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JUBILEE BOOK,

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TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.

Eamus in jus. PLAUT. Pomilius, Act v. Dogberry. Are you good men, and true? Much Ado about Nothing.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN. AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

THE ELEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.

THE PROPHECY .- (Continued from our last.)

GAOLER.—"Come Sir, are you ready for death? POSTHUMUS — Over-roasted rather; ready long ago. GAOLER.—Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready."

CYMBELINE, ACT V, SCENE III.

It may be well conceived what a change came over the spirit of the poor, praceable Morris, in such perilous times. There was no neutral ground between the two contending parties, (the authorities and the people,) whereon he might set his tent and lie down in safety, or rather any show of occupying a neutral position, made him suspected of both. His luke-warmness as a loyalist exposed him to the direct accusation of the magistrates, and his refusal to take the Terry Alt oaths, led to the prospect of certain death, by the hands of his comrades, on any night they could spare from more important assassinations. If his harmless and innocent mode of life was even so apparent as to protect him from those dangers, he was liable to daily and unanswerable accusations at the whim or malice of any corrupt greatu e to whom he had ever given offence, or who sought government patronage by evincing extraordinary zeal in bringing criminals to justice. It was merely necessary to drop a rusty old pistol in some corner of his cabin, or to conceal a few ounces of gunpowder in the thatch, and give immediate in-formation to the police of the fact, that such articles were in his possession, to consign him at any moment to the fatal tree. Circumstances such as these were not likely to give rise to reflections upon which even the most courageous persons could grow corpulent. It is little wonder, therefore, that upon the timid Morris they should have a very contrary effect. His eye grew wandering and suspicious—his cheek became shrunk and, wan, and his limbs wasted day after day, until he almost presented a double of that celebrated specimen of a living anatomy, Claude Seurat. He was sometimes to be seen for hours sitting on a little stone bench at his cabin door, with his elbows on his knees, his temples resting between his hands, and his dilated eyes staring vacantly on the road before him—at others, wandering about near his residence, pale and dejected, starting at the appearance of a traveller, or glancing listlessly to the hills on either side, as it in resigned anticipation of some danger from which there was no possible hope of escape—or again, at night, huddled up in the chimney corner, poring intently over the dying embers, or listening with excited eye and palpitating heart whenever the faintest sounds of footsteps fell upon his ear. In these awful times it might be imagined that the disposition of even the stonyhearted Cobbler would become mollified, and partaking himself of the general apprehension of danger, that he would have evinced some touch of sympathy for the sufferings of others. But strange to tell, in proportion as perils multiplied, and frequent murders and executions harrowed the hearts of all classes of the community, the spirit of the Humpback appeared to rise, and he walked the country amidst fire and bloodshed with a buoyant, and elated step, as if no possible harm could befal him. Whenever he chanced to meet with the unwith a look, not of compassion, nor, on the other this little party to draw their pistols from their his little party to draw their pistols from t happy Morris, he gazed upon his emaciated figure join, his friends. He at the same moment, directed with a look not; of compassion nor, son the other his little party to draw their pistols from their intry, and, as it seemed to him; coming that it any closer and it which fear, could produce on poor humanity at should order his men to fire upon them. The menwas, some, feeling of this kinature, porhaps, which in accovers answered by loud shouls of defiance and it
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in the rusty lock, and as the door opened, and the edge of it, and there is a body of sodgers a volley upon
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ment a little further upon so susceptible an organization as Morris's, and nover did puss play more tantalizingly upon the hopes and fears of a devoted mouse, than did this cruel deformity with his helpless victim. Sometimes, assuming a gloomy and woe-stricken look, he sympathized with him on the terrors of the times, and the utter inutility of contending against them. He would then, af if struck For the ARCHDIOCESE of TORONTO, containing the PASTOBAL of HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

