

THE IRISH CATHOLICS IN ARTHABASKA, P.Q.

HOW THEY ARE FAITHFUL—FAITH AND FATHERLAND—POLITICS, RELIGION, NATIONALITY.

ST. PATRICK'S HILL, Tingwick, March 23rd, 1886.

There are said to be about one hundred Irish Catholic families in the County of Arthabaska. The greater part of these are settled in the neighborhood of Tingwick, where the lofty steeples of "St. Patrick's Church" top the summit of a hill. All told, there are sixty-seven Irish Catholics in this parish. Formerly there were many more, but of late years some of them have emigrated to the States. Tingwick, fifty years ago, was settled by Irish Catholics, principally from the County Mayo, Ireland, and the adjoining post office of "Castlebar" bears silent testimony to the love of the dear old land which the early settlers carried with them to their new home. These early settlers were Johnson, Carley, Buckleys, Browns, Walshes, Powers and Murphys, and they name of "Powerstown" was given to one of the neighborhoods which surround the picturesque hill of "St. Patrick," with its clustering groves of maple, birch, spruce and hemlock, sprinkling the rolling country round with wood for the settler's needs. Of all the "old stock" who settled here years ago there are only about ten now alive, some of whom, James Johnson, Nicholas Chapman, and Edmund Goggin and Denis Nolan, are over eighty years of age, and they are hale and hearty, in spite of coming to church at St. Patrick's every Sunday that wind and weather are propitious, and bearing in their memories and their hearts as fond a recollection and as true an allegiance to fifth and fatherland as if they were living all these years on the green hillsides of their native land. The country all around here is rolling, the land good, wood and water are abundant, and in summer running brooks thread the land like ropes of silver over emerald bows. Of the younger generation of Irish Catholics, nearly all of whom were born here, the inherited attachment to their Fatherland retains a first place in their national affections, and there is not one of them in whose homes there is not some picturesque reminder of dear old Ireland. A picture of St. Patrick, a portrait of Robert Emmet, a likeness of Garret, a copy of THE FOSTER or TRUE WITNESS, something to amuse the visitor that he is among a people who are obeying the injunction: "Be ye faithful unto death." Even their accent, unchanged by French surroundings, still bears the phenetic euphony of their fathers' land, and the accent, so familiar in the wilds of Connaught, or heard under the shadow of Galtees, may be heard here at Tingwick with all its touching pathos. Such old men as Williams and Gleeson, who are among the earliest settlers, are as much Irish now as they were the day landlord tyranny drove them "with a vengeance" to seek a home among the stranger, while their sons and grandsons inherit all the national characteristics of their race. In their homes the toddling little ones, in answer to the names of "Nelly," "Bridget," "Mary," "Kate," "Anne," "Patrick," "Michael," "John" and such others as one may hear today along the rock bound coast of the West of Ireland, beside the Shannon or within earshot of the "Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee." And many of these sons of Irishmen now well to do in their new homes. In this neighborhood they are as a general rule, among the richest of the settlers, many of them having money out at interest, and their comfortable houses, spacious barns, and well kept farms giving evidence of thrift and labor. For four miles of the road, from Warwick Station to St. Patrick's Hill, the settlers are nearly all Irish, and from St. Patrick's church to Daaville, four miles more, it is the same, and their farms stretch away in lots on both sides, and under nearly every leaf tree, the son or the grandson of an Irish Catholic immigrant lives there following the customs, and retaining the habits, of their fathers. Ask them their nationality, and they will answer "Irish" to a man; and a French Canadian who these people are and he will say "Ireland's too;" ask the reason expected and below the parish priest, the Rev. Father Juras, and he will say "all, all, Irish, and he will add, "none more faithful, none more law-abiding and none more willing to give voluntary aid to the Church" when the necessities of the hour call for soliciting donations to support or extend the Faith typified with the Cross which surmounts the steeple on St. Patrick's Hill. At the church the Irish have a sermon in English every second Sunday, and the good priest, it is well known, looks favorably on his faithful parishioners, and whose loyalty he so well knows. And the French Canadians, generally, are friendly to their Irish neighbors, and a kindly intercourse and generous sympathy exists between the two peoples, among whom quarrels are unknown. It is no wonder that such a people as these Irish are should be in political sympathy with their French Canadian neighbors over the Biel Republic and Irishmen who never saw the old land will tell you here that hanging men for political offences is not according to the tenets of their political creed, and all through the settlement there is not one Irish Catholic who does not long for the time when he can cast a vote which will help in sending Sir John A. Macdonald and his colleagues into opposition. The teachings of THE POST and THE TRUE WITNESS have had their effect here as elsewhere, and old time Conservatives, without exception—mark, without an exception—pledge themselves to do their share in putting down Orange ascendancy at Ottawa forever. The reaction on that point is complete, and in politics THE POST and THE TRUE WITNESS is their Bible, for they all say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Living as they do in a people within a people, they cling to those who fight the battle of their fatherland, and "traitor" is the familiar term they apply to those of their own nationality at Ottawa who bend the supple hinges of the knee to the Orange power, hated for which they suckled at their mother's breast. On the roadside four Irish Catholic girls, Miss Welsh, Miss Twohey, Miss Williams and Miss Sarah Twohey, teach the grandsons of these early Irish settlers elementary education and with their church, their schools, their comfortable homesteads and their general prosperity, the Irish Catholics around St. Patrick's Hill are fair specimens of that faithfulness to Faith and Fatherland and that prosperity which comes of thrift and labor, and they may be accepted as an evidence of that constancy which was written on the banner of the Franco-Irish Brigade: "Always and everywhere faithful."

