THE PROTECTOR

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

Vol. 1. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, September 9, 1857. No. 28.

The Protector and Christian Witness,

GEO. T. HAZZARD, PUBLISHER.

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Charlottetown, 4th March, 1856.—1sl

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Aug. 19 3m

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Aug. 12, 1857. C. BOULTENHOUSE.

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Aug 12, 1857. 1sl

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Charlottetown, March 11th, 1857. tf

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July 22, 1857. THOS. B. TREMAIN.

TALK OF THE ROAD.

THE PRIEST AND THE BIBLE.

Well, on Monday evening, the 4th of April, Pat was walking out to Jem's house, and he fell in with Jem, leading home a pair of Mr. Nulty's horses from the harrow.

"Why, is it working you were to-day, Jem?" said Pat.

"Deed is it," said Jem; "sure there's plenty to do, and the work so backward."

"Well," said Pat, "there was not a turn doing in Kilcommon to-day; so I thought I would walk out, and have a bit of talk with you."

"And what are they idling for in Kilcommon," said Jem, "more nor here?"

"Sure it's keeping Lady-day we were," said Pat; "and Father John wouldn't allow plough or harrow to work itself."

"Well, now," said Jem "I heard the queer talk to-day, between Mr. Nulty, that lives in this parish, and Mr. Smith, that holds the big farm in Kilcommon parish. Mr. Smith was coming up the road, and he stopped to speak to Mr. Nulty; 'And is it working you are to-day, Nulty?' says he. 'Yes,' says Mr. Nulty, 'sure Father Sheridan gave it out in our chapel yesterday that we might all work to-day, for he said the crop was too late.' 'Well, I'll bet you sixpence,' says Mr. Smith, 'that Father Sheridan has farming of his own to do.' 'Indeed he has,' says Mr. Nulty, 'as much as any of us.' 'Ay, that's the reason of it,' says Mr. Smith, and that's always the way; whatever's their convenience is our duty; and if I'd only known that this morning,' says he, 'I'd have had every plough in Kilcommon at work.'* 'And why shouldn't we work to-day, and the work so backward?' said Mr. Nulty; 'no'er a priest in Ireland should stop me, to please himself.'"

So then Pat and Jem had some talk about why Lady-day could not be kept on the 25th of March, because it was Good Friday: but we need not tell what they said about that, because we see one Brannigan has written a letter about it.

"And then," says Jem, "I wonder did God Almighty mean that the priests should be laying down laws for us to work, or not to work, just as suits their own convenience and their own crop."

"Well," says Pat, "if he did, wouldn't he put it in the Bible, or wouldn't the blessed Apostles say something about it? And there isn't a word about it in the Bible, that I can find; and sure, if it *was* in the Bible, wouldn't the priests tell us that much out of the Bible anyway? But I know what is in the Bible that we are not to work on the Sabbath day, and we are given leave to work on the other six."

"Ay," said Jem, "it's not much the priests seem to think about that; sure there isn't a shop in Ballyboy that isn't open on Sunday, ("and it's worse in Kilcommon," said Pat,) and every one doing his business; and the publicans busier nor any other day, selling their whisky; and how can it be right for the publican to be selling his whisky, and doing his business, any more than for the farmer to be sowing his ground, and doing *his*? And who ever heard tell of a priest saying it was against the law of God for a shop keeper to be doing his business on Sunday? But if any one of us goes to earn a shilling on a holy day, to keep the children from dying of hunger, they are ready enough to tell us that it's against the law of the Church, and to put their curse upon us, and to take the bread out of the children's mouths for it; for who will give us a day's work when they do that on us?"

"Well," said Pat, "and isn't it what they would do? Sure it's to think of the Church, and not of the Scriptures, that they want us: and why wouldn't they be harder on us about the laws of the Church, that they make themselves, than about the laws of God, that He wrote in the Bible? But I wonder which will be most thought of in the day of Judgment, whether we kept the laws of God himself or the laws of the priest."

