

time craved admittance to my presence on secret business? It is not yet a year ago for Paschal tide had scarce begun."

"I mind it well," replied the monk. "I deemed their message was from the Grecian court, whose practice it very often is to trust their mightiest embassies to the meanest hands."

"Their business," continued Edward, in the same low voice, "was to deliver me this ring, mine own signet, which I gave in alms, having, at the time, an empty purse, to a pilgrim who asked it of me for the love of St. John. Thou knowest it is a name which is wont to unlock my heart, and though a piece of silver might have seemed a fitter offering, I dared not refuse the dear disciple of our Lord. I marvelled greatly when I saw the ring in the hands of those two palmers; yet know, father, that it was from him, the Evangelist of Christ, and mine own dear patron, that they received it, with the message that within a year he would visit me again, and call me to the following of the Spotted Lamb."

Aldred did not answer, for the tears were flowing from his eyes, and Edward continued: "Thou seest, therefore, that I reckon not the times of God from human fancies, but from His own divine and blessed warning. To me it will be a glad release; for my hand hath ever been too weak for the task of ruling, and I have long prayed that He would spare mine eyes from beholding the troubles that are to come. But the time is very short, and there is much to do;—wherefore, now that thou knowest all, I would have thee help me in setting my house in order, that the last hours of my life may be all for God."

Before the day closed, everything had been arranged concerning which the king desired to give his parting directions, and an evident weight had been taken from his mind. Aldred, while he could not consent to trust implicitly to the singular statement he had heard, still felt a presentiment of sorrow that he would scarcely acknowledge to himself; but not a whisper of apprehension was heard among the courtiers, and the day of the Holy Innocents dawned as a high and joyous festival for the whole of England. The nobles and bishops of the entire kingdom were assembled within the abbey walls, and the grand and solemn office of the Church was celebrated with unexampled splendor. Yet it was remarkable as unusual, that once or twice during the course of the Mass, King Edward remained seated, instead of kneeling, as was his wont during the longest ceremonial, and that the looks of the Queen Editha were often directed towards him with something of anxiety. All at length was completed; the religious solemnity was at an end, and the officiating priests had retired from the altar; the chorists and trumpets of the soldiery outside burst out into a triumphant strain, and the courtly retinue waited but the rising of the king to form into the order of procession, in order to return to the palace.—But, as it had striven with and overmastered his disease only to see the fulfilment of that hour, Edward, as he made the effort to rise, sank fainting upon his seat; his head fell back, and, no longer able to struggle with the mortal agony so long repressed, he lay as one lying before the eyes of the assembled multitude. The accents of festivity and triumph were exchanged for a wail of sorrow; for not only did each man feel that the expiring form before them was that of a sainted father than of a sovereign, but too many forebore, in his death, the coming woes which were to lay the English honor prostrate in the dust. He was immediately conveyed to the palace and laid upon his bed; every one thought that he would die in the arms of those who bore him, so utterly prostrated did he seem; nevertheless, though he lay for two days without speech or motion, he still breathed, and, at the end of that time, to the surprise of those who watched around him, awoke as if from sleep.

He raised himself in bed, and spoke; but the words were to God: "O, Almighty Lord," he said, "in whose hand are all things, who visitest the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, and who know all events before they come to pass, if the things now revealed to me be sent to me from Thee, give me voice and strength to declare them to my people, that with contrite hearts they may appease Thy wrath, and so the evils which Thou threatenest may be averted."

"He hath surely seen some heavenly vision, whilst we deemed him lifeless," whispered the monk Aldred to Adgitha, who knelt at the foot of the bed; and, as he spoke, a marvellous vigor seemed to animate the drooping form of the dying saint. The beautiful color came back that was wont to be seen upon his cheek; his voice, of late so low and languid, became clear and powerful in its utterance; and, as though they gazed upon an evident miracle, all present sank upon their knees to catch the accents from his lips. He spoke again, and there was an unearthly sweetness in his tones.