NED RUSHEEN, OR, WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Mr. Grimdeath drove up at this moment earlier than he was expected. A conversation ensued, in which the Opolgel stated his view of the case very strongly, and the coroner, being human, was considerably prejudiced thereby. "A serious case—a very serious case—but of course I can give no opinion until the matter comes before me. You will, I suppose, give evidence," Colonel, and state what you have now mentioned to me." "I have this girl a disappearance been inquired about," Egan asked the inspector. "I have not been up to the castle, sir," replied Egan; "but there is an hour and more before the inquest, and I can go now." He was no wiser after his visit there, as he candidly informed his superior when they met just outside the gates, where Ned was being led in, guarded by two policemen. Jack was there also. If the events had happened "in India," no doubt he would have deserved to be shot on the spot for he had actually sent Ned's mother five miles off on an "errand for Ned," which he conjured up out of his own fertile brain; and as he saw her turn up a lonely road to do his bidding, he gave a very improper and prolonged whoop of satisfaction. He knew it would all be over in a few hours, and maybe Ned would be free when Grady came home. In any case, to Jack's unsophisticated and affectionate mind, the one grand thing to be done was to keep her from hearing anything until all was decided. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, he contrived to whisper what he had done to Ned, who thanked him with a look of gratitude which more than repaid all his trouble. He had not yet got speech of the young gentleman—all his efforts had failed, for the present at least; but Jack was not at the end of his resources—he seldom was.

The jury had been sworn, and had gone to view the body. There it lay, in cold desolation, in the great dining hall, where it had been laid the day before. There were no bright lights around it, blessed by the Church; no holy water, to scare away the demons, or invite the angels who love holy things. There were no loving, tender hearts kneeling around in fervent, hopeful prayer for the poor soul,—all was dark, dark and desolate, both spiritually and temporally. If they had believed that the dead man had gone to the "pit hole," as too many believe, even in a Christian land, they could not have done less, and a heathen might have done more. The jaws had been tied up by the doctors with a white handkerchief; it was now stained with blood. The hair was rough, and lying in deep, matted lumps, parted back of the face, showing the wound in the temple. The hands, once so tenderly cared for, were lying loosely down by the sides; one was clenched, and seemed to hold something in a firm grasp, the other was half closed.

