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# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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## Poetry.

### KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

Two brown heads with laughing curls,
Red lips shuttlng over pearls,
Sure feet white, and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue,
Little girl and boy were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willow fringed its banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had checks like cherries red;
He was taller—she was head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then tossing back her curls
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall:
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,—

Is it strange that Willie said—
Willie again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep
Hung with shadows cold and deep,

"Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long and deep and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

## Miscellaneous.

### Notable Irish Assizes.

The Clonmel assizes opened in the spring of 1828, with the usual ceremonies. Till half a century before, the Irish Bar, when on circuit, traveled on horseback. The crown prosecutor, rejoicing in a good jailful; the leading chiefs, their saddle-bags brimming with record briefs; the gay and sanguine juniors, reckless and light-hearted, came riding into the town the day before the assizes, in as close order as a regiment of cavalry, hoisters in front of their saddles, overcoats strapped in tight rolls behind, mounted servants following with saddle-bags full of black gowns and law-books, barefooted sutlers tramping behind with stores of wine and groceries. A mile or so from the town the gentlemen of the grand jury came riding out to vociferously welcome the new comers. But in '28 the barristers stole down in the mail one by one, and the picturesqueness of the old entry had all disappeared.

The principal trial of the assize of 1828 was that of the assassins of Daniel Mara, a man who had been condemned to death by the secret societies that were then, and still are, the curse of Ireland, for having brought to justice the murderer of a land-agent named Chadwick. The details of this first crime must be given before the trial of Mara's assassins can be thoroughly understood.

Mr. Chadwick was the collector of rents or steward for an influential family who had property near the old abbey of Holy Cross. He was not peculiarly hard or rigorous with the smaller holders, nor was he a bad-hearted man; but he was overbearing and contemptuous to the peasantry, and used to tell them bonstingly that he "fattened upon their curses." The country-people, while brooding over their hatred for this man, used craftily to reply on such occasions, "that his honor was mighty pleasant; and sure his honor, God bless him, was always fond of his joke." The poor oppressed people had acquired the Indian's craft and the Indian's unrelenting thirst for revenge. At last Chadwick, who feared nothing, carried his repressions to too daring a pitch. He begun building a police barrack at Rath Common, that was to be a sort of outlying fort to repress the insolence of the disaffected people. The secret tribunal of the Tipperary village then resolved that he should die. A reckless, handsome lad, named Patrick Grace, offered himself as the executioner, and was accepted. Relying on the universal sympathy, the lad came to Rath on a fine open day, on the public road, and close to the barrack, where passengers were perpetually passing, he shot Mr. Chadwick dead, and left him weltering in his blood. This murder spread dismay and horror throughout Ireland, showing as it did the daring ferocity of the secret tribunals and the sympathy shown their agents by the great mass of the peasantry. All this time Grace remained hounded by police, confident of the sure secrecy and power of the confederacy to which he belonged, and whose murderous work he had done. But he miscalculated for a worthy man named Mara, who saw the shot fired, and who stood near Chadwick at the time, gave immediate information, and Grace was at once arrested and tried at the Clonmel summer assizes of 1827. Grace behaved in a fearless way at his trial, and when he was sentenced to death he declared that before a year had gone by he should have vengeance in the grave. His kinsman had, no doubt, promised him that miserable satisfaction. The gibbet for Grace was erected close to the abbey of Holy Cross, and near the scene of the murder. Patrick was escorted to the last scene of his short life by a body of troops, and fifteen thousand awe-struck people assembled round the scaffold.—To the surprise and disappointment of the peasantry, their martyr, though showing no fear of death, expressed himself contrite, and implored the spectators to take warning by his example. While the body of the poor lad still swung in the air, his gloves were handed by one of his relations as a keepsake to an old man, a friend of Patrick's named John Russell, who, drawing them on, swore at the same time that he would never take them off "till Paddy Grace was revenged."

Paddy Mara, knowing his life would certainly be taken, was sent out of Tipperary by the government; but the peasantry, true Arabs in revenge, then resolved to exterminate his kindred. His three brothers, all masons working at the new barrack, were doomed to death. The whole peasantry of Rath Common joined in the cruel league. No man, woman or child who looked them in the face for weeks, but knew that they were shortly to be killed. On the 1st of October, 1827, the three brothers struck work about five o'clock, and descended from the scaffold to return homeward. Suddenly eight men rushed upon them and fired a volley. The guns were old, and the volley did not take effect. Two of the brothers and an apprentice escaped in different directions, but Daniel Mara, the third brother, lost his presence of mind, and ran for shelter into the house of a poor widow. He was hotly pursued. The murderer got in after him through the small window; the seven others burst open the door, and savagely put him to cruel death. This crime caused a greater sensation than even the death of Chadwick, and struck a deep terror through the length and breadth of Ireland. The government instantly offered a reward of two thousand pounds for the assassins; but of the hundreds of accomplices, none would betray the eight murderers.