"Well, then," said Jem, "if God's to be the judge, maybe He will think most about his own laws. And if that's to be the way, isn't it better for us to read the Bible now, and find out his laws for ourselves, if the priest is too busy about his own, to tell us what God's laws are?"

"Well, Jem," said Pat, "I'm thinking we'll have to keep to the Bible to know *them;* and sure enough that's just what I came to talk to you about. Do you mind what I said to you the last talk we had, how the Rev. Mr. Owens asked me would I be ashamed of Christ and of his Word; and would I make Christ be ashamed of me? and what he showed me in the Bible about it? Well, I couldn't get it out of my head at all; and it was turning me up in my mind every minute, that if I met Father John I'd be ashamed of Christ's Word, and that Christ would be ashamed of me, and I couldn't tell what I would do at all. Well, I was walking along the road on Saturday, thinking what would I do at all if Father John taxed me with reading the Bible; and while I was studying it, who should come up but Father John riding along, and when he saw it was me, he just pult up along side of me, quite sudden. 'Is that you?' says he. 'It is, your reverence,' says I; and, indeed, it's I that would be glad to say that same time that it wasn't. 'And what are you doing now?' says he. I'm working with Mr. Connor, of Kilcommon,' says I. 'That's not what I mean,' says he; 'you know what I mean,' says he; 'what are you doing now?' says he. Well, I didn't know what to say, and I hadn't a word in me at all, good nor bad; and says he, shouting at me, that it would make you afeard to hear him, 'Is it reading the Bible you are?' says he. Well, it just came in my mind that minute—would I be ashamed of Christ's own Word, and would I make him ashamed of me? and my mind was just riz in me that minute, and so I up and I told him, 'It is, your reverence,' says I, 'reading the Bible,' says I. Well, with that he got so angry you never saw Father John so like himself in all your life; now, you never seen a man so boisterous. And when his reverence got something easy within himself, with letting it out, he says to me, says he 'And it's the heretic Bible you're reading, going to turn heretic,' says he. 'No, indeed, your reverence,' says I; 'it isn't the heretic Bible, it's only the Douay Bible,' says I. 'And where did the likes of you get a Douay Bible?' says he. 'I got it from the Rev. Mr. Owens,' says I. 'And what business has the likes of him giving you the Douay Bible?' says he; 'why didn't he give the heretic Bible? like a heretic, as he is,' says he. 'It's ranter your turning,' says he. 'No, please your reverence,' says I, 'I don't rant none; and sure your reverence,' says I, 'the Douay Bible would not make ranters of us,' says I. 'It's a swaddler you are,' says he, 'and a jumper, and it's to the soup kitchen you're going,' says he, 'and to hell; and it's spiritual prostitution,' says he, 'and it's taking bribes you are, and selling your faith, and your soul, and your God,' says he, 'for base lucre. But I'll be up to you now,' says he; 'I'll just give you your choice,' says he; 'there's the Bible and there's me, says he, 'and which of us can do you most harm?' says he; 'so now make your choice—will you have me or the Bible,' says he, 'or will you give up me?' says he. Well, now, I felt in myself that I was getting bolder and bolder all the time he was talking, and so, when he left a bit of room for me to put in a word, I just says to him, says I, 'Since your reverence is so good as to give me my choice,' says I, 'I think I'll just stick to the Bible,' says I. Well, with that he took on so that you wouldn't believe; and just then there was a parcel of the Kilcommon boys coming up the road, and he just turns to them, and says he, 'This is a souper,' says he, 'and a ranter, and a swaddler,' says he, 'and a jumper,' says he, 'and Judas that sold his soul for soup,' says he, 'and denied his God here to my face,' says he. 'No, indeed, your reverence,' says I, 'I got no soup at all, nor nothing else, nor I don't mean to look for any, nor take it if it was offered to me, and indeed it was not,' says I. 'Well, it's going to be a turncoat you are,' says he, 'that none of your people was before.' 'Indeed I'm not, your reverence,' says I, 'if you don't put me out, and turn me yourself; but sure,' says I, 'your reverence won't put me out and turn me only for reading the Catholic Bible,' says I; 'sure don't the Catholic bishops say, in the first page of it, that it's good for Catholics to read, and sure, your reverence, it can't make anything bad of me; and so your reverence,' says I, 'may as well just let me alone for reading it, and it's not going to turn at all I am,' says I. But he didn't listen to me at all, but just went on to the boys; and with that they set up a shout after me, that you would hear from that to this, and called me all that Father John called me, and more foreby; and it's I that was glad, when I came to a bit of loneing, to try to get out of their way as far as I could; and ever so far I'd hear them shouting ranter, and souper, and jumper, and Judas, after me, that you never heard the like."

