," because they act, and that not harshly, as they are bound to do. But I have heard that "property has its duties as well as its rights"—an axiom, the non-observance of which was never more manifest than in this instance, and the sudden promulgation of which, at the peculiar period when it was first educes, did credit to the head and heart of him to whom it owed its birth. But I need not have thus digressed.

The neighbours were looking out. It was, and was to be, a sore day for the townland of Tullybrin. Notwithstanding the piercing blast, which was right in their teeth, and the sharp ride they had, the sheriff and his agents were up to time. Four mounted policemen accompanied them, a strong party of infantry having already collected under the shelter of a grove of firs; and, sure enough, there came the cart, with four burly fellows, well-fed dependents, shouldering their crowbars like muskets.

M'Cormack's house was nearest to the road, and his family was first to get the turn out. He met the sheriff at the corner of the lane. "I cannot welcome your honour," said he, "and I suppose you'll come in without waiting to be asked."

"Are you ready to give up possession?" was the sheriff's reply.

"Look at every little stick of furniture I have upon the street," rejoined M'Cormack, pointing to a heap of tables, boxes, forms, and beds, in the snow.

The sheriff and the agent advanced, while murmurs, ejaculations, and muttered curses, passed through the bystanders. The four sturdy fellows followed, two carrying a light ladder, the other two the implements of destruction. Bob Mahon followed the sheriff in, while the two men laid the ladder against the house, waiting for orders to ascend and commence the work.

The sheriff soon came out again with a smoking sod of turf in his hand, and, pulling a few straws from the eave, he handed them to Mr. Mahon, using some words of form which no person either heard or understood. Mr. Mahon was so well pleased with both the exterior and interior of the house, that he changed his mind about having it thrown down—or was it only in case of resistance that he had his myrmidons with their implements in readiness? The party then proceeded a distance farther, across some fields, to Pat Rooney's, where a like ceremony took place, his house being also spared; and the sheriff, agent, police, *posse comitatus*, &c., returned by the way they came.

I need not describe the wailing and sad expressions of sympathy for the poor sufferers, mixed with prophecies and curses concerning the agent and the landlord, who had only taken possession of that to which they had as undoubted a right as to the glass-case of green and purple birds upon the mantel-piece in their drawing-room. But what cared the people for that? There were Mary M'Cormack and her poor dying child, shivering in the cold; beside that wretched lot of furniture, now whitened with the last shower of snow; and there were Mrs. Rooney and her children, not far off, shivering in the cold, too. There were seven of them; but Pat Rooney himself was not there. This was no weather, however, to let them travel;

and for this day and night, at least, they were all housed amongst their neighbours.

Three days after this, Mary M'Cormack and her poor delicate little girl were in the Union Workhouse of that electoral division ; while Myles himself, that strong though now broken-hearted man, was wandering through the country, with *soogauns* round his ankles, looking for work.

The cold, wet day upon which the turn-out at Tullybrin took place, did not serve poor little Kate M'Cormack's chest or lungs ; and upon the second morning after her entry into the workhouse, she was so ill that it became necessary to send her to the hospital, and confine her entirely to her bed. And here was one of the *first* evidences of God's mercy and providence in this melancholy flitting. Had the M'Cormacks not been turned out, Kate, without medical aid or warmth, would have pined away and died, in spite of all the nourishment poor little Harry Mahon from time to time could fetch her. Indeed, milk was destruction to the child, if they but knew the truth. Although worse for the first few days than she had ever been, she was now in a fair way, through care and judicious treatment, to be, ere long, perfectly restored. And how the poor mother's fond heart exulted in this consolation to her altered fortunes !

Poor Myles heard of his child's increased illness, carried by a person who had left " the house ; " he left a job which he had procured at some miles distance, and travelled up to see her, but being just a few minutes late for the visiting hour, was informed further, that under no circumstances could he have been admitted to the hospital. So far, then, he had nothing to accuse himself of for being a few minutes late. But another week must pass before he could see even his loved Mary. Should he return all that long and weary road to finish an ill-paid job, the hard and mean contract of a miserly spirit, which took advantage of stalwart poverty to offer about one-third of the intrinsic value of the labour ? Ay, he would, and he would take care to be in time on that day week—" If he could not see Kate, he would see Mary."

And that day week rose upon the world a calm, bright, mild, glorious day, after a night of constant and heavy rain. There was not a patch of snow to be seen ; and Myles M'Cormack, having finished the job the previous evening, received the miserable pittance he had contracted for, and before the sun was up he was far upon his journey. He had heard another account the evening before—that his poor little Kate was dead ; and with something of a savage fierceness he had started in that dark morning.

Having arrived at Tullybrin, his way lay through Curra-

nure ; at least, there was a short cut by the river ; but it ran through Bob Mahon's demesne. It would save him about three miles—should he venture?—should he even condescend to soil his feet in a sod of ground belonging to him—the murderer of his child? Yes, he owed him no compliment, and he had already travelled fourteen miles, at the end of which the saving of so much to a man hurrying, as he supposed, to his distracted wife and dead child, with some apprehension, too, of being again late, was no small object. He would rather not have been caught passing that way—there were many reasons for it ; and yet an irresistible impulse urged him forward.

There are always gaps in the fences by a river side, made by fishermen, whose occupation has, from time immemorial, at least in Ireland, exempted them from the name or character of trespassers ; and Myles easily passed through. He kept along the river, with his tall head and shoulders stooped down, and hurried on with many an anxious glance around. He had thus passed through about one-half of the demesne, and had come within sight of an angle of the house, peeping at him from the shrubbery. The fence he then approached was better secured, and more difficult of passage than those he had already gone through, and he doubted either the propriety or prudence of bursting through it. He stood in a peculiar position towards the agent, and his presence there might be misconstrued, and the motive of the short cut to the poor-house be disbelieved. He felt all this, and deliberated whether, after all, it might not be the wisest way to turn back and go by the road.

At this moment, a piercing scream, that rent not only his ears but his heart, rang through the fields ; and looking through the hedge, in the direction from whence it came, he saw poor little Harry Mahon standing with a bunch of rushes in each hand, and his arms spread, as if paralysed, to receive the death-shock of a furious bull, which, with his huge head bent to the ground, and his tail in the air, came bellowing on towards the child, tearing up the green turf with his hoofs.

The sight was enough for M'Cormack, for with one plunge he burst through the opposing hedge, and rushed to the child's relief. The furious animal had the advantage of him in point of distance, but almost superhuman exertions brought him to the spot, just as the bull had placed his horns beneath the boy, and with a hoarse roar, that echoed through the plantations, tossed him eight or ten feet into the air, setting his horns to catch him as he fell ; but M'Cormack was beforehand with him ; and here the tall man's height and strength told vastly in his favour, for, springing up, he seized the child as he came down, ere yet he reached those crooked implements of certain death.