with a sudden recollection, ask, "did he remember the dumb fortune-teller long ago, and the picthur she drew?" On other occasions, he would carelessly inquire for several of Morris's friend. a few days before, and start with well affected horror when informed of their fate. But it was especially in those seasons of lonely meditation, when every one else was abed, and the deep silence and danknesss of Night was around Morris, that the Cobbler took peculiar delight in persecuting him. It was strongly rumoured through the country that the latter had turned informer, and true or false, when once it got abroad, he had sence enough to recollect the old proverb, "give a dog a bad name," &c, and at once placed himself under the protection of the authorities. A more useful person, in every way, could not have fallen into their hands, and as his value was well-known, he was received with great favour. In a short time after he was to be seen accompanying the police in all their expeditions, and very generally acted as their interpreter at night, in visiting the cabins of the peasantry to call over the muster roll. It was the Humpback's delight on these excursions to knock at Morriss Moran's door, as if to ascertain whether he kept within, but in reality to enjoy his terror at the appearance of a large party of military about his house, in the dead of the night. "He used to come to my cabin, sir, the villyan," was Morris's expression long afterwards, when giving a detail of these visits, "with covered with wounds. his thundering knock, just as if I was the biggest rebel in all Ireland. 'Morris,' he'd roar out—'come forward, Morris, and answer to the King, sich questhins as ill be axed of you.' "I'm here, gentlemen, at your sarvice," I'd cry, not pretending to know who was speaking to me. 'Is it Morris Moran, himself, that's making answer, the old Humpback u'd cry again. "The very same," I'd say, replyen, "sure you can come in and see." 'That's an honest man, Morris, the vagabond would say in return, there's no occasion to open the door, sence you're a home where you ought to be 'upon which, they'd march off with themselves, to frighten the life out of some other poor soul."

It was in the midst of this distress, said my kind host, in continuation of his interesting narrative, that I happened to encounter poor Morris, and struck with compassion by his worn frame and dejected countenance, offered him an asylum at Kilgubbin. The man fell into extacles at the proposal, and before the sun went down upon his happiness, transmarks evidence, subsequently, in identifying the murderers, was turned to good account by the many any value to him, to the house you now find him in. gistracy. On that never-forgotten night, the first tranquil sleep he had enjoyed for months, visited his weary ing was heard about midnight, at the gate of Kileyes, and he awoke on the following morning like gobbin. Morris had just fallen into his first sleep, one who had been transported in his slumbers, to and was dreaming of some new and curious instrusome happy land, where joy and sunhine had eternal ment for executing criminals without manual asreign. Though ignorant and awkward, he got through such duties as were assigned to him in the fumily with greatful earnestness, and untaught as he was, I cannot say I had ever the least reason to

repent of any kindness I had shown him. An event came to pass about this time which showed how uncertain are all human hopes, and how idle it is for blind and helpless mortals to struggle against their destinies. The Agrarian conspiracy had become so universal in Clare, that, notwithstanding the almost daily murders and burglaries committed in various parts of the country, the levelling of boundaries and fences, and the upturuing of pasture lands, scarcely and individual could be induced to give information against the offenders. The magistrates, therefore, had no alternative, but that of keeping patrolling parties on foot in every distrct, on the chance of their coming into contact with the insurgents. On some special duty of this nature, and with a view of making arrests of suspicious persons, a party consisting of eight privates of the 5th regiment on foot, commanded by Sergeant Robinson, and seven policemen, commanded by Sergeant Woods, left Ennis, about ten o'clock, on a fine night in the beginning of May. They were all dressed in coloured clothes, that no suspicion might be entertained of their object. Taking the road to Kilrush, and travelling all night, they arrived about five o'clock in the morning, at the little village of Ballincally, in this very neighbourhood of Kilgobin, where Morris Moran had, as he hoped, found such secure protection. After having breakfasted at the inn, the party moved out by a mountain road at the right, and crossing to the new line of road, from Ennis to Kilrush, arrived alo t eight o'clock at a well-known house of entertainment, kept by a woman of the name of Fanny C'Dea's. During the latter part of this journey, their movements seemed to have attracted some attention. Several men along the road were observed to leave their work, and loiter in their rear, meeting and talking to one another, with great apparent interest. On leaving O'Dea's house, a man fell in with them upon the road, who, after some conversation, the sergeant of Police thought might be of much service in giving useful information, if they could only get him on to the next police station. He therefore made signs to his men to keep alongside them, but if possible without letting it appear he was under any restraint. His object, however, there was reason to believe, was soon observed, for the croud behind gradually increased to an alarming amount, and pressed every moment more closely upon them. Soon afterwards, bodies of men armed with swords, scythes, and guns, were seen descending in all directions from the adjacent hills, and closing on their line of march, those nearest demanding with loud shouts of intimidation, the liberation of the prisoner. The police sergeant, apprehensive of any collision with so formidable a body, immediately desired the countryman to whom they referred, to retire and re-