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "you're in for it now anyway; but it's my opinion, if you can only hold out for a while, you'll have a deal of the boys, and myself too, to keep you company."

So if we hear more of what goes on in Kilcommon, maybe our readers will like to know it.

* Such a conversation did take place between two farmers on that day, who lived in different parishes.

From the Edinburgh Bulwark.

POPISH ELECTIONEERING IN IRELAND.

One of the "beasts" in the Revelation is compared at once to a "lamb" and a "dragon," and nothing could be more thoroughly descriptive of the system and policy of Rome. Whenever she is in the minority, and finds it inexpedient to assume an overbearing and rampant attitude, nothing can be more gentle and insinuating than her voice. Whenever, on the other hand, she is paramount, nothing can be more imperious and tyrannical than her proceedings. We have before us at this moment in Britain very good illustrations of both of these aspects of Rome, both of her lamb-like and dragon-like peculiarities.

In the capital of Protestant England, for example, Dr. Wiseman finds it necessary to act like a "lamb." We could give many instances of this. Take one of the most recent. In one of his late sermons published in the *Tablet*, June 6th, we have the following very smooth and characteristic passage on Christian charity, by which unthinking Protestants are misled:—"God forbid," said his Eminence, "that any Catholic, whether priest or layman, should think otherwise than well and kindly of all, even though separated from us. Though the household of faith had the first claim—those who were united with us in the communion of Saints and in the participation of the same holy Sacraments—yet we must not stop there, but exhibit a charitable demeanour towards those also who were unfortunately separated from us. Charity was the virtue which would outlive time and accompany us to the heavenly country, when faith would be changed to sight. We must desire that there might be 'one fold and one Shepherd,' but, in the meantime, we must bear ourselves in such a manner to those who were without, that they might be attracted towards, and not repelled from us. Not even for the good of religion must we allow ourselves to be betrayed into any other course."

In Popish Connaught, on the other hand, the "beast" can assume its real nature, and speak in its "dragon" voice, and hence the late extraordinary exhibition before a Committee of the House of Commons.

The Committee of Parliament on the disputed election for the county of Mayo, has served to bring out this striking feature of Irish Romanism. The Popish bishops and priests seem to have been the ringleaders in every scene of violence, and to have given very pregnant illustrations of the kind of liberty of which Rome is the champion. In opening the case before the Committee—