Mad with disappointment, the animal rushed upon the

deliverer, and, with a high, choked roar, took him with his horns below the hip, with such force that he reeled round like a top, and had well-nigh fallen to the ground. Recovering himself, however, he grasped the boy round the slender waist with his left arm, while with his right he sought to defend himself against the repeated attacks of his overpowering foe. There was one attribute in which M'Cormack was in no way inferior to his enemy—determination; while life and power to defend him remained, the boy should not receive an injury. With this resolve he met every onslaught of the animal with his own shoulder or hip, while he continued to hold the child secure from harm. But this unequal encounter could not last, and ere long M'Cormack's strength must yield, and he must fall exhausted an easy victim with his prize. The child had fainted, or had, perhaps, been rendered insensible through terror. M'Cormack ceased not to call aloud for help; but it appeared a fated business, for not one was near enough to hear. Still he continued to oppose his own strong body to the animal's attack, at the same time retreating backwards, but not daring to take his eyes off those of his antagonist for fear of a fatal thrust. M'Cormack, if he had been influenced only by the unchristian impulse of revenge, would not have rushed to the rescue, and that the rescue of the child of the man who had treated him harshly—the man whose cruel obduracy had, as he then believed, been the cause of his own child's death. But Harry Mahon it was who had brought to her milk and white bread, and to her mother tea—and M'Cormack was an Irishman. His heart, too, was all this time listening to the recollection of Mary's advice. His heart owed little Harry Mahon a kindness; and what Irishman, in Myles M'Cormack's rank at least, ever left such a debt unpaid?

But see! in retreating from that furious and pertinacious animal, he knows not that he is on the brink of a raging flood, a scarcely less furious foe. Last night's heavy rain had melted the snow, and was coming down from the tributaries and the hills in deep and irresistible majesty, carrying upon its foaming crest trees, and all kinds of *débris* collected in its sweeping course. Ah, see! another step, and he is over! The bull has made a desperate lunge, the step is made, and the raging flood receives the now exhausted, mutilated man and his burden within its angry bosom. What can now save the man or boy? Yet, reader, that unforeseen, unintended plunge was M'Cormack's only chance, and, had he seen or thought of the river, he would doubtless have adopted, by choice, that which was the result of unavoidable necessity. M'Cormack was a good swimmer, and, in his unbroken strength, would have thought no more of carrying that light child across the flood than raging than he

would of carrying a creel of turf from the bog. Even now, bruised and fatigued as he was, he rose to the surface, refreshed like a giant by the bath ; and shifting the boy, who had also in some degree been restored to consciousness, high over his shoulder, he struck out in a sloping direction for the opposite bank, taking as much advantage of the course of the flood as was possible.

By this time, some persons who lived near the river upon the opposite side, having heard M'Cormack's cries for help, were standing on the bank. They had witnessed, without the power to aid him, the last few minutes of the desperate attack. They now rushed to the river's edge with a fearful cry of anguish, seeing that he had fallen over, and apprehending that man and child were lost.

But Myles's heart had not been gored or bruised, though his body had, sadly ; and with a firm hope that the child, at least, would be saved, he put forth all his failing energies for one last effort. He had already gained the centre of the river, when a huge trunk and branches of an alder, which had been torn from the roots, came rolling on, and, turning over upon him, buried the struggling and nearly exhausted man with his precious burden beneath the flood. One simultaneous shout of despair from those upon the bank succeeded to the words of encouragement, and the cheers with which, until this apparently fatal tree overwhelmed him, they had greeted his efforts. Two men who stood ready with a rope to assist him, cast it hopelessly down, crying, "Lost, lost!" But no ; as the tree rolled over him, he rose again to the surface, striking out with renewed vigour towards the cheering friends all eager to afford relief. And see ! he nears the bank, still holding the boy high above the rushing waters. And now, now, he gains the friendly rope, clutching it with the grip of a dying man, and is dragged by many anxious hands upon the bank above.

It was not without some difficulty that the women disengaged the child from the convulsed and cold grasp of the apparently inanimate man ; but having done so, they ran with it to the nearest house, where they took off its wet clothes and wrapped it up in a warm blanket ; while two old women doctors kept chafing and rubbing the body with hands hot from fire, and, ere long, had the satisfaction to find their skill and labour rewarded by returning life.

In the meantime, the men had gathered around M'Cormack, performing much the same offices ; but his was indeed a desperate case. The whole of his right side was found to be gored in a frightful manner, from the knee to the shoulder, presenting one discoloured mass of bruises, with several bloodless gashes where the horns had entered deep into the flesh. M'Cormack, however, although quite insensible, was not dead.

And what were they about all this time at Curranure House? It was not until M'Cormack had backed into the river that the bellowing of his disappointed antagonist attracted the attention of the herd, and that poor little Harry Mahon was missed. The servant-maid thought he was with his mother. The hue and cry was immediately raised, and a frightened and apprehensive search was commenced; Mr. Mahon and his wife ran with eager anxiety to every likely and unlikely spot; while the fields and plantations re-echoed with "Harry, Harry, Master Harry, Master Harry!"

It was soon ascertained that the paddock gate was broken down, and the wicked bull was loose. Some person called across the river to one of the domestics, that "Master Harry was at that side of the river; that the child's life was saved by a man who brought him across, but there was no hope of the man's life, he was so bruised and weak." This news was quickly carried to the father and mother, who at once returned to the house, where Mrs. Mahon threw herself upon her knees in an agony of thanks, while the father rushed to the stable, and, hurriedly saddling a horse, galloped off to a bridge about half a mile up the river, whence he crossed the country in a style of horsemanship he had seldom before exhibited. He soon reached the hamlet where the boy and man were still undergoing a process of recovery.

The house in which his son lay was pointed out to Mr. Mahon, who was soon at the bed-side. Poor little Harry had, by the zealous and skilful care of the two old women, so far recovered as to justify the opinion that, save the fright and exhaustion of the passage through the flood, there was nothing material the matter with him. His little clothes were nearly dry, but still smoking before a bright turf fire, and the poor child himself was calling, in a fretted wailing voice, for his papa and mamma, while the "doctors" were alternately bidding him lie quiet. "Whist, alanah, your own papa will soon be here; whist, agra, sure we sent for him."

As Mr. Mahon entered, the child gave a scream of joy, and in another moment his soft forehead and cheeks were pressed with a father's joyous and thankful kisses.