At last, through the personal exertions on the spot of Mr. Drought, the solicitor-general, a highway robber named Fitzgerald, who was cast for death in the Clonmel jail, offered to furnish evidence to government if his own life was saved. Two men, named Patrick Lacy and John Walsh, were at once arrested, and on the 31st of March, 1828, tried at the Clonmel assizes for the murder of Daniel Mara.

The trial excited tremendous interest. Half the gentry of Tipperary thronged the court. A great crowd of peasantry gathered round the dock, and among them were dispersed a number of policemen, whose dark green uniforms, high shakos, and keen glittering bayonets contrasted with the ragged gray frieze coats and cudgels of the country people. The governor of the jail stood on the witness-table, conspicuous with his ponderous keys. Mr. Justice Moor, in lazed robes lined with black, looked grave as Rhadamanthus; and beside him sat the Earl of Kinaton, whose dark and massive countenance and wild shaggy hair made him as conspicuous as the judge himself.

The prisoners, careless of the evidence of a mere "stag" or informer, always regarded by juries with suspicion, remained firm and composed. Lacy was a tall handsome young man, with a good color and a clear calm eye. He was dressed with extreme care; his white hands were loosely bound together. Walsh, a far more harmless man, was a sturdy, square-built fellow, with firm and rather a fierce look. The prisoners seemed to entertain little apprehension till Mr. Doherty suddenly rose, turned to the dock, shook his lifted hand, and called "Kate Costello."

This woman was the witness on whose reluctant evidence the whole case for the prosecution turned. The case up to her appearance stood thus: Fitzgerald and Lacy had been sent for from a distance by Paddy Grace's relatives to do "the job." The band was formed, and the ambuscade laid; but something defeating their plans, the murder was adjourned for another week. On Sunday, the 30th of September, another band of assassins was collected, and they met at the house of a farmer named John Keogh, living near the barrack on which the Maras were at work: here they were waited on by Keogh's poor relation and servant, Kate Costello. On the morning of Monday, the 10th of October, the conspirators proceeded to a wooded hill, called "the grove," above the barracks, where their fire-arms had been hidden. There fresh men joined them, and Kate Costello brought them food and whisky. They remained hiding there till five o'clock, when it was announced that the Maras were coming down from the scaffolding and going home. The men then came down from the grove and murdered Daniel Mara, as we have seen. With their hands still wet with an innocent man's blood, these ruffians went to the house of a respectable, elderly farmer, named John Russell. He gave the red-handed men welcome, and placed food before them. Mary Russell, his daughter, a delicate, gentle girl, rushed up to them as they entered, and exclaimed with earnestness:

"Did you do any good?"

Peg Russell, an old crone, moping by the fireside, also raised herself, raised her shriveled yellow hand, and cried with bitter querulousness:

"You might as well not have killed any, since you did not kill them all."

The first witness that leaped on the table was Fitzgerald, the robber, a fine athletic young man of about three-and-twenty. His black eyes were full of fire, and wore a watchful expression; his broad chest was almost bare; his muscular legs were bare about the knee. He proved a most methodical and exact witness, detailing his actions for a whole month with great accuracy. This man had been in the habit of robbing by night the very peasants, whose outrages he at other times put himself forward to redress. He entered farm-houses armed, and demanded board and lodging. By day he would often compel passing travelers to kneel down to him while he presented a musket at their heads. Yet with all this he was chivalrous in many things, and was a favorite with the peasantry. He was especially anxious to assure the spectators that he had not sold the cause for gold, but simply to save his own neck.

When Fitzgerald had finished, there was a great anxiety in the court about the appearance of Kate Costello. The friends of the prisoners began to believe "that she would never turn against her people," but suddenly the door of the witness-room opened, and a little withered woman entered and tottered to the table. Her hands were white and clean; her eyes closed; her long black hair was disheveled, and her head drooped on her shoulder. She spoke in an almost inarticulate whisper, and she almost swooned and could not be recovered till she was sprinkled with water. The rod used to identify prisoners was then put into her hands, and she was desired to turn to the dock and to point out the murderers she had seen in the grove.

Walsh, one of the murderers, instantly cried out: "O God, you're going to murder me entirely. I'll not stay here to be murdered, for I'm downright murdered. God help me!"