"Mr. E. James stated that it was the most important election petition which, in the course of his experience, had ever been brought before a committee, involving as it did no less a question than that of the freedom of election. Those who had presented the petition—and they had not ventured to do it without great deliberation and caution—were not so much prosecuting a mere election petition as preferring a series of charges of high crimes and misdemeanours against a large body of prelates of the Irish Church; and he should therefore deal with those charges as he should do if this were a criminal prosecution, and state nothing but what was capable of positive proof. Parliament had framed a series of resolutions, extending as far back as the time of Edward I., declaring the principle of freedom of election—a principle which he should prove had been violated in this instance. He had to make a charge of organized conspiracy against certain priests belonging to the county of Mayo, of whom Dr. M'Hale, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, was at the head, entered into in order to prevent by violence and intimidation a number of voters from voting for Colonel Higgins, to compel them to vote in favour of Mr. Moore, and to prevent Colonel Higgins from exercising the fair influence to which he was properly entitled over the constituency. In order to carry out this conspiracy, voters had been taken to the houses of priests and sworn on the Bible to vote for Mr. Moore; and every kind of influence had been brought to bear upon the uneducated Irish peasantry. At Ballinrobe, two priests, at the head of an excited mob, kept Colonel Higgins prisoner for two days, in fear of his life. Sir R. O'Donnell would tell them the excitement that prevailed, and the danger in which Colonel Higgins was placed. On the 30th of March, a priest named Peter Conway (he believed chaplain to Dr. M'Hale), who was constantly in Mr. Moore's company, and who canvassed with him, appeared upon the scene, together with two other priests. The nomination took place on the 3d of April, at Castlebar; and, in consequence of the excitement of the Castlebar population, riots were anticipated, and three companies of the 38th regiment were sent to the town, and a police force was organized. At the nomination, such was the excitement, that Peter Conway was requested to calm the people, and the result was that it passed off without accident. On the Saturday night and Sunday morning it became necessary to bring Colonel Higgin's voters for protection to a hotel in Ballinrobe, where there was a large military force. Conway, under pretence of taking the voters to mass, endeavoured to get at them, but was unsuccessful. He became very violent; and a magistrate was sent for, who interfered and sent away the mob who accompanied Conway. Ballinrobe contained 6000 or 7000 inhabitants; and Conway's chapel was the only one there. On the Sunday in question, Conway denounced Colonel Higgins from the altar during the celebration of mass. At Killala, where Luke Byrne was the priest, and at Bollola, where James Halloran was the priest, Colonel Higgins was also denounced from the altar; and Halloran stated that he was acting by direction of the Rev. Dr. M'Hale and the Roman Catholic bishops. At Kilcommon, where Mr. Joyce was the Catholic priest, the same scene occurred. Ballinrobe was, of course, in the most excited state; and Conway addressed the mob in the afternoon out of Mr. Moore's committee-room, and said he wanted 100 men at his gate immediately, and 100 more in half-an-hour, to meet the voters of Colonel Higgins. At the head of this mob he proceeded to a neighbouring village, called Neale, below which, at Lough Corrib, lived Colonel Higgins, as he expected that the voters would come in that direction. They met a respectable gentleman, seventy-five years old, who was intimidated and cruelly beaten, because he was one of Colonel Higgins's voters. Provender for the horses which had taken the voters to Ballinrobe had also to be sent into the town under charge of Colonel Higgins's servant. He met the mob; and, at the instigation of Conway, they scattered the provender, cut the horses loose, and ill-used the man. Eight or nine voters were met, accompanied by an escort of cavalry. Conway gave orders for their attack, and such was the excitement of the mob, that the voters ran away, and the cavalry were of no use. Two of the voters were caught, and Conway having ascertained that they were voters, swore them upon some book purporting to be the Bible not to vote for Colonel Higgins. The rest of the men who were captured were taken as prisoners to a hotel at Scon, and Conway there canvassed them on the same evening. He told them they must either vote for Moore and Palmer, or else split their votes for Moore. Conway never left these voters, but the same night took them to Moore and Palmer's committee-rooms, and conveyed them to the poll on the Monday. They were too late for the poll, and he locked them up in his own house during the Monday night, and on the following morning took them to the poll, and made them vote for Mr. Moore. A number of voters, in charge of a strong escort of cavalry, were going to Ballinrobe through Claremorris, between nine and ten o'clock on the same Sunday. The mob rushed out of the chapel, where one Reynolds, parish priest, was performing mass, and with Reynolds at their head, attacked the cavalry, and nearly killed one man. Reynolds, believing that he had been killed, announced his death to the people, saying that it was the will of God. On the road to Ballinrobe to Claremorris, the same voters met an enormous mob, with Conway at their head; and Conway, in Irish, gave his curse and the curse of the Church and of God to all who should vote for Colonel Higgins. A gentleman who was with the voters, however, went up with a pistol to Conway, and said, that if he did not leave off exciting the mob he would shoot him; and Conway, who was probably, judging from his actions, a coward, then desisted, and the voters at last arrived at Ballinrobe. About half-past eight on the same Sunday, Colonel Higgins was going to Ballinrobe, with his servant and postilion, when he saw a large and infuriated mob, with Conway at their head on horseback. Conway called out, 'Is that Ousely Higgins? Yes, boys, it is!' The postilions endeavoured to drive on, and Conway called out, 'At him, boys!' and Colonel Higgins was obliged to take refuge in the house of a friend, where he was obliged to remain the whole day. He did not dare to show himself outside the door. Between three and four in the morning the windows of Colonel Higgins's supporters in Ballinrobe were broken by the mob; and at other places similar occurrences took place, always at the instigation of the priests. On the Monday the polling went on from eight till four. On the Tuesday the excitement and terror increased. The Riot Act was frequently read; and ultimately the returning officer, at two o'clock, was obliged to adjourn the poll till the next morning. The priests were actually leading mobs and preventing Colonel Higgins's voters from getting to the poll. After the adjournment of the poll, the magistrates thought it was time to vindicate the majesty of the law, and it was questioned whether Father Conway ought not to be arrested; but such was the state of the town, that they had not military enough to carry their purpose into effect. Father Conway heard that a large force had been sent for, and went home and published this placard:—