No one was to touch the body until after the inquest, it was said; and no one did touch it, or cared to do so. Some of the jury were Catholics, and the absence of all emblem of religion was very painful to them. Some of them were Protestants, and they did not notice the absence of that to which they had not been accustomed. As far as exterior appearance went, Lord Elmdale might have been a respectable heathen. There was only one emblem of Christianity to be seen, and that was poor Larry's crucifix. It was so tightly clasped in the hand of the dead man that it had been left there.

CHAPTER XI. THE INQUEST.

The inquest was held in the hall. It was of great size, and the only suitable place. A great many of the country gentlemen were present, and there was a crowd of the poorer class outside, who were orderly enough; and even if they had not been, they were too numerous for the police to expel them without using fire arms. Colonel Everard sat near the coroner, evidently taking a deep interest in the proceedings. Lord Elmdale was present also, but he seemed in great mental distress, which was only natural.

The family attorney had been summoned, and Mr. Forensic was to have a brief if the case was sent on to the assizes. He watched the proceedings with great interest. Ned Rusheen had no one; but I should not say so. The coroner asked him had he any counsel. His reply was sorrowful but true, and I am sorry to say, only prejudiced his case with some of his judges. "No one, sir, but God and His blessed Mother." There were some persons present however, who thought he might have been worse off. A good many of the gentlemen who had been at the judge's dinner party were there. Those who had come from Dublin had slept at their host's house for the night, and were naturally anxious to witness the proceedings. Mr. O'Sullivan went over to Ned, and said a few words to him. The young man brightened up. He could not have a better adviser. God and His blessed Mother had heard his prayer; and for the first time since his arrest he saw a gleam of hope.

The medical evidence as to the cause of death was taken first. The Dublin surgeon could not attend, but Dr. Kelly was present, and his report was sufficient; but some unexpected points came out, for the doctors had been reticent after their post-mortem. There had been two shots fired, both a rifle and a fowling piece had been used. He was asked by the coroner had they extracted the ball, but he replied they had not. The coroner seemed to think it ought to have been produced, but at last the matter was allowed to drop. Would he swear that there had been two shots fired? Certainly he would. Could he tell which shot had been fired first? He could not say positively, but he had various professional reasons for believing that the discharge from the rifle had been the first shot and the fatal one. "In fact, then," observed the coroner, "you believe that whoever fired the first shot, which you say was a rifle, was actually the murderer, either accidentally or purposely?" "Precisely so."

There was some commotion here in the upper part of the hall. Lord Elmdale had fallen from his seat apparently in a fit of swoon. Egan said the same thing had happened last night when he was talking to him about his father's death, and thought he would soon recover, as he had done then. He did recover, after taking a stimulant; but he continued so fearfully livid—no other word can express his appearance—that those around expected to see him fall lifeless every moment. Dr. Kelly continued his evidence; Mr. O'Sullivan took very careful notes. A juror asked could he give any idea what time had elapsed between the firing of the first and second shot? Dr.

Kelly could not say positively—he thought not long. What did he mean by "not long"—his expression was extremely vague. Well, perhaps a few moments, or it might be an hour—it was nearly impossible to say. It was quite clear that if the shot from the fowling-piece had been fired first, the unfortunate gentleman might have made some effort to get home. It would not have been fatal—at least he would have been able to get down by the roadside while help came up. But he was found lying flat on the ground—at least he undressed so—and just in the position in which he would have been likely to have fallen if he shot at a distance by a rifle.

At a distance! The words seemed to convey to a new idea. Some of the gentlemen began to discuss in an under-tone, how far a rifle shot would go. Egan and the inspector looked at each other, and the latter whispered something to the coroner, who nodded assent. "Can you say positively whether the rifle-shot could have been fired from behind the hedge on either side? You know the exact spot, I presume, where the body was found?" "I know the spot, and I am quite certain the rifle-shot was not fired from behind the hedge."

Egan and the inspector looked at each other again. Matters were taking a curious turn. The two lawyers had obtained from interfering; but Mr. Forensic now asked his reasons for this positive opinion. The doctor made a gesture of contempt for the legal ignorance on medical subjects generally, and the noble art of gunnery in particular, and replied, with some acrimony of tone—"Because, sir, you cannot fire a shot across a road, and hit a man right in front when he is walking straight up it."