"When," he said, "I was a young man, and lived in Normandy as an exile, that which was ever most grateful to me was the society of good men; and whatever persons appeared to me to be the purest, the best, and the most pious, within the sacred precincts of monastic life, were ever those who stood on terms of most familiar intercourse with me. Among these were two men who, by the boldness of their words, the purity of their lives, and the gentleness of their manners, won my special admiration and affection. Them I constantly visited, for their eloquent discourse was sweeter to my mind than honey to the tongue.

"Now these two men, long since removed from earth to heaven, but even now stood by me as I lay buried in slumber; and, in obedience to the command of God, they have declared to me what should befall my people after my death.—They said that the measure of English wickedness is full, and that the iniquity of England is consummated; that it has provoked the wrath of God, and calls to heaven for vengeance, because her priests have defiled the holy covenant, and with polluted hearts have laid their hands on holy things; because they have acted as hirelings and not as shepherds, and have forsaken their flocks, and cared for the milk and the wool, and not for

the sheep themselves;—therefore death shall feed alike upon shepherds and upon sheep, when both are thrashed down into hell."

"Then they said that the nobles of the land were unbelievers, robbers of their country, men in whom God's majesty inspires no fear, and the law no respect, to whom truth and justice are a burden, and cruelty is become a pastime, so that our rulers have ceased to care for equity, and our subjects make jest of loyalty and obedience. And because these things are so, God even now brandishes His sword and bends His bow against them, and a heavy doom is hanging over their heads. His wrath will be manifested, and evil spirits will be sent against them, to whose power they will be delivered over for a year and a day, to be punished with fire and the sword.

"And when I heard these things, I was filled with grief for the calamities of my people; and I cried and said, 'O ye who are cognisant of the secrets of heaven, tell me, if the English people be converted and do penance, will not God forgive them?' For penance suspended the sentence which had gone forth against the Ninevites, and the vengeance which had been provoked by the impious Achab. Therefore I will persuade my people to repent of their past sins, and to live more circumspectly for the future; and it may be God will take pity on them, and so this great evil may not come to pass, and He who is prepared to punish them as his foes may receive them into His grace as repentant sinners.' 'No,' they replied; 'this they may not change, for the heart of thy people is hardened and their eyes are heavy, and they will not regard thy warning, nor be moved either by threats or by kindness.'

"Then," pursued the king, "my sorrow greatly increased when I heard these words, and I said, 'Will God, then, be angry forever? Is there no time fixed when he shall be appeased? And when shall be the day when joy shall succeed to adversity, and there shall be an end to the sorrow of England? What remedy is to be looked for in the midst of so many afflictions, so that, whilst grief and woe may endure for a while, we may look that the mercy of heaven may be hereafter exhibited?'"

"And, as I put these questions, the messengers of God made answer to me in a parable, and they said:

"When a green tree, cut down from its trunk and separated at a distance of three acres from its parent root, shall, with no man's hand aiding it and no necessity forcing it, return to its parent stem, and, engrafted upon its ancient stock, shall have again its sap restored to it, and flower again, and produce fruits, then may be hoped for some consolation from tribulation, and a remedy for the adversity that we have predicted."

"And, having spoken these words, they returned to heaven, and I was restored to consciousness, as you beheld."

The attendant group had listened with breathless attention as Edward had delivered his prophetic words, and as they ceased, he sank back upon his pillow; once more the light waned from his gentle eyes, and the color which had flushed his cheek a moment before with the bloom of health and vigor once more vanished, and left it of a deadly palor. They saw that the last hour was indeed at hand, and as the truth found its way to their unwilling hearts, they broke into passionate weeping.

But Edward roused his failing strength to comfort them in their sorrow: "If you loved me," he said, in the words of his Master, "you would rejoice, because I go to the Father; not through my merits, but through the compassionate grace of my Lord and Saviour. Nevertheless, follow me, who have been your friend, with your loving prayers, and resist those who would hinder my ascent to the celestial country, with your psalms and alms deeds; for though my faith in the Crucified cannot be overcome by my enemies, yet no man will leave this world so perfect that those foul fiends will not attempt to impede or terrify him."