that unless they could speedily effect a a retreat upon some building, where they could better defend themselves from such numbers, their destruction was inevitable. Looking around the country, the nearest respectable house within view, was at Clon-degad, a distance of three miles, and to this point they directed a retreat, taking their places in the rear of their men, and returning step by step with their faces to the assailants. A discharge of firearms mixed with volleys of stones from the latter, at length commenced the anticipated attack, upon which the fire was briskly returned by the police and military. Two of the country people fell at the first discharge, which occasioned some little confusion, and delayed their rapid advance, so that the soldiery, though several were badly wounded, were enabled to continue their retreat. A running fight was maintained in this way for an hour before they reached the boundaries of Clondegad, where their progress was impeded by a deep ravine, through which a rivulet pursued its course. Sergeant Robinson, who commanded the regulars, though wounded and fatigued, now halted and gallantly endeavoured to maintain his ground in the rear of his men, while they were escaping down the steep banks into the bed of the stream, crossing which they were on the lawn of Clondegad, within whose walls a more efficient defence might be made. The poor sergeant however, was not fated to reach the place of safety which his bravery contributed so much to secure for his men. As the last of the party was descending into the bed of the stream, he observed him stagger ing on the pathway in the grove about, and making desperate efforts against two of his armed assailants, who were pressing furiously on him. In a few minutes after he disappeared from his view, and when the combat was over, and the crowd finally dispersed, his body was found in the plantation

Such a fierce conflict as this with a body of military in the open day, had not occurred in Clare, since the commencement of the disturbances; and it consequently created an unusual sensation throughout the neighbourhood. A servant man be-longing to Captain O'Kelly, of Ballinvoher, was riding home at the time from Ballincally, with a bisket of bread on his arm; on reaching the brow of the hill, he came in full view of the engagement, which so excited him, that he galloped back to the village, and called out to the people to come out and see the murther that was going on towards Clondegad. Numbers rushed out at the summons, and among the rest, the wife of one of the policemen who were engaged in the fray. Anxious for her husband's safety, she descended the hill with many other women, perhaps equally interested for some of the insurgents, and spiritedly making her way through the dense crowd, reached Clondegad, just as Sergeant Robinson had fallen. This wo-

Some few days after this occurrence a loud knocksistance, invented by an ingenious hangman, who was at the time becoming very infirm. He thought he was witnessing the first trial of the machine, and distinctly saw a poor pallid wretch, standing on a platform, awaiting his execution. When the signal was given, the inventors touched a spring upon which the platform opened and allowing the culprit to fall through, closed again as suddenly, so as to intercept his descent, just about the neck, which was at once cloven through—the head springing about upon the scaffolding, while the corpse had disappeared. It was precisely at this moment of horror that the loud knecking at the door became perceptible to his senses. He rubbed his eyes, eluvated himself on his cloow in the bed, and listened with increasing terror, as the knocking became more astounding. At length, gathering sufficient courage to wrap his clothes about him, hastily descended to the hall, from whence all the disturbance proceeded.