When his rapture had in some degree subsided, Mr. Mahon sat down upon a stool which one of the "doctors" had vacated for him; and those who had witnessed the latter part of the attack, and the almost hopeless passage across the flood, described to him the frightful scene.

"But where—where," cried he, "is the gallant, the noble man who has rendered us this great—this never to be sufficiently requited service? I trust he has escaped injury from that ferocious animal. Fool that I was, not to have him destroyed long ago—who—who is—where is the man?"

"He's one Myles M'Cormack, your honour, from Tullybrin," replied a woman; "but indeed there's little hope that he will ever live to receive your honour's thanks, for he's dreadfully bruised and mauled with the baste's horns and hoovès. They say he'll never rise off the bed."

"M'Cormack of Tullybrin! Let me see him at once—show me where he is." And, looking at his boy, he added, "Harry, I'll be back in a few minutes," and left the house, following a guide to where M'Cormack lay.

M'Cormack, still insensible, was stretched upon a bed, his pale, handsome face contrasting remarkably with the dark wet locks which had been smoothed back from his broad forehead.

"Here's his own honour now," said one of the men, standing back, and letting what light there was play upon the dying man's features.

Mr. Mahon approached the bed, and, bending low over M'Cormack for a few moments with his hand upon his breast, he exclaimed, "He's not dead, lads—who said he was?"

"Oh, no, your honour, blessed be God, he's not dead yet; he's badly bruised, but there's no bone broken, or he couldn't swim. We sent for the priest, your honour, and we hope he'll live till he gets him."

"He will—he will—he'll recover," exclaimed Mr. Mahon. "Here," he added, going to the door, "off like an arrow on my horse for a bottle of wine. Who can ride?"

"Any of us, your honour," said the chap who held the horse, mounting without waiting for further orders; and it was surprising to see the steeple-chase style in which, with his bare feet in the leathers, he took the small ditches and walls between that and the road to the bridge. He had not much trouble, however, in finding gaps in either, for a proper attention to their fences is not amongst the virtues of the Irish peasantry.

This Mr. Mahon feared was a bad case, although he had spoken hopefully respecting him. Poor Myles was still insensible, but yet he breathed. It was with some persuasion that Pat Sweeney, the self-constituted M.D. and licentiate of the townland, was prevailed on to permit him even to see, much less to examine, the wounds and bruises upon the hapless man's body. We shall not distress the reader by attempting to describe the sight which was presented to Mr. Mahon's view. 'Twas enough to satisfy him, that, although no bone appeared to be broken, yet that it was a very wretched case of mutilation, and that the unfortunate man had been deeply gored.

Mr. Mahon was doctor enough to know that a little wine would be of infinite service as a stimulant to restore animation, and it was not without anxiety that he took a hurried look in

the direction he expected the messenger to return. He was soon gratified to see him, as one of the bystanders said, "powdhering along," with the neck of the bottle sticking out of his pocket. In two minutes the boy was at the door, and had handed the bottle to his "honour." "The butler bid me give you this along wid it," said he, taking a screw out of the opposite pocket, "and herself's coming afther me through the fields; she has the carriage and horses upon the road, your honour, beyant the bridge."

"All right, my good boy," replied Mr. Mahon, who had drawn the cork, and was pouring some wine into a tin porringer. Having had the man drawn gently a little more up in the bed, he dipped his finger in the wine, and rubbed it to the inside of his lips two or three times; he then opened the lips and dropped a small quantity into the mouth, and awaited the result. Presently M'Cormack drew a long sigh, and began to breathe more distinctly. Mr. Mahon then poured a spoonful of the wine into his mouth, rubbing his hand at the same time gently upon the man's breast, and again watching his face with intense anxiety. With another long, heavy sigh M'Cormack opened his eyes, and stared wildly around him. Doctor Sweeney then ordered him air, and some of those who had been pressing forward drew back. The man was undoubtedly now reviving, and in some degree recovering his consciousness. "The boy—the boy—Master Harry," he said, feebly, "is he saved?"

"He is—he is—quite safe," replied Mr. Mahon. "And, with God's help, you are safe too; don't speak now, you must lie quiet for a while."

If M'Cormack had ever read *Pizarro*, he might have looked at Mr. Mahon and exclaimed, "Now, Cora, have you wronged me?" But he never had; and "Oh!" was all the poor fellow said, as if in great pain; and, closing his eyes, he lay still again.

Mrs. Mahon by this time was approaching the houses, and her husband meeting her guided her to that where their son lay. He was still in a sweet tranquil sleep, and it was by main force, aided by the assistance of the two female doctors, that Mr. Mahon withheld his wife from clasping the sleeping boy in her arms; but she was obliged to content herself with sitting opposite to him, and watching the placid swell of his little chest as he breathed, while gratitude and joy alternately filled her heart. Some time after the child awoke, and then indeed was he clasped to a mother's heart, while he continued to cry out, "My own mamma! my own papa!"

Arrangements were now made for removing the child to the road where the carriage was in waiting. One of the doctors, a strong, burly woman, rolled him up in a warm cloak, and taking

him in her arms, led the way, Mrs. Mahon walking close behind; and ere half an hour had elapsed the joyful mother saw her precious child placed safely in the carriage.

She then turned to those who had accompanied her, and, taking two sovereigns from her purse, proceeded to fee the doctors—and here the Irish character shone conspicuous. Not all her entreaties, nor her ingenious representations that they were justly *entitled* to it as doctors' fees; that it would have cost her double as much if she had sent for a medical doctor to —, which should have been done had *they* not been on the spot—not all her eloquence, added to the stinging recollection that poverty had been their bitter companion for months past, with the prospect of spending months still to come by their cold hearths, where the increasing cries of their children rose up in a hungry chorus around them; not all these things tempted either of the women to waver for a moment at the sight of the lady's gold. "Oh, no, your ladyship's honour, by no manner of means. God bless his young honour; sure he kep the life in poor little Kate as long as she was left in the place. Your ladyship is very good, and we're very thankful to you; but it isn't for the like of that we'd handle your money. Oh, no, thanks be to God! The Lord was good, that put it in our way to serve you."

"Thrne for you, Biddy Cleary; but shure wasn't it Myles himself done it all, ochone; I'm afeered the poor man's kilt outright."

Mrs. Mahon, seeing that her entreaties were of no avail, determined to take some other means of showing her gratitude, and drove off."

Bob Mahon remained with M'Cormack for nearly an hour after. Before he left, the poor man had revived considerably, and become quite conscious; but he was also getting stiffer and sorer every moment, and Mr. Mahon argued that, if left there for any time, it would be impossible to move him, at least that his removal would be attended with great pain. He therefore gave directions to have the gaps all perfectly levelled to the road, for the breadth of a car, and rode home. In less than an hour he returned with his own side-car, and found M'Cormack had just awakened from a short but refreshing sleep.

