

THE STORY OF A SPY.

The North was up, and all over Ulster that autumn chief and clansman took back by the strong hand the lands that their fathers had lost in the wars of Hugh O'Neill. The old fighting line, that had given to Ulster and to Ireland chiefs and leaders for a thousand years, had still another son to spare to give the red-hand banner to the winds, and light Tyrone's dark hills with the signal fires of war.

The settlers planted by King James, although they had heard the murmur presaging the coming storm had been unable to take any steps for protection, owing to the state of affairs in both Kingdoms under his son Charles at that period. Small wonder, then, that a single October night should see the Ulster Irish, under the leadership of Sir Felim O'Neill, master of the northern province, with the settler in his farmhouse and the Knight protected by castle and bawn, alike helpless before them. A few places still held for England around the coast, but with these exceptions, all over the broad lands of Ulster the Gael had taken back his own. That which had been given from him by means of ink and parchment forty years before he now re-entered into possession of by right of pike and skian.

Amongst the few sea-board towns in Ulster that were still held for England was the once important frontier town of Carlingford. It had been ravaged by the followers of O'Neill, and again taken possession of and garrisoned by the English, under Colonel Trevor.

The declining sun's rays on a short December day were lighting the western side of the Castle and transforming the rugged mountains into peaks of fairy beauty, but all this picturesque splendor was lost upon the British soldiers who held the irregular crescent-shaped pile of buildings that composed the Castle of Carlingford, for King Charles. An Englishman fights upon his stomach, and ammunition to suit this particular military engine was very scarce, consequently the soldiers were in no very good humor at the prospect of spending a hungry Christmas, for the country round had been swept bare by creaght and kerne, upon the approach of the yellow soldiers from Dundalk.

"It's a shame to be cooped up in this hole," grumbled Dick Heather to his comrades in the guard-room.

"If we could get caught to eat, but musty flour, we might put in the time," assented another.

"When I think of the beef we had every day in merry Lincoln, I curse myself for having been so foolish as to come a-soldiering to Ireland."

"Mayhap it's the thirst of a rusty Irish pike between the ribs you'll get as a reward for coming to Ireland," was the consoling reply.

"Aye, like enough, a murrain on these same shock-headed Irish, they're as vicious as wild cats, you never know when they may spring on you."

"Belike we shall have a dull Christmas. I have nearly forgotten the taste of meat," said another returning to the favorite topic.

"I never did see such men for talking about eating," said a grey-headed sergeant, who had seen service in Germany and the Low countries, "why I have been with armies when they would have thought that they half the provision that you get."

"We're living like fighting cocks on very like, Sergeant Bingham, but for all that we're tired out of the bad flour, no matter how you bake it or boll it and besides Ireland isn't Germany," answered Dick Heather, "the general would order you."

"It's well for you that it's not, or something that would leave you reason for grumbling."

"What's all this talk about?" inquired a newcomer, who had caught the sergeant's last words as he entered the guard-room.

"We're not going to stand this infernal flour any longer," that's what it is," said the irrepressible Heather.

"If that is all it will soon be remedied, you'll have more cattle shortly than byres to put them in, for I'm come to warn 12 men for special duty to-night."

Earlier in the day on which Sergeant Conway had warned the men for duty, an old native beggar-woman had been hanging about the Castle, to the amusement of the soldiers, who erected various jokes at her expense, until they saw her accost Captain Thomas Clark, and after a short conversation he taken to his quarters, from whence she emerged shortly afterwards, and proceeded in the direction of Baling.

The old crone pursued her way to "Truagh" tower, where in one corner of the ancient walls there had been a small sort of hut, and in this

to be fought for. The clansman have faced danger many times ere this, and will not suffer themselves to be robbed with impunity. They shout "MacKenna aboo!" and "Truagh!" as they bravely attack the raiders, and it is now sword and musket against club and skian. The soldiers have the advantage of force and discipline, and their commander had given orders for the main body to meet the attack of the creaghts, while a certain number were detailed to drive off the cattle.