" Who's there?" ejaculated Morris, in a fremulous tone, putting his mouth to the keyhole, and feeling at the same moment, whether the bar was firm.

"Open the door, you scoundrel," was the terrific reply, " if there be any further delay, we'll break it in and hang you up to one of the bacon hooks."

"It's the sodgers-the Lord preserve us," whispered Morris to himself. "I'm done for at last!-Eyeh-'tis over with me!"

Again the krocking was loud and reiterated, his limbs trembled beneath him, and the cold drops of perpiration burst out upon his forehead.

"This minute, your honour-this minute it'll be opened for you," he found power to articulate, after repeating which many times, while fumbling with the locks and bolts, the heavy old-fashioned door of the mansion turned upon its hinges, and allowed him to look out into the night.

By the pale light of the moon, he saw that the house was surrounded by a party of soldiers and lodged in a cold gloomy cell within the walls of the police, and before he had time for even a conjecture, jail, where he was left sufficient time for undisas to their object, the chief constable had entered, and was at his side.

"Couldn't you display a little more activity and readiness in your movements, my fine fellow," exclaimed the chief, "I promise you this tardiness tells little in your favor." ."I don't know your honor," returned Morris,

scarcely comprehending him. "Oh you don't, don't you?-no matter. What is your name ?" "My name—your honor!"

"Yes, your name, Sir-no harm I hope?" "Eyeh, harm, sir, why should there? sure there's no harm in what one was christened."

" Egad, I don't know that either," returned the chief. "Many a man was hanged on account of his name, I can tell you; come sir, what are you called?"

**Advis Moran, your honor!

Morris Moran, your honor!

Morris, her, Morris Moran! Ah hal my little in his gloomy cell, endeavoring with what resignacalled ?"

both arms, had his wrists locked together in a few moments. "Gently, Copley,—gently," said the chief with affected compassion, while the operation was going

forward, " pay all due respect to the Captain .-- No noise, Captain, no exclamations if you please—no necessity for disturbing the family—you would not wish to have them distressed by acquainting them with the loss they are about to sustain-move on, Copley.'

In compliance with the order, Morris was pushed forward by the police, and immediately surrounded by the soldiery; the officer followed, the door of Kilgobbin house closing heavily after him.

The unfortunate prisoner moved along in the centre of the party with tottering step and bewil-dered brain, almost doubting whether he was yet awake, or whether the events of the last half hour did not form some extraordinary part of the hideous dream which preceded it. As he advanced, however, the realities of his situation became more apparent. He felt the chill night wind about him, and the road beneath his feet. He saw the bayone's bristling before and beside him, and he heard his name repeatedly mentioned by some one in his rear, who seemed to be giving an account of a bloody encounter, in which he seemed to occupy a distinguished position. He was often startled, too, when the road chanced to wind through a dark glen or plantation, by the sudden voice of the chief from behind-"Hilloo-sergeant-look to your prisoner."

Arrived at the military station at Ballincaily, he was handed over to the officer of the guard and committed to a little room with a strongly-barred window. But of all that occurred to him during the night, nothing astounded him so thoroughly as the charge he heard given respecting his safe keeping by the chief of police to the latter as he was departing. He heard himself described as a most notorious and desperate character, who, it the greatest vigilance and activity were not enforced, would assuredly, on the first opportunity, baffle the guards

and effect his escape to the mountains.

He passed two or three hours in this solitary room listening to the slow step of the sentry as he paced back and forward before the door. The more he reflected upon the circumstances of his arrest, the less was he able to form any satisfactory conjecture on the subject. He might perhaps have been suspected of some participation in the late murder at Clondegad, if he had not been, fortunately for himself, driving his mistress to mass, and seen by hundreds of people in the chapel-yard, at the very time that fatal conflict was going on. It seemed altogether like some unaccountable fatality, bearing no relation to the past circumstances of his life, but coming upon him as a doom in his hour of hope and security. It was now long past midnight, the moon had gone down-and the wind was blowing in fitful gusts, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, which beat against the window panes. As Morris listened in melancholy mood to its drenry pattering, he heard the tramp of horses rapidly approaching, and in a few moments after a mounted patrol rode up. On demanding the report of the night, Morris, who caught every sound that fell, with a painful acuteness, heard the officer of the guard to whose care he was committed saying in an elated tone, "Egad! Edwards and his party have made a noble night's work of it; they arrested the principal in Robinson's murder, the celebrated Terryalt, Captain Morris Moran, at Kilgobbin, not three hours ago, and we have him fast within."