Walsh then, growing somewhat calmer, begged the judge to allow other prisoners to be put with him and Lacy in the dock, in order to test the witness more severely. The judge instantly acquiesced in this demand. The jail being at some distance, some time was lost in this delay, and during this time Kate Costello sank back in her chair apparently almost lifeless.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, and the candles were burning low in their sockets, when the band of prisoners entered the court, astonished and alarmed at the sudden summons. The only sound was the clink of the fetters, and the grounding of the soldiers' brass bound muskets on the pavement. Again Kate Costello rose with the fatal index-rod in her hand. The face of Walsh was wrung with the intensest anxiety, and some women among the spectators exclaimed: "Oh Kate!"—a passionate adjuration that seemed to thrill her to the heart. It was not Walsh or Lacy that she cared for, but her own kinsmen, who were also accomplices, and shortly to be hanged. She had been threatened with death unless she disclosed the truth. If she did disclose it her life was also in peril. Terrible alternative! At last she advanced towards the dock, raised the trembling rod a second time, and laid it on the head of Walsh. To him it was the touch of death, and he showed that he felt he was lost. As she sank back in her chair, and dropped the rod, a deep murmur of horror and pity ran through the crowd, mingled with curses and stifled execrations from those in the background.

Walsh, who, while there was hope, had been convulsed with agitation, now became calm and composed as his landlord came forward and gave him a high character for integrity and good conduct. Both prisoners were at once found guilty.

Kate's relations, Patrick and John Keogh, were tried a few days after the execution of Lacy and Walsh. It was rumored that John had been Kate's lover, and that, though he had deserted her, she would not take his life away or betray "her people." The Keoghs had been the chief planners and actors in the murder of Mara, with whom they had been intimate. They were dressed like respectable farmers. Patrick, the younger, wore a blue coat and white waistcoat, and a knotted blue silk handkerchief round his neck; he was short and athletic, and had a determined expression of face. John, the elder, was a man of towering stature and broad shoulders. He was carelessly dressed, and his neck was bare. His blue eyes were mild and intelligent. The old gray-headed father of these prisoners sat on their left hand, his eyes glaring, his cheeks blanching, as the fate of the men became more and more certain, but for the whole sixteen hours of the trial he never uttered a word. This time Kate Costello's manner was entirely changed; she had taken the first step, and now she did not falter. She kept her quick shrewed eyes wide open and fixed upon the counsel, and she watched the cross-examination with a keen wary vigilance. She contributed no compunction, and without apparent regret laid the rod on the heads of her relative and her lover. Early on Sunday morning the verdict of guilty was brought in. The prisoners, the day before blooming with health, were now white as shrouds. The Judge told them that, as it was Easter Sunday, he should delay passing sentence.

The two unhappy men cried out, "A long day, a long day, my lord!" and begged that their bodies might be given to their father. As they made this pathetic request, they uttered the funeral wail, and swaying themselves up and down, threw back their heads and struck their breasts with their fingers half closed, in the manner used by Roman Catholics in saying the "Confiteor." Two friends then lifted the old man upon the witness table so that he could approach the dock. He stretched out his arms towards John Keogh, who, leaning over the iron spikes to him full length, clasped his father long and closely to his bosom. The younger man's courage gave way at this, and the hot tears rained down his face. The Judge then left the court, and the two prisoners were removed to the condemned cells. The old man was led home moaning through the stormy night to the miserable cellar where he lodged.

Old John Russell pleaded guilty at the bar, in the hope of saving his sons, lads of fifteen or sixteen. "Let them," he kept saying, "put me on the trap, if they like, but do let them, spare the boys." These assizes lasted three weeks, nearly all the cases being connected with aggrarian outrages. There was scarcely one example of a murder committed for mere gain.

It was at these same assizes, at which three hundred and eighty persons were tried, that one of the murderers of the Sheas was tried. This outrage was one of the most inhuman that ever took place in Ireland, and is still talked of in Tipperary with peculiar horror. The crime dated back to the year 1821. In November of that year a respectable farmer named Patrick Shea, who had lately turned out of his farm an undertenant named William Gorman, came to live in the house left vacant by the eviction. It was situated in a dark gloomy glen, at the foot of the misty and bleak mountain of Slievenamawn, and, on a clear day, it was just visible from the high road through the narrow defile of Glenbower.

