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**KENNY KILFOY; OR, MURDER WILL OUT.**

A THRILLING TALE OF PEASANT LIFE.  
(Concluded from our last.)

"An' is it you, Essy, avourneen," said Kilfoy, "an' are you here alone; an' sure I didn't see you, or, the Lord forgive me, it's not o' my prayers I'd be thinkin'."

"Oh, yes, Kenny, talk that way av you like," she replied, "but sure it's I that well knows who's nearest your heart. Didn't I see you the other Sunday whisperin' with Kitty Kinshela, ov the big house, when mass was over? Fair I did; an' a purty cugger you had ov id, Kenny, an' a nice purty girl she is, an' dressed like a lady; it's you that has the dacent notion, an' no blame to you."

Kenny's captious and suspicious temper trembled even under this simple reply. He thought that there was something of irony mingled with the latter part of it; and his already sore heart felt pained by Essy's harmless remarks.

"You may joke, Essy," he answered, "an' you may laugh, iv you like, at me; but iv you knew me—iv you knew my heart—iv you knew all—I won't say my misery—you wouldn't laugh at me."

"Indeed, Kenny," replied the unthinking girl, struck by his tone and manner, "I wouldn't laugh at you; sure I know you since I was a child, an' you're an honest father's an' mother's child; an' I wouldn't laugh at you; but, indeed, I thought you an' Kitty were hand-bound at least."

She added the latter remark in the hope that if it was not the case, that it might serve as a hint to Kenny on more accounts than one.

"I suppose you don't know that Kitty is my cousin, then," said Kilfoy, "an' that it'd be banting the rules to think ov her in the way of marriage; besides, you ought to know that it's a long time since I first told you how my love was fixed; an' you know I'm not one of your hair-brained kind of people, that has a fair word for every body, an' a laugh an' a soft word for every girl that I meet."

"I know you to be a solid, steady boy," replied Essy, evidently at a loss to get rid of a discourse that was growing painful; "but I never thought of any thing in the way of matrimony, nor never will until—"

Here she was interrupted by the village *moamus*, who had assumed, for the merriment of the company, the character of the parish priest, and was about uniting several candidates for the Hymeneal state, *volens volens*; that he might, as he said, "begin the divarshin ov the night."

"Come," said he, "none of your whisperin' behind backs, but come 'till I tie the knot for you at 'onst."

This was the noted Jack Mulryan, the laughing philosopher of the village. He ever set care at defiance—enjoyed his fun whenever he could make or meet with it—was the master of the ceremonies at every wake in the country—and was the constant leader in every merriment.—Jack, with the tail of his great coat pinned about his neck, and a straw hat on his head, tied the young couples as quick as they pleased; and he now summoned Essy and Kenny to have the yoke imposed upon them. Essy refused with much steadiness and reserve to undergo even the mock ceremony with Kenny, while he, feeling an unusual pleasure at the kindness which he imagined Essy had shown him that evening, pressed her to comply with the humor of Jack, and with the custom to which all usually conformed.

She refused; and all the entreaties of Kenny, and the jibes and jests of the mock clergyman could not prevail upon her.

"Come, Essy," said Kilfoy, "you know it can do you no harm; and see all the girls and boys are quite pleasant; do let Jack buckle us, an' don't be after makin' yourself odd, lest the people say you're gettin' proud."

"No, no," said Essy, "I cannot do it—I will not do it. It is useless for you to tease me, Mr. Mulryan; and you, Kenny Kilfoy, I am sure it doesn't become you to torment me this way, so it doesn't."

"Mr. Mulryan!" said Jack in his bantering strain; "ha, ha!—sure it's myself that's growin' the great man. Iv one ov yous calls me Jack to-night any more, after Miss Essy callin' me *Misther*, pershumin' to me but I'll clap you into the stocks. But," he added, turning to Kenny, "let the *colleen* alone; you're not the boy, *avick*, that's for her hand, joke or in earnest. Tom Molloy's the bit ov stuff in fair or market that hits Essy's fancy."