"Capital! by jupiter," ejaculated the patrol, " what sort of a fellow is he?"

"Ob, a bold fellow, I promise you! He's low sized, but hard and wiry-looking. 'Tis unknown, I'm told, all the men he killed, or the jails he broke through during the last half year."

"Aye—Aye—sharp's the word then—keep a good look out, and we'll have him to Ennis in the morning-a good night." Saying which, the speaker touched his horse with the spurs, and followed by his party, rade off at a rapid pace.

It may be imagined what Morris' feelings must have been during this dialogue, in which he found he was reputed not only as the murderer of Sergeant Robinson, but the leader and prime-mover of the principal outrages which had occurred in Clare since the commencement of the disturbances. The large escort of horse and foot sent to accompany him to Ennis at the dawn of day gave him a still more vivid impression of the importance attached to his capture, and it may be supposed, the sensation created on his arrival in that town, did not contribute to lessen it. Even at that early hour crowds through round the military to get a glimpse of him—fingers were pointed from the shop cleors and windows, and he heard persons now and then whisper to one arother as he passed along, "There's the man that killed Sergeant Kobinson!" "What a determined looking scoundrel!" "What a ferocious dog."—
This unlooked for notoriety so paralyzed every faculty, that he passed along in a kind of bewilderment, listening and gazing about as if all the stir and excitement related to some other person; nor did his ordinary consciousness return until he was

The perilous condition of the country for some months had induced the government to send down n special commission for the immediate trial of such as were made prisoners, and their summary punishment if convicted. The court held its sittings daily, and it not unfrequently happened, that a person was indicted, tried, convicted, and executed before sunset, for an offence committed on the previous night, or perhaps on the very same morning. There appeared to be some prospect of this decisive manner of proceeding in the case of the unfortunate Morris. The court was open at the time he arrived in Ennis, and as soon as it was known that one of the murderers of Sergeant Robinson was taken, indictments were directed to be laid before the grand jury, that if true bills were found, the trial might

turbed reflection.

footsteps at the door startled him. The key grated

upon the form of the person who was entering, he ecognized his old and detested termenter, Wiley. They gazed upon one another silently, but with very different feelings, for some moments; when the Humpback at length said in a compassionate tone, and with an air of feigned concern: "God save ye, Morris."

"If it's the same to you, Misther Wiley," returned Morris, "I'd as live have the prayers of any one

"May be so, amgal," observed Will, "may be so -why, then, dear knows, whatever you think about it, I'm sorry for your throuble. "Eyeh, let me alone."

"Tis a bad business, I'm afeerd, Morris?"

" Was it to bring me that comfort you're come to ec mc, Misther Wiley?"

"Wisha! hear this now, and you not haven in the whole country, a greater friend than myself — Many's the night you'd ha' been dragged out o' your be the the armee, only for me, and you know that.'

"Well, well, no matter; sure I'm not saying agin it; but if you're a friend of mine as you're saying, you'll answer me one question.

"Gondhoutha! why wouldn't I?"
"Well then, tell me, for what crime is it I'm med i prisoner of in this way." "Al-li-lu! is it that you're axing me," exclaimed

the Cobbler, eleviting his voice in utter astonishment. "Sure 'twas for the murder of the Sergeant and the soldiers at Clondegad, wasn't it? "And who is it swears agin me, about it," con-

tinued Morris quietly. "The whole countliry that was looking at you, I

" I had nothing to do with it Will!"

