

the Irish constabulary for an act of signal daring and decision. Perhaps these acts, exercised among the lawless and the criminal, are not well calculated to soften the heart, and interest it for misfortune.

"None of you'll be bailed," he said. "You're a gentleman, I daresay, and think you can do anything! But you can't. We like to get one of your sort now and then. It's a change!" and after this speech he was dumb.

Gerald pushed his way back to his uncle. Truly the way was not far to push; for the cell was scarcely a dozen feet long, and not, by many feet, so wide. But into this space upwards of twenty people were packed! How they found room to stand, sit, or lie down, was a marvel! But there was no escape: they were fast, and must remain so!

Oh the horrors of that night!—the vile odours, the blasphemous language, the blows given and taken in darkness, the frantic struggles for more room, more air,