This arrangement would have answered very well for the English, but for the fact that the women and children seeing one party driving off their cattle while the men were engaged with another, made an attack on the first party with such weapons as they could lay hands on. Against such ineffective though determined opponents the soldiers would have had little trouble in defending themselves, but the cattle added to their difficulty. Having recognized the strangers as intruders they were almost unmanageable, and when to this was added the barking of the dogs, the shrill screams of the women intermingled with the yells of the children, it seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose.

The soldiers had orders not to shoot until they got the word of command, and Captain Thomas Clarke, seeing his men hardly pressed, now called upon them to use their muskets. The natives were brave enough when confronted with weapons to which they were accustomed, but the firearms cowed them, and at length the soldiers were allowed to drive off whatever cattle they could manage.

The loss was not so serious as might have been imagined, for the cattle were wild with strangers and the soldiers were awkward at this unaccustomed work. However, they stuck manfully to the herd, for upon it the success of their Christmas dinner depended, and they had no wish to fare upon musty flour. With the defeat of the creaghts and the capture of their cattle the soldiers' troubles were only commencing, for the herd refused to cross the Skernageera (the fort of the sheep), breaking to the right along the bank of the river, and it was only by the greatest efforts with the assistance of MacCumasky, who had discreetly kept out of sight during the fray, that they were able to prevent them from disappearing in the woods. As it was they lost a great number, who were easily recovered by their rightful owners next day. However, enough remained behind to afford them sufficient provisions for Christmas and the next afternoon saw them with their plunder safe as far as Newry.

The MacKennas, who had been robbed of their cattle, were not the men to sit tamely under their loss, and next morning a messenger arrived at Truagh town to inform Captain Neal MacKenna of what had befallen his creaghts.

The choleric MacKenna swore a great Gaelic oath that the first foragers he caught would hang on the highest trees in the country as a warning to all marauding thieves, but the party were too strong and too far on the way to be followed with any hope of success, so the creaghts were obliged to be content with the unexpected recovery of a good part of their cattle which they found wandering about in the woods not far from their encampment.

A merry Christmas had Colonel Marcus Trevor's men under the heron-haunted shadow of the Carlingford mountains, where still linger traditions of the old heroic days, in which Cuichulain (hound of Ulster) still goes forth to war, and Fionn with his Fenian hosts still chases the wolf and deer.

"This Irish beef tastes sweet," said a skinny Yorkshire man, as he handed in his trencher a third time.

"Mayhap you would be more sparing of it, if you had marched and fought for it like some of us," replied the sergeant.

"Why, sergeant, you would think it was the wars of the Roses, to hear you talk, instead of driving off a few cattle from two or three herdsman."

Dick Gascoigne took up the conversation with an oath. "You off-scouring of the streets, what do you know about it; had you been there it's more than likely you wouldn't be gorging yourself with beef now, some of the herdsman would have stuck a knife into your ugly waistband."

"What Dick says is the truth," assented the sergeant, "they fought like wild cats, and if the Cap'n hadn't ordered us to fire we would have had it hard enough. I never did see anything like how they made at us with those ugly knives of theirs."

Some weeks after the successful cattle raid the old woman again appeared in Carlingford, and this time had no difficulty in getting speech with Captain Clarke, for she and her son were becoming necessary tools

to the garrison. She had been travelling in Breefney and the MacGauran's country, and had come to give information where a prey could be safely lifted. This was accomplished with more ease than the first one.

The sergeant had got Jack Beverly, the skinny Yorkshire man who had disparaged their powers in the former expedition, included, intending to teach him a lesson. For this purpose he was told off amongst those who were to lift the cattle, while the remainder of the party settled all the objections of the owners to parting with their property. Fortune favored the kind intentions of the sergeant, for amongst the herd was a bull of a particularly unamiable disposition, who required no red rag to induce him to pay particular attention to a stranger.