On Saturday, the 18th of November, a man of evil character, named William Maber, came to a low shibbeen near the mountains, kept by a man and woman named Kelly, of infamous character. These people sold spirits without a license, and their house was a well-known resort of bad characters of both sexes. Maber, who was the paramour of Kelly's wife, retired to a recess in the house, (probably that used for secret distilling,) and melting some lead, ran it into musket bullets. The woman, having heard the "boys" were going to inflict summary justice on the Sheas for being so harsh to Gorman, whom they had driven out penniless, and without cover or shelter, and being sure that Maber would be in the business, taxed him with it, and, having some good instincts left, besought him not to take away life. Maber answered with equivocation. The bullets were scarcely finished before a newly married servant of the Sheas, Catherine Mullaly a cousin of Mary Kelly, came in. Maber, who knew Catherine, began bantering her in the Irish way, and the girl joined heart and soul in the repartees. Maber's aim was to discover if the Sheas' house, which was well garrisoned, contained any store of firearms.

The girl, pleased with his attentions, gradually disclosed to Maber the fact that the Sheas had a great many muskets and pistols, and when she left Maber put on her cloak for her, and bade her farewell as a friend. Mary Kelly, who knew the wretch better, the moment the door had closed on Catharine, implored Maher whatever was done, not to harm that poor girl. He promised, and soon after quitted the house with the bullets, leaving Mary Kelly confident of the safety of Catharine. But, nevertheless, the next day her fears revived when she heard Maher and some mysterious whispering men, who dropped into the shibbeen that day after mass, talking under breath.

Mary knew that "a word would have been as much as her life was worth," so she did not speak of it even to her husband; but on the Monday night, when he was asleep, stole out of bed, slipped on his coat, and made her way cautiously and slowly under the loose stone walls and hedges to the vicinity of Maher's house. She stopped, for she could hear voices. At length the door opened, and she hid herself behind some brambles as the murderers came out. They passed her, armed and in file; eight faces and eight voices she recognized. One of the eight carried two long lighted sods of turf which he kept alive by his breath. They did not see her, and passed on. Trembling and terror-stricken, but still magnetically drawn, she followed them from hedge to hedge, till they outstripped her on the path to the Sheas' house. From where she stood the farmhouse was visible. As she looked, a fire leaped out of the roof, ran over the thatch, and instantly rose into a pyramid of flame, for the wind was high that night; the whole glen grew crimson. The door was barricaded by the murderers. Not one of the Sheas escaped. Shrieks and cries for mercy rose from the seventeen burning wretches within. The conspirators yelled with laughter, whooped for joy, and discharged guns and blunderbusses to celebrate and announce their triumph. Then came a silence, and after that, when the wind abated for a moment, Mary Kelly could hear the deep groans of the dying, and low moans of agony, as the fire spread fiercer to complete its horrible task. At every fresh groan the monsters discharged their guns in fiendish jubilee.

A friend of the Sheas, named Philip Hill, who lived on the opposite side of the hill adjoining the house, heard the guns echoing in Slievenamawn, and, arousing his friends, made across, if possible, to save the Sheas. These men arrived too late; nor did they dare to attack the murderers, who drew up at once to meet them. Philip Hill defied them to come on, but they declined the challenge, and waited the attack of the inferior number. All this while the groans from the burning house were growing fainter and fainter, till at last they entirely subsided.

John Hill, a boy who had a brother in the Sheas' house, had accompanied Hill, and eager to discover the murderers, approached nearer than the rest to the fire, and by its light recognized William Gorman. The murderers returned by the same way as they came, and were again observed by Mary Kelly from her hiding-place. The wretches as they passed her were rejoicing over their success, and William Gorman, with detestable and almost incredible inhumanity, was actually amusing the party by mimicking the groans of the dying, and mocking the agonies he and his comrades had inflicted.

The morning beginning to break, Mary Kelly, haggard and affrighted, returned home with her terrible secret, but she did not breathe a word either to her husband or her son, and the next day, when taken before a magistrate, denied all knowledge of the crime.

John Butler also went back to the house of his mother—an old woman—and, waking her, told her that her son had been burnt alive with all in the Sheas' house. The old woman uttered a wall of grief, but, instead of immediately proceeding to a magistrate, she enjoined her son not to ever disclose the secret, lest she and all their family should meet the same fate.

The next day all that side the county gathered round the ruins. Mary Kelly was among them, and no doubt many of the murderers. The sight was a fearful one, even to those innocent of the crime. Of the roof only the charred rafters were left; the walls were gaping apart; the door was burned to its hinges, close by it lay sixteen corpses, piled together; those who were uppermost were burned to the very bones; those below were only partially consumed. The melted flesh had run from the carcasses in black streams along the scorched floor. The first thought of all had been to run to the door.

