

The Rattaman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1869.

VOL. 16.—NO. 11.

BOLD DICK DONAHUE.

Seventy years ago the only free settlers in New South Wales, one of the colonies of Australia, were Government officials, discharged soldiers, and emancipated convicts, together with a sprinkling of "young sons," who came out from the mother country to pursue the occupation of sheep farming. These "young sons," however, were not the sons of the aristocracy, or of any of the wealthy classes, but of farmers, mechanics, and reduced country gentlemen, and had to begin the world with a great deal more courage than cash.

There are now in Australia five colonies—all important, and some flourishing; but at the period from which our narrative dates, there was but the colony of New South Wales, a large tract of country on the South eastern coast of that island.

In the infancy of the colony, New South Wales was interesting and valuable to the mother country, as an outlet for its criminal population rather than as affording scope for enterprise or inducements to capital; and thither, therefore, was transported the felonry of the three kingdoms. Crime and vice of every hue found there their respective representatives—from the murderer in the pickpocket, and from the genteel lady shoplifter to the "pest of cities." To keep such a population in anything like order, strong detachments of military usually accompanied every cargo of felons, so that the colony partook as much of the character of a garrison as that of an ordinary settlement.

As might be expected in such a state of society, military domination assumed the place of law; and there at the end of the earth, and beyond the correcting influence of public opinion, the authorities, high and low, exercised generally a cruel despotism over the unhappy convicts. Crime was sought to be repressed by violence alone—punishment, and not the reformation, of the criminal was the ruling principle. There were only two classes—settlers and officials, on one hand, and convicts on the other; and these two social elements were in antagonism and at perpetual war with each other. The settlers, whose only pursuits were stock raising and wool growing, obtained from the Government as many convicts as they chose to feed, clothe and house. Those of the convicts not wanted by settlers were employed on Government works, such as making roads, clearing the forest, or building docks. It would be presumed that settlers who obtained servants on such easy conditions would have been kind and indulgent, and that officials whose only business was to superintend public works from which they would have been as impatient as possible to the workmen—yet the case was far otherwise. The settlers punished the servants by flogging, and cheated them out of their stipulated allowance of food and clothing; and the officials sold a great deal of the convict stores sent out for the use of the convicts and pocketed the proceeds. The consequence was, that the latter were in a chronic state of mutiny; and that their masters, both settlers and officials, from long habit of unchecked and licentious wrong doing, were too readily disposed to resort to the most violent measures of repression. Crime and violence were therefore rampant, and the effect on the colony is as palpable to-day as was the finger-mark of the Almighty on the first murderer.

In this congenial atmosphere did our hero grow up and flourish. In his day he was famous, and his fame has survived him; for in the long winter nights, when the three-legged fire burns brightly and casts its somber light on the dusky faces of the surrounding thick headed bushmen, the most welcome song of the evening is Bold Dick Donahue.

Donahue's early biography would be especially interesting, I have no doubt, to such as are curious in tracing the developments of that type of genius which our hero possessed to such an eminent degree. Born of indigent parents in the city of Dublin, he had served an apprenticeship to the time-honored art of picking pockets; but the precocity of his genius keeping pace with the development of the physical man, he relinquished that business and took to the profession of house breaking. As in the lower grade he evinced an adaptability and facility of execution that often elicited the applause and patronizing smiles of his tutors, so in the higher walk of his profession he displayed such promptitude, boldness, and dash as astonished his contemporaries, and threw his rivals completely in the shade.

Donahue had a long and brilliant career, and by unremitting industry and perseverance had worked himself at last into the wholesale business. In this line he went into a large speculation—not loss, indeed, than that of undermining the Bank of Ireland, with a view of "settling its accounts." He had a peculiar talent for finance in general, but evinced a decided taste for settling the affairs of banks, and of jewelry shops in particular. In this speculation he succeeded admirably for eight or nine months; he had tunneled his way through till he had got under the very floor on which was deposited the iron safe containing the coin of the institution, and next night would have brought his enterprise to a happy and successful termination by sawing through the floor and appropriating the contents of the coveted safe—but that the fates were not propitious. The "Blues," as Donahue sarcastically termed all policemen, "pinched" him on the very night he was about to have reaped the reward of his honest toil and laudable perseverance. He was offered a free pardon if he would turn informer and "peach" on his compatriots; but Donahue was made of sterner stuff, and preferred honor and an

unsullied reputation to liberty and freedom. He was therefore sentenced to pass the remainder of his days in the penal colony of New South Wales.