This pointed allusion to his rival, and the persevering coldness of Essy, together with the fresh rushing memory of his shame, contributed to rouse all the bad passions of his heart anew. Turning upon Jack, his sallow face working in varied contortions, and his small, deep sunken eyes flashing with the fire of inflamed rage, he seized him by the collar.

"You fool—you laughin', rhymin', pennyles *omedhaun!*" said he, "how dare you mention

Molloy to me?" and he glared and grinned at the still laughing Jack. "But, you are a pair ov fools—get along with you," added he, shaking Mulryan from him.

At the beginning of the above sentence Tom Molloy had just entered the wake. Essy was in tears, and he took her hand and placed her quietly, without saying a word, beside an old woman; then turning full to Kenny, who in the madness of his passion had not before observed him, he said, with much excitement—

"You white-livered *budogh*, (churl) isn't it a shame for you to be kicking up such ructions in the honest woman's decent wake, and she your own flesh and blood? an' if you had the spark of a man 'thim you it's not makin' a wake woman cry you'd be, an' callin' a man names behind his back that you daren't before his face."

This was all that was wanting to excite the smouldering passion of Kilfoy into full blaze.—He made no reply; his face assumed an ashy paleness, the color fled from his lips, and he rushed to grasp Tom with concentrated fierceness; but Tom, with the eye of the lynx, met him, and merely pushing him backward over a long low form, he fell headlong against the table upon which the dead body of his relative was laid.—The table, which was rather crazy before, unable to stand the shock of such a weighty body, broke down, and with a crash covered the unfortunate Kilfoy with corpse, sheets, and all. The wreck was tremendous; the candles were tumbled about the floor, and put out—the snuff was scattered like a cloud, setting all within its reach into violent sneezing fits; and the heaps of new pipes were smashed into useless fragments. Then the shrieking of the women, and the darkness were truly frightful.

On light being procured, and silence and order somewhat restored, Kilfoy was released from the ruin, and the corpse and paraphernalia in some measure restored to its former appearance. The people rose up to prevent a recurrence of the quarrel, which, however, neither party seemed inclined to renew. Peace was in some measure restored, but there was a strange silence ensued, made doubly remarkable by the previous bustle and noise. Kenny stood with his face turned away from the people, and looking at the corpse. A superstitious feeling had taken possession of his mind; and a kind of horror, mixed with something still more terrible, was expressed in his dark contracted brow and fixed mouth. No person attempted to break the silence. The falling of a corpse was looked on as an unlucky omen, though of what, or to whom, no one could divine: and undefined fear and vague apprehension have ever a mysterious power on the mind.

At length an old woman who was seated nearly opposite to where Kilfoy was standing, and who was puffing with might and main from the stump of one of the broken pipes, into which she had crammed the contents of about half a dozen other demolished heads, drawing the pipe from her mouth, and puffing aside the blue smoke, addressed Kenny.

"You ought to pray to heaven," she said, solemnly and emphatically, "to turn aside any ill-luck that's over you—an' it's greatly afraid I am that there's a *crass* afore you, and that thubble and thribulation 'ill be your lot afore long."

"Keep your *pissheroques* an' your foretellins till you're axed for them," said he with a scowl, and pulling down his hat he walked out, without looking to the right or to the left, and without opening his lips.

He did not go home; but when he got to a distance from any house, and afar from the sounds of human voices, in a lone field, through which there was a short cut to the village, he threw himself at the foot of a clump of black-thorn and furze mingled, and gave way to every gloomy anticipation and reflection that crossed his mind. The events of that day passed in rapid review before him. The satire and the jest in which Essy and Tom, and her brother had joined on the bog—the wrestling match, and the circumstances of the wake. Was he now to be the laughing-stock, and the standing jest-mark of the country side? And then the gloomy apprehensions of fear and superstition about the overturned corpse filled his mind. His heart was a prey to the most conflicting passions. He wished himself dead at one time, and at another he vowed bitter vengeance on the object of his jealous hate. Time passed over quickly, and he recked not nor heeded, until at length the tread of approaching footsteps, and the light sound of voices reached his ear. He listened, and, as if pursued by his evil genii, he distinguished the accents of Tom Molloy and Essy, and her brother.

They were returning from the wake, and as they drew near he could distinctly hear that he was the subject of their laughter and conversation.

