

The True Witness,

AND

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NO. 24.

FATHER CONNELL; A TALE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued.)

Robin Costigan rapidly hobbled up the little ascent from the river, closely followed by the Babby; and Helen, in her hiding-place, could hear the puffing of his hyena breath, as he stood close to her.

"Is the horse an' car at the cross-roads?" he questioned.

"It is there, an' Terry is guardin' id," answered Dennis.

"An' the kishes* turned mouth to mouth in id, as I told ye?"

"An' the kishes, as you told us."

"Babby!"

The familiar called came near, and looked up into the eyes of his superior. The full radiance of the moon shone on the face of the boy-monster, revealing the spots and dashes of blood upon it.

"Babby! get the bundle we left behind us—an' hurry!—ye must be at the house by day-dawn, an' be out of id agin in a hand's time. If the horse dropped down dead fur id—I'll go my own way after ye—hurry, hurry!"

The Babby parted with his arm the bushes and briars that shaded Helen's place of concealment, and towards which he had been glancing. Instantly he stood transfixed, as if changed into stone, and he stared as if his eyes would fly from their sockets.

"Hurry, hurry! Didn't I bid you hurry?" growled Costigan's voice, dangerously.

The well-known accents of authority half broke the spell which had bound the precocious villain; he jumped backward, clutched his drenched master by the arm, and with quivering fingers, pointed towards Helen's hiding-place.

"What's the matter?" questioned Costigan, himself shivering.

"We left her below on the bank—dead—stone dead," whispered his pupil, "an' yet, now she is in there—in there."

"Who? who is there?"

"Mary—Mary—that we killed—is in there—I saw her sittin' in id—her eyes wide open, lookin' at me—ay, I saw her—the blood over her cheek too—ay, I saw her."

Robin Costigan advanced, and in turn drew back the screen of wild bushes—

"An' don't you see her yourself?" continued the Babby. "Yis, an' by hell's fire, that other—that old woman is at her back now!"

But Costigan beheld only the horror-stricken and very nearly unconscious Helen, sitting behind the screen, her knees crippled up against her chest; her clenched hands resting on them; her neck and chin bent forward, and her eyes distended, without once winking.

Her great resemblance to her half-sister, poor Mary Cooney, had deceived the conscience-stricken and most unnatural boy; but Robin Costigan was not so taken by surprise. Only for a moment he gazed at Helen—and then seized her, and dragged her forth from her little retreat.

In dreams, while the most terrific circumstances are presented to the fancy, the greatest degree of horror we experience is when we make vain efforts to scream out our agony. Such was the sensation which now oppressed Helen. A shriek would have relieved the freezing terror of her heart, but she could not utter it; no—nor could she make even one struggle, one show of resistance; and a moment after, everything was whirl around her—her heart seemed to burst from its own tightness; and observation and sense quite forsook her. Robin Costigan knew well who she was. Neither was he ignorant of the relationship existing between her and Mary Cooney.

"What are you doin' there? What did you hear, or what did you see, while you were there?" he questioned; but Helen answered not; her eyes closed, her knees bent, and she was supported in Costigan's loutish arms, while he scowled into her face, and showed symptoms of a renewal of the tragedy which had been perpetrated at the river-side.

But Moloch interfered, and swore it should not be.

"She'll hang us—hang us—" growled his chief.

"There's enough of blood spilt," answered Dennis Keegan, "an' fur poor Mary's sake, no finger shall harm this colleen."

"What do you say—what do you say?" questioned Costigan.

"I say that if I tak you by the heels, Darby the devil—an' I'm strong enough to do id,—I say, that if I tak you by the heels, an' put your brains upon that rock, no harm shall come to her."

"I hear you—I hear you," muttered Robin, and there was a threat in his words and tone.

"Heed me, then," retorted the mutineer.

"Here—carry her to the kishes."