There was a roar of laughter, and Mr. Forensic did not like it. "Then we are to understand that the rifle-shot which killed Lord Elmdale was fired by some person at a distance, and directly in front of him?" "That is my opinion."

"One more question, sir. Where do you think the shot from the fowling-piece was fired from?" "There can be no doubt about that. It was fired from the hedge, at the left-hand side."

"You reason, sir?" inquired a juror. The doctor answered him more amiably than he did the lawyer—"Because the shot was lodged in the left temple." Barnes was examined next. He deposed to the finding of the body, and the position in which he found it—quite flat on the ground, with all the appearance of having fallen back suddenly and fatally. He was asked by the coroner if he had any suspicion of the murderer, but he said decidedly he had not.

A juror inquired if he knew whether his master had any dispute or quarrel with and one which might have led to any act of revenge? Barnes hesitated a moment. It was naturally concluded that he was trying to recollect recent events before replying to the question. The poor old man, too, was fearfully agitated—his face quite borne down with grief. He caught his young master's eye at the moment, and he did not like the expression, but he gave him the answer which he thought right to give. No; as far as he was aware, there had not been any dispute between the late Lord Elmdale and any of his tenants. He had a slight emphasis on the last word, but it was not noticed, and he was allowed to retire. It seemed quite evident that he knew nothing beyond the fact of the death.

Egan was examined next. We need not give his deposition, as the substance has already been related. There was considerable sensation manifested when he showed the piece of wooden staff he had found on the hedge, and showed, further, how exactly it matched the piece, torn or rent out of the comforter which he swore Rusheen had worn the very moment of his arrest. The jury asked to see both, and looked at them as if they expected to derive some important information from the sight. If they could have cross-examined the comforter, they might have got some satisfaction—not otherwise. One of the jurors observed the very thing which had been noticed by the inspector—the piece was evidently not torn off on a hedge, the tear was too straight; in fact, as an apothecary who was on the jury remarked, it was a "clean fracture." It caught in a hedge, it would have been jagged. Egan was asked would he swear he had found the piece on the hedge precisely in its present state?

He said, with perfect truth, he would swear it. He got rather excited, partly because he began to have doubts himself about his former piece of evidence, and partly because he thought his word was not taken as readily as it should be. He forgot it was one thing to be a constable giving evidence, and quite another affair to be a juror, with the power of hanging a man.

Mr. Forensic and Mr. O'Sullivan were still talking notes. They thought it extremely probable the case would go to the assizes, and that it would be one of no ordinary interest. The production of the comforter had told fearfully against Rusheen. It seemed altogether a case of remarkable circumstantial evidence. How could the piece have come on the hedge, unless it had caught there in the hurry of flight? But there were two shots fired; and who fired the second; or, rather who fired the first?

Jack the Runner was examined next. He came up cheerfully, gave a wink at Ned a grin at the coroner, a proceeding which did not tend to propitiate that gentleman in his favour. He felt half disposed to order him off as a disreputable character, but Egan had made a good deal of "his witness," and he was sternly condescending.

"I suppose, boy, you understand the nature of an oath?" "Yer honour?" Jack understood the question perfectly, but the pure and inherent love of mischief made him feign ignorance. The coroner repeated the question in a higher key. He was evidently irritated. Jack looked satisfied. "The nature of an oath is it, your honour?—faith an' I do, and swearin' them all day long."

There was a roar of laughter, and Egan looked unutterable threats at the irreverent individual. "You'll be committed for contempt of court, sir," whispered a constable, angrily, behind him. "Contempt of court?" exclaimed the incorrigible Jack, aloud, to the extreme dismay of the functionary; "and I only waitin' to hear what the fine gentleman up there has to say to me?"

