

"To what am I to attribute your visit, sir?"

Mr. Quill did not like the tone in which the question was put; he feared Mr. Daly, well knowing how superior he was in intellect to the vast majority of the booby squires of Galway; he had therefore been assiduously servile in his flattery at county meetings, and on the bench; but it was in vain—Mr. Daly entertained the same contemptuous dislike as before; nay, the feeling was enhanced by the cunning petty-fogger's name appearing in the same commission with his own—so deeply indeed did he feel the insult of such an appointment, that nothing but his habitual laziness had prevented his resigning on its having taken place.

It was therefore with more than usual lowliness that Mr. Quill explained, that having obtained a warrant in consequence of a robbery which had taken place at Dunmaine, and learned that the delinquent was in Mr. Daly's house, he had come to request permission for the constable to do his duty.

"He needs no permission from me or any one else. I presume the party to whom you allude is Weedon. May I ask what he is accused of stealing?"

"One of Lord Altham's horses, sir. I am the more concerned, as I find he left the domain in young Mr. Daly's company."

"Who must therefore be an accessory to the robbery, Mr. Quill. Pray why do you not obtain a warrant against him also?"

"I make no such charge, sir," said the abashed limb of the law. "The young gentleman was not obliged to know how Weedon obtained the horse he rode."

"'Tis well, sir; I will assist in investigating the charge."

To this Mr. Quill had nothing to object—he knew Mr. Daly's dislike to magisterial business, and scarcely supposed that he would have made Weedon's case an exception; he therefore said—

"The warrant directs that the prisoner shall be brought up for examination to-morrow, when we shall be most happy to have your assistance."

"I cannot consent, Mr. Quill, that a man whom I consider innocent shall pass the night in gaol. I will, therefore, on my own responsibility, hold him to bail."

Defeated on every point, Mr. Quill became exasperated.—"You will do as you think best, sir; but the responsibility will be heavy if the culprit escapes."

"Pray, do not annoy yourself about that, Mr. Quill," replied Mr. Daly, with a contemptuous smile. "I really enjoy your having once outwitted yourself; depend upon it *the culprit*, as you call him, shall be forthcoming—and now I have no more time to waste on you. I will satisfy the constable, and to-morrow shall meet you and my brother magistrates at the court—