Much time was not now lost in following Mr. Mahon's instructions, and Myles M'Cormack was wrapped up in a blanket and lifted on the car. Mr. Mahon walked by his side until they came to the road, then, mounting his horse, he rode the entire way with the car to the Union Workhouse, where he saw M'Cormack safely placed in the hospital, and put in charge of the medical attendant.

It was found, upon examination, that no vital part had

been injured ; and, although frightfully bruised and gored in two or three places, M'Cormack required nothing but time and care to set him on his legs again. It was no small help to his recovery to learn that his darling little Kate was not only not dead, but far advanced on the road to perfect health, and permitted to come and sit by his bedside. Mr. Mahon was an *ex-officio* guardian, and there was nothing in the way of nourishment or care which Mary M'Cormack could not now command for her husband.

At the end of three weeks poor Myles was able to limp about the yard with the aid of a stick, and was every day improving. Mr. Mahon had been two or three times to see him, but confined himself on these occasions to kind inquiries as to his returning health and strength. M'Cormack's heart was bursting to ask him if Dick Jones had got possession of his house and land, but he could not bring himself to venture upon the subject: the suspense which he endured, coupled to the claim he felt he had established with Mr. Mahon, was more bearable than the dreaded certainty of hearing that it had been let—and he was silent.

The matter, though Dick Jones was as yet ignorant of it, stood thus. This Jones—rent-warner and driver on the estate—had set his heart upon M'Cormack's house and land ; indeed, for that matter, upon Rooney's as well. They joined all three together in a point—M'Cormack's house was very good, Jones's and Rooney's were both bad ; and by moving to M'Cormack's, and levelling his own old cabin and Rooney's, Jones considered the whole place would be much improved, and that he would have a very snug thing of it ; and he was quite right in both respects.

Bob Mahon—there is no denying the fact—had promised M'Cormack's holding to Jones : 'twas all he asked. He knew, however, that it was not likely that Rooney's would easily be let ; he was too well acquainted, though an Englishman, with the system of the country to fear that ; and he saw plainly that, when it had lain a while idle and unsought, the agent would be glad to give it to him at a reduced rent. Jones was cunning enough to be up to all these things.

But this business about M'Cormack and the bull, and the child's life, caused a thick mist to rise up between Jones's hopes and Bob Mahon's promise of the farm. " 'Tis not possible he would go back of his word," he would say, looking over at the now empty though still tidy-looking cottage ; " but I'll endeavour to nail him before there's anything more about it : the sooner I get possession of it the better ; it's what I'll offer to pay the rent from 29th of September last, and get into it at once. That Mary M'Cormack has a sweet tongue, and the agent

is too soft to please me." As Dick Jones approached the office with these thoughts uppermost in his mind, he met the agent in the back avenue.

"Well, Jones," said Mr. Mahon, "what's the best news with you? Has Myers heard anything of that rascal Rooney yet?"

"No, nor never will, sir; he's clean gone, and a good rid-dance there's of him. If there were a few more like him gone, 'twould be so best."

After this short speech Bob Mahon observed Jones to clear his throat a couple of times as he turned to walk with him.

Now Mr. Mahon was a shrewd, quick man, as well as straightforward, and of honest purpose. He divined at once what Dick Jones was coming about, and it happened to be the very subject that he was himself anxious to set him right upon. He, therefore, relieved the man from the evident embarrassment with which he was struggling, by at once saying, "Jones, I do not forget that I promised you M'Cormack's house and land."

Jones's eyes brightened, and bore the light much better than they had done a moment before, and he replied—

"Oh, sir, I'm not afraid about that, for I know your word is inviolate. I'm glad to hear Master Harry is quite well."

"He is, thank you, Jones; but I am glad I met you. I was just going to send for you to tell you that I cannot give you M'Cormack's house and farm. It is distressing to me, under any circumstances, to break a promise which I have deliberately made; but you will see yourself how totally impossible it is that I can keep it in this instance; indeed, I almost regret that I interrupted you just now when you were going to speak, as I cannot doubt but you were about to free me from it of your own accord."

"Of course, sir, you can do as you like; but it's the first time I ever knew you to go back of your word."

"I must go back of it now, Jones. I have already written to Mr. Walcroft, mentioning to him the noble and heroic manner in which M'Cormack behaved, and the great service he has rendered me, and I have recommended his being reinstated as tenant in his former holding, forgiving all arrears. There is Rooney's holding, which also joins your own; you shall have it instead."

Dick Jones had wit enough to see the folly of any further remonstrance upon the subject, if he even dared venture to use it; and although Rooney's dilapidated cabin and ill-cared farm was but a poor substitute for M'Cormack's tidy cottage and weedless land, he was fain to appear satisfied, and replied,

"Well, sir, I see it can't be helped this turn, and, indeed, 'tis well—M'Cormack deserves it at your hands; and as you

have a mind to give it back to him, the Lord forbid that I should stand between him and it; he was always an honest man and a good tenant, although being a little behind since the rot came. If you wouldn't think well, sir, of giving him Rooney's holding, and then you need not break your promise with me."

Jones added this latter sentence, after a pause, by way of a feeler.

"By no means, Jones," Mr. Mahon replied; "that would be worse than no compliment to M'Cormack, to be looking at his own house and land that he kept in such order, from that dirty cabin of Rooney's. No, no. I'll help you to repair and put a new coat of thatch upon your own house. I'll give you Rooney's land at whatever he paid, or rather did not pay, for it. You can level his cabin, 'twill help to mend the fences, and then you will have a good farm very cheap. Rooney has left the country, I am rejoiced to say, and you will all live happily and good neighbours."

Jones saw and knew the truth and good sense of all this, and was becoming reconciled to the loss of M'Cormack's land. He felt, too, that he would not incur the same odium by merely taking Rooney's farm that he would if he went to live in M'Cormack's house; and as he wished to stand well with the neighbours, he began to think it was, perhaps, as well as it was; and he continued:—

"Well, sir, I'm sure you are right; and, as I said before, I'd be the last man in the world to covet any man's share as long as he was able to handle it himself. There isn't one in the town-land of Tullybrin that won't be glad to see Myles M'Cormack and his wife come back, for they were the truth of good neighbours evermore."

I hope it is not injustice to Dick Jones to say that even at this early period he anticipated an opportunity of making Bob Mahon pay dear for his breach of promise, and that what subsequently occurred was not the result of sudden temptation.