Moloch frowned at him. But Paul Finigan remonstrated with his surly comrade, representing that if Helen was left behind, detection of the murder of Mary Cooney must certainly

take place before they could retire, as they had arranged, to a remote extremity of the kingdom, where the rest of their community awaited them; that they might be careful of their prisoner for a while, and then release her; and above all, he whispered that it would be a fatal step to irritate Darby Cooney too far. Moloch yielded to this reasoning. During the short conference, Costigan had been silent and observant.

"Take her to the kishes," he once more commanded.

"Bud no harm is to come to her—mind that—" insisted Moloch.

"Take her—take her from me—an' curses on her an' you!"

Helen was accordingly borne, by the two men, to the "cross-roads," about a quarter of a mile distant, and there deposited by them in the wicker kish, upon some damp straw. Another kish was placed over this one, bottom uppermost, and well secured in its place with ropes. Then the vehicle moved rapidly off.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mrs. Molloy had truly related, that on the evening when Nelly Carthy sought the beggar-girl at the priest's house, Mary had retired into her bed-room, with her books and her work.

But her mind was not with either. She moved her lips mechanically, and uttered low, mumbled sounds, as she endeavored to commit her task to memory; or she bent her eyes on her old patron's surplice, and strove to add a sprig or a leaf to its simple embroidery—no use. Her heart still fluttered with the ruffling agitation of the day before. She recalled, again and again, to all the details of the visits of Edmund Fennell's young wife; to the features, the person, the manner, the sweet address, the sweet accents, and the everything fascinating of her successful rival; and then she reflected how very, very happy Edmund must be in the possession of such a bride; and she schooled herself, while tears came gush, gush from her eyes, to pray for a continuation of that happiness to him, and for countless blessings upon them both.

A great yearning to see Edmund Fennell mixed, however, every moment, with her reveries. Mary would give the wide world just to see him once more alone, and to tell him about the new acquaintance she had formed, and how beautiful his young wife was, and how grand, and how kind, and friendly—there surely could be no harm in wanting to speak with him, only for that. Indeed, and indeed, and God himself could witness, she had no other motive. But Edmund was in Dublin, far, far away—Mary believed, almost as far away as the end of the world from her, and from every one that loved him; so it was no use thinking any further about the matter.

At that moment, Edmund Fennell, his head and eyes intently cast down, passed rapidly by her window. Yielding to instantaneous impulse, Mary snatched up her little, coarse straw bonnet and her cloak, and really and truly without a defined intention, and in perfect innocence of heart, stole through the house on tip toe, through the house-door, and through the yard-door, leaving both open after her, as Nelly Carthy had found them, and then walked along the suburb street, towards the country, in Edmund's track.

After clearing this suburb street, Edmund Fennell, without looking to the right or to the left, had advanced about half-a-mile along the river-side, or near to it. Mary as yet kept at some distance behind him. There was now a level meadow to his one hand, extending to the water's brink, and immediately to his other hand, a grove crossed the hill side, through which wound the beaten pathway. In this spot Mary Cooney ran forward to overtake him.

He heard her rapid, light footsteps behind him,—he turned, and instantly encountered poor Mary, flushed and panting, from the excitement and unusual effort of her race, and laughing and crying together, from her emotions. Unable to speak a word, she clung to his arm. In low and gentle tones, Edmund at first inquired why she had thus followed him. Still deprived of the power of distinct utterance, Mary replied, in gasps, that she could not tell; only her eye had caught him passing by the priest's house, and she had run out just to see him and to speak with him—it was so very, very long since they had had a word together—and to walk a bit at his side, through the green fields, and by the shining river, and—here Mary's breath again quite failed her.

Edmund gently expostulated with her; pointing out the unseemliness of there being thus observed together. She wept, and still clung to his arm. He called to mind what business he had in hand; he looked at his watch—there was now scarcely time to be punctual in his appointment with Helen; and, in a voice and manner less gentle, though still only energetic, he again exhorted Mary to release his arm, and leave him free to walk on as fast as he could; respect for herself, he said, even her sense of delicacy, ought to tell her she was acting wrong. Besides, he had a pressing engagement, and must keep it.