Poor Catherine Mullaly's fate was the most horrible and most touching of all. In the midst of all the flame she had been prematurely delivered of a child—that unhappy child, born only to instantly perish, was the eighteenth victim. In trying to save her child she had placed it in a tub of water, where it was found, with the head burned away, but the body perfect. Near the tub lay the blackened body of the mother, her skeleton arm hanging over the water. The spectators beheld the sight with dismay, but they were afraid to speak. Some one whispered, sternly, "William Gorman is well revenged!" Many at first tried to argue that the fire had been an accidental one, as no Ribbonmen would, they said, have ever destroyed so many innocent people, merely because they worked for the Sheas. This opinion gained ground among persons jealous of the national character, especially when no one came forward to obtain the large reward. At last, however, it was discovered that not only was the conflagration the result of an extensive plot, but that the whole population round Slievenamawn knew of the project and its execution.

For sixteen months Mary Kelly kept the secret. She did not dare to reproach Maher, who constantly visited her house, and yet she shuddered at his approach. Gradually her mind began to yield to the pressure. She became incapable of sleep, and used, in the dead of the night, to rise and wander over the glen, remaining by the black ruins of the Shea's house till morning, and then returning, worn and weary, to her home. She believed herself pursued by the spectre of her unhappy kinswoman, and said, on the private examination before the trial, that she never lay down in her bed without thinking of the "burning," and fancying she saw Catharine Mullaly lying beside her holding her child, "as black as a coal," in her arms. At length conscience grew stronger, and drove away fear. She revealed her secret in confession, and the priest, like a good and honest man, prevailed upon her to give instant information to Captain Despard, a justice of the peace for the county of Tipperary.

It was not till 1827 that William Gorman was apprehended and put upon his trial. There is no doubt that Shea, the middleman, had been cruel and oppressive to Gorman, his undertenant. He had retaliated upon him the severities of the superior landlord. Gorman had been distrained, sued in the superior courts, processed by civil bill, totally deprived of his farm, house and garden, and then driven out, a disgraced beggar, to brood over vengeance.

A keen observer (we believe the son of the celebrated Curran) who was present at this remarkable trial, has left a terrible picture of Gorman's appearance and manner as he stood at the Clonmel dock. "He was evidently," he says, "most anxious for the preservation of his life; yet the expression of anxiety which disturbed his ghastly features occasionally gave way to the exulting consciousness of his revenge. As he heard the narration of his own delinquencies, so far from exhibiting contrition or remorse, a savage joy flashed over his face; his eyes were lighted up with a fire as hurtful as that he had kindled in the habitation of his enemies; his hand, which had previously quivered and manifested, in the peculiar movement of his fingers, the workings of deep anxiety, became for a moment clenched; and when the groans of his victims were described, his white teeth, which were unusually prominent, were bared to the gums, and though he had drained the cup of vengeance to the dregs, still he seemed to smack his lips and to lick the blood with which his injuries had been redressed."

Immediately after the conviction and execution of this monster, a large meeting of Roman Catholics was held at Clonmel to express horror at his crime, and to consider some means of removing the causes of such outrages. Mr. Shiel's speech to the peasantry produced an enormous sensation. "How deep a stain," he said, eloquently, "have these misdeeds left upon the character of your country! and what effort should not be made by every man of ordinary humanity to arrest the progress of villainy which is rolling in a torrent of blood, and bearing down all the restraints of law and morality.—Look for example, at the murder of the Sheas, and tell me if there be anything in the records of horror by which this accursed deed has been excelled, and say, you who know it best, you who are of the same sex as Catherine Mullaly, what must have been the throes with which she brought forth her unfortunate offspring, and felt her infant consumed by the fire with which she was surrounded. We can but lift up our hands to the God of Justice and ask Him why He has invested us with the same forms as the demons who perpetrated that unexampled murder! And why did they combine? By virtue of a Ribbon league by which they were associated together, not only against human nature and the God who made them; they were bound together, they were sworn in the name of their Creator, and they invoke Heaven to sanctify a deed which they confederated to perpetrate by a sacrament of hell!"

At these same assizes, which seemed to epitomise almost all the crimes and miseries of poor Ireland, there were two other cases which still after so many years are often referred to in Tipperary. The first of these trials was that of a band of men who entered the house of a farmer named Barry, and killed him in his wife's arms. Barry had refused to surrender some land from which he had evicted one of the conspirators, and the league had agreed to take his life. The assassins broke into his house on the Sunday evening. The frantic wife, grasping one of the murderers, desired him to think "of God, and of the blessed night, and to spare the father of her eight children." The man herself offered to give up the disputed ground, if killed or untilled. They answered, with yells of ferocious irony, that "he should soon have ground enough," and plunged their bayonets simultaneously into his heart. Among the prisoners at the dock were a young stripling with the down still on his cheek, and a wild, haggard old man with a head covered with hoary and dishevelled hair.