"An' did you mind," said Tom, as they approached where he was, "did you mind when they dragged him out from under the corpse how white he was, an' how he panted, an' how his face twisted. You could swear he was the picther of the dead ould woman."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Essy at the comparison, "an' sure there's nothin' strange in that, when you know they're near relations."

"Sure enough," said the brother, "you must have given him the father ov a douce to dhrive him that day."

"Psha-at, no," said Tom in a light tone, "just a little push—thro it wouldn't take much to do it, seein' that he's as wake as"—

The rest of the sentence was lost to Kilfoy, but what he heard was sufficient to drive him mad.

The more he thought, the more his dark fancy and imagination wrought his brain to frenzy, and he started to his feet, and rushed along by another route towards his own house. Revenge was now the overwhelming and master passion in his soul, and a dark and dreadful revenge he determined to wreak.

His cabin lay nearly in a direct line between that of the Bucklys and the cottage of Molloy. He reached it without encountering any person. He rushed in and seized the *slane*, with which he had that day been at work, and hiding it beneath his great coat, he traversed the fields with rapid steps, until he hid himself in the shadow of a large ash tree, in a ditch beside the path where he knew his rival must pass upon his return from Buckley's to his own house.

Tom did not remain long with Essy and her brother; he hid them good-night, and turned to his own home, and commenced whistling "Speed the plough" in merry thoughtlessness. He never spent a thought upon his quarrel with Kilfoy;—his heart was full of joy and love. Essy had that night promised to be his; and her brother, by his friendly manner, seemed to countenance his addresses to his sister. They could afford, he knew, to give her some trifle that might help them exceedingly beginning the world, and tho' this was but a secondary consideration to him, still that, and the consciousness of being loved by her besides, rendered his waking dream of anticipated happiness doubly pleasant. With a heart glowing with all these joyous emotions, he entered upon the pathway where his enemy stood, like the tiger waiting by the stream side for the thirsty antelope. On he came, with his blithe whistle, startling the sleeping birds in the boughs above his head, which fitted with a short chirrup, and a whirring flutter, from one branch to another, as he passed beneath. He passed by the ash tree. Kilfoy leaped out, and aimed a dreadful blow at the back of his head. The sudden noise made Molloy jump a little aside, and he received the stroke full on the side of his head, but with the flat of the slane. He fell, but was in the act of gaining his feet again, when Kilfoy repeated the blow with all his might. The prostrate man raised his arm to defend his head, but the guard was feeble when compared to the force of the blow, and the weight of the weapon, and he again fell at his length on the path. Still he was not materially injured, but he felt how it would end, as he saw the demoniac fury which flashed in Kilfoy's eyes, and his heart grew sick, either with apprehension or from the blows, and he cried out,

"Oh, Kenny Kilfoy, are you going to murder me?"

"Ha!" cried the infuriated wretch, "now do you mock me;—now who's the best man? Now tell Essy Buckley that I'm a cowardly, weak, mopin' fool. Now—" and another blow left the unfortunate Molloy silent for ever. The cocked part of the slane had penetrated the skull to the depth of several inches, and, as he drew up the weapon, the head of the good-hearted young man clung to it, until the weight of the body detached it. A short, gurgling, choking cry was all that was uttered; a quivering of the limbs succeeded, and all was still and motionless.

This deed was but the work of a few minutes. There stood the murderer and his victim; and, already, the consequences of his crime were felt in his heart, as he gazed at his rival weltering in his hot young blood. A rush of the breeze agitating the boughs into murmurs over his head, seemed to denounce him aloud, and the quivering moon-beams flitting to and fro over the bloody spot, as they streamed through the waving branches, seemed to his already horror-stricken fancy like a thousand dancing lights, flung by unseen hands, to show to the world the cursed deed. He grasped his stiffening hair on each side of his brow with both his hands, and seemed as if willing to tear the covering from his burning brain, that the chill night breeze might coolly fan it, so tight and hard did he gripe it.

"Now," said he, as the remembrance of the old woman's words rushed into his mind, "now the bad luck is on me! Now the thubble and the thribulation is my lot for ever!" and he gazed fearfully round him, and rushed from the spot.