Little now remains to be told. Before the end of the following week M'Cormack was so far recovered that he, with his wife and their child, who had lost her cough and was gaining strength every day, removed, in one happy batch, from the Union Workhouse, to take possession of their former cottage at Tullybrin. As they passed Curranure-gate there was a happy party there also awaiting their arrival; Mr. and Mrs. Mahon, and little Harry, with several others, were assembled to see the man who had saved Master Harry's life.

As M'Cormack approached, the boy ran to meet him; and the tall, powerful man, catching him up as if he had been but a cricket, kissed him a hundred times, exclaiming, "'Tis not the

first time I had you in my arms, Master Harry, thanks be to God! You saved my child's life! Look at her now——"

"And you saved my child's, M'Cormack," interrupted Mrs. Mahon, holding out her hand, "and oh, how I have longed to see you and thank you for it!"

"Thank God that enabled me to do that same, my lady. It was a proud day for Myles M'Cormack that he was able to be of use to your ladyship and the master here; but you may thank Mary for it all, for it was she turned my face straight when I had one foot, I may say, in the fire—glory be to God!" He then kissed the child again, and placed him by Mrs. Mahon's side.

Bob Mahon had not spoken; but he now said—

"M'Cormack, I will be home before you, as I shall ride; and I will then formally reinstate you in possession of your house and land."

"Thank God and your honour that I have still a home! but I thank Mary here for it all—I do, Moira; don't be blushing. God bless his honour, and her ladyship's honour, and the young master!" And bowing and curtseying, M'Cormack and his wife and child proceeded on their way.

As Mr. Mahon had said, he was at their home before them, accompanied by Dick Jones; and Myles M'Cormack was that day put in possession of his former holding, as a new tenant from the 25th of the March following, with a promise from Bob Mahon that he should be supplied in due time with plenty of seed for the land, gratis, so that he should have a fair start.

What M'Cormack had said to Mary in the early portion of this story was the fact. The potatoes were "getting the better" of the disease; and from this very period every year was better for the farmer than the previous one. Corn, hay, potatoes, every article of produce began to look up, and the farmers began to look up after them. Labour began, too, to bear a much better price in the market than it had ever done in Ireland within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant;" and the fact which Mr. Walcroft and his friends had anticipated, when "matters were likely to mend," had only been a question of time, which was at last rapidly approaching. The crisis of the blight had now passed, and Ireland, like M'Cormack himself, began to gain strength daily, after having been bruised and gored in a fearful manner from one end to the other.

Mr. Walcroft and Harriet had returned from Boulogne, whither the difficulty which Bob Mahon found of collecting their rents upon the Curranure property had driven them, to exist upon Bob's own share of the rent, and on the trifle they derived from the small English estate.

Mr. Jones did not behave well; he never forgave Bob

Mahon for having broken his promise, and decamped one morning with about £130 of the rents, which he had taken advantage of his position to collect from the tenants, believing that Mr. Mahon would be held accountable for it.

Such was the improvement in Ireland immediately subsequent to this period, that Mr. Walcroft came over and took up his permanent residence at Curranure, where he has long since realised his dream of a pony carriage and a side-saddle for Harriet, and where, from constant practice, he is enabled to walk the bogs, and to supply her with game of all kinds in abundance.

Myles M'Cormack ultimately fell in for Jones's holdings, and became the most comfortable and independent man in the townland of Tullybrin or upon the estate Curranure.

HOW "THE CHIEF" WAS ROBBED.

THERE is a pleasant anecdote told of two of the wits of the Irish Bar, of about fifty years ago.

Mr. M——'s son, who had dined with some friends in the suburbs of Dublin, was stopped, on his return, in a lonesome place, by a footpad, who robbed him of his watch and whatever money he had about him at the time, and then permitted him to proceed *uninjured*. M—— meeting Mr. P——s, a facetious brother of the Bar, in the street, the next day, said—

"P——s, did you hear of my son's robbery?"

"No," said P——s; "who did he rob?"

Whoever reads this through, may be able to see the application of the above to the pith of the tale.

One of the very first "cases" which occurred to me when I joined my district, soon after my appointment, happened in this wise.

A big, burly fellow, named Barney Brennan, sloped up one Sunday morning to the hall door where I was standing, and said he wanted to speak to "The Chief."

"Out with whatever you have to say, then," said I, "for I'm the man."

He motioned with his thumb for me to walk down the road with him, which, young as I was, I understood, and we were soon in an undertoned *tête-à-tête*.

He told me he had been robbed the night before, in the wood of Ballycreegan, as he was returning from the market of S——; that it was a bad spot; he had been robbed twice before about the same place, as well as several other persons, all within the last three or four months. His clothes were soiled with the mud of the road, and he had a scratch on his face, both of which he pointed out to me in corroboration of his statement. "Four men," he said, "had suddenly pounced upon him in a lonely part of the road, and robbed him of whatever ha'pence he had in his pocket, and a small basket containing some bread, sugar,

tea, tobacco, and a pair of new *brogues*. He did not know any of them—he had never seen one of them before."

This man lived in a small cabin on the side of the mountain just above the wood, and it was at the corner of the *borheen* turning up to his house the thing took place.

I naturally referred him to a neighbouring magistrate, Mr. W——. He said he had been with him on the two former occasions, and that the magistrate could make no hand of it with the old Barony constable of the district.

"Have you been with him this morning?" said I.

"I was, your honour."

"And what did he say?"

"He tould me to go to the devil, and so I came to your honour."

I could not but smile at this, but I hoped the poor man was mistaken in the mode he adopted of fulfilling the magistrate's directions.

I then told him I would speak the matter over with the magistrate in the course of the day, and see what could be done.

After divine service, I rode over to the magistrate in question. From him I learned, that scarcely a Saturday night passed, during the winter months, that some person had not been robbed in that wood, when returning from the market, and that this was the third time Barney Brennan had been the victim. They had done all they could to detect the perpetrators. "He had been out himself, more than once, with old Pat M'Bride, the Barony constable, whom he had set to watch, times innumerable, all to no purpose. It was altogether," he said, "a mysterious business, and much to be deplored, in a district otherwise perfectly tranquil. As the magistrate living, he might say, on the spot, he was very much annoyed at the frequency and impunity of these robberies. It was really too bad that honest people could not return from the market, in a peaceable district like that, without being robbed of their substance."

"Recollect, sir," said I, "that this has all taken place under the old *régime*."

"Yes," he replied; "but if the new system of police does not at once detect and put a stop to this sort of thing, they will be no better than the old, and will be a very useless expense."

To all this I made no reply. I perceived our unpopularity at a glance, and held my tongue, determined to trust to deeds, not to words, to establish our character.