Mary now wept outright; she could well conjecture what engagement he meant, and

upon mere natural impulse clung closer to him. Time still lapsed, Edmund's voice sounded high, and perhaps harshly, though he did not intend it. Suddenly, though even yet not ungently, he freed himself of his poor follower, and the instant he had done so, ran forward with as much speed as he could.

Mary, after standing an instant alone, grew giddy and weak, and dropped on the grass. Soon getting a little better, she listened for the sound of his retreating footsteps; they came not on her ear; it was deep twilight, and she could not at all get a glimpse of his figure. And now, half sitting up, the force of her original feelings towards Edmund, little checked for the moment by the discipline they had lately undergone, took possession of poor Mary's bosom, and she began to give vent, in loud lamentations, to her sense of abandonment and hopelessness—clapping her hands, and rocking her body to and fro.

The fit in a degree subsided; she jumped up and looked about her. But no thought of home came into her head; no thought of Mrs. Molloy's fireside, or of her evening sitting with Father Connell, or of her needlework, or of her books for Mick Dempsey; and she at length mechanically and stupidly wandered forward in the direction which Edmund had taken, without purpose and without hope.

She soon grew weary, and tired, and cold, and wet from the falling mist, and the keen breeze of the autumn evening. She again looked round her. The river was still near at hand, but she had never before been so far along its banks. Home now slightly occurred to her; but she did not want to go home so soon; she sat down on a large stone; and here, along with all her agitation of mind, all her young love's despair, all her weariness, her shivering, and the almost drenching she had encountered, another passion began to seize upon Mary's heart; and that passion was fear! deadly sickening fear, in her present lonely and unprotected situation. Terrible fear—her old fear—her fear of Darby Cooney!

And at that very moment, Darby Cooney's eye was upon her—he was watching her from a hiding-place, as she sat on the large stone.—Her own mother, Nelly Carthy, had sent him down to meet her at the river-side, by interrupting his course on the high-road, towards the conclusion of her interview with Gaby McNeary.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Ned Fennell rapidly proceeded on his way. He arrived at the place agreed on, between Helen and himself, for their meeting. She was not there. For a long time, he awaited her coming; she did not come. Oppressed with forebodings of evil, Edmund, after a lengthened watching, left the spot, and came within view of Gaby McNeary's little villa. Here all was dark, still, and sad, with the exception of the windows of the bed-room which he knew to be occupied by the master of the house. None of the others had a gleam of light in them; but in this one candles burned brightly; and across the linen blinds, which were drawn down, he could see pass and re-pass the shade of Gaby McNeary's figure. Vainly did he bend his eyes to detect light or sound in Helen's sleeping-chamber. He stole to the rear of the house. Still all was dark and dimly silent. He returned to its front. Gaby McNeary was still paeing up and down his room. He went back to the place of appointed rendezvous—it was lonely. Again he visited the house; again he saw Gaby McNeary's shadow flit from window to window—but nothing more. And thus he spent the livelong night walking from the ground of appointment to the house, and from the house back again to it; and still, Gaby McNeary's shade—as if it had been his veritable ghost, troubled after death, on account of his own monstrous cursing and swearing while in the flesh, appeared on the window-blinds; and there was nought else to afford him subject for observation.

The day dawned. It was twilight. The earliest rising bird, the robin, sang a little ballad, in the joy of the coming day; the little wren next began his chirp, in the green hedge; anon from their far-off rookery, came the serious, industrious crows, cawing and croaking, and giving all kinds of directions, and making all kinds of signals to each other, as they heavily winged their way, in line of march, above Edmund's head; and, ere the sun's rays glanced upwards, over the heavens, imbuing the clouds with gradations of vermilion color, from dense to sober, from sober to glorious, the lark sprung up from his nest—

"—and to morning's gate,
Soured the god to gratulate."