Now it so happened that the valiant Beverly and another soldier ran to head the herd in the right direction, which did not quite coincide with that in which the animals wished to travel. This bull had been named 'Danger' by his owners for a very sufficient reason, and Danger resenting this flank movement, made a charge at the offenders, with the result that Beverly was caught by a pair of huge horns and tossed, musket and all, into the air. He alit nearly head foremost into a large furze bush, where his legs waving in the air caught the attention of a huge MacGauran, armed with a club, and this weapon he applied with right good will to a part of the unfortunate Yorkshire man that wasn't his chest. When the soldiers had driven back the clansmen by using their firearms, he managed to free himself, more dead than alive, from the not too tender caresses of the furze bush.

"Didn't tha ever see owt like Beverly," inquired a fellow soldier who hailed from the same county after their return.

"Be danged if I did, why his face be that scratched that his own mother wouldn't know him."

"His beauty, be spoiled for sartin'," said the first speaker, "laws how t'sergeant did laugh when he see'd the Irishman a-leathering o' him wi' a great stick. I had my musket up to shoot, but the sergeant, he says, 'let a be, Dick, boy, let a be, 'twill do Beverly good.'"

The next exploit of the worthy MacCumasky was some horses in MacMahon's country, and this was even more dangerous than any of the previous raids, as the ways were very difficult. It was on this occasion that the officer in command of the party, when the spy became uncertain of his ground, suspecting him of playing them false, placed a soldier on either side of him, with orders to blow out his brains on the slightest appearance of treachery.

"I have no treachery," protested the unfortunate spy.

"Let me see that by leading us right," sternly replied the captain.

"Or your life pays the penalty."

After wandering about for some time in the darkness he at length dismounted and getting down on his knees, groped about for a considerable time, closely watched by his jealous guardians, until he at length succeeded in finding the pass, but his escape was a narrow one and caused him to desist for a time from his nefarious business.

The hope of unlawful gain, however, had taken too strong a hold upon him, and after a time he resumed his occupation of guiding the British forces to such places as the Irish had their flocks and herds. His mother acted as his under spy, and went up and down begging amongst the people, so that when a creaght moved to fresh pastures in any convenient place, she gave her son notice, and he guided the enemy to make a prey on them. The Irish by this means lost a great number of cattle without being able to trace who the informer was.

They could not go on indefinitely, and Colonel Bryan MacMahon determined to bring the offender to justice. If the British were informed of the movement of the Irish, the Northern chiefs were no less well informed regarding the movement of the English and Scotch. Colonel MacMahon, upon questioning some of the people, was informed that they had not noticed anyone likely to give information near their camp for days before.

"Not one, your honor, except poor old Mave MacCumasky, the cratcher that we gave something to help her along, an' sure it's not her that would be goin' near the boddagh Sassenagh."

Colonel Bryan did not share his informant's confidence in beggars, male or female, for in his possession he knew of the many ruses employed by spies in order to gain information. The result was that after consulting with his friend, Captain Neal MacKenna, of Truagh town, he put on the track of the spies Maurice MacCordan, one of the keenest and shrewdest men who furnished information to the Irish army.

MacCordan knew the MacCumaskys, mother and son, by sight and by repute, and although their secret had been carefully kept he deemed them well worth watching, especially the old bird, by whose means if his suspicions were correct, he could easily bag the young one. This was not so easily done as he had anticipated, for they were very wary, and it was not until a couple of months or more had passed that he was able to make a successful report.

"You see it was this way, Colonel Bryan. I went to the people that had the cattle lifted, but no one had been next or near them, except that old shuller, MacCumasky, so I laid myself out to watch for her or the son, and it was a good while before I could get a sight of either of them. Word I could get of them being here and there on my travels, and at last I managed to fall in with them. You see I kept about parts of the country where I knew there was any plentiness of cattle, and at last I fell in with her one day as I was coming down Drumroe. It was coming from Criffkeeran way I was, when I seen in front of me the very old lady I'd been looking for so long—so I mended my step and soon took up with her. I tried to draw her as we went along, but it was no use she was as close as wax, so there was nothing for it but watching. I kept watch myself and I got Micky Shan Roe to help me by turns for fear she might suspect me. We watched her, Micky an' me takin' it in turns, for nearly a fortnight, an' then Micky says to me, 'I doubt we'll have our watching for nothing.'"