Then he bade farewell to each one separately, and spoke aloud to all of the nobleness and virtue of his queen. He gave orders for the kind treatment of all his servants, and for the burial of his body, which he entreated might be laid in the abbey-church, and that all men would pray charitably for his soul. Then, having made his last dispositions of temporal things, he bade the priests be called for, and prepared for the reception of the usual sacraments of the dying.

The concluding scene has been given in such noble and eloquent words by a writer whose account is taken from the old biography of Aldred, that we shall make no apology for transferring the passage to our pages as it stands in his:

"Perceiving the queen weeping abundantly and sighing constantly, he said to her, 'Weep not for me, daughter; for I shall not die, but live. I am departing from the land of the dying, to live, as I believe, in our Lord's blessed land of the living.' So, commending himself totally and absolutely to God, in the full faith of Christ, with all the sacraments of Christ, in the hope of the promises of Christ, this old man, in the fullness of his days, departed from this world, and his pure spirit abandoning its pure flesh, was, as a victor, united and forever to the creator of all spirits; and ascending, it was received by the citizens of Heaven, and the ethereal key-bearer opened for it to the gates of Paradise; whilst, in the fulfilment of his promise, John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, met the sanctified soul; and virgin associated with virgins to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth forever.

"It would not be possible," he continued, "to describe what mighty fear then fell upon the minds of men, nor what amount of grief possessed their hearts, as if a thick dark cloud had rested over the entire island. It was with such feelings that the relatives and friends of the king stood by his sacred remains, when suddenly the lifeless corpse assumed the semblance of that beatitude which had been bestowed upon Edward; for the countenance of the dead became suffused with a rosy hue, so pure and so entrancing, that it seemed to come from heaven, and won at once the admiration of all who gazed upon it. All marvelled at the spectacle; but still more were they astonished when they found his uncovered body was glorious with beauty, and that the snow-white flesh seemed refulgent

with a dazzling light, so that the honor of his stainless virginity was made manifest even to unbelievers. The royal remains were prepared for interment; the body was rolled up in precious linen and gorgeous robes; and at the same time the poor of Christ were relieved with abundant alms. The bishops were present; crowds of priests and clerks were there; the earls of the kingdom with nobles and thees were assembled; and vast multitudes of both sexes gathered round the body of the king. On one side was to be heard the intoning of psalms, and on the other the shrill notes of grief, which came from tearful crowds. In all places joy was commingled with sorrow; joy, because of the king, who all were conscious had passed to Heaven; sorrow, because, by his death, they knew themselves to have endured a loss that was irreparable.

"They bore to the church that temple of chastity and abode of virtue, the body of the king; and they offered up for the king himself the Sacrifice of Salvation. And thus, in the place which he had himself determined upon, he was buried with all honor; and there, until the last day, lies his body, awaiting the blessed resurrection bestowed by our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honor and glory now and forever. Amen."

The sepulchre of the saint is with us to this day; his shrine, rifled of its jewels and its costly treasures, yet retains the relics, that are a richer treasure than the regalia of his crown. The last prophecy uttered by his lips, which we have given as it stands in the histories of his own time, was thought by many to have found its fulfilment in the woes that fell on the Saxon race at the Norman conquest, and in the subsequent union of the rival lines, by the marriage of Henry I. with Matilda, the heiress of the royal Saxon blood, and the birth of their son, Henry II. Nevertheless, we can scarcely avoid the application of these singular words to later times; and now that three centuries after the religion which raised the Confessor to our altars had been rooted out of the land, and the faith of England had been torn from its parent stem, we have seen in our own day, "no man's hand aiding it, and no necessity forcing it," the promise of a large return, and hundreds hastening once more to be "engrafted on the ancient root," the prophecy of our royal Saint has seemed to hold out the hope of better days, when England shall once more produce the flowers and the fruits of sanctity, and the remedy of her long tribulation shall be found in her recovered faith.