Carter's Barracks in Sydney, was in those days the depot, great reservoir and receptacle of British floggers; and here our hero was regularly installed in due time. Here he was assigned his cell, his plank or mattress, and his blanket.

"At home for life!" exclaimed Donahue jocularly, as the turnkey ushered him into his "furnished apartments."

"No insolence, sir!" retorted that important personage.

"Insolence!" exclaimed our hero, really surprised at the novel interpretation. "Bless your soul, sir, I'd be the last in the world to—I'm the pink of modesty, I am."

"Silence, sir!" interrupted the important personage aforesaid, giving Donahue a shove which knocked him over against the wall, and after which little act of courteous hospitality he slammed the door, locked it, and left him.

"If I had you in Dublin, my sweet boy, I'd teach you better manners in a brace of minutes," muttered Donahue. "That's more than the best man in Dublin would dare do," he soliloquized; "but everything is changed here, it seems. I forgot that I am at the anti-andi—what's this they call them? The anti—and the tip-o-days. Yes, that's it; the anti—and tip-o-days, where everything is topsy turvy, upside down, and where a man is half the time head downward, heels upward, and fancies himself standing on his perpendicular all the time. There ain't no fancy about this, tho'! Here I am, caged up like a thief, just the same as if I was a common pickpocket, no better, no worse. The door bolted and locked—can't see the blessed daylight. And look here—this is prettier treatment for a gentleman! and he hold up the ghost of a blanket, tho' which he counted the iron bars in his cell window, and then dashed the spectre down upon his mattress—the hard plank. "There is bed and bedding, if you like! This is the anti-and tip-o-days, is it? Me, who used to have my boots polished by servants, boys to run my errands, and Nancy Dawson to deface attendance. And tip-o-days, eh! I'm thinking I'll tip the bedding out of the window one of these days, and the mattress—well, the mattress I'll leave to the next lodger, with my blessing to boot."

"That's a rowdy coun!" observed the turnkey to Mr. Crewell, the keeper or governor of the jail.

"Which is he?" asked Mr. Crewell.

"Him as I've just put into the stone jug," replied the turnkey.

"That Dublin chap."

"Yes."

"O, we'll soon knock that out of him—sure him in less than a week!"

Next morning the cargo of felons, of which Donahue was an item, was inspected in the yard, and the invoices or sentences of each one read over. The barbers were ordered to cut off the hair and whiskers of each, and when these bismite appendages had been chopped off, including a few slices of chin and cheek, the novitiates were put under the pump, well scrubbed, and then labeled with the motley prison clothes of gray and yellow. They were next loged with a chain of twenty five pounds each, in which they ate and drank, and worked and slept. After which they were breakfasted on "Skilgalee," (boiled corn meal), so thin as to run down a given decivity with a velocity of a mile a minute. This sumptuous repast finished, they were taken out to work in gangs, some in the quarries and some to hew trees in the forest, guarded in all cases by soldiers armed with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets.

"Our hero was put in the forest gang. As might have been expected, his hands blistered, his wrist got strained, and he became quite unable to operate on the stubborn trees. He put down the axe.

"Go on with your work," said the soldier on guard.

"Can't," said Donahue; "my hands are blistered."

"Go on with your work, I say."

"Can't do a tap, sir. Wrist clean out of joint."

"You won't work, then?"

"Impossible!"

"Very well; Mr. Crewell will care you, I dare say."

Donahue was thereupon escorted before the governor of the jail, who heard what the soldier and he had got to say respectively.

"My poor fellow!" began that potentate, "you were tenderly brought up. Had his rearing on your mother's back, when she was begging from door to door in Dublin. Your delicate hands have been used to gloves, and the ugly work of felling trees don't agree with them. What a shame it is for government not to send out slaves with axe handles, and so save those delicate hands which have done such execution at picking pockets."

"Never picked a pocket since I was a kid," said Donahue.

"My poor fellow! you're too honest for such work; your honesty has ruined you."

"Not a bit of it, I robbed many a man, but I did it in a manly way; never sneaked behind a man's back to do it."

"My poor fellow, let me see your mittens." Donahue showed his hands.

"They're very sore. Are your hands the only sore part about you?"

"The only sore spot on my blessed body."

"My poor fellow! your blessed body won't be long so. Ho, flogger! Here, you jackal, here is a nice little job for you. Not every day you get a Dublin crackman to practice on. The poor fellow has sore hands and can't work. Let's see if we can't cure him. Take him to the triangles and give him fifty.

"And now, flogger," he said with a scowl, "do your duty, or I'll have your own flesh cut as fine as mince meat."