The second trial was that of Matthew Hogan and three of his kinsmen, for the murder of one or two of the Hickeys, members of a rival clan. The Tipperary people at that time were too fond of taking the law into their own hands. If a man received a blow, he instantly lodged a complaint with his clan, who at once, over their egg-shells of whisky, entered into a solemn compact the next fair-day to avenge the insult. The other side spent the time in industriously forming a reactionary confederacy. The next fair-day, before the boys were well up, a Hogan would suddenly strike a Hickey, or a pot-valiant Hickey go trailing his coat defiantly and insultingly among the Hogans. Then up would go the blackthorns, and in two minutes the whole fair would be a whirl of battering sticks, and the air be dark with "two-year olds," as clinkers and small square paving-stones are affectionately denominated in Ireland; the screaming women come also from under the tent, with stones in their stocking, ready to give a *coup de grace* to any man of the opposite side who fell, or to step behind a redoubtable champion, perhaps at bay with his back against a wall, and fell him with a sudden side stroke.

In the particular case we cite there were five hundred men engaged, and several of the Hickey party were left dead on the field. Matthew Hogan, whose fate excited strong sympathy, is described as a tall athletic man, with a lively formed face, totally free from any ferocity of expression. His landlord, who had a great regard for him, deposed to his being an honest, industrious farmer, of a mild and kindly nature. He had never taken any part in any deeds of nocturnal crime, and was known as a gentle and humane person, and liked by every one with whom he came in contact.

He and his three kinsmen were all sentenced to transportation. When the sentence was passed, the colour fled from Hogan's cheeks, his lips became dry and ashy, his hands shook; but no tear rose into his eyes. His grief was too great for tears. As one of his own clan said:

"Hogan will feel it the more because he is so tender."

He was a prosperous farmer, with a young wife and beautiful children. It was even proved that he had generously stayed his hand to save the life of an antagonist in the very hottest fury of the combat. But there was no respite for him. He was transported in spite of every effort of his friends.

Unhappy lawlessness of an unhappy age!

### Extravagance in Men.

There are lots of young men with whom spending money is a positive disease. They constantly demonstrate the truth of the familiar proverb. There is a sort of fatal profusion in their habits. Women are accused very unfairly of being over-extravagant. As a rule, men are far more so; and the account against them is principally due to those who fritter away everything they gain or sell in numberless and nameless trifles. A woman has a natural title to being well clad—to being, indeed, clad so as to make the most of her appearance. She has a sense for Jewelry. To deny her ornaments is to stifle a genuine and reasonable instinct. But a man who parts with a considerable portion of his income to comply with every freak of his tailor, and who really seems only to have used his brains upon the patterns of neckties, is one of the most pitiable creatures alive. A gentleman ought to be correctly and neatly dressed. There is something revolting, as well as startling in the style in which the unfortunate London cad turns out to air himself on the tops of omnibuses and on the penny steamboats on Sunday. Still, the extremes meet. The cad is not, in all probability, a greater jackass than the person he mimics. He is also extravagant in his own miserable way. He has given more than he can afford for his flaring scarf with his horrible brass pin, his embroidered shirt front, and all the rest of his vile paraphernalia. —*London Review.*

Forty-seven, out of sixty-one counties in Mississippi, return 13,966 majority against the Constitution.

## The Shady Side of Metropolitan Life.

### The Wickedest Man in New York.

BY OLIVER DYER.

(From Packard's Monthly.)

He goes by the name of John Allen. He lives at 304 Water street. He keeps a dance house there. He is about 45 years old. He is *reputed* to be worth $100,000, more or less, and is *known* to be worth over $70,000. He has three brothers, who are clergymen—two of them being Presbyterians, and the other a Baptist—and is reported to have once been a minister of the Gospel himself. He is known formerly to have been a school teacher, and is a man of education and fine natural powers; was originally a good man; and is yet a "good fellow" in many respects. Were it not for his good qualities he never could have attained unto the bad eminence of being the Wickedest Man in New York.

The best bad is always the worst.

Take him for all in all, our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. He reads the Bible to his dance-house girls, and his favorite papers are the *New York Observer* and *Independent*. He takes them regularly and reads them. We have repeatedly seen them lying on the counter of his bar-room, amid decanters and glasses, along with the daily *Herald* and *The Sun*. We have also seen a dozen copies of the *Little Wanderer's Friend* at a time scattered about his place, for he takes an interest in mission work, and "goes in" generally for progress for other people.