REV. DR. CAHILL,

A SOUPER MISSIONARY AT TUAM THREATENING TO SHOOT FATHER LAVELLE!

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

In the Freeman of this morning this outrageous case of Souper malice has been brought before the sitting magistrates of Ballinrobe; and when the reader will have perused the evidence of the witnesses, the unimpeachable statement of Father Lavelle, and, indeed, the acknowledgment of the Souper himself, he will get some idea of the atrocities, social, political, and religious, engendered by the proselytizing fury, and by the Souper staff of Bishop Plunket. In reading over the names of the magistrates, the number of the police force, the crowds of the peasantry in attendance, the excitement created by the report that the Rev. Mr. Goodison had presented a loaded pistol at the Parish Priest of Partry, it is clear that the "Church Missionary Society" wherever it has been encouraged has preached blasphemy, has spread dissension, and has taken away a proportionate item from the foundation of the Protestant Church, already tottering towards its fall. If the Catholics of Ireland wished to defeat Souperism, and to cover Protestantism with contempt and degradation (which they do not desire) a more efficient plan than to follow up through the country the conduct of Lord Plunket, and to repeat the insolence and the pistol affair of the Reverend Mr. Goodison. The Catholics, indeed, have no desire to beslime the Anglican institution with more filth than it is daily heaping on itself; we are in several instances receiving from the liberal portion of Protestants distinguished marks of liberality; we are unfeignedly grateful for this practical toleration; and we regret the painful office of holding up to public ridicule, and, indeed, to horror, this Plunket mode of shooting men "into faith" in the thirty-nine articles. Cobbett has long ago said (they are not my words) that England, notwithstanding its absurd boasting of the Reformation, was the country of

"Bibles, Bullets, and Bastards."

And if he were alive now he might add that the Souper Apostles, warmed by the elevated zeal of Episcopal inspiration, were trying to assimilate Ireland to the sister reformed country.

It would be a pity to publish this case in any other words than in the language of the witnesses themselves in their direct and cross-examinations; and it would be depriving all those who may read this article of the knowledge of the Apostolic character of the Reverend Mister Goodison of the Church of England, if any expression of his before the Bench of Ballinrobe were presented in any phrase but his own.—Hence I shall select such passages as may demonstrate the celestial vocation of "the Church Mission Society" in Tuam, and I shall fill up the space allotted to me with remarks on these evidences of godliness. Alas! to what a condition are we reduced in Ireland at this moment from the combined and infuriated assault from a rampant gorged Church, and from an Orange band of officials in all the places of trust and power. I do believe from long and judicious experience that Governments mean well in many of their Constitutional laws for Ireland; but this primary element in Cabinets and Parliaments and Committees is so poisoned by its admixture with the flood of official malice in the Irish local administration of these laws that the best legislative intentions are afterwards weakened and lose their force in their practical application. Who can read the pretentious epistle of the Poor-law Commissioners without a thrill of indignation that the Church of Ireland is governed by two Protestant, or rather two anti-Catholic Clerks in a room in the Custom-house! And this indignation is considerably increased when we reflect on the mean apathy of the Catholics of Ireland to have submitted, even one day, to this shameful transfer of their Church government, unless there were two Catholic gentlemen appointed to sit in conclave with these Protestants. These men are clever and can write well, and no doubt they stand on the provisions of the law. But their fault in every case where I have read their orders and adjudications consists in a primary

Souper mandate, conceived (one should imagine) in an innate unfriendly feeling to the Religion of the Priest, and maintained (on remonstrance) in a dogged ill-graced obstinacy. An early and wise view of the cases submitted to their consideration would avoid all the contention which is now becoming so constant and so irritating, that the law must be changed and the officers removed or modelled. But the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, or the Leopard his spots.