"All right, Governor," said the flogger. "I'll make skin and flesh fly—skin and flesh, sir; that's my motto. There's not a man in Carter Barracks can handle a cat-o-nine tail with this child."

"All right then; go to work and give this young gentleman a taste of your quality."

Donahue was tied to the triangles in a half standing posture.

"There's a bit of lead for you," whispered the flogger, as he was tying Donahue's hands. "Take and put it between your teeth, and keep chewing it while I'm flogging you. That is all I can do for you. There, now, don't cry out, or the rest of the prisoners will be laughing at you."

With these friendly admonitions the flogger stripped off his jacket, tucked up his shirt sleeves, and commenced his bloody work. The first stroke sent a stinging pain through every nerve and muscle of Dick's body. He did not cry out, but he writhed like an ecoriated oel, and bit and crunched the lead between his teeth. It was then he felt the value of the flogger's friendly prescription. The first blow left great blue blisters behind it, but did not draw blood. The disciplined flogger, preparing for his second, slowly and deliberately drew the cats through his fingers to unite the thongs and to give the greater force and pungency to his blow, when again down came the cats like drops of molten lead a second time on his flesh, leaving, like its predecessor, great blue blisters behind it. This was what the flogger technically termed "chalking the track," and on this "track" the remaining forty-eight stripes were dealt with astonishing exactitude, all the blood streamed like red hot lava down his limbs, while not a scratch was made on the adjacent parts, it having been the executioner's standing boast that he could flog a man to death on a space not larger than a butter plate.

The fifty lashes having been administered at the rate of a lash per minute, Donahue was set loose. The medical officer of the prison then walked up, felt his pulse, and pronounced him fit for work.

Donahue had scarcely been untied, when three more of his fellow prisoners and shipmates were marched into the yard, tied to the triangles, and made to undergo a similar ordeal of fifty lashes each for being unable to work—one of whom fainted under the infliction—when the Doctor, after the usual serio comic interlude of pulsing, ordered them back to work. After these another batch, and then another, and so the horrid work went on till eighteen were flogged without intermission.

Most of these men, it may be observed, were brought up through sheer wantonness, it having been customary to subject newly arrived convicts to the lash on the last pretense of provocation, to give them a foretaste of what they might expect in the event of their becoming refractory—in other words, to punish them by anticipation.

It will be easily imagined that these convicts were now much less able to work than they were before being flogged. Yet because they refused to work, they were locked up, the sore parts rubbed with salt and water, and were again brought out to work next morning. Still unable to work, they were again brought to the triangles, received fifty more lashes, and were again brought out to work.

"This is a terrible life they're leading us, Dick," observed Smith, a Liverpool magsman, as he and Donahue crawled at the foot of a tree, endeavoring, or rather pretending to cut it down.

"Horrible!" was the rejoinder. "They want to kill us out of the way, and the sooner they do it the better for us."

"Though in terrible agony," said Smith, "I don't feel as if I should die."

"So much the worse," returned the other. "The longer we live the more flogging we'll get."

"They say," continued Smith, "that prisoners sometimes cast lots as to which would kill the other in order to get out of pain. Will you and I cast lots as to which of us will sink his axe in the other's skull? Whoever does it will be hanged, and then the two of us will be out of misery. What do you say?"

"Never!" replied Donahue, "I never killed a man in my life, and I won't stand like a calf in the shambles and let another man kill me, if I can help it."

"Well," returned the other, "I'll get some one else to do it."

"Don't," remonstrated Donahue, "while there's life there's hope, and who knows but we might live to take revenge on some of these tyrants yet."

While Donahue was talking and pretending to work, but in reality watching the sentinel, Smith slipped from his side through the neighboring thicket, proceeded to a gang of three or four men who were working close by. The next instant a crash and a groan were heard. Smith had sunk his axe into another convict's skull to earn the happy privilege of being hanged!

This is not an isolated instance of such murderous desperation. Scores of similar cases could be cited from the convict chronicles of New South Wales.

Whether on account of his robust constitution, which seemed to defy all attempts at breaking it, or our hero's comely exterior or the jauntiness of his deportment, Donahue at any rate became obnoxious to his keepers, and they flogged him and flogged him, until the doctor at last was forced to admit that he was not able to work, and had him sent to the hospital.

Being now a patient and almost dead—though the fates ordained that he was not

to be killed with flogging—his manacles were taken off, and when able to go on crutches he was permitted to walk in the yard. He remained in the hospital for two weeks, at the end of that time he was as convalescent as convicts are allowed to become before being sent to work, and to work he was accordingly ordered for the following morning. In a few minutes after this pleasing intelligence was communicated to him he walked into the closet, and the next tidings heard of him was that he was a bushranger in the Bathurst Mountains. He effected his escape, as some enterprising gentleman in San Francisco contemplates achieving fortunes, by exploring the sewers of the city.

