

now deliver Isalde, who must have fallen into the hands of a most unworthy ravisher. "I shall probably grind him to dust," said Thiodolf.

"But let me now think," continued the merchant, "how we can find a trace of who he is, and whether his course may have turned." After a pause he said, "It can hardly be any other.—The proud Arab, Prince Achmet, must have done the deed. At the very time he was cruising about our coasts, and his corsairs have often been seen on shore. Except his vessels and yours, there have been only merchant-ships peaceably lying in the harbor of our city, and they would never have ventured on any deed of violence least of all, against a daughter of the great baron."

Already on his feet, and with his spear in hand, Thiodolf asked, "Where shall I find Achmet?" "They say that he sailed hence to Sicily," said the merchant. "And if you find him not there, he must be gone to the African coast.—He has there a large noble castle, not far from the spot where the old Carthage stood; and without doubt he must have thought of concealing there the stolen treasure."

"Thanks, my brave, wise informant," said Thiodolf, shaking the merchant's hand; "and before we part, let me hear your name." "I am called Bertram," answered he. "And I, too, would make you a request. There is in the neighborhood of Achmet's castle an old Arab called Haroun, who has in keeping some very precious jewels of mine. I have never sent for them, because there has been no opportunity sufficiently safe; but now I wish that you would take them into your brave hands, and bring them to me in Marseilles when you restore Isalde.—You will think that I am a selfish man, who has nothing before his eyes but his own business and profit."

"Wherefore not?" said Thiodolf. "It is the greatest joy and pleasure in the world, when one man takes another by the hand, and finds his own advantage in bringing about an intercourse between good people."

"Truly," said Bertram, "Haroun may do you a good turn in helping you to recover Isalde.—Give him this seal-ring from me, then he will know you to be my friend, and you may trust him blindly under all circumstances. You will readily find him. Every dweller on the coast will show you the way to old Haroun's house.—See, my valiant Northman, the thought which you just now spoke out is the very one that makes me joyful and bold in traffic, and gives me hope that my life spent in it is well pleasing to God."

"Long live merchants! long live warriors!" cried Thiodolf, as he emptied his glass, pressed the merchant to his heart, and hastened, with two flasks of the noble wine under his arm, gaily back to the ship. Immediately the anchors were raised, and towards midday they set sail with a favorable wind.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE IRISH POLITICAL LEADERS REVERSING THE ACT OF EMANCIPATION.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

During the last twelve months the apathy, the indifference, and the palpable neglect of the chosen leaders of the Irish people in reference to the political interests of the unflinching noble-hearted freetholders of this country, has met and received its merited reproach from the late wounding irony of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When it was asked during the late debate by one of the Irish members whether Ireland should receive the measure of Reform as England, the reply given to this irrelevant question was, "that Ireland was content with her present suffering position; that she had not expressed any public wish for change; and hence that when the English Reform would have been adjusted, Parliament would see what was to be done in reference to Ireland."

In fact, during the last two or three years there has been no expression of what may be called a public political opinion in Ireland. With regret it must be acknowledged, that petty jealousy, personal pique, private animosities, and local or provincial distinctions have converted the hall of our national convention into a battlefield where the public interest has been forgotten in useless, irrelevant and unbecoming conflict. No wonder the English official should laugh to scorn the demand of Reform for Ireland. No wonder he should point the public attention to our contentment, since no meeting was called in Ireland, to express a national sympathy with Mr. Bright's agitation in England; or no public resolution passed embodying our sentiments and demanding a share in the proposed extension of Parliamentary Reform. Many wise heads have during the last seven years published the pressing necessity of holding public meetings at least once a month on the plan of O'Connell's weekly assemblies; and the experience of every hour must convince every man of sound practical, honest sentiment, that until this scheme shall be efficiently realized, Ireland will be deprived of her firmest support, namely, the energetic expression of public opinion; otherwise our interests will be left to the feeble advocacy of some few public writers, or to the dubious, perhaps, treacherous, defence of a suspected or incompetent representative. Our national character for personal bickering may, perhaps, defeat for ever the fulfilment of these hopes so often expressed by the best friends of Ireland; but although our historic destiny may plunge our country into the permanent evil of this inexplicable suicidal division, still it is true that we can never marshal our national strength into a movement of its full capability, without constant public united assemblies where the national mind is expressed, the national will put in motion, and the national population, from the aristocrat to the peasant, all uttering the same resolve and advancing in one compact body to the same point of attack. The men who have voluntarily quitted the quiet path of