Again, who can read (on the same principle) the interminable struggles in the policy of the National Education scheme between the Priest and the heads of the National Board without feeling an anti-Catholic policy pervading the whole course of this system. Like the case just referred to in the Poor-law system (Government may have meant well in the Education grant; and hence the hatred with which its working is now viewed by almost all classes may arise from the Souper administration of its discipline and laws. Whatever may be the cause, whether in the source at Marlboro'-street, or in the subaltern officers, the inspectors, the masters, it is clear that the Irish Bishops have been sleeping; at their posts ever to have consented to the introduction of this desired boon amongst their flocks unless a Catholic gentleman (removable at their will) were appointed to take his seat in Marlboro'-street by the side of the Right Honorable Alexander McDonnell. The fact of permitting the Priests of the Poor-houses and the teachers of the children of Ireland to be appointed and removed by Protestant and Presbyterian Supreme heads and superiors, can only be equalled in guilty blunder and apathy, by permitting the same or similar religionists to write the books for the education of future Catholic generations; in which books, the absence of all Catholic religious tenets, and the total suppression of all Irish historic reference, struggle for the mastery in condemning the total neglect of Irish Catholicism in permitting these two monstrous evils.—When we take into consideration the assault made in the Poorhouse, in the village tyranny of the Landlord, in the silent fraud of the Education Board, in the nomination to places of trust and emolument, in the calumnies of the Press; there can be no mistake that a simultaneous attack has been planned, and faithfully executed, throughout the Empire against the advance and propagation of Catholicity in Ireland. No doubt our Constitutional privileges have been much increased since '29 by Imperial legislation; but our social grievances have been at the same time multiplied. The Government has given us leave to drink the waters of constitutional liberty in many grave important measures; but the local hostility has attempted to turn the current from its just channel. This state of things has rendered the case of the poor in Ireland most deplorable in several instances; has produced agrarian disturbance; has precipitated the Irish emigration: all which, added to Church persecution, the proselytizing bribery, and the Souper malice, has made this country a social hell. I firmly believe that were it not for the liberality of some influential men in the House of Commons, the known feeling of fear of revolution in the House of Lords, and, above all, the dread of displeasing Napoleon—the present popular sentiment amongst the Methodists of England and the illiberal section of Presbyterians in Ireland would be, to Repeal Emancipation, and to re-enact the Penal Laws of Elizabeth. The rapid and approaching decline of Protestantism in the entire British Empire; its fallen prestige and defeat in Southern Europe, as contrasted with the spread and vigor of Catholicity, is the main cause of the fury of the Anglican Establishment in all the premises referred to. But I must proceed to present to the reader the loaded pistol of the Tuam apostle:—