And then, they were all awake; all the birds, the little and the greater, all that can sing, or utter a cry, or a note; the swift the martin, and the swallow, darting like arrows through the air, and twittering as they shot along; the thrush and the blackbird whistling and gurgling forth their songs; the piping bullfinch; the chaffinch, with his monotonous couplet; the gay linnnet, with his prolonged piece of music; the impudent sparrow, with his bold and noisy chirping; the goldfinch, with his loud and exelling melody; the yellow

hammer, with his musical call; the hedge-sparrow, the lonely tenant of the hedge, with his single sad note; the jackdaw, daw, dawing, but still doing his best to give utterance to his pert and frisky satisfaction; nor must even the Sir Motley of the open fields, the magpie, be forgotten, although his voice of joy broke forth only in a most pragmatical jabber; all, all the birds were awake, and up, and out, and de-ing.

Upon no former morning, during his whole past life, could Edmund Fennell have been un-influenced by those sights and sounds, and all the other sights and sounds of early morning around him; often had they had the power, acting upon his sympathising and ready spirit, of making him jump high and shout out with very joy. Now he heard them not—he saw them not. Fears for the safety of his young wife possessed him, to the full exclusion of every other interest. Her father's rage had suddenly overtaken her in some shape or other, too horrible to conjecture; and her private marriage with him was the cause of the calamity. So he could only loiter and linger near the house, or in the place named for the meeting, long after the morning broke, and until the broad glory of full day warned him, that a longer delay must expose him to disagreeable observation.

He then paced towards the river-side, in deep and troubled thought; and, still absorbed in painful reflection, he came near to a crowd of ten or more persons, before he was aware of their proximity. He glanced at them observantly for a moment. Some were discoursing eagerly, and with excited gestures; while the greater number listened with countenances of terror-stricken interest.

Edmund recollected his soiled and it must be haggard, appearance, the result of a night spent in agitation, without repose, and in the wet and miry fields; and not wishing to attract notice, in such a trim, he turned from the men, re-crossed the stile, which he had just come over, and keeping to the right, continued stealthily by a high and close hedge—still on his way towards the town, however. The hedge ran up a rising ground, but ended at the top of the ascent; he became exposed to the view of the persons whose eyes he wished to avoid, and he continued his way, running. To his great astonishment, these people shouted after him, and amid their shouts or their loud talking with one another, Edmund thought he could catch the sound of his own name, pronounced in angry accents. He looked and listened. The crowd, now increasing in numbers, were in rapid motion towards him, and certainly called out to him by name, and threateningly commanded him to stop. He did stop, and fully confronted them, still in great wonder. Nearer and nearer they came, making a great clamor, addressing him in opprobrious language, and uttering shrill and hoating shouts. They closed upon him, and struck at him. He defended himself against the fierce, and to him, unaccountable aggression, but was soon overpowered. They threw him on his back on the ground, and bound his arms.

"What do you mean?" he asked, amidst the deafening clamor, "what have I done?"

Twenty voices answered together. "You know well what you've done! You have done a frightful murder!" and they groaned at him in the guttural accents of detestation.

Through all their noise, a single whisper pierced its way into his ear, distinctly uttering the following words:—

"Will you stand by the gallows' foot, now, an' Robin Costigan swingin' on it?"

He turned his head, and looked keenly in the direction whence the whisper came; it had been uttered by one of the men who leaned over him, holding him down on his back; this person having jumped up, was now shuffling away through the crowd. Edmund called on the people to seize him, but his voice was drowned in the uproar of threats and revilings directed against himself; and when, perforce, he was obliged to march towards the town, surrounded by his captors, Edmund vainly sought to discover, in the angry faces of those around him, the never-to-be-forgotten features of his inveterate, self-vowed enemy, Robert Costigan.