The coroner turned to the inspector. "Is it necessary to examine this boy?" "The inspector thought it was. He candidly believed the lad could give evidence perfectly if he chose. "Where will you go, sir, when you die, if you swear a false oath?" "Is it there I'll be goin'?" Faith, thin, his reverence there 'd say I'd be goin' to blazes." All eyes were turned on the priest, whose presence had not been previously noticed,

and who did not feel grateful to his disciple for the attention he had drawn on him. The coroner began a steady cross-examination. The two lawyers looked at each other suggestively. Jack was not a subject they would have liked to have anatomized judicially. "You went to Kingstown on an errand for the high constable last evening?" "No answer."

"Do you hear, sir?" "Sure I do, yer honour; and it would not be becomin' for me to be contradictin' yer honour."

"Did you go to Kingstown yesterday evening?" roared the coroner. "That's nat and straight, like the grey mare's tail," soliloquized Jack, but quite loud enough to be heard by all near him; and then he replied, in the same loud tone as the query had been made in—"I did, sir."

"You went to buy a scarf or comforter like this?" he held up Ned's torn one,—"did you buy one?" "Oh, thin, I didn't, yer honour." Egan literally could stand it no longer. He stood up, but some considerate individual pulled him back into his seat. "You did not buy it?" "No, yer honour. Sure I'm on me oath, and I must be careful,—it was a whole 'out I bought!"

The scurril was produced. "Will you swear this was the one you bought?" "Faith, I'll swear to natin'. How do I know it was not changed since? There's lots of the like that in the country has choke-me-up just like that one."

"I think the witness had better go down!" roared the inspector. "Is it to go down, sir? Sure an' I'll go anywhere that'll be plizin' to you; only if you'd give me a sixpence to Mr. Egan's shilling, there was one of them comforters just like Ned's, with a piece out of it, in the shop, and they'd sell it to me cheaper. That's where Ned got his."

And having said his say, in spite of coroner and police, he bowed profoundly, with inimitable roquetry, to the court; and then leaping lightly on the table, performed his favorite somersault, and retired. His object had been to do Ned as much good and as little harm as possible; for the moment he found out for what purpose his evidence was required, he laid his plans accordingly.

The jury were extremely uncomfortable. The foreman said he hoped, under the circumstances, Lady Elmdale would give evidence; she might know it there had been any disagreement. Her son started up, and protested, in the most peremptory manner, against such a proceeding, which he must say was indelicate in the extreme. He seemed more angry than distressed: this was too obvious to escape notice. Moreover, it was very well known in the neighborhood that he was not on very affectionate terms with either of his parents.

The coroner interposed. He thought Lady Elmdale's evidence might be very important indeed, and would depute Dr. Kelly, who was still present, to see if her presence could be required without danger. Lord Elmdale rose to accompany him, but the coroner so peremptorily requested him to remain where he was, that he found it impossible to accompany the doctor.

It was suggested then by Mr. O'Sullivan, who had been speaking in a low tone to Ned, that the two young gentlemen should be called in, only for a question as to time, but it was important. It was possible that an alibi might be proved.

Lady Elmdale came down leaning on Dr. Kelly. The whole court rose to receive her with the deepest respect and sympathy. When she was seated, the coroner addressed her in a low tone, in which he manifested even deeper sympathy for her bereavement than for her rank.

"We are greatly distressed, Lady Elmdale, to have been obliged to request your presence; but it is a serious case, and we are sure that you will not refuse to give any evidence which may be necessary for the ends of justice." Lady Elmdale replied by a slight inclination of the head.

"Can you tell us," continued the coroner, "if the late Lord Elmdale had any serious disagreement with any one lately?" "He had." The tone was very low, but perfectly distinct.

"With whom, and when?" "With—with—Oh! must I say it?" "Every eye was fixed on Ned Rusheen. Could she, indeed, give the fatal evidence which should send him to a felon's doom? Every eye, I have said—I should have said except one, and that was Mr. O'Sullivan's. His eye was on the young lord, and he saw that again he was on the verge of a deadly swoon."

"I fear we must ask you to give the name of his eldest son." The words were articulated rather than said. An electric shock had been given to every individual then and there in the great hall of Elmdale Castle, the effect could hardly have been more remarkable. The crowd outside heard the words almost as soon as the people inside.

