

spector. I instantly guessed what was up. They were hunting jurors for the inquest. I bolted to jump a low thorn hedge and dodge the nuisance. "Too late, Willie," says he, "we've got to have you." I was served with a summons. The enquiry was held in the upper parlor of a neighboring tavern to the great delight of the landlady, who saw the carriages of the neighboring gentry drawing up, including that of the M. P. from Abbots-town. The bar would be well patronized by the servants.

Had they been a laborer's remains, half an hour would have covered the ground; but he had been a great official, and the family solicitor was there to watch proceedings, as a rumor was afloat that it was a suicide, which might affect the insurance to say nothing of his posthumous character. The railway company retained a leading Q. C. (Murphy, I think), and he from the outset, fearing an action of damages, stuck to the suicide theory.

The room was intensely stuffy and penetrated with an odor of stale beer through chinks in the floor. Murphy threatened to break a pane for ventilation, as the sash wouldn't lift. "Burglary," says the Solicitor. "No, a burglary's entrance from without." Here the Rector of the parish, who assumed an authority which would not be submitted to for a moment in Canada, offered the use of a room in Morgan's school. Thither we all migrated. It was an endowed school, the funds of which, left by bequest, had been nearly exhausted in stone and mortar. We had a fine lofty chamber. The jury were sworn and I was chosen foreman. Shortly afterwards Alexander Kirkpatrick came in and I ceded my foremanship to him.

The coroner was green, and this his first case. The evidence had been given at considerable length when Kirkpatrick quietly said, "Mr. Coroner, all that we have done already goes for nothing." "Why?" "We have not viewed the body." Headed by the crestfallen coroner, we looked through a glass door in Senior's house, at the remnants picked up—a finger with signet ring here, and there a broken eye. The butler identified the corpse by the ring.

Back again to the school-room. The inquest dragged on for five days, days, the railway counsel still struggling strongly for the suicide theory, though more by indirect suggestion, and the family solicitor rather hinting at spite on the part of the gateman.

The sharp whistle of a special train behind the school, which was to convey Murphy to Galway on a fat Chancery suit, smote his ear. Instantly he changed his tactics. He had extracted all the wealth he could out of the tragedy and getting up to address the coroner and jury, he made a complete somersault, eating up all his five days' contentions and expressing his belief that nobody was to blame for the unfortunate accident, and that all idea of suicide must be wholly dismissed.

Away spread the legal acrobat to Galway. The verdict was given accordingly and each jurymen got one shilling.

On another occasion I was at a sort of private informal indignation meeting of the country gentry, after one who did not belong to the "upper ten," had been appointed magistrate through Lord Howth's influence.