Early next morning the body of the murdered Molloy was discovered, cold and lifeless, and the slane of Kenny Kilfoy lying beside it. The suspicions of all fell directly on him, and the country was traversed in all directions, but the slight

est trace of the murderer could not be discovered. He had not slept at home that night, nor had he been seen by any person from the moment he left the wake. An inquest was held on the body. The quarrels of the rivals were stated, and the identity of the slane sworn to; and the jury, without hesitation, pronounced a verdict of "wilful murder" against Kenny Kilfoy.

It is useless here to describe the anguish of Essy Buckley, the grief of Tom's little *bocagh* brother, and the sorrow of the whole neighborhood; for Tom's good-natured and pleasant disposition had endeared him to every one. He was waked according to the usual form, and there never was so numerously attended a wake, or so respectable a funeral seen in the village.

As Tom had but one relative, the little cripple above mentioned, who was unable to manage the farm, it was accordingly sold, with all the live stock and furniture, and with the sum thus produced the cripple commenced business as a pedlar. He was a cunning, saving, industrious little fellow, who soon improved, and in the course of a few years, his means enabled him to purchase a nag and cart, and to lay in a stock of goods, with which he traversed the country in all directions, and in time became a wealthy man.

Years rolled away, and still there never was a word heard about Kenny Kilfoy; and the deed and his name were nearly forgotten even in the village. Aby, Tom's brother, but seldom came near his native place. Once or twice a year would he be seen at the spot where his brother was murdered; but regularly, on the morning of the anniversary of the murder, would the villagers behold him, from dawn to sunrise, kneeling on the spot, and with his long beads depending from his fingers, in the attitude of prayer.

Nearly twenty years passed over in this manner, and still no tidings of Kilfoy could be procured, and it was supposed that he had made his escape to America. Aby Molloy traversed Ireland with his horse and cart, and about the summer of 1813 he attended the fair of Ballinasloe, where, having a great variety of goods for sale he pleased the country people so well, that he got most of them off his hands at large profits. He then formed the resolution of going down farther into the more distant and remote parts of the Province, in hopes to sell out his stock before his return to Dublin for new goods. He passed on from town to town and from village to village, and in the course of some weeks reached the secluded district in the county of Mayo in which is situated the little town of Crossmolina. It was late in the evening when he arrived, and he sought his humble inn for the night. Strange dreams came over him during the night. He thought at one time that he was at the spot where his brother was murdered, and that the earth around was covered with fresh gore. Another he dreamed that his brother came to him, as he beheld him the morning after his death, covered with his own cold and blackened blood, and, smiling in his face the ghastly smile which it might be supposed such a hideous face could give, took him by the hand and bade him arise. The terrifying sight would cause him to awake with affright; yet as soon as slumber again visited his wearied frame, the same appalling vision would crowd upon his dreaming fancy. He lay in bed that morning longer than he was wont; his mind was unusually affected, and a gloom was cast over it, which he in vain endeavored to shake off. On his rising he went to the door to see what appearance the little town had. He looked up and down the street. He looked at the door opposite, for he felt as one feels who has the eye of a stranger fixed on him (there is a kind of sympathy excited by the electricity of certain looks)—and what was his horror to behold the identical Kenny Kilfoy, almost unchanged by time, gazing on him with an intense and alarmed gaze. Aby trembled as he recognised the murderer of his brother. He opened his lips to speak—his tongue was tied in wonder—he hobbled a few steps into the street and extended his arms, but could not utter a word.—The murderer disappeared from the door, and Molly immediately recovered from his surprise, and seeing some military men lounging about a little barrack in the town, he hobbled up, and in hurried accents related the facts. The sergeant of the guard attended him; they entered the house and found the wretched Kilfoy extended, in a paroxysm of fear and remorse, upon his face on the bed, in a back room.

"There, there," exclaimed the cripple, "take him—the man that murdered my brother;—take him—take him, he's the murderer."