"Have you taken this man's informations upon oath, as to the mere fact of his having been robbed?" said I, at last, rather timidly.

"No," he replied; "he could not identify any of the persons who robbed him, and I saw no use in it."

I then requested him to do so in this instance, and that I would set myself to work. "At all events," I remarked, "we can put a stop to it by a little vigilance, if we cannot detect the delinquents. I should like to see and examine the other persons who have been robbed; were their informations taken?"

"No, some of them lived in another county, and none of them came forward themselves; we only heard of the robberies. I sent Pat M'Bride to those who live in this district, and their story was so vague and unsatisfactory, that nothing could be done. M'Bride can tell you all about them." We then parted.

The magistrate—though protesting he could not see the necessity of it—took Brennan's informations on the following morning, and I took the matter in hand.

From M'Bride I learned the names of the persons who had been robbed, and those who lived in the district I saw upon the subject. The others, who lived in a neighbouring county, I did not think, at that distance of time, would be likely to give me any information worth going so far for, and I contented myself with what I had already gleaned. One important fact I ascertained was, that in no instance (except Brennan's) was there more than one man concerned in the actual robberies, and that in every instance they were perpetrated upon single stragglers, without the protection of a friend or companion.

Soon after, I carelessly made my way to Brennan's, to have a further chat with him, and to lay my plans. I found that his house commanded a view of the road below, almost the whole way through the wood, except here and there, where the timber was rather gross.

He maintained that the gang consisted of four able fellows, who belonged, as he suspected, to the other side of the opposite mountain, and he inveighed in most unmeasured language upon the villany of their proceedings. "For my own part," he exclaimed, "if I was after robbing 'The Chief,' I couldn't expect greater punishment than they deserve, and now that 'the new police' were come to the country, he hoped they would be caught, and get what they were earning."

It may be right to observe that Brennan was a man in poor circumstances, but that he bore a good character.

I had no doubt that, by a little vigilance and exertion, the thing would be put a stop to. These fellows would not venture to repeat their robberies at the risk, almost the certainty, of being caught in the act by "the new police." I told Brennan that, sooner or later, he might depend upon it, I would catch one or more of the perpetrators, and, in the meantime, I would protect him and other honest individuals on the road.

For several Saturday nights I patrolled through the wood, ostentatiously, with some of my men, until a late hour, when all

persons returning from the market had passed home. Some nights I scattered my men through the wood, and lay in ambush in hopes of a robbery, but I need not tell you that no such thing took place. I met Brennan one day after this system had been carried on for some weeks, and we congratulated each other upon the improved state of things.

"I have other fish to fry just now, Brennan," said I, "and I shall be obliged to leave the wood to take care of itself for a few Saturdays."

"And so you may, your honour; the cure's complete, for, wheresoever you may be, them fellows will think you're watching them—though they're dam cute for all that."

The Saturday night following, I neither went myself nor sent men to the wood, and all passed off quietly and well—no robbery. The following Saturday I also left it to itself, and a respectable man was robbed of all he possessed, about eleven o'clock—upwards of twenty-four shillings, together with his little belongings in the shape of domestic comforts. Here was food for surmises and increased exertions. I met Mr. W—— the next day, who smiled, and asked me "had I got tired watching, or would I be obliged to keep it up for ever?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "but I will not interrupt you any more about the business, until I have something tangible to bring before you. I am rather glad," I added, "that last man was robbed, for it has set my wits to work. I fear the disease has taken another turn, and that I must alter the prescription."

"Are you a doctor?" said he, laughing.

"No," said I, "but I intend to effect a cure in this case, if I can."

"That was well put in," he replied, and I changed the subject, rather annoyed at his last remark.

My next step was to see Brennan again. I told him I would not have any police in the wood for some time, but I hoped he would give me his own assistance to watch, and that I would come out on Saturday nights myself to his house, and we would have a sharp eye to the roads ourselves. "You are a big, able fellow, and I am smart and active, though slight, and we ought to be able to hold one or two of the rascals, if we come upon them; those sort of people are always rank cowards," said I.

He appeared well pleased with the proposition, and readily promised me his best support, and for the three following Saturday nights I sat chatting to this big fellow, in a lone cabin on the mountain side, from dusk until near twelve o'clock, as he thought, without a policeman near us; but I was not going to enlighten him on that subject, or, indeed, on any other; but of course there were three or four men lying in the wood, watching him and me, as well as the road. Upon none of these occasions did any-

thing occur, and the people passed home from market harmlessly and safe.

I found Brennan a very intelligent man, and he told me a great deal about the inhabitants and localities, which I was very glad to learn.

"Well, Brennan," said I, on the last Saturday night I was with him, "I think the matter is now fairly and finally put an end to; you see, nothing has occurred for the last month, although everybody knows the police have been withdrawn, and the watch given up; I think the gang has gone off to some other place, and I shall leave it to yourself now, Barney, for awhile."

"Indeed you have done your part, your honour, and done it well, and the neighbours are very thankful to you and your men, for you and they were up early and late, and put a stop to the villany that was going on, and you protected them well. I'm only sorry your honour didn't pin some of the rascals and transport them."

"All in good time, Barney; and so I will, so sure as they commence their work again, depend upon it."

"More power, your honour," said Barney, and we parted.

I had not gone to Brennan's for nothing. There was something fidgety in his manner, with a readiness to give his opinion and suggest remedies in the case, which struck me as more intended to lead me astray—to put me on the "wrong scent," as we say—than honestly to assist me. Neither had I made my observations from the beginning without forming a strong suspicion, which, indeed, was daily growing into a conviction in my own mind—that was an ominous word, but it would force itself upon my thoughts; I was therefore determined to test the accuracy of this strange notion to the best of my abilities.

I took Constables M'Gowan and Humphreys into my confidence to the fullest extent, and explained to them my plans. Humphreys, who was a fair-haired young fellow, with blue eyes and a soft cheek, expressed a dread of the danger attending the execution of the programme; but M'Gowan, who was a grizzly-headed fellow, with a swarthy skin and hooked nose, hooted at him, and said, "he never knew either honour or advantage come of too much timidity." Here was a pat on the back, if I required such, for the carrying out of my intentions. M'Gowan was an experienced man, and had been in the army.

Upon the following Saturday afternoon we—the conspirators—proceeded to S—. If we should happen to meet, or see Brennan in the town, we were to postpone our scheme until another time, but if we should not, I was not without hopes of a robbery that night, about the usual place.