"Says I, if she doesn't do something soon we'll have to drop it; in the meantime we'll keep an eye on her for a bit longer for you see there has been no liftin' goin' on since we commenced to watch. It was that that heartened us."

"Well, that very evenin' the old woman started, and Micky come to tell me that he thought she was headin' for the Newry way. Says I, with God's blessing, Micky Shan Roe, I'll follow her this night myself, for I think that something is going to come of it. She stopped at a cabin late that night, an' didn't do anything, and the next day she was going a journey, steadily on instead of stopping at the cabins to ask for a charity, until towards evening she came to a place called Wilson's Walls, its the place of an Englishman that was burned when Felim commenced the war. In one corner of this there was a kind of shelter, for people had been there before, and in this she made a fire as if she intended to remain for the night. I was cold and hungry, but I kept watch, and sure enough her scarecrow of a son joined her a bit on in the night. When this happened I crept up as close as I could, but they talked so low that it was not near enough to hear what they were saying."

"If you couldn't hear them how did you find out?" sharply inquired the Colonel, for the first time interrupting the other's narrative.

"I am coming to that. When I saw the pair meeting and colloquing, I thought it was time to let the mother go and watch the son, so the next day when they separated he headed in the direction of Newry. As soon as I saw that I took another way, and never stopped till I was well beyond the town. I then travelled the Carlingford way, going slowly and keeping out of sight, so as to allow him to pass me before we came near the Castle, and sure enough I saw him go straight to the town, then I watched till he came back again, for I did not like to venture near the 'yellow soldier' myself."

"That evening a party of them set out, and I followed, till after dark, when I saw someone join them what looked very like MacCumasky. When they got to where they were to lift the cattle he stayed behind out of the way, and I crept up near enough to see that it was Mac himself."

The Colonel swore a great oath that he would put an end to his spying, and took his measure accordingly.

It was not long until a very large creaght with droves of cattle were in a most convenient place for being lifted, and MacCumasky was equally prompt in giving notice to his employers, but this time the British soldiers were well watched, and while they were on the way the cattle casually moved up a convenient glen, as if for shelter. The sides of the glen being lined with picked men of his own clan and regiment by Colonel Bryan MacMahon, and into this trap the unsuspecting spy led his employers. Not finding the cattle where he had expected them, he tracked them up the glen, never for a moment imagining that every bush and tree lining its sides concealed an enemy.

They were allowed to approach the folds as usual, and when MacCumasky remained behind a party of men to whom the Colonel had given spe-

cial orders for this purpose seized him almost before he was aware of it, and his desperate attempt at escape was too late. He was speedily bound, two or three of the men taking charge of him, while the remainder joined in the fray.

Colonel MacMahon led the attack in person, and the raiders in their turn being thoroughly surprised, thought less of fighting than of making their escape. Some few in the melee and darkness did manage to get off, but most of them left their bones in the narrow glen. Their guide was brought before the Colonel as soon as the fight was over, and by him ordered to be hung up on the nearest tree, as a hint, to all traitors to take a warning from the fate of MacCumasky the Spy.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

The Last Week of Our Great January Clearing Sale

This simple statement conveys its own moral. Don't miss the opportunity! Read over the general list of discounts again, and figure out what a saving can be accomplished in many ways by buying now for future use!

General List of Discounts.

- Silks.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Black Dress Goods.....10 to 33 1-3 p.c.
- Flannels.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Prints.....10 to 25 p.c.
- Blankets.....20 p.c.
- Towels.....10 p.c.
- Mantles.....20 to 50 p.c.
- Costumes.....20 to 50 p.c.
- Blouses.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Boys' Clothing.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Heavy Tweeds.....10 to 33 1-3 p.c.
- Metal Goods.....10 to 50 p.c.
- China ware.....10 to 25 p.c.
- Dress Goods.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Linings.....10 p.c.
- Cottons.....10 to 25 p.c.
- Curtains.....10 to 25 p.c.
- Linens.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Furs.....10 to 20 p.c.
- Skirts.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Children's Dresses.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Toys.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Glassware.....10 p.c.