It may be necessary here to take a retrospective view of the life of Kenny Kilfoy from the night on which he committed the bloody deed. He had rushed from the scene of guilt, without noting the direction he took; he travelled at a running rate all that night, and at the break of day he was nearly twenty miles distant from the spot. He perceived some men at a distance going to field-work, and he dreaded to meet the eye of man. He left the road, and took shelter

in a screen of fir trees by the road side. Tired and fatigued as he was, he could not rest. The murdered Molloy was always before his eyes, and when the darkness fell he crept from his hiding place, and resumed his journey; and tho' fasting and fatigued, the anxiety of his mind served to bear up his body against the effects of over exertion. He reached Crossmolina in safety, and his mind becoming easier, he stopped there for some time working with a baker. He was generally abstracted in his manner, and sought active employment as a means of diverting his thoughts from the contemplation of his crime. His attention pleased his employer, and in the course of a few years he acquired a perfect knowledge of the business. His mind became gradually settled, and he felt a security and an ease growing round him. His employer had but one child, a girl, and Kilfoy having saved some money, and being of quiet, sober habits, he was induced to consent to the marriage of his daughter with Kenny. The old man died in a few years after, and at the time of his apprehension, Kilfoy was one of the most wealthy and respected men in the little town. Heaven had never blessed him with children, and this he now spoke of as his greatest happiness.

He confessed the murder on being taken by the soldiers, and confronted by Aby, and was then removed to the gaol of Philipstown, where, after undergoing the regular trial at the following assizes, he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, acknowledging his crime, the justice of his sentence, and dying truly repentant.

This tale has its foundation in fact, and is an example of the equity of Divine Providence, which, however long crime is allowed to go unpunished, is still sure to detect and punish the guilty.

REV. DR. CAHILL.

ON THE KILKENNY SOUPERS AND CAPTAIN HELSHAM AGAIN.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

I shall divide the article which I am now about to write into four parts. Firstly, I shall make extracts from the Protestant press of Kilkenny, from the magistrates' court of Kilkenny, and from the public testimony of the Protestants of Kilkenny (the clergy excepted), to show the new description of blasphemous fun which the Souper-mission publishes every day at the doors of the citizens of Kilkenny. Secondly, I shall call the attention of the people of Ireland of all classes to the masterly letter of Captain Hesham, which appears this day in the columns of *The Telegraph*; and which is judiciously addressed to the Protestants of England. Thirdly, I shall contrast the law in England with the legal decisions in Ireland in reference to the Souper nuisance. And lastly, I shall make some extracts from the speech of the Bishop of Exeter, delivered in the House of Lords on last Thursday night, where the Bishop deprecates, but acknowledges, the almost total extinction of Protestantism in London, and in all the manufacturing towns in England. The present scenes daily enacted in the streets of Kilkenny are so stunningly disgraceful to the clerical abettors of Souperism that no enemy to Protestantism could desire any consummation more heartily than the continuance of this Gospel pantomime in the city. But no generous Catholic can enjoy this degradation of local Protestantism: no religious Catholic can feel pleasure in the increasing contempt which this hired hypocrisy accumulates at the doors of the Protestant Cathedral of the city; and no learned Catholic can look on without regret at a system which gibes the whole Gospel, and which goes to remove the very landmarks of our common Christianity. From the commencement of this English money scheme of bribing the Irish into Protestantism, no man who had read the history of our country, or who knew the character of our faithful poor people, could have the least doubt of its rapid failure. We have been accustomed for centuries to this national English turpitude of preaching their Gospel. We are long familiar with their laws of national spoliation in the cause of their religion: we know well their bills of attainder: their fines of recusancy: their plans of forfeiture: their crimsoned penal statutes: their charter houses: their fondling houses: their persecutions through all ranks, from the Catholic Peer to the Catholic scullion: their exclusion of all Catholic trade, from the Catholic merchant down to the poor Catholic sempstress in the garret: down to the poor Catholic washerwoman in the cellar; and hence we were perfectly aware that the end of the street-lumbag would be marked with the same ignominy of all its predecessors: and therefore, we had no fear for our Irish children. We knew too that we preached from the same altar, beneath which our ancestors are buried: that we held in our hands the same Pastoral staff with which they protected their flocks: and we have been well trained in the victorious art of slaying the wolves that threaten the sleepless shepherds of the old Catholic fold.