Bruised and bleeding from the blows he had received—bareheaded too, for his hat had fallen off in the scuffle—bound with ropes—his dress torn, almost to tatters—and preceded and followed by a yelling crowd, that every instant augmented, Edmund Fennell was conveyed along the streets of his native town.

As they passed through the populous suburb, men, women, and children came out in hundreds to meet him, and when they had learned the cause of his being a prisoner, to shout at him with the rest—to groan at him, abuse him, and execrate him.

It was taken to the house of the chief magistrate. The gravity of the charge brought against him ensured a speedy investigation of it; and before seven o'clock that morning the accused was formally committed to prison to stand his trial for his life, in the course of the same day, before the judge whom Gaby McNeary had gone to attend as grand juror upon the previous one.

His sudden capture, the severe ill-treatment

he had received, his rapid committal to jail, together with his preceding agitation on Helen's account, and his sleepless and restless night—everything had so stunned Edmund Fennell, that he could scarcely attend to the evidence adduced against him before the magistrate.—Now, in his lonesome cell, his mind began slightly to settle, and to comprehend the magnitude of his danger, and he could recur somewhat more distinctly to that evidence.

There had been unseen witnesses of his interview with Mary Cooney, late on the previous evening.

It will be recollected that she had come up with him at a point where a grove, ascending a hill, was to his one hand, and the river with a spread of level sward between it and him to his other hand. On the immediate verge of the water, two men were at this moment reclining. They were engaged angling with lines, and thus at their ease inertly watched the progress of their sport.

These men had observed the meeting between the beggar-girl and her young benefactor. Too distant to overhear the conversation of the youthful pair, they could understand, however, that, in the very first instance, the girl wished to remain with Ned Fennell, and that he wished to part from her. When Edmund's voice rose high, they caught its accents, though still not the words he spoke; but they noticed well his separating poor Mary's clinging hands from his arm, his sudden and quick retreat, her as sudden fall upon the grass, which they believed and swore to have been caused by his violence; and then her sobs and cries distinctly reached them; and finally they saw her wander along the path which Edmund had taken, until she was quite lost to their view.

And in conclusion, they swore that, from the tones of his voice, and from his angry gestures at parting from her, the young man had, to the best of their belief, addressed threatening words to the young girl.

The body was not discovered on the spot where, evidently, murder had been perpetrated—evidently according to all the evidence. For on that spot was a stone, smeared with blood, and near it a lock of long shining hair had been found, also clotted with blood; the sward around was much trodden and trampled, and close to the water, on the bank above, was an impression in the grass—plainly one made by a recumbent female figure; while round the imprint of the head, and defining its form, appeared a mass of conglutated gore.

Then, Ned Fennell had been absent from his home all the night, and he was seized near the scene of the murder, while in the very act of returning to it, doubtless, after having conveyed the corpse of his victim to some place of concealment not yet ascertained—and returning to it for the purpose of obliterating all marks and proofs of his abominable crime. And the appearance of his attire proved that he had spent the hours of darkness prowling in muddy places, while the expression of his face suggested that he had recently undergone fatigue and agitation; and what but guilt could have made him skulk away, from the group of persons at the river-side, and creep along the hedges, and run fast when they first called to him?

There were, indeed, no marks of blood upon him; but those he must have washed away, for his clothes were quite wet.

On this evidence Edmund Fennell was committed for trial. Little more than an hour elapsed, however, when additional facts were brought against him, which, in the public eye, fully proved him a murderer.