"'Sr. Mary's, *Tuesday Evening.*

"My very dear friends,—I never asked a favour of you that you did not grant at once. I now ask one favour more of you this day, and I ask it in the name of the glorious Queen of Heaven, the Immaculate Mother of God. It is this,—that no man, woman, or child, shall appear in the streets of Ballinrobe, except a freeholder, to-morrow, Wednesday, or any other day till I appear among you. Any one who does not take this advice is the enemy of Moore and Palmer, and the enemy of our country. Victory is yours! P. Conway.'

On the Wednesday, Mr. Moore came into the town, and immediately inquired 'Where is poor Father Peter?' He, too, harangued the mob, and the excitement recommenced. The mob rushed to Father Peter's house and brought him out, and then came all sorts of addresses from Father Peter and Mr. Moore, and the excitement of course increased. It was worthy of remark that, in the placards which had been issued, and the subscriptions which had been got up, no layman's name appeared. It all was the work of the priests. At that very moment subscriptions were going on at the altars to defray the expense of defending this return; and the very lives of the witnesses who were summoned to give evidence before the Committee were in danger."

The following extracts from the evidence will give an idea of the scenes which occurred. It would be interesting to know if the most prominent priests were trained at Maynooth.

"Mr. David Rutley, a magistrate for the county of Mayo, formerly high sheriff and also an elector of that county, said: I am acquainted with Colonel Higgins and Mr. Moore, and at the last election I supported Colonel Higgins. The nomination took place at half-past ten or eleven on the 3d of April, at Castlebar. The Rev. Peter Conway and Mr. Moore came there in a phaeton together. I know Dr. M'Hale. He was outside the gate of the court-house with a number of priests. Mr. Moore and Conway joined Dr. M'Hale's party, and they all went to their own part of the hustings. Early in the election I saw this placard extensively circulated. [The placard set forth the resolutions of the Castlebar meeting, signed by John, Archbishop of Tuam, and three other bishops, and called on the people to hear the voice of their venerated bishops, ever their guides in the day of trial, and to vote for Moore and Palmer.] I am not a Roman Catholic. The district was very much excited after the placard was published. On the polling-day a large number of military were brought into the town. On the Saturday I had gone to Clanmorris with a troop of dragoons, in order to meet a number of Colonel Higgins's voters there on the following morning. Some gentlemen sent on the Sunday to know whether the military had arrived, in order to protect their tenantry. At ten o'clock on the Sunday morning the voters arrived near the hotel. Some of the voters who came on horseback were anxious to go on while the people were at mass, and wait for the escort outside the town. About forty went off, and I followed with the remainder as fast as possible. I collected upwards of 100 voters by eleven on Sunday morning. As we passed close to the chapel where Mr. Reynolds was preaching, the people came out in a state of great excitement, and threw volleys of stones at us. One man, Peter Cummins, got a blow on the head, and we thought he was killed. The voters, who were in a van, became frightened and wanted to get out and run away, but I made them stoop down, where they were safe. The escort remained a little behind and prevented some of the mob from getting at us. The mob consisted of 300 or 400 people. We at last got out of the town, and formed into a body for the purpose of proceeding to our destination. We got on to within two miles of Ballinrobe, which is about twenty-two English miles from Clanmorris, when we heard that the town was in a state of great excitement, and we sent for a further escort, and twenty-five infantry were sent out in addition to the twenty-five cavalry which had accompanied us. We then proceeded towards Ballinrobe. We passed near a lane or road about twenty feet wide, where we met a mob of people. I stationed a few police which had come out with the infantry at the foot of the lane, and took the cavalry to the head of the lane. There was a high wall on one side of the lane, on which I observed a number of people, Father Conway among them. Father Conway spoke to them in Irish, and I understand enough of that language to know what he said.