About dusk the same evening, a young man, dressed in a corduroy trousers and light frieze coat, with a rather shabby-

genteel hat, left S—— on his return home. He carried a small basket on his arm, containing groceries and bread, a pattern waistcoat, and a pair of new shoes—pretty much such a collection as Brennan himself had been robbed of about a month before. The two policemen already mentioned had directions to follow in his wake, at such a distance as to prevent observation or suspicion, that they had their eye upon him for protection. They were dressed in coloured clothes, and had pocket pistols in the breasts of their coats. Furthermore, they had directions on no account to interfere, in case the young man was attacked, until he distinctly whistled for their aid, unless they saw him actually knocked down or overpowered, or that more than one person attacked him. These directions I had given, for I knew that he was determined "to show fight."

It was late when this party entered the wood, and almost all persons returning that way had already passed home scathless. Such were the circumstances under which all the robberies in that wood had been perpetrated, almost the last person upon the road being invariably selected.

As the young man approached a turn not far from the centre of the wood, he thought he heard the branches move upon his left, and soon after a footfall upon the grass at the side of the ditch. Instantly he assumed the appearance of a person, to a certain extent, under the influence of liquor. He began to waver in his step, and to hum a few words of a bacchanalian song. He had not gone many steps in this disguised manner when a man stood before him on the road, and, suddenly seizing him by the collar, demanded his money.

"Money!" repeated the young man, looking stupidly into his face, and swaying himself gently from side to side, as if to steady himself—"money is it?"

"Yes; out with whatever you have, and be off while you have a whole skin, or by the powers I'll put a hole in it!" and he pulled out a short pistol. One glance at the weapon was enough to show the young man that there was not much to be apprehended from its efficiency, and that it was more for intimidation than for murder it was produced, and he pleasantly denied that he had any money about him.

"You have this, anyhow," said the man, twisting the basket off the young man's arm and laying it upon the road beside him. "Now for your money, my friend (?); come, out with it quick," and he thrust his hand into one of his breeches pockets. The young man struggled hard to save his cash, but he was nothing in that strong man's grasp while in close grips. It was not a blank dive, for ultimately the fellow pulled up an old silk purse, containing two pounds in notes and some seven or eight shillings in silver. The fellow shook it, as if to calculate the amount of the haul he

had made, and then crammed it into his breast pocket, and, taking up the basket, he gave the young man a shove from him, and told him to "make the best of his way off out of that, if he did not want to get the contents of the pistol across the shins."

But the young man was not so easily dealt with, and, now that the mischief was done, assuming his sober senses once more, he seized the man by the collar of his coat with one hand, and putting the other to his mouth, he gave a finger-whistle that echoed through the valleys of the wood. A fierce struggle now took place, and, ere the policemen could come up, the young man had given the robber a Devonshire trip, which he knew nothing about, that laid him on the broad of his back, and, putting his knee upon his breast, he exclaimed, "Barney, you're after robbing 'The Chief,' and you can't expect greater punishment than you deserve."

At this moment the two policemen came up, and Barney Brennan was secured.

This was the only instance I ever knew in which the cat was let out of the bag and put into it the same moment.

In concocting my plan for this occasion, I had at first intended asking a policeman to put himself in the van, and forming myself one of those who should follow in the rear; but, upon reflection, I considered that, if there were really any danger in the business, it would be hardly fair to ask another to place himself in a position which I, as his officer, was afraid to occupy; I therefore selected myself for the experiment. I had often "taken Brennan's measure," and, although I found him to be fully six feet high, and heavy in proportion, yet there appeared to be something so soft—what we call *spoddough* in Irish—about him, that I felt little or no dread of a personal encounter, for a short time, until aid should come up. I had spent three or four years in Devonshire, when a very young lad, and, having nothing to do but amuse myself, I spent my time either in tracing up the Dart from Totness to Buckfastleigh with a fishing-rod in my hand, or sometimes taking a turn with the parish boys at wrestling, or ringing the belfry bells, so that I was as active as a young goat, and few men there were in the parish of Little Hemston who could throw me more than one fall out of four. I was not, therefore, afraid of a minute or two's struggle with even Barney Brennan, and so it was that I had myself the honour of his capture. To be candid with you, I did not anticipate the production of a pistol on his part, but I give myself very little credit for the *nonchalance* with which I met this unexpected addition to his prowess, for the very sight of it was more calculated to make a man laugh than tremble. But this is a digression.

We handcuffed our man. Poor Barney's face, as well as

the light would permit me to read it, was a mixture of surprise, disgrace, and despair. He knew it was all up with him, and, like a sensible (?) man, he was silent. We proceeded, in the first instance, to search his house, but did not find much there to gratify our curiosity. We hit, however, upon two or three articles which had been described to me by some of the persons who had been previously robbed, and we brought them with us.

The following morning I was determined, if possible, to be the first with the news of my own exploit to the magistrate, and he had scarcely more than done breakfast when I rode up. He saw me pass the window, and came to the door. It was my turn to smile, but I suppose I must have given a broad grin, for his first words were, "You seem well pleased with yourself this morning, C——; perhaps you have taken one of the Ballycreegan robbers?"

"I have taken them all," said I, "every one."

"You don't say so?—the whole four?"

"No, the only one who, in my opinion, ever existed—Barney Brennan himself!"

"Is it possible? I hope you have satisfactory proof against him—who did he rob?"

It was evident I was the first with the news, and I then entered into and detailed my suspicions and my plans, with the final success of my experiment. He was not a little astonished by the time I had convinced him that I was not joking all through. He was well pleased at the solution of the mystery, as he called it; and the only thing which appeared to annoy him at all was, that the suspicion against Brennan had not originated with himself. However, it was not a bad beginning for the "new police;" and all the preliminaries of informations, committal, &c., having been perfected, my friend Barney Brennan was lodged that evening in the gaol of L——.

You can have no doubt of his conviction at the following assizes. Two out of the other persons who had been robbed admitted to me, when they saw him in the dock, that he was the person who robbed them, and they recognised some of the articles, which were produced, as their property. They were not, however, brought forward against him, as the only crime for which he was indicted was for robbing "The Chief," and for which he got "what he earned"—viz., seven years' sojourn in a mild climate; and from that time to this, I never heard of another robbery in Ballycreegan wood.

17 MA 61

WARD & LOCK'S STANDARD NOVELS.

TWO SHILLINGS EACH, IN BOARDS.

SKETCHES IN LONDON, BY JAMES GRANT.

Containing exciting Descriptions and amusing Anecdotes of its Beggars and Begging Impostors, Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums, Gaming Houses and Gamblers, Debtors and Debtors' Prisons, Actors and Theatres, Police Offices, &c. By JAMES GRANT. Boards, 8vo, illustrated wrapper.