"I fear I must ask when this serious disagreement took place?" "Yesterday morning, about an hour before—" "Before Lord Elmdale's death?" "Yes." "And you were present?" "Yes."

"May I ask if anyone else was aware of what passed?" "I think our butler—Barnes—knew something of it." "I believe, Lady Elmdale, we need not detain you further at present; but if you will be so good as to remain at hand, it may be necessary to ask another question."

Dr. Kelly again offered his support, and led the poor lady, half-fainting, from the hall, but without the slightest idea of the effect her evidence had produced. When she disappeared, Lord Elmdale, who had quite recovered himself, started up angrily, and asked to be sworn. His request was of course granted; but he began to blame his mother in an angry tone, and to swear, in the most solemn manner, that all she said was a lie—he corrected himself—a mistake; he could explain it all. He did not see why he should be accused in this way. The coroner interposed, and begged his lordship to be calm, and to observe that no one was accusing him of anything,—that Lady Elmdale had simply answered the questions put to her. If he wished to give any explanation of what had occurred, he could do so. The jury bent forward almost to a man, and listened gravely. "Paraphs," continued the coroner, "your lordship would wish to confer with Mr. Forensic first?" But he would confer with no one. He admitted there had been high words between him and his father, but it was about the affairs of other persons. He did not wish to prejudge the case against the prisoner.—(Ned looked at him, but he turned his head resolutely away)—but really, in self-defence.—The coroner reminded him again he was not accused.

Well, he was obliged to say that Rusheen had been the cause of the quarrel. He had broken into the castle the night before—(there was a general exclamation of amazement)—and when he had tried to expel him, he had used such violence as to leave him seriously injured.

He was asked if he knew why Rusheen, who was always known to be a quiet, respectable man, had committed this sudden act of housebreaking. He replied he did not know really, but thought it had something to do with a servant girl.

He was asked what time of night this had happened, and he stated the time and other particulars correctly, except his own share in the transaction. He accounted for being up at the hour, by the late arrival of his brothers. Did the servants, or any one in the castle, know of this housebreaking? Yes; he believed they did—he was not sure. Oh yes, he remembered now.—In trying to get Rusheen out, and to protect the frightened servant, a revolver had gone off, and the noise had brought his father down, who blamed him unjustly for the disturbance.

Where was the servant? Her evidence might be necessary. He could not tell; he knew nothing about the woman servant. Inquiry was made, but the coroner was informed that she had left the castle early on the morning before, and had not returned since. No one knew why she had left, or where she had gone.

It was perhaps as curious a complication of affairs as ever came out on a coroner's inquest. Mr. O'Sullivan suggested recalling Barnes—It was quite clear he knew a good deal more than he had cared to say.

CHAPTER XII. THE VERDICT.

Barnes was sworn again. "Do you know if the late Lord Elmdale and his son, the present Lord Elmdale, had any serious disagreement yesterday morning?" Remember you are on your oath; tell the whole truth." "Believe they had, sir." "Will you swear they had?" "I—Yes, sir."

"Do you know the reason of this quarrel?" "I think—"

"We want facts—not what you believe, but what you know to be a fact." Barnes was harassed by this sort of unexpected cross-examination, and seemed very much perplexed.

"I believe—"

"We don't want your belief, sir; we want facts. What do you know for a fact?" "I know nothing, sir."

"How do you know, then, there was a disagreement?" "Because I heard loud talking." "Where was this talking, and when?" "It was just after the family had left the breakfast-room, sir, and my lord desired me to tell Mr. Elmdale he wished to see him in his study when he came in."

"And the interview took place?" "Yes, sir."

"How do you know anything of what passed?" "My lord desired me to remain near the door while Mr. Elmdale was with him, and not to allow any one into the room until he left."

"Did no one go in?" "Lady Elmdale went in, but no one else."