This Wickedest Man is the only entity appertaining to the shady side of New York life which we have been unable to fathom, analyze and account for. But he is too much for us. Why a human being of his education, natural tastes, force of character, and wealth, should continue to live in a Water street dance-house, and bring up his children in a soul-destroying atmosphere of sin and degradation, is more than we can comprehend.

For this Wickedest Man loves his children. His little five-year-old boy is the apple of his eye, the core of his heart, and the chief object of his worship. He never misses an opportunity to sound the child's praises and to show off his accomplishments. And, all things considered, the little fellow is truly a wonder. He is crammed full of information on all manner of topics, and is ever ready to respond to his doting father's attempts to make his smartness visible to the naked eye.

We have never visited the Wickedest Man's dance-house without having our attention called afresh to his little son's abilities, except once, when he took us round to the school which the child attends, to let us see that he ranks with the best, and is a favorite with his teacher. This was on the 28th day of May last, at about a quarter to 12 in the day-time, when we went to 304 Water street to tell Mr. Allen that the fatal time had come for serving him up in a magazine article.

For, be it known to the reader we have had our pen couched at John Allen for nearly two years. In the year 1865, the Sabbath after President Lincoln was assassinated, we began an exploration and subsoiling of New York city, as to its crime, poverty, want, woe, wretchedness and degradation, which we have pursued ever since, as other engagements would permit. Of course, it was not long before we found out John Allen. We at once recognized his genius for wickedness, and made him an especial study. But, as we have said, he baffles us. We have told him so, and have frequently asked him to help us out of our dilemma, but he always comes short of the complete thing.

We think we know why this Wickedest Man persists in living in his Water street den—that we have, in fact, penetrated his secret; but as we are not absolutely certain as to the match, we will not set our suspicion down in print lest we should do him injustice.

We have said that our Wickedest Man is phenomenon. We meant this in its application to the deepest springs of his character. It is also, and perhaps equally applicable to the external manifestations of those deepest springs.

Has the reader any notion of a Water street dance-house? Concretely stated, it is a breathing hole of hell—a trap-door of the bottomless pit. You step from the street into a bar-room, where in lousy loafers lurk, and which is in some cases on a level with the sidewalk, and in others far below it; and there you are in the general midst of things. It happens to be a dance-house of the very lowest class. But usually there is a "saloon" in the rear of the bar-room.

Passing out of the bar-room, by a door opening in a partition across its rear, you enter the dancing saloon, which varies in size from fifteen feet square to a room twenty-five by fifty feet in extent. Along the wall of this room a bench extends, usually on three sides. In the farther end of the room is an orchestra, proportioned in numbers and ability to the prosperity of the establishment. The number of musicians is sometimes as high as six, but the average is not more than three. In one of the rear corners of the saloon there is a small bar, where the girls can drink with their victims without exposing their fascinations to the unthrifttul gaze of a non-paying and censorious outside public.

Sitting on the benches, or grouped upon the floor, or whirling in the dance, are the girls, varying in number from four to twenty, outaveraging about ten.

These girls are not often comely to the fastidious eye. But to a sailor, just from a long cruise, where nothing lovelier than his weather-beaten shipmates has for years been seen, they are not without attractions. So, too, do certain landsmen, of a degraded type, pay homage to their strenuous charms. But a decent man, in the full possession and equipoise of his faculties, can only regard them with sorrow unspeakable, and a pity too deep for tears.

The only girl we ever saw in a dance house in whom we could detect the slightest vestige of comeliness or refinement, had been there but a few hours, and was reputed to be the daughter of a former Lieutenant-Governor of a New England State.

The first time we entered John Allen's dance house, we found it in full blast. The hour was eleven in the evening. There were thirteen girls in the saloon, three musicians in the orchestra, and seven customers submitting to the blandishments of an equal number of the ballet-dressed syrens who pervaded the room. Our party consisted of the policeman who accompanied us, three clergymen on the look out for the "elephant," Mr. Albert C. Arnold, of the Howard Mission, and the writer.

The Wickedest Man was in his glory. Things were moving briskly. He gave us all a hearty welcome, ordered the orchestra to do their best, and told the girls to "break out hearts." A vigorous dance followed, after which the proprietor called out:

"Hartford, go up stairs and get my baby."

Hartford turned out to be one of the girls, who immediately disappeared, and soon returned bearing in her arms an undressed, sleepy child, wrapped in a shawl. This was the juvenile prodigy. His father took him in his arms, with a glow of pride and affection upon his face, and said:

"Now gentlemen, you are writers, philosophers, and preachers; but I'll show you that my baby knows as much as any of you. He's hell on reading, writing, praying, and fighting."