BALLINROBE TUESDAY EVENING.—This being the day fixed for the hearing of the case in which the Rev. Father Lavelle, of Partry, charged the Rev. Richard Goodison, of the "Irish Church Mission Society," with having threatened to shoot him, the greatest excitement prevailed in the town. Indeed, since the occurrence the previously high state of feeling in Ballinrobe and its neighborhood, but especially in Partry, has been excited to a fearful degree of exasperation; and if the present system of proselytizing, with all its galling accessories, continue, deplorable consequences may ensue. The Magistrates sat at twelve o'clock, at which time the court was densely crowded. The sitting magistrates present were:—Colonel Charles Knox, of Ballinrobe, chairman; Courtney Kenny, of Ballinrobe; Geoffry Martin, of Curraghmore; George Henry Moore, of Moore Hall; Charles Lynch, of Ballycurran; Miles McDonnell, of Carrancon; and Robert Rutledge, of Bloomfield, near Hollymount. Mr. Blake, solicitor, briefly stated the facts of the Rev. Mr. Lavelle's complaint. He said his rev. and respected client was, on the 5th of October last, returning home in the evening, after the discharge of spiritual duties during the day at "station," when he was overtaken by the Rev. Mr. Goodison, an agent of the Irish Church Mission Society, Father Lavelle was accompanied by his curate, the Rev. Mr. O'Boyle, and his clerk; but the two latter were at some short distance behind him on the road when the defendant overlooked the complainant. He (Mr. Blake) did not know that Father Lavelle had ever even heard of Mr. Goodison's name, who was from a distant part of the country, but he certainly did not know him by appearance; and from the way defendant was dressed, he did not know he was a Protestant clergyman. Defendant rode past the Rev. Mr. O'Boyle and the clerk, and overtook Father Lavelle, who seeing a person a stranger to him saluted him, and said "God save you." Defendant returned the salute, and after a few words of conversation said, "I presume you are Mr. Lavelle," to which interrogatory the rev. plaintiff replied, "Yes I am Father Lavelle," whereupon the defendant, at once, in the most insulting and impudent tone, said, "you presume to call yourself Father Lavelle. Show me where you are authorised in Scripture to call yourself 'Father.'" Father Lavelle then asked his name, and why he called him to task and challenged him as he had done. The defendant said, "I am the Rev. Mr. Goodison." The rev. complainant, stung by the manner in which he had been so wantonly insulted, said, "By profession you are a gentleman, but by your conduct you show you are not." It pained him (Mr. Blake) as a Protestant, to think that any minister of his religion should wantonly insult another clergyman, as the defendant had insulted Father Lavelle, without any provocation; but it pained him still more to know that the same rev. defendant, upon this justifiable remark being made to him, drew forth a pistol, and presenting it to the complainant, swore by the sacred name of the Deity, whose minister he professed to be, that if he were not off in a minute he would blow his brains out.

The Rev. Patrick Lavelle having been sworn, was examined by Mr. Blake—He said he resided at Mount

Partry, and I have charge of the parish; on the 5th of the present month I held a station, and was returning home in the evening, about 6 o'clock, on horseback, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. O'Boyle, who was also on horseback, and by my clerk, who was on foot; they were about ten or twenty yards behind on the road; the clerk, Thomas Henahan, being the nearer of the two men; up to that time I had the slightest knowledge of the Rev. defendant; I was not acquainted with his person; he overtook me, and to do so he had to pass Father O'Boyle and the clerk; I did not know who he was when he came up I addressed him first, and said, "God save you;" "God save you," said he; seeing that his pony was sweating, I observed, "You seem to have travelled some distance;" I said this in a friendly tone; he replied, "Yes, I have travelled some ten or twelve miles;" "How far do you purpose going?" said I; I spoke to him as a gentleman should address another gentleman and a stranger on the road; "Yes," said he, "I am going to Tourmakeady;" I observed to him that the road was a very bad one, and he said it was; all was quite friendly up to that; he then turned round and said—"I suppose," or "I presume you are the Rev. Mr. Lavelle?" I said—"Yes, I am Father Lavelle;" he then turned in quite an excited and insulting manner, and—"Father Lavelle! what right have you to call yourself Father?" I prove to me from Scripture that you are Father; his tone and manner were most insulting; he spoke in derision, and in a tone of great insolence; at the time he addressed these insulting observations to me, I had not the remotest idea that he was a clergyman, but thought he was an engineer, or some one connected with the engineering works, which made me speak of the road; I did not, up to that time, say a single insulting word to him; after he made use of these insulting observations I said, "What right have you to put such a question to me, thus to challenge me?" and then, as it were, interrupting myself, I said "May I take the liberty of asking your name?" he replied, "I am the Rev. Mr. Goodison;" and I think he added, of Ashleigh; it was then I first learned his name, and what he was; I said to him, "By profession, Sir, you are a gentleman, but I regret to say your conduct here now shows me quite the reverse;" he then got very much excited indeed, and, putting his right hand into the right pocket of his overcoat, pulled out a pistol, and swore by the Eternal name that he would blow my life. Did he swear by the name of the Deity? He did; at this time I was within about a yard of him.

Mr. Duchanan—It is within the province of the bench before taking informations, to satisfy themselves whether or not there was the intent. The bench would judge from all the circumstances whether there was an intent to shoot.