He was asked did he hear voices, and could he distinguish them? He could hear the gentlemen's voices, they were so loud and angry; but he could not distinguish the words till Mr. Elmdale opened the door to come out. Could he remember exactly what words he heard? The coroner gave him some cautious to be careful, to remember he was on his oath, to say nothing but what he could swear to be true, that the old butler was nearly driven into hopeless confusion; but he had already seen the importance of his evidence, and thought, perhaps, Ned Rusheen might be saved by it; and while the coroner supposed he was absorbed in thought, he was softly saying a Hail Mary, that he might remember exactly the very words he had heard. No one suspected what he was doing except the priest, who was watching the case very closely. He saw Barnes' lips move, and then he lifted his right hand as if to make the sign of the cross, but let it fall back again, remembering the circumstances.

The coroner put the question again—"Can you remember the exact words you heard?" "Yes, sir. I heard Lord Elmdale say, 'Try to tempt an innocent servant to her destruction; I have told you what I shall do to you, and I hear Mr. Elmdale answer, 'And I defy you, sir.'"

Would he swear on his oath these exact words were used? He did so. Could he say who Lord Elmdale meant? He would rather not answer. But he must do so. He supposed Lord Elmdale meant Mr. Edward, to whom he was speaking.

Again Lord Elmdale started up in a fury of excitement. He denounced Barnes as an old hypocrite, a two-faced, double-tongued villain, and threatened to dismiss him on the spot. He was calmed with difficulty, but some of the jury began to think it was possible that the wrong person was in custody. Could the son have murdered the father? The idea, however, was dismissed as utterly unlikely; but Ned Rusheen's hopes of acquittal were rising high.

The priest went away. He had received an urgent sick call which he must attend, but he felt tolerably satisfied. The evidence, if it could be so called, against Ned Rusheen was so trifling that it could not be acted upon; and if he stayed, what could he do? He knew the truth, but he was bound by a solemn promise to Elise not to reveal it. If she were there, and knew the circumstances, she could have released him; as it was, only the most urgent necessity could induce him to speak. True, she had told him out of the confessional, but a promise made by a priest was a very solemn matter. If all that had happened could have been foreseen, he would certainly not have sent her to such a distance; but he had acted for the best at the time, and with true trust and confidence to God, he soon ceased to weary himself with circumstances which could not now be changed. Besides, he had a strong feeling against priests appearing in any way in a court of justice. If his presence was required by law or duty, it was right, because it was necessary; but if it could be avoided, he would go to the last extreme to do so. In the present case, there really seemed no occasion for his interference. And if he was sworn, would he be believed?—might not his statement, given at second-hand, be questioned by lawyers and coroner? No; better as it was. If there had been any danger of Ned's committal to jail, he would certainly have come forward; but he left the place with the pleasant assurance of seeing him free when he returned.

When he might have only attempted manslaughter? There were two shots fired—were there two assassins? It seemed utterly improbable. If not, then one shot was an accident; perhaps his was the accidental one. How were they to decide?—probably by not deciding at all.

Colonel Everard gave his evidence. He knew the late Lord Elmdale very intimately, had very confidential conversations with him on the state of the country. Some one observed that that was the Colonel's favorite subject; but the offender could not be discovered, and consequently escaped with only the reprobation of his own conscience, if he had any on the subject, and the warm approbation of his neighbors, who committed another "misprision of treason," according to Colonel Everard's code, by not denouncing him on the spot.

Had a long interview with the deceased the day before his assassination. "A grand word for ye! Cannot ye say plain murder?" The same voice again, but the culprit undetected.

"Really, Mr. Coroner, in my experience of law courts—" "Lord save them that ye had there!" A desperate rump of police to the place where the interruptions had proceeded, and a general and most cheerful effort on the part of every single individual in the guilty quarters to find the guilty person, which, curiously enough, they failed to do.

"If the witness is interrupted again, I will have the hall cleared," exclaimed Mr. Grimdeath, indignantly. "You were saying you had an interview with Lord Elmdale the day before his death. Did he mention any particular person or circumstances to you which would lead you to a detection of his murderer?" "He did."