Odd lines in China and Glassware at special prices.

- Smallwares.....10 to 20 p.c.
- Lace Collars.....10 to 20 p.c.
- Ties.....10 to 33 1-3 p.c.
- Ribbons and Laces.....10 p.c.
- Fancy Boxes.....25 to 50 p.c.
- Albums.....25 to 50 p.c.
- Jewellery.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Perfumery.....10 to 20 p.c.
- Dressing Jackets.....20 p.c.
- Gaiters and Leggings.....10 to 20 p.c.
- Umbrellas.....10 to 20 p.c.
- Purses.....10 to 33 1-3 p.c.
- Bags.....10 to 20 p.c.
- Leather Goods.....10 to 33 1-3 p.c.
- Men's Furnishings.....10 to 50 p.c.
- Hosiery and Underwear.....10 to 33 1-3 p.c.
- Belts.....10 to 25 p.c.
- Trimmings.....10 to 50 p.c.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

234 St. Catherine Street, corner of Metcalfe Street.

Terms Cash.....Telephone Up, 274

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Is the Original and the Best.

A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office.

10 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

LOUIS D. MASSON

will petition the Quebec Legislature to confirm a deed revoking a donation made by Antoine Masson and uxore, dated 27th April, 1864.

C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Liquidator

180 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.

Directory United Irish

Dublin, Jan. ARREST OF MR. DUFFY. Mr. W. J. Duffy, M.P., at Loughrea on the 12.30 train to Galway, was arrested on a charge of three months' imprisonment upon him for a speech at Caltra in August last. A number of townspeople assembled at the railway station, and Mr. Duffy as the train

CRIMELESS CORK.

Examiner" of the 12th marks:—It scarcely needs facts to be quoted to a people of Ireland generally, city and county have been, and are even now under the Coercion Act, and der of Cork has been proclaimed white gloves because the criminal cases to be tried in the district, and Mr. experienced Crown Solicitor able to describe the extent of affairs as highly satisfactory, there is nothing in this expression from gan. Since our city have been proclaimed, with that probity and candor has always distinguished in his present position, has time declared the district under view to be almost free even of a trivial nature

CRIMELESS WESTM

lingar, 12th January.—After Sessions, which opened, for the County County Court Judge C. addressing the Grand Jury, Mr. Foreman and gentlemen Grand Jury, there are five or six cases to go all of which are ordinary which will occur in a like Westmeath. The court its normal state—quiet—and, therefore, I must late you on its condition. There were five cases which consisted of petty and assaults.

CRIMELESS COUN

Castlebar, 12th January.—Opening of the Mayo Sessions to-day, His Honor K.C., addressing the Grand Jury, said he wished them all a prosperous New Year, glad to inform them that only three cases to go none of which would give trouble. One of them was far back as 1901, so that practically a very clean

EDITOR SET AT I

Clonmel, 12th January.—ing at about eight o'clock Powell, editor of the "Hibernian," was released from Prison after undergoing months' imprisonment, labor and two as a bribe in connection with a threatening Mr. Menton Roscrea, for which six assistants were sentenced to ride at the same time. who appeared in good spirits, treated his lightly. The Mayor, J. J. Condon, M.P., met the prisoner, and brought residence on the quay. tained him prior to his for Thurles by the foreman Mr. Powell expressed his the Mayor for his kindness ing him so often in prison. Mr. Powell arrived at the 5.30 train, and was Roscrea band, accompanied of several hundred on were greatly augmented the train steamed in he with a real Tipperary ed again and again, Powell stepped down from riage his hand was nearly so great was the throng a welcome. Afterwards was formed and the town Bonfires blazed in new street, and almost every illuminated. The enthusiasm, describable, but all the