"Mr. M. Smith submitted that the words ought to be given in the language in which they were uttered.

"The Committee, after deliberating for a short time with closed doors, overruled the objection to the admission of the evidence.

"Witness.—The words were, 'My curse as a priest, and that of the Church, and of the people be upon you seven times if you vote for Colonel Higgins.' The words were addressed in a solemn manner, Conway being on his knees to the voters. From the space enclosed by the wall, there then issued a number of violent men, who seized the horses by their heads, and prevented them from proceeding, until I drove them away. They then commenced flinging stones from the wall, where the priest still remained. M. Burke, a magistrate, said, 'If any man throw a stone at me, I will shoot him,' pointing to Conway; and Conway then disappeared. Conway afterwards reappeared on horseback in the lane, and came up to me and abused me violently. He said 'Boys, boys, don't kill a policeman or a soldier.' There was a tremendous mob in the town at the time. The voters were very much afraid. I at last got my men into the hotel yard, which did not, however, communicate with the hotel. Conway went to a house in the neighbourhood and made a speech. I went to the hotel and remained there till the election was over. I was to have gone to Mr. Griffin's house, about 300 yards distance, and I attempted to get there, but I was pelted directly I made my appearance, and I remained in the hotel. I never saw such a violent mob, although I have seen many contested elections in the county.

"Mr. Prendergast was then called and examined by Mr. O'Malley. He said: I live in the county of Mayo. I am a retired solicitor, and a voter for the county. I know Mr. Isadore Burke, of Curralee, and Mr. D. Rutley. On the 5th of April I was at Claremorris. I accompanied young Mr. Burke to Ballinrobe on that day, in order to be ready to vote at the election. Mr. Rutley was taking some voters to Ballinrobe with a military escort. On our arrival at Ballinrobe, we turned up a lane, in order to avoid the mob. An additional party of military and constabulary had been sent from the town to meet us. There is a wall on either side of the lane. The voters were attacked in that lane by some people who commanded the lane from the wall. There was an enormous mob round about the lane, headed by Father Conway. They seemed to be acting under his direction. He was either on or inside the wall. I heard him speak repeatedly to the mob. I understand Irish very well. I heard him say to the voters in Irish, 'May the curse of God and the curse of the flock be upon any men who vote for Higgins.' [The witness repeated the sentence in Irish to Mr. Buchanan, one of the learned counsel, who understood the language, and considerable amusement was excited by the endeavors of the official shorthand-writer to take a note of the words.] I am a Roman Catholic, and well acquainted with the habits and feelings of the peasantry. This expression was repeated by Conway several times, in an excited and violent, but solemn manner. It was uttered in the way of denunciation. It decidedly had a great effect upon the people, and was, no doubt, calculated to excite a Roman Catholic mob.