ROLAND DE MONTREVEL;

Or, the Companions of Jehu. A Tale of the French Consulate. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Foolscap 8vo, boards, fancy wrapper.

* * * This Tale is universally acknowledged to be one of the most successful and interesting of Dumas' Historical Novels. It contains a graphic account of the first Napoleon during the days of his Consulate.

DADDY GORIOT;

Or, Unrequited Affection. A Tale of the Present Century. By HONORÉ DE BALZAC. Fcap. 8vo, boards, fancy wrapper.

All the Year Round.—"Le Père Goriot, which, though it unveils some of the hidden corruptions of Parisian life, unveils them nobly in the interests of that highest morality, belonging to no one nation and no one sect. Le Père Goriot, which stands first and foremost among all the writer's works—which has drawn the tears of thousands from the purest sources—has its appeal still left to make to the sympathies of English readers."

THE PRELATE.

By J. F. SMITH, Author of "The Soldier of Fortune," "Dick Tarleton," "Minnie Gray," &c. Fcap. 8vo, boards, illustrated wrapper.

* * * A Cheap and Popular Novel by this favourite Author is certain to meet with a ready demand.

THE DISGUISED NOBLEMAN;

Or, the Romance of a Poor Young Man. By OCTAVE FEUILLET. Fcap. 8vo, coloured wrapper.

 A mysterious and amusing Novel.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT,

And Stories of the Barrack and Battle Field. By Captain HENRY CURLING, Author of "The Soldier of Fortune," &c. Fcap. 8vo, boards, fancy wrapper.

One of the stories is dedicated to the Volunteer Riflemen of England, and teaches how houses may be put into a state of defence so as to detain an invading force under fire.

THE FIGHTING QUAKER;

Or, Nick of the Woods. By ROBERT M. BIRD, M.D. Fcap. 8vo, embellished wrapper, boards.

* * * A most thrilling tale of extraordinary adventures amongst the North American Indians.

THE WIDOW MARRIED.

By Mrs. TROLLOPE, Author of "Widow Barnaby," &c. &c.

* * * Ever sparkling—ever young—the "Widow Married" is one of Mrs. Trollope's best Novels, and will while away many a pleasant half-hour.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS; AND AT THE RAILWAY STATIONS.

29

WARD & LOCK'S TWO SHILLING STANDARD NOVELS.

Just Published,

JONATHAN OLDAKER;

Or, *Leaves from the Diary of a Commercial Traveller.* By J. CRAWFORD WILSON, Author of "The Village Pearl," "Flights to Fairy Land," &c. &c. Fcap. 8vo, fancy wrapper. boards.

. The great success that attended the original publication of "Jonathan Oldaker," and the very speedy sale of a large edition, at *ten shillings and sixpence* per volume, issued by one of our most eminent and spirited publishers, embolden the Author to re-publish it, revised and improved, at the more moderate price of *two shillings*.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SONGS.

A Collection of the Best Songs of England and America.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD;

Or, *Haps and Mishaps at Capias Castle.* By JOHN LANG, Esq. Author of "Too Clever by Half," "Forger's Wife," &c. &c. Fcap. 8vo. boards.

. The well-merited reputation enjoyed by the author of "Too Clever by Half," cannot fail to produce an enormous demand for this equally entertaining book.

THE KING AND THE COUNTESS;

Or, *Lover's Trials.* By S. W. FULLOM, Esq., Author of "Marvels of Science," &c. Fcap. 8vo, boards.

"This book possesses the first quality of a novel. In the important work of carrying the reader along, the author is equalled by few novelists."
—*Spectator*.

Fifth Edition.

FERN LEAVES FROM FANNY'S PORTFOLIO.

First and Second Series, complete, including "Shadows and Sunbeams." Fcap. 8vo, 320 pp., ornamental boards.

ZANA THE GIPSEY;

Or, the Heiress of Clair Hall

By the Author of "Fashion and Famine." Fcap. 8vo, boards.

EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN;

Or, *Dark Pages from Life's Volume.*

. This volume is more than usually welcome, especially when we consider the importance of the correct treatment of criminals. The constant intercourse and conversation of the Author with criminals, render the information obtained extremely desirable.

Just Ready,

LYNCH LAW;

Or, the Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw. By Mrs TROLLOPE, Author of "Widow Barnaby," &c. Fcap. 8vo, wrapper in two colours, boards.

THE SMUGGLER.

A Tale. By JOHN BANIM. Fcap. 8vo, boards.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS; AND AT THE RAILWAY STATIONS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

By **JAMES GRANT.** Price 2s.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

Containing excellent Descriptions and amusing Anecdotes of its Beggars and Begging Impostors, Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums, Gaming Houses and Gamblers, Debtors and Debtors' Prisons, Actors and Theatres, Police Offices, &c. By **JAMES GRANT.**

By **ALEXANDRE DUMAS** the Elder. Price 2s.

ROLAND DE MONTREVEL;

OR, THE COMPANIONS OF JERU.

A Tale of the French Consulate. By **ALEXANDRE DUMAS.**

* This Tale is universally acknowledged to be one of the most successful and interesting of Dumas' Historical Novels. It contains a graphic account of the first Napoleon during the days of his Consulate.

BALZAC'S "PÈRE GORIOT." Price 2s.

DADDY GORIOT; OR, UNREQUITED AFFECTION.

A Tale of the Present Century. By **HONORE DE BALZAC.**

Fcap. 8vo, boards, fancy wrapper.

All the Year Round.—"Le Père Goriot," which, though it unveils some of the hidden mysteries of Parisian life, unveils them nobly, in the interests of that highest morality, belonging to no one nation and no one sect. "Le Père Goriot," which stands first and foremost among all the writer's works,—which has drawn the tears of thousands from the purest sources, has its appeal still left to make to the sympathies of English readers."

By **J. F. SMITH.** Price 2s.

THE PRELATE.

By **J. F. SMITH**, Author of "The Soldier of Fortune," "Dick Farleton," "Minnie Gray," &c. Fcap. 8vo, boards, illustrated wrapper.

* A Cheap and Popular Novel by this favourite Author is certain to meet with a ready demand.

By **OCTAVE FEUILLET.** Price 2s.

THE DISGUISED NOBLEMAN;

OR, THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

By **OCTAVE FEUILLET.** Fcap. 8vo, coloured wrapper.

By **J. BIRD.** Price 2s.

THE FIGHTING QUAKER; OR, NICK OF THE WOODS.

By **J. BIRD.**

The extraordinary adventures of Nathan the Quaker, and the valuable assistance rendered against the Red Indians by the little Dog Peter in various emergencies, will render this volume extremely interesting.

LONDON: WARD & LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