private life, and have publicly offered themselves as the champions of the liberties of the people, are solely responsible for prostrate attitude into which the nation has fallen within the last few years.—They have enlisted in the service of their country, not only without solicitation, but at their own urgent request they have volunteered their services; and they pledged themselves before God and man to defend the rights of their country, to battle against her political wrongs, and to fight under the banner of Ireland with the same fidelity and courage as if they struggled for the honor of their country against the assault of a foreign foe. The constituents whose support they sought and obtained have relied on their promises, and have unhesitatingly bestowed on them their confidence and their votes. They follow them as sheep follow a shepherd, and flock round them in time of danger, as their guardians and their protectors against the treachery of the wolf. Almost the universal voice of the nation is now uttered in a whisper, that those sworn advocates of the people's cause have failed to fulfil either their own engagements or the people's expectations; and that the "contentment of Ireland," so jeeringly stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a true exponent of the political prostration and despair into which the total neglect of their representatives has thrown them. Some of the leading journals of Ireland have long since called the public attention to this distressing fact; and warned the nation of the disaster which would blight our interests in a variety of trying grievances, if our trusted champions did not stand forth and denounce these evils in public assembly, and before public reprobation. There is no concealing the fact, that the freetholders of Ireland, as a body, are disappointed; and unless seasonably propitiated, will not, in future, make the same willing sacrifices which, on former occasions, they have so cheerfully endured.

And what amount of Parliamentary labor and public service could make compensation to the brave, disinterested, noble Irish freetholders? They can address the national representatives and say to them—"Show us your services, while we shall point out ours. The deserted villages, the depopulated fields, the churchyards, the poorhouse, the emigrant ship, publish the history of our sacrifices, our courage, our fidelity, our death in the service of our country; while some of our representatives have made a heap of our father's bones to creep up to the heights of power, others have forgotten their pledges, and several have neglected our interests." The Chancellor of the Exchequer has critically told the story which ought to raise a blush on the forehead of these official guardians, and brand their neglect with merited censure.

If public meetings were held on the plan suggested by some of the most eminent men in Ireland, it is certain that several grievances complained of in our social system, independently of our constitutional evils, would be remedied in the presence of a sound public exposure, and an irresistible public opinion.—The offensiveness complained of at the board of the poor law guardians, the poorhouse proselytism, the exclusiveness of the various boards of superintendence, the exclusion of Catholics from the minor situations through the several institutions of the different counties in Ireland, the whole working of modern bigotry would be brought before the nation every month; told through Europe and America by the press; and extinguished by the reproach of mankind. If some system like this be not introduced in the presence of the rapid spread of official annoyance through the various departments referred to, a hostile feeling will be engendered subsversive of social peace, and branding the Government with the peridy of returning, whenever they can, to the old days of Orange ascendancy. And while public meetings, held with monthly punctuality, would expose vice, they would also publish the conduct of the good landlords of Ireland, give due credit to such acts as the strenuous efforts of all those who are engaged in forwarding our commercial interests, and, in a word, place before the Irish people the favorable prospects as well as the grievances of the country. D. W. C. Thursday, March 10.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

KERRY ASSIZES.—TRALES, MARCH 7TH.

THE PHOENIX CLUB PROSECUTIONS. The commission for the County of Kerry was opened at twelve o'clock this day by the Right Honorable Baron Greene. And upon the Grand Jury being duly sworn, the learned Judge addressing them said that, as far as regarded the general aspect of the calendar for the present assizes, there was nothing which required from him any particular observations. The offences with which the jury would have to deal were few in number; and, with one important exception, of no unusual character. The cases referred to were charges against certain persons alleged to be members of a body called the Phoenix Society, who stand charged with acts of a seditious character—or, in the crime of treason with a treasonable tendency or complexion. The learned Judge's remarks were of some length on the distinctive nature of the crime with which the prisoners stood indicted.

The grand jury returned a true bill against Daniel Sullivan, Florence Sullivan, John D. Sullivan, John Connor, and Patrick Hennessy, for "treason felony." At a quarter of twelve o'clock, the five prisoners above mentioned were placed at the bar. They are all very young and respectable looking men. The clerk of the crown, then read over the indictment. The prisoners, in a firm voice, pleaded not guilty.

The Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, Sir G. O'Loughlin, Q.C., Mr. Hickson, Q.C., Mr. Lane, Q.C., Mr. Henn, Q.C., and Mr. O. Barry appeared as counsel for the crown, with Sir Matthew Barrington, crown solicitor. The counsel for the defence are—Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C. (specially), Mr. Clarke, Q.C., Mr. Sullivan, Q.C., Mr. Coffey, Mr. John O'Hagan, Mr. J. E. Pigot, Mr. Nelligan, instructed by Mr. J. J. O'Riordan, Mr. McCarthy Downing, the attorney for the Cork prisoners, was also in attendance.

Attorney-General—Then put forward Daniel Sullivan of Bonane, alone. The following jury were then sworn—Pierce Tuohy (foreman), Charles Tuohy, Richard Day, Patrick Donovan, James Godfrey, John Hurley, John Kinley, William Miles, John Palmer, John Seely, William G. Hickey, Joseph Hamilton, Four jurors were set aside by the crown, and sixteen challenged on the part of the prisoner.

The Attorney-General in stating the case for the prosecution spoke three hours. Daniel Sullivan, the approver, was then called, and examined by the Solicitor-General.—I knew the prisoner, Daniel Sullivan, of Bonane. He is a teacher of a national school, about three and a half miles from Kenmare; I know a person named Florence Sullivan; he was living with his father at Bonane; he was an apprentice with Dr. Linsgar, in Killarney; knew a man named John D. Sullivan who keeps a public-house in Kenmare. In August, 1858, I was at Bantry, in the County Cork. Had known a man named Timothy Cotter; he was master of the Bantry Workhouse; he had ceased to act as master of the workhouse on the 20th of August; on that day saw him in his uncle's house in Bantry; his uncle, James Cotter, kept a public-house, and sold groceries, &c.; was at Cotter's house on the evening of Saturday, 20th of August; saw a man whom I have since known as William O'Shea on that evening. I met Timothy Cotter in the Hall; he asked me to go up stairs, and I went up into the room where William O'Shea was; knew of the existence of a society called the Phoenix Society; admitted myself a member of it; knew that Timothy Cotter was a member.—Timothy Cotter having told William O'Shea to leave the room, and he having done so, Cotter spoke to me about the society in question; did not know at that time that the prisoner Daniel Sullivan was a member