"Mr. Joseph Burke, examined by Mr. O'Malley.—I am the son of Mr. Burke of Curralee. Several of my father's tenantry are voters of Mayo county. My father supported Colonel Higgins. On the Saturday before the election I assisted to collect the voters, and I accompanied them on the Sunday morning Mr. Rutley and another magistrate (Mr. Farrell) were in command of the escort. We had applied for an escort, as we could not have brought the voters without it. Some of the voters had said that they were afraid to go without protection. On the 25th of March I was at Claremorris where the Rev. Peter Reynolds is the parish priest. Reynolds officiated at the chapel. He addressed the people with reference to the election. He told them to assemble on the following Sunday to consult about the election. He advised them in very strong terms to vote for Moore and Palmer, and not for Colonel Higgins. On the 59th I was at the chapel at Nace, about two miles from Claremorris. Mr. O'Donnell is the curate there. He addressed the congregation after mass. He said four bishops had signed a poll proclamation against one of the candidates; that he must be a very bad man, or they would not have done so; and that there was a very strong feeling against Colonel Higgins's supporters. He hoped if they went to Ballinrobe that they would get back safe. I accompanied the voters out of Claremorris. The mob chased us, and the police had to fix their bayonets to get through the mob. I was struck with a stone. I was with my father's men, and went on before the other voters. [The witness here repeated the evidence already given by Mr. Rutley and Mr. Prendergast with respect to the attacks on the voters between Claremorris and Ballinrobe.] When we were in the lane, and volleys of stones were being thrown at us, I saw Conway on the wall putting his hand to a stone. I then took out my pistol and said 'By G—, the first man that throws a stone I will blow his brains out!' The effect was that Conway, who was on the wall, disappeared. Some of the men got into the lane, notwithstanding the efforts of the infantry to keep them out. We did not lose any of our men. The mob attempted to pull the soldiers and the voters off their horses. One of them tried to get me off my horse, but a dragoon threatened him with his sword, and made him desist. Conway mounted a horse, and complained to a stipendiary of my having arms. That gentleman asked for them, and I gave them up, saying I had done with them.

"Mr. John Burke, examined by Mr. E. James.—I reside with my father, at Oare, in Galway. On the 5th of April I accompanied my father, who had a vote for the county of Mayo, to Ballinrobe. He was going to vote for Colonel Higgins. There was a man-servant driving us. We were in a car. About half-past five or six in the evening we arrived close to Ballinrobe. Near the town we met about 200 or 300 people in a very excited state. Many of them were about half drunk. Conway was on horseback in the mob. My father is a healthy man, nothwithstanding his great age, but of a very nervous temperament. The mob called out 'Stop!' and we were obliged to stop. Conway said, after looking at us for a short time, 'Oh, you are Colonel Higgins's supporters,—I wash my hands of you.' He meant the mob to hear him. He rode away about 100 yards, and two men then rushed forwards, pulled me off the cart, and dragged me about 100 yards by my coat-collar in the direction taken by Conway. He could see what was being done. Some of the men had gone across a field to look for another person, and I heard a man tell Conway that this person was not at home. I said, 'It is a shame to see a man of my father's rank treated in this way, and for you not to interfere.' He said, 'It is not in my power to prevent it.' I said, 'You know well that it is in your power, and you ought to prevent it.' He then rode back to where my father was, and as soon as I could get loose from the men who were holding me, I also went back to my father. My father was standing on the ground in the hands of the mob, evidently in a state of great terror and excitement. He told me he had been beaten on the back of the neck and on the chest. He was a cripple in the arms, head and back for some days afterwards. Conway then took my father out of the hands of the mob, and replaced him on the car. I have no doubt that Conway had power to control the mob. I said to Conway that he ought now to let my father and me go home. He said, 'I will take care of you.' The car was then turned towards home. It had been turned round by the mob. I said, 'That will not answer, because I want to place my father in the care of his wife and daughters.' My father asked what they wanted with him, and the mob said, 'Not to vote for Colonel Higgins.' Conway said, 'It would have been folly for you to go into the town, even with an escort, because Isadore Burke was taking in some voters a short time ago, and three or four men were killed by the mob.' He then produced a list of voters, and looked for our names. I said my name was not in it. My father said, 'Let me go home, and I will not vote for Colonel Higgins.' Conway said, 'Will you promise me, Mr. Burke, on your honour, that you will not