Gaby McNeary had, the previous night, turned his only daughter and only child out of his house, in consequence of discovering a private intimacy between her and Ned Fennell. This Gaby himself was authority for. The lock of hair found near the blood-covered stone, and which evidently had been torn by force from the wearer's head, he at once recognised as being of the exact color and texture of his daughter's hair. In the little hollow on the hill side, a cloak and bonnet were discovered; also a bundle containing articles of female dress—all of which he knew, and got others to prove, to have been the property of Helen McNeary. The cloak and bonnet were shown to the men who had observed the meeting between Edmund Fennell and an unknown young person the evening before; and although they could not swear to the color or texture of these matters, still, to the best of their belief, they were the self-same cloak and bonnet which the girl had on. Helen McNeary, then, was the individual murdered by Edmund Fennell.—Search had been made for her in every direction; but "tale or tidings" of her no one could supply. And after her expulsion from her father's house she had gone to seek her seducer, and either throw herself upon his protection, or upbraid him as the author of her misfortunes; and she met with him by chance by the river-side, and he flung her off and ran from her, and she followed him, and it must be, again overtook him; and then irritated by her continued reproaches, and giving way to what must have been a long-lurking change in his feelings towards her, the former ardent and successful lover freed himself, by the alter-

ation of the scene, from the clutches of the law.

There had been unseen witnesses of his interview with Mary Cooney, late on the previous evening.

It will be recollected that she had come up with him at a point where a grove, ascending a hill, was to his one hand, and the river with a spread of level sward between it and him to his other hand. On the immediate verge of the water, two men were at this moment reclining. They were engaged angling with lines, and thus at their ease inertly watched the progress of their sport.

These men had observed the meeting between the beggar-girl and her young benefactor. Too distant to overhear the conversation of the youthful pair, they could understand, however, that, in the very first instance, the girl wished to remain with Ned Fennell, and that he wished to part from her. When Edmund's voice rose high, they caught its accents, though still not the words he spoke; but they noticed well his separating poor Mary's clinging hands from his arm, his sudden and quick retreat, her as sudden fall upon the grass, which they believed and swore to have been caused by his violence; and then her sobs and cries distinctly reached them; and finally they saw her wander along the path which Edmund had taken, until she was quite lost to their view.

And in conclusion, they swore that, from the tones of his voice, and from his angry gestures at parting from her, the young man had, to the best of their belief, addressed threatening words to the young girl.

The body was not discovered on the spot where, evidently, murder had been perpetrated—evidently according to all the evidence. For on that spot was a stone, smeared with blood, and near it a lock of long shining hair had been found, also clotted with blood; the sward around was much trodden and trampled, and close to the water, on the bank above, was an impression in the grass—plainly one made by a recumbent female figure; while round the imprint of the head, and defining its form, appeared a mass of conglutated gore.

Then, Ned Fennell had been absent from his home all the night, and he was seized near the scene of the murder, while in the very act of returning to it, doubtless, after having conveyed the corpse of his victim to some place of concealment not yet ascertained—and returning to it for the purpose of obliterating all marks and proofs of his abominable crime. And the appearance of his attire proved that he had spent the hours of darkness prowling in muddy places, while the expression of his face suggested that he had recently undergone fatigue and agitation; and what but guilt could have made him skulk away, from the group of persons at the river-side, and creep along the hedges, and run fast when they first called to him?

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On this evidence Edmund Fennell was committed for trial. Little more than an hour elapsed, however, when additional facts were brought against him, which, in the public eye, fully proved him a murderer.

Gaby McNeary had, the previous night, turned his only daughter and only child out of his house, in consequence of discovering a private intimacy between her and Ned Fennell. This Gaby himself was authority for. The lock of hair found near the blood-covered stone, and which evidently had been torn by force from the wearer's head, he at once recognised as being of the exact color and texture of his daughter's hair. In the little hollow on the hill side, a cloak and bonnet were discovered; also a bundle containing articles of female dress—all of which he knew, and got others to prove, to have been the property of Helen McNeary. The cloak and bonnet were shown to the men who had observed the meeting between Edmund Fennell and an unknown young person the evening before; and although they could not swear to the color or texture of these matters, still, to the best of their belief, they were the self-same cloak and bonnet which the girl had on. Helen McNeary, then, was the individual murdered by Edmund Fennell.—Search had been made for her in every direction; but "tale or tidings" of her no one could supply. And after her expulsion from her father's house she had gone to seek her seducer, and either throw herself upon his protection, or upbraid him as the author of her misfortunes; and she met with him by chance by the river-side, and he flung her off and ran from her, and she followed him, and it must be, again overtook him; and then irritated by her continued reproaches, and giving way to what must have been a long-lurking change in his feelings towards her, the former ardent and successful lover freed himself, by the alter-

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ation of the scene, from the clutches of the law.