"Nothing to do with it," iterated the Humpbaok in renewed astonishment, "eyeh, don't be afterd, I'm not going to turn King's evidence again you."

"I'm saying nothen but the truth, as if I was at my death hour," returned the prisoner solemnly. "Murther! hear to this, now! Sure the whole world was looking at you, at the head of the Terry's, lighting like a lion all the ways from Ballincally to Cloudegad. I hard a woman myself say she see you cutten of the head of the sergeant at the latter ind

with one back-handed blow of your soord," "Its no use my sayen a word one way or another, sure I know that," replied Morris, "but I wasn't there for all that."

"Well, well, no matter, I don't want to pump you, dear knows there is evidence enough agin you whether you were there or not, and its hanging matter, you know that of coorse?"

"Tis pleasant to be reminded of it, at any rate,

"So I thought," said the Humpback cooly, "I was afeard, perhaps, them rascally Peeters might be consailing it from you. Dear knows, twas when I was getten up this mornen it sthruck me. The poor boy, siz I to myself, the vagabones will take him by surprise, if there isn't some friend to tell him of his danger, and the rope that's preparen for him."

"I'm much beholden to you, no doubt," returned Morris, as a cold creeping came over him, "but you may spare yourself any more trouble about me."

"No throuble in life, Morris, not the laste," continued the imperturbable Will; "I couldn't have it on my conscience, when I seen the informations, and knew your life was sworn away, to keep you in the dark about it. The dear lad, siz I to myself, sorrow a bit but he's as good as hung already-'tis a pity not to let him know it." Morris clasped his hands together, compressed his

lips firmly, and with much obvious effort suppressed my stronger indications of the feelings excited by his reflections on the fate to which the Humpback

was so anxiously directing his attention.
"The villins," continued the Cobbler; "the villins, siz I, they'll not give him time to get the clergy itself, so they wont." "God help me, Will," exclaimed Morris, overcome

at length by the terrific anticipations against which he was endeavoring to contend. "I believe I'm done for." "True for you, Morris," observed Will, compas-

sionately, "'twould be a sin to desnive you about it; there isn't a man brought to the bar in these times but is found guilty, and then they're taken away to Cork for transportation, or straight to execution, as the case may be." "Would there be any hope of my being trans-

ported, Will?" inquired the unfortunate prisoner, catching at the alternative. "Is it thransportation for murther! Al-li-lu!

what is it you're dramen of?"

The Humpback uttered these words in a tone of astonishment which completely extinguished all hope in the heart of poor Morris. Pale and faint he had been sitting upon some straw in a corner of the cell ever since the entrance of his visitor, mustering what fortitude he possessed to support him during the dialogue, but his timid nature was un-equal to the effort, and unable any longer to restrain his emotions, he fell back in a burst of tears.

"Shame on you, Morris-shame on a courageous body like you," said his unrelenting tormentor, 'tisn't sich a hard death afther all."

"Ove! ove! ove!" were the only expressions that escaped the miserable prisoner in reply, as he employed himself in clasping and unclasping his hands unconsciously.

"I had a cousin of my own," contined the Humpback. "that recovered afther the first time he was hanged, by being bled; and fair he told me 'twasn't so bad at all-and 'tis asier now I hear, since they're hung by the drop-you're standen this way on a floor like, the signal is given, slap goes the floor from under your feet-down you go with a jerk, and you're dead in a minit-Eyeh! hanging's an asy death." "Ove! ove!"

"If its the disgrace you're minden, may be as there's army law in the counthry, if good interest was made with the judge or the government, they'd shoot you instead."

"Murther! murther!"

"Well, well, as you wish, Morris-'tis hard to please you about it. You never see a sodger's ex-ecution, I suppose? There's a grave dug, as it may be near the windy there, and the prisoner has his eyes bandaged and is med to kneel down be the edge of it, and there is a body of sodgers standen as