of the society. Timothy Cotter told me on that occasion that he would tell me something very good; that I would like very well, if I would take an oath and that he would not ask me but that he was sworn himself, and could not tell it except to a man that would take the oath. He then gave me a book, and I kissed it at his request. He told me that the Americans were coming over to Ireland, aided by the French, to take Ireland, and that Stephens passed by some weeks or a month ago, and that he (Stephens) was organizing some members to help them to take Ireland when they would come over, and that they expected war before Christmas in Ireland. Timothy Cotter administered to me a second oath on that occasion—the first was an oath of secrecy; the second oath was in these words—"I solemnly declare in the presence of God to renounce all allegiance to the British throne, and I will yield implicit obedience to the commands of my superiors in the secret society; and above all to take up arms at a moment's warning, and to make Ireland, at every risk, an independent democratic republic, and finally I take this oath without any mental reservation whatever." Before he administered the second oath he said that if I took the oath of secrecy he could enrol me a member of the society. He said that a third person could not be present when the oath was taken. He also said that he would give me a copy of the oath, and that I could swear in others. He gave me the copy of the oath on that occasion. William O'Shea afterwards came into the room and asked if I was a brother? Cotter replied that I was, and William O'Shea shook hands with me. The next morning I went with William O'Shea, Timothy Cotter, Denis Sullivan, Jeremiah O'Connell, and Timothy McCarthy, to a place called the Priest's Leap, about five miles from Bantry. We took a car to the foot of the Leap, and went to the top of it. Before we got on the car Timothy and I walked as far as Newtown, and he there gave me a copy in writing of the oath of brotherhood, and told me to learn it by heart. We then got on the car. I sat on one side with Timothy McCarthy, who told me that Connor and Hennessy, were to meet us at the Leap. He asked me what Hennessy was, and I told him he was teacher of the national school at Kenmare. I know a person named John D. Sullivan, who lives at Kenmare. I was at John D. Sullivan's on the night of the drilling at Mucksaw; saw the prisoner at the bar at John Sullivan's house on the night of the Mucksaw drilling. It was not a meeting by appointment. The Phoenix Society at Kenmare used to meet at a back room in John D. Sullivan's house; one night I saw Daniel Sullivan, the prisoner at the bar; Denis Sullivan (Thady), Leary, and one Downing. These persons were members of the Phoenix Society. The room they met in was a back room at the top of the house. The door was kept closed during the meetings. No one came into the room who was not a member of the society except the waiter who attended them.—The topics of conversation were the same as on the other occasions. I don't remember more than five or six meetings at John D. Sullivan's; the mode of admission into the society that met at Sullivan's was by the taking of two oaths similar to those which I had taken. About the 1st of October I went to Bantry; was at William O'Shea's shop in Bantry; saw him fixing a dagger to a stick, and he said that would not be long ripping a peeler; knew a person named Murty Dowling who lived at Skibbereen; I went to Skibbereen on the 6th of November; stopped at Murty Dowling's in a large room, which latterwards learned was the Phoenix-room; the words "Ireland for the Irish," made with ivy leaves, were nailed to one of the walls. After the Mucksaw meeting, I met on the road, near Kenmare, the prisoner, Daniel Sullivan, who spoke about the society. I asked him how it was getting on in Killarney, and he said he had got a letter from "Flurry" (Florence) Sullivan; I read that letter. On the next night I went out with Murty Dowling; we saw a large number of men on the road; Downing said there were three hundred men there; I think there was about one hundred; they were drilling; they had pikes with them; Jeremiah Donovan and Dan McCarthy were drill masters; Murty Moynahan and Patrick Downing were present. The fencing-masters had sticks in their hands like swords. I know Denis Sullivan of Bantry; was in his house the night after I left Skibbereen; he showed me a gun, which he said was an Enfield Rifle; he fixed a bayonet on the Enfield rifle, and showed me a pike head.

It being now half-past six o'clock, the court adjourned until ten o'clock next morning. MARCH 9.—Baron Greene sat at ten o'clock this morning, and resumed the trial of Daniel Sullivan. The court was greatly crowded and one of the galleries was filled with ladies. Cross-Examined by Mr. O'Hagan.—The county of Kerry is my place of birth; I have been living for the last three months, a part of my time in Cork, and a part in the county of Dublin. Clontarf was the place in the county of Dublin where I was living; was very comfortable there, but I would like my own home as well; felt very jolly when I came on the table yesterday; don't know whether it was a good thing to come here as a witness for the crown; would not like to transport any of my friends; did not come here laughing yesterday; sure I can smile now. Mr. O'Hagan—"A man may smile," and smile, and be a villain." Did you ever hear that? The witness smiled, but gave no answer.

Examination resumed.—Took an oath of secrecy and brotherhood, and broke them: don't think it a good joke to come here; never broke another oath besides those two to my knowledge; never committed a forgery; if I did I would suffer for it; forgery is a very "banious" thing; saw that a reward of £100 was offered; there was a second reward of £50; it was not the £100 that first caught my attention; did not see the reward until I went over to read the proclamation; don't recollect having seen the proclamation in the county of Cork; won't swear that I did not see it there; never kept a copy of the oath that was given to me; got the first copy from Timothy Cotter; Hennessy wrote it on the day I got it; the second I wrote from Jeremiah McCarthy's dictation, and sent it to Mr. Curley, Sub-inspector of constabulary; am not a good penman; was not in the habit of drawing promissory notes; have endorsed a promissory note; it was in June last that I first became acquainted with Timothy Cotter; he was then master of the workhouse at Bantry; Cotter swore me in on the 20th of August; don't recollect how long before I came to give evidence yesterday that I read a copy of the oath; saw it in the Cork Examiner; it was not given correctly; did not keep a copy of the paper; don't recollect having seen it in print later than when I saw it in the Cork Examiner; on my oath I never saw my information in print in a newspaper or elsewhere; it was on the 20th of August that I went to Bantry to go to the Priest's Leap; we went on an outside car, provided with creature comforts; the Leap is about five miles from Bantry; five people besides myself went on the car; the two prisoners, John Connor and Patrick Hennessy, was also at the Leap; altogether there were eight people there; we arrived at the Leap at half-past one or two o'clock; he had some porter, biscuit, and whiskey; I had a pair of pistols; no one had arms but me; don't know whether people generally got armed or not; we stopped at the Leap about two hours, eating the biscuits, drinking the whiskey, and speaking besides; did not make a speech on that occasion; we had not a fiddle with us; I sang a song on that occasion, but cannot tell what song it was; other persons sang also; we were all very merry; the drilling that day lasted about ten minutes; we marched down the hill two deep; there were eight of us coming down the hill; in returning five of us got on the car; William Shea was one of them; don't know that some of the party had umbrellas to guard against the chances of the weather; had a switch with me, and so had Denny Sullivan; one of them had a bottle in his hand when the drilling was going on; he had it by the neck; I had a pistol in one hand; Gullinnah had the other pistol and Denny Sullivan had my stick; when we came