There had been unseen witnesses of his interview with Mary Cooney, late on the previous evening.

It will be recollected that she had come up with him at a point where a grove, ascending a hill, was to his one hand, and the river with a spread of level sward between it and him to his other hand. On the immediate verge of the water, two men were at this moment reclining. They were engaged angling with lines, and thus at their ease inertly watched the progress of their sport.

These men had observed the meeting between the beggar-girl and her young benefactor. Too distant to overhear the conversation of the youthful pair, they could understand, however, that, in the very first instance, the girl wished to remain with Ned Fennell, and that he wished to part from her. When Edmund's voice rose high, they caught its accents, though still not the words he spoke; but they noticed well his separating poor Mary's clinging hands from his arm, his sudden and quick retreat, her as sudden fall upon the grass, which they believed and swore to have been caused by his violence; and then her sobs and cries distinctly reached them; and finally they saw her wander along the path which Edmund had taken, until she was quite lost to their view.

And in conclusion, they swore that, from the tones of his voice, and from his angry gestures at parting from her, the young man had, to the best of their belief, addressed threatening words to the young girl.

The body was not discovered on the spot where, evidently, murder had been perpetrated—evidently according to all the evidence. For on that spot was a stone, smeared with blood, and near it a lock of long shining hair had been found, also clotted with blood; the sward around was much trodden and trampled, and close to the water, on the bank above, was an impression in the grass—plainly one made by a recumbent female figure; while round the imprint of the head, and defining its form, appeared a mass of conglutated gore.

Then, Ned Fennell had been absent from his home all the night, and he was seized near the scene of the murder, while in the very act of returning to it, doubtless, after having conveyed the corpse of his victim to some place of concealment not yet ascertained—and returning to it for the purpose of obliterating all marks and proofs of his abominable crime. And the appearance of his attire proved that he had spent the hours of darkness prowling in muddy places, while the expression of his face suggested that he had recently undergone fatigue and agitation; and what but guilt could have made him skulk away, from the group of persons at the river-side, and creep along the hedges, and run fast when they first called to him?

There were, indeed, no marks of blood upon him; but those he must have washed away, for his clothes were quite wet.

On this evidence Edmund Fennell was committed for trial. Little more than an hour elapsed, however, when additional facts were brought against him, which, in the public eye, fully proved him a murderer.

Gaby McNeary had, the previous night, turned his only daughter and only child out of his house, in consequence of discovering a private intimacy between her and Ned Fennell. This Gaby himself was authority for. The lock of hair found near the blood-covered stone, and which evidently had been torn by force from the wearer's head, he at once recognised as being of the exact color and texture of his daughter's hair. In the little hollow on the hill side, a cloak and bonnet were discovered; also a bundle containing articles of female dress—all of which he knew, and got others to prove, to have been the property of Helen McNeary. The cloak and bonnet were shown to the men who had observed the meeting between Edmund Fennell and an unknown young person the evening before; and although they could not swear to the color or texture of these matters, still, to the best of their belief, they were the self-same cloak and bonnet which the girl had on. Helen McNeary, then, was the individual murdered by Edmund Fennell.—Search had been made for her in every direction; but "tale or tidings" of her no one could supply. And after her expulsion from her father's house she had gone to seek her seducer, and either throw herself upon his protection, or upbraid him as the author of her misfortunes; and she met with