

In 1826 Mr. Lally purchased from George A. Nagle, the property in Germain street, opposite Trinity Church, known as the Mansion House, at the great fire of 1877, and then the property of George V. Nowlin. At this time the Lallys resided on a farm in the vicinity of the city, and sold milk. Lally having insured the property, the next step was to set it on fire. After making arrangements to make the work effective, through a distribution of tar, Mrs. Lally applied the torch at several points. As the building was three stories and could be seen from the North Market Wharf, a watchman there observed flames coming out of the north end. He at once gave the alarm, and the fire was soon extinguished, followed by the arrest of Mrs. Lally, who was found on the premises. She was tried in the Old Court Room, Market Square, found guilty and sentenced to stand in the Pillory, one hour on King Square. It is at this stage Dr. Quinn appears upon the scene, for on his certificate as her medical adviser that Mrs. Lally's health was such as to place her life in peril, should the sentence be carried out, the sentence was in consequence postponed, and in the end she was pardoned. Her husband no doubt must have been a party to the act. The family shortly after removed to the States, the daughter first jilting the doctor. The son attained distinction in the American Army in Mexico, and it has been said was with it in the Aroostook War, 1839. Not long after the departure of the Lallys Dr. Quinn left New Brunswick. Where his after lot was cast is unknown.

The Old Court House in which the trial took place, which also served as the City Hall, where the Common Council held their meetings, had also a butcher market in the first story, with basement, best known as "Hell's Kitchen." It was taken down in 1837, to make way for the large brick building burnt in the fire of 1841. Happily the Poet Laureate of that day has preserved it in song, entitled: "A Dirge on the Old Court and Market House."

* * * * *

So far, so good, the place where thou didst stand,
A ship yard was whilom, all strewed with chips
Where the huge hull moved boldly from the strand
And took its station in the rank of ships,
To wrestle with the winds and waves and bring
Health to the rising city and the King.

And there thy fair proportions rose to view
Thy modest worth the public mind confessed,
Quadrangular thy form, thy stories two,
With not much architectural beauty blest;
Thy basement deep and gloomy as a cavern
Was first enobled by the name of Tavern.