down the hill we were drilled again on the high road, at Lord Bantry's gate at Glengarriff; this occurred in the evening about five or six o'clock; it was about half-a-mile from the cross of Glengarriff, on the coast road; don't think we were ten minutes drilling there; don't remember seeing an umbrella with any of them; Denny Sullivan often shouldered my switch on that day; the place where the drilling took place is half an English mile from the police station at Glengarriff; the drilling would have continued longer only a woman passed, and we stopped; it was on a bye-place on the road.

Mr. O'Hagan—Did you not say it was on the coast road? Witness—Yes; but it was a hollow part of the road.

Mr. O'Hagan—What do you mean, sir, by saying a bye part of the road? Witness—I swear to the jury that it took place in a hollow part of the road, but you may give it your "choice appellation"; the place where the drilling took place was about ten perches from Lord Bantry's lodge gate; on my second visit to the Priest's Leap there were about twenty persons there; we remained about four hours at the top of the Priest's Leap, for we waited a long time for the Bantry men to come; we had no violin that day; there was vocal music; Hennessy sang on that occasion, and I suppose he sang as well as he could; the only part of the song that I remember was, "we drive our lances through their hearts;" he told me it was his own composition; I gave a toast; it was after we left the Priest's Leap and were coming home that we began to drill on the Kerry side; the drilling lasted about half an hour; we were going down the hill in disorder when Hennessy called us back, and gave the order "halt, forward, march;" at the Priest's Leap on the second day, they were all members of the Phoenix Club except Leary, who had only taken the oath of secrecy; I swore in my information that they all acknowledged themselves on that occasion to be members of the Phoenix Club, and were angry with Leary for not taking the oath, and were afraid that he would inform on them; that is as true as everything else I have sworn; I swore in my information that to the best of my belief the meeting in Mucksaw was in the latter end of September or the beginning of October; I swore that I never heard this society called the Phoenix society until after the Mucksaw meeting at the end of Sept. or beginning of October, when William O'Shea called it the Phoenix Society; that is true.

Mr. O'Hagan—Then, sir, how did it come that in the first week of September they all acknowledged themselves to be members of the Phoenix Club, and came there as such that day? Is that true? Witness—They acknowledged themselves to be members of the secret society that I was in; it was not called the Phoenix Club at that time.

Mr. O'Hagan—Then it is not true, as you swore, that they all acknowledged themselves to be members of the Phoenix Club, on that occasion? Witness—it is not.

Cross-Examination resumed.—I know that John D. Sullivan is in the dock, and he cannot speak in answer to me; don't remember when I first mentioned John D. Sullivan's name; believe I mentioned his name in my third deposition on the 7th of Dec.

Mr. O'Hagan—Do you swear that you mentioned his name at all in the third deposition? Witness—I think I did so.

Mr. O'Hagan—It so happens that you did not. I have your third deposition in my hands, and his name is not mentioned in it at all. It was in your fourth deposition, on the 14th of December, that your first mentioned the name of John D. Sullivan. Now, sir, I ask you was that the first time you mentioned his name to a magistrate?

The witness protracted greatly, and, finally, in answer to repeated questions from Mr. O'Hagan, said that he might have mentioned John D. Sullivan's name for the first time in his fourth information.

