

ing furiously at Checkley; 'he has ruined us!'

"He may prove an alibi, however," returned Checkley; 'examine him to alibi as instructed in your brief.'

"Keller accordingly resumed his examination."

"Where was the prisoner on the 10th instant?" said he.

"He was near Castlemartyr," answered the witness.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure, counsellor."

"How do you know with such certainty?"

"Because upon that very night I was returning from the fair, and when I got near my own house I saw the prisoner a little way on before me—I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end. So I stepped into the field and turned off my horse to grass; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden and steal a lot of parsnips and carrots, and what I thought a great deal worse of, he stole a brand-new English spade I had got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So heix I ent away after him; but as I was tired from my day's labor, and he being fresh and nimble, I was not able to ketch him. But next day my spade was seen, surely, in his house; and that's the same rogue in the dock. I wish I had a houl't of him."

"It is quite evident," said the judge, 'that we must acquit the prisoner; the witness has clearly established an alibi for him. Castlemartyr is nearly sixty miles from Bantry, and he certainly is anything but a partizan of his. Pray, friend,' addressing the witness, 'will you swear informations against the prisoner for his robbery of your property?'

"Troth I will, my lord! with all the pleasure in life, if your lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him. I'm told I can for the spade, but not for the carrots and parsnips."

"Go to the crown office and swear information," said the judge.

"The prisoner was, of course, discharged, the alibi having been clearly established. In an hour's time some inquiry was made as to whether Checkley's rural witness had sworn inform-

ations in the crown office. That gentleman was not to be heard of; the prisoner also had vanished immediately on being discharged, and of course, resumed his malpractice forthwith. It needs hardly be told that Lord Shannon's *soi-disant* tenant, dealt a little in fiction, and that the story of his farm from that nobleman, and of the spade and the vegetables, was a pleasant device of Mr. Checkley's. I told this story to a coterie of English barristers, with whom I dined, and it was most amusing to witness their astonishment at Mr. Checkley's unprincipled ingenuity. Stephen Rice declared he would walk fifty miles to see Checkley."

Perhaps it was the existence of such a fellow as Checkley that gave a barrister named Parsons that horror for attorneys which O'Connell relates so humorously:

"There was a barrister of the name of Parsons at the bar in my earlier practices," said O'Connell, "who had a good deal of humor. Parsons hated the whole tribe of attorneys; perhaps they had not treated him very well—but his prejudice against them was eternally exhibiting itself. One day, in the hall of the Four Courts, an attorney came up to him to beg his subscription toward burying a brother attorney who had died in distressed circumstances. Parsons took out a pound note."

"Oh! Mr. Parsons," said the applicant, 'I do not want so much; I only ask a shilling from each contributor.'

"Oh, take it—take it," replied Parsons; 'I would most willingly subscribe money any day to put an attorney under ground.'

"But really, Mr. Parsons, I have limited myself to a shilling from each person."

"For pity sake, my good sir, take the pound—and bury twenty of them."

But of all the stories that he told, there is not perhaps another so comically exquisite as that which relates a droll mistake of a judge, who was not posted in the popular idiom. O'Connell says:

"One of the most curious things I remember in my bar experience, is Judge Foster's charging for the acquittal of a homicide named Denis Halligan,