The crowd was hushed enough now—you might have heard their very breath. "Be so good as to mention these circumstances." He replied that he had suspected a person, a dependant, in fact of the family, who, he believed, had entered on very bad courses.

"Did he mention the name?" "Mr. O'Sullivan started up. He objected to the question. There was a good quarter of an hour's wrangling and quoting of precedents. At the end of that time it was agreed that the question might be put. The coroner accordingly put it. "Did he mention the name?" "He did not."

There was a shout of laughter, and Ned's friends began to breathe freely. "Did you yourself know, or gather from his conversation, who was the person whom he complained of?" "I did."

"Do you feel certain enough to swear to this—to swear that it was a dependant, not a relative?" "I do. I am certain it was the prisoner."

The jury were again perplexed. The twins were the last witnesses. They looked utterly bowed down with grief, poor lads; and their whole deportment formed a strong contrast to that of their elder brother.

Freddy was sworn first. The boy sobbed like a child, and he was asked as few questions as possible. He deposed to having gone out with his brother and Ned on the morning of the—he could not say that fatal word—on yesterday morning about ten o'clock. They had fowling pieces, and Ned had a rifle. Was he quite sure? the coroner inquired. Yes; he was certain of it, and he turned to Ned, prisoner, and all as he was, with a touching confidence that moved all who were present, and asked, "Hadin' you, Ned?"

We have not said anything of Ned's demeanour at the trial, because there was nothing to be remarked. He seemed utterly resigned to his fate, with the sullenness of a deeply-wounded spirit. But when the boy addressed him with such artless assurance that he would speak the truth, he felt that at least one person in the world trusted him, and he burst into a passion of tears such as none who saw it ever cared to witness again.

Freddy was asked very respectfully, in a tone of deep sympathy, by the foreman of the jury, if he had been with Ned and his brother the whole morning. He said at first he was not sure; but when the coroner explained to him the great importance of the case, and how absolutely essential it was that he should try to remember everything accurately, because the fate of the prisoner might depend on his evidence, he at once roused himself from his grief, and became most anxious to remember and state everything with perfect exactness.

They were parted, he said, for a short time. Ned went after a deer with his rifle—the jury looked very grave—Harry went after a rabbit, he thought.

He was asked could he recollect at what time the fatal word had been said, and how long Ned and his brother had been away? He stopped to think for a moment, and the look of earnestness was as remarkable as his previous simplicity.

He thought the time was about a quarter to twelve; they might have been separated twenty minutes—it could not have been longer. How did he know the exact time? Oh he was quite sure about that. There was some bell rung at the concert every day just at twelve o'clock, and he heard it ring a few minutes after Rusheen returned.

Had Rusheen his rifle with him? No; he said he had laid it down in the wood, where he had found Harry lying under a tree, apparently in a dead faint. He did not know what had happened to him, Ned had gone home with Harry, but he had remained behind.

In answer to other questions, he replied that he had heard shots fired at different times during the morning; did not know in what direction they had been; had taken no particular notice. Could not say whether the shot he heard after Ned and his brother had left him to return to the castle was fired in the direction where his poor father was found. Supposed it was, as he had gone down that way to see who was shooting.

No one would attempt to cross-examine him,—in fact, it was evident that any pressure would prevent his recollecting anything. Dr. Kelly said Mr. Henry Elmdale was quite unfit to give evidence,—in fact, he feared he would have a fever. He said also that no good could be gained by his examination. The difficulties of the case were very great, and the jury most sincerely and anxiously wished themselves out of it. The coroner summed up for the jury; but being, as before said, human, he unconsciously leaned to the side against the prisoner, and he all knew what effect that has in a court of justice. It would only occupy unnecessary space to give even the substance of his remarks. It was necessarily a recapitulation of the evidence. The facts of the evidence were few, the surmises were many; but the tone of the voice, the slight emphasis on a word, the prematurely bringing forward of, and ostentatiously commenting on, an improbable circumstance, seemed to give weight to what had before appeared trivial. The great point against Ned Rusheen was the torn comforter; for which he either could not or would not ac-