Mr. O'Hagan—Before you swore the information in which for the first time you mentioned the name of J. D. Sullivan, you had heard that a letter was written signed "A Friend," which it was said had been traced to John D. Sullivan? Witness—I had heard that a letter was written, but I did not bear that the letter was written by John Sullivan; heard that the letter was found at M'Sweeney's in Cork. The first information I had it in this way:—I was in Cork, and Mr. Brownrigg, sub-inspector, asked me if I knew a man named M'Sweeney in Kenmare. He then showed me the envelope of a letter, and asked me if I knew the handwriting. I did not know it; saw the letter afterwards, but I only got a sketch of it; had not time to read it; did not see the letter on the day that Brownrigg first spoke to me about it; don't know who showed me the letter; it was in the constabulary office that I was shown the letter; cannot say that it was shown to by a constable or a magistrate, but it was by some person in connection with the crown.

Mr. O'Hagan then read the fourth information made by the approver on the 14th of December, and asked him whether before he swore Mr. Brownrigg had shown him the envelope of the letter in the constabulary office? Witness—He showed me the envelope before I swore that information; cannot say when it was I saw the information; attended four or five meetings of the society; saw the prisoner at the bar at John D. Sullivan's house on the night of the Mucksaw meeting; have seen George Maybury, Humphrey, Leary, one Downing, and Denis Murray, with the prisoner at John D. Sullivan's house; Patrick Hennessy was not present at any meeting at John D. Sullivan's when the prisoner was there.

Mr. O'Hagan read an information made by the approver on the 18th Dec., in which he stated that Patrick Hennessy, the prisoner at the bar, and others were present at a meeting at John D. Sullivan's, at Kenmare. He asked him to explain the discrepancy between his information and his evidence to-day.—Witness—I suppose it was a mistake; my memory was fresher when I gave that information. What interest have I in this case?

Mr. O'Hagan—Do you swear that you, the informant, have no interest in this case? Witness—Well, I am sorry that I have so much interest in it as I have. I expect my living for it now, but I am sorry that I expect it, for I would rather have my living at home.

Mr. O'Hagan—Do you expect to get your living by it hereafter? Witness—Where hereafter? Mr. O'Hagan—I don't know; I am not the crown; do you expect, on your oath, to be provided for by the crown? Witness—Well I don't know.

Mr. O'Hagan—On your oath, don't you expect it? Witness—Well, I may.

Mr. O'Hagan—Don't you, sir? Witness—Well, I do. [This answer elicited a cry of Ah! from several persons in court.]

The Attorney-General complained of these exclamations, and Mr. O'Hagan said that he equally objected to them, and hoped they would not be repeated.

Downing's at Skibbereen; went there for the purpose of getting information for the crown. Mr. O'Hagan—Did you go there for the purpose of betraying Murty Dowling? Witness—Not if he did not deserve it. Mr. O'Hagan—Did you not go there for the purpose of hanging or transporting Murty Dowling? Witness—I had no wish to transport him. I went there to give information of what I had seen concerning the society.

Mr. O'Hagan—Did you go there for the purpose of betraying Murty Dowling? Witness—I went to get information for the crown. I did not know when I went there that Murty Dowling was a member of the society. I may have nursed Murty Dowling's child, and called it "my little Kerry pet." At that time I contemplated giving information to the police about Murty Dowling.

Mr. O'Hagan—And you thought that fawning the child would help you to betray the father? Yes, sir; smile at that. Witness—I do not smile at it, sir.

Examination continued.—My second visit to Skibbereen was on the 5th of December. Murty Dowling kept a public-house. The Phoenix-room was a front room looking out on the street. There were shutters on the windows, which were kept closed when the drilling was going on. Thirty persons were drilled in the room. It was on my first visit to Skibbereen that the drilling took place on the waste, about a mile from the town. It was the road leading to the place from which the car starts to Drimoleague. I don't recollect passing over a bridge. It is my opinion that we did not pass up a hill. The drilling took place on the road. I walked to the place with Murty Dowling. There were half screens to some of the windows of the Phoenix-room in Downing's house. On the second night at Murty Dowling's on the 6th of December, there was a conversation about American aid and foreign money. There was a conversation to this effect on every occasion.

Mr. O'Hagan—Did you, when you were before the magistrates on the 21st of December, say that on the second meeting at Murty Dowling's there was a great deal of conversation, but that you did not retain any of importance? Witness—I may have said that, but I forgot then; I remember it now.

Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., said—Gentlemen of the jury, I am counsel for the prisoner in this case. Coming to address a jury such as you after the exhaustion which no doubt you have sustained, and which I cannot say does not more or less press upon myself, and circumstances as this case is, you may imagine that I do not approach it without considerable anxiety. I approach it, however, with the completest confidence at once in the tribunal I address and the case that I have to put before you. I believe that I address a jury in a criminal case, such as I should find it difficult indeed to encounter in any other county in this kingdom, and I do rejoice that I address gentlemen of station and of intelligence, because I believe that if this case be honestly, conscientiously, and intelligently considered the verdict must be for the prisoner. I do not conceal from myself for one moment that there are circumstances connected with the conduct of the case in this court and out of the court which may have affected the minds of many whom I address; but, if I am not utterly mistaken, when I present to you, as I mean to present to you, the charge against this man, the evidence against him, the way in which that evidence has been prepared, concocted, and managed, I do believe that the honest understandings of the jurors in that box will revolt, as their honest hearts will revolt, against the case in which the crown venture here to ask for a conviction. I have had large experience in criminal cases in other times; but in the whole course of that experience during the years when, as a junior counsel, I have been employed more or less in cases of a criminal kind, I do protest I never did encounter a case so covered as this is with every circumstance that ought to commend it to the disapproval, the emphatic disapproval of any honest jury. The case is a very grave one. The prisoners at the bar is charged with a capital offence, as the Attorney-General told you; but I am here to defend him upon a charge which is all but capital—upon a charge, the establishment of which against him involves his fate and fortune for the period of his natural life. He is not to be consigned to the scaffold if you convict him; but he is to be sent from his home, and his country, and his family, and he is for the rest of his existence to be subjected to treatment which would make a man prefer, if he might be permitted to choose in such a matter, instant destruction to continuous torture. I stand before you not to defend this man alone. He has been put upon his trial singly—we exercising the best discretion we could exercise on behalf of our clients, the crown exercising their best discretion for the prosecution. He stands alone in the dock to-day; but, gentlemen, I cannot conceal from myself that in pleading his cause before you I plead the cause of many other men who will stand where he stands now, and whose fate will be affected finally, perhaps, for good or evil by the judgment that you shall pronounce in his particular case. It is, therefore, surely not a matter of wonder that I do now, after the crown has occupied some four days in offering evidence, implore your deliberate attention to the considerations which I shall press on you on behalf of the prisoner, with the hope with the confidence, that, according to the law of this land, upon the evidence presented to you, the prisoner will not be convicted if I can convey to you the impression which this case has made upon my own understanding. What is the charge against this man? It is a charge the greatest known to the law—a charge that he desired and intended to deprive and depose our Lady the Queen from the style, honor, and royal name of the Imperial crown of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and that his purpose of accomplishing that design was evidenced by acts which you are asked to find on your oaths were perpetrated by the prisoner. Acts of what description? Acts of a conspiracy to depose the Queen—to levy insurrection in this land—to gather arms and ammunition and all sorts of offensive and defensive weapons for this felonious and treasonable purpose. By and bye I shall call your attention to the miserable and most contemptible case which the crown, with all its power, has been able to present to you on this part of the subject.—I will ask you to contrast the case as proved with the case as stated in the indictment, and to say that there never was, since the world began, such a burlesque on a prosecution by the evidence offered in this trial by the crown itself. This man stands here to answer for himself, and if I were only to speak to you on his behalf with reference to those matters, for which he is morally responsible, my difficulty would be slight indeed, for, as against the prisoner individually I will demonstrate that the evidence in this case is only weak and puny beyond description; and it is only by imputing to him the acts of others at times and places of which he knew nothing, and to seek to eke out a case against the prisoner, and to overbear him by a mass of testimony as to matters of which it is physically and morally impossible that he ever could have had the slightest knowledge. It is a formidable thing, the law under which we are at present indicted. Before the God who made us each of us to answer for himself. The Creator of the universe condemns no man for the act of another. For the act of a man's brother no man is answerable unless he has been the author of the act.—But he has directed it, suggested it, or adopted it. But in the case before you, human law, less merciful than the divine law, makes this poor man standing in that dock this day answerable for deeds done by others who existed in places which he never visited—by men whom he never saw—by crowds of men whose names he never heard of—and if your verdict is given for the crown, it will be given against the man who all its crushing power—not for any act of his own but for the acts of others, for which, although the