Mr. Moore—Are we to understand that the man who presented a pistol at another, and swore at the same time—"By God I will blow your brains out," now asks us to believe he did not mean to do anything of the kind?

The Rev. Richard Goodison was sworn and examined by Mr. Duchanan—I live at Ashleigh, in the county Mayo; I am a Catholic clergyman, a clergyman of the Church of England; I was at Ashleigh part of the 5th of Oct.

Mr. Blake—He says he is a Catholic clergyman, and then says he is a clergyman of the Church of England. Which is he?

Chairman (Colonel Knox)—Let it be taken down both ways.

Examination continued.—On the 5th of October I rode to Tourmakeady across the mountains; in doing so I overtook the Rev. Mr. Lavelle, another Rev. gentleman, I believe, and some other men along with them.

Examination.—He asked me what I said about the road, and I said I was agreeing with him, and that it was a bad road, and a very bad road; he asked me how far I had travelled that day, and I said about ten or twelve miles; he asked me how far I was going, and I said to Tourmakeady; I said then, "I presume you are Mr. Lavelle;" he said yes, that he was Father Lavelle; I then said, in reply, "Why call yourself Father," and he said, "Because I am Father;" I said, "Where do the Scriptures teach us that?" up to this Mr. Lavelle's manner towards me was very civil; he rushed up then in the most excited manner; I was before him on the road, and he rode up to me and said, "What is that you said? How dare you?"

You say he rushed towards you? Yes, in a very excited manner, and asked me my name; I said I was the Rev. Mr. Goodison.

What then occurred? He then roared out, in tremendous voice, that if I said five words more I would never see Tourmakeady with my life; he curled his whip over my head; when he said that he was partly before my horse; he rode against my side and jostled me, and then he came at me in a singular way; not exactly at right angles, because he had to ride up to me, but he rode across my horse's head.

Did his horse get before yours? Partly; I am not in the habit of carrying pistols; I never carried a pistol before.

Had you a pistol that day? I had.

Where had you that pistol? In the outside pocket of my large overcoat; there were several people in the fields at either side.

Did Mr. Lavelle say anything to you or them when he crossed you? He said that if I said five words more—

That was to yourself. Was anything else said? He roared and shouted to the people.

What did he say? Well, I cannot exactly tell what words he used, but he shouted tremendously.

Was it in English or Irish he spoke? I did not hear what words he used, but merely the shouting; I cannot swear that he ever used words, but he shouted and made signs with his whip to the people who were digging potatoes, and who came running with spades.

When Mr. Lavelle rode partly across, and in front of you, did he interrupt your passage on the road? He did.

Was that the time he shouted as you say? Yes, in the most frightful manner.

When he shouted, what did the people do? They ran from all points of the compass as far as I could see towards where I was riding.

About how many people came? There were two men came with spades; only one came to the road, but there were two others at a short distance off who threw stones at me; I don't know where they came from.

No matter where they came from. They had not much time, for I was cantering my pony, and they took up stones.

When Mr. Lavelle stopped you, on the road, did you make any observation to him? I did; I told him I would not allow any one to interfere with me; that if he or any one else interfered with me I would shoot him.

At the time he stopped you and shouted, what did you say? I said that if he interfered with me on my journey, or something to that effect, or any one else, that I certainly would shoot him; previous to my saying that I admonished him to keep away from me.

Mr. Moore (to the Clerk of the Peace)—All this should be written in its proper place.

Witness—Previous to his stopping me—that I was obliged to stop—he jostled me and I admonished him.

Mr. Duchanan—This is out of its place. Let that evidence be crossed out; begin again, and take it consecutively.

Chairman—You don't want to resume all that evidence.

Mr. Duchanan—There is half a sentence here unfinished.

Chairman—If the Witness wishes to make any alteration, he can do so hereafter.

The clerk read out what he had taken down.

Witness—Previous to his stopping me he jostled me, and I then admonished him to keep off from me.