

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE dread of corporal punishment, the dire sensation of fear, is about the only weapon which produces salutary results on certain individuals. They belong to the lowest of the race, but they undoubtedly do exist, and it is well to know how to deal with them. The Irish people in Paradise Row obtained from Isaac Dent what no amount of prayers and supplications would have won from him. Miss Vallence, when she arrived, took down from his lips a full and free confession of the evil part he had played. This paper was duly signed and attested, and the prisoner was given his liberty and an hour's grace. That he made good use of this hour is apparent; for no one has heard or seen anything of him in Liverpool again. The Irish folks were intensely triumphant; and Mother Bunch, in high good humor, invited every one of the conspirators to a banquet at her house on the day on which Will was let out of prison.

"And now to find Bet, and to see how the little cap'n is getting on," said Hester. "I'll run up and take a look at him now, Mother Bunch. I hope Biddy has not stirred from him during the evening."

"No fear of that, child," responded Mother Bunch, but in reality there was much fear; for the recreant Biddy, Mrs. O'Flaherty's eldest daughter, had been enjoying herself in a back part of the kitchen during the entire evening's