And without more ado, he stood the sleepy little fellow upon the floor and began to catechise him in ancient history, both sacred and profane, and then in modern history, geography, the political history of the United States, etc., etc., with a result which astounded us all. Suddenly he exclaimed,

"Chester, give us a song."

And Chester, for that is the child's name, gave us a song.

"Now, Chester, give us a break-down." The orchestra played a "break-down," and Chester danced it with precision and vigor, his mother looking on with delight.

"Now, Chester, give us a prayer."

And the child recited, first, the Lord's Prayer, and then others in succession, mixed with which were such ribaldry and profanity on the father's part as cut us to the heart. And here it was that we got a glimpse of the pre-eminent wickedness of the man—wickedness to him unknown, and all the worse because of his unconsciousness of it; wickedness which is leading him to train up that idolized boy in a way and in an atmosphere which will yet make him an object of loathing even to his own heart.

For that dance house child there seems to be no spiritual hope. The sacred and the profane are so intermingled in his childish understanding, that he will never be able to tell which is sacred and which is profane; and his nature being dogged and combative, he will grow up into the highest possible type of wickedness, if he grows up at all. Of the thousands of painful cases wherewith we have met in this city, that of little Chester Allen gives us about the keenest pang.

After the infant phenomena had been sent back to bed, his father asked our party if we wouldn't "mix in" and have a dance with the girls.

"I'll do you good," said he, "to try it a little on the light fantastic. Besides, I like to do the fair thing by distinguished visitors. I'm fond of literary people, and especially of clergymen. I've three brothers myself who adorn the sacred calling; and grit and grace run through our family, like the Tigris and the Jordan through the Holy Land. Go in, gentlemen; the girls shan't hurt you. I'll watch over you like a hen over her chickens, and you shall leave my premises as virtuous as—*you came in.* Ha, ha! Come, what shall it be?"

On being assured that we would not "trip it on the light fantastic," he asked us if *we* (that is, our party) would not favor the girls with a song, whereupon Mr. Arnold suggested that we should all sing together, and asked the girls what they would like best. Several of them immediately responded in favor of "There is Rest for the Weary."

"Do *you* know *that?*" one of the clergymen asked.

"Yes," answered at least half-a-dozen of the girls.

"Where did you learn it?" asked another of the clergymen.

"At Sabbath School," was the reply.

We all looked at one another. Here was a revelation. These girls had been brought up to attend Sabbath School! Perhaps they were the daughters of Christian parents! But we had not time to pursue this painful speculation, for the girls began to sing—

"In the Christian's home in Glory
There is a land of rest;
And my Savior's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS: "There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for you."

And oh, with what fervor and pathos they sang—especially the chorus—which, at the end of each verse, they sang three times over, some of them, at last, weeping as they sang. What girlish memories those sweet, simple strains evoked! Memories, perhaps, of once happy homes, and affectionate Sabbath school teachers, and beloved companions, contrasting beating with their dance-house condition. And so those soul-weary creatures lingered fondly upon, and repeated over and over again, the lines:

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
There is rest for you."

Since that occasion we have repeatedly visited the abode of the Wickedest Man in New York, for the purpose of "studying him up," and of trying to hit upon some means of inducing him to abandon his course of life, and of saving his boy. For in truth, we not only feel an interest in, but also rather like him, wicked as he is. And so does nearly everybody who knows him or has seen him; and we have taken scores—most of them clergymen.

But all our efforts to get any vital hold upon him have been in vain. He is always, ready to let the girls "vitalize a spiritual sing;" will even permit a little exhortation to them in his dancing saloon; and is free with his *Observer* and *Independent*. But he keeps on his way with unyielded pertinacity.

On one occasion a party of us suggested that he should let us hold a prayer meeting in his saloon. After a little reflection, he replied:

"Well; no, gentlemen; I can't go *that*. You know that every man must have regard to his profession and the opinions of his neighbors. My profession is the *Observer*, and *Independent*, and you fellows coming here and singing camp meeting hymns, I am already looked upon in the neighborhood as being rather loose and unsound; *and if, a-top of all that, I should let you hold a prayer meeting here, I should lose what little character I've got left.*"

### Glory and Taxes—Prophecy has become History.

The following is the conclusion of a celebrated article contributed by the famous Rev. Sydney Smith, many years since, to the Edinburgh *Review*. What was prophecy then, is history now, and the people of the United States feel it in the increased taxation which the war has brought upon them, and which will entail taxes