Having achieved his liberty in this romantic fashion, his first exploit upon gaining open air in the dusk of evening was to go into a house on Brickfield Hill, take a gun from the mantelpiece and a flask of powder from a shelf, and when, with this scanty equipment, he was proceeding on his way, the mistress of the house, who happened to be the only inmate at the time, freely furnished him, in addition, supper and a suit of her husband's clothes.

"The die is cast," he soliloquized as he proceeded on his way. "Life is a lottery, and I have made a draw. There is nothing for it now but courage and resolution. I'd sooner be hanged a thousand times over than live a life of such horrible torture. Hail! your money or your life," he roared as a horseman came galloping towards him.

"What! so near the town," was the exclamation of the astonished equestrian. "I am an aid-de-camp to his excellency."

"Dismount, sir, on the instant, or you're a dead man!"

"Put down on the road your purse, watch, and such valuables as you've got," ordered the brigand, leveling his gun at the officer's head, "and turn your back and walk off. You shall be unharmed."

The gentleman obeyed, the brigand mounted and galloped away. The former, naturally very much crest-fallen, walked to his quarters, reported the "casualty," adding that he had been set upon by six armed bushrangers and had escaped death by a special interposition of providence. In corroboration of which narrow escape he showed several bullet holes in his gold lined frock coat, which said bullet holes had been inflicted on the unoffending frockcoat by his own pocket pistols after Donahue had galloped away on his horse.

Before ten o'clock that night both man and horse were beyond the Nepean river in the Blue Mountains, forty miles from the city of Sydney. Dismounting, he patted the arched neck of the proud and panting steed, and said: "You've done bravely, and now I must introduce myself as Bold Dick Donahue, and you will christen Deliverer."

He rose with the sun the next morning, visited Deliverer, and groomed him with a handful of long grass. He heard a noise that sounded like a musket shot. He listened again. It was the crack of a bullock whip. In an instant he was by the roadside in command of the position. He heard the bullock teams and their drivers coming towards him.

"Halt!" he cried, pointing his gun at the foremost.

"Dick Donahue!" exclaimed that worthy in a jubilant voice.

"Who are you? What have you got? Who is your master?"

"Smith—hungry Smith of Mudgee—is my master," said the driver.

"Where is your master?" demanded Dick.

"On the road behind us, coming from Sydney."

By this time the rest of the teamsters had come up, and one and all urged the brigand to rob their master's drays and take themselves as companions.

"As to taking you for companions, I shall think about that part of the business. Meantime, unload the drays and take the goods into the bushes."

Having showed them his hiding place and ordered them to mount guard over the booty, he started off to meet Smith. He hadn't proceeded far before he encountered that gentleman and another squatter riding in company. He ordered them to "stand and deliver," they obeyed at his command, he bound their hands, and marched them to his place of rendezvous.

"These gentlemen," he said, "these drays are emptied by my orders. I do not rob for riches, but to teach those who have them how to use them properly. Might is right all over the country, and as long as I am king of the highway I shall insist upon justice being done to my fellow convicts. For you, Mr. Smith, I shall inflict no corporal punishment on you this time, but if I ever hear that you flog your hands, or don't give them sufficient food, I shall visit you, and flog you with your own cat-o-nine tails."

Having made this interesting announcement, and tied the two settlers to the drays, he went to his hiding place, where he found the goods safely deposited, but one-half the sentinel quite drunk. These he rebuked, taunting them with their ambition to become bushranger while lacking the paramount qualification of vigilance, that a drunken man was good for nothing, far less the hazardous work of bushranging.

"Go to your drays," he said, "you shall be no companions of mine; you would soon bring us all to the gallows. For you," he said, addressing those who kept sober, "you shall be my companions if you wish."

"I am yours," exclaimed one.

"And I," repeated another.

"And I," added a third.

"Right!" said our hero, and they all

walked up to the drays. "Three of your men, Mr. Smith, have volunteered to join me. The others are too honest to become bushrangers. Take them back and treat them well. I shall keep you two horses; and now, gentlemen, I wish you good morning."

Returning with his new associates to their hiding place, he caused them to swear allegiance to him as their captain, which they readily agreed to do.

From then he obtained a great deal of useful information. He was strange to the customs of the people and to the character of the principal settlers in that part of the country, and his companions made him acquainted with all these essentials in a fashion of their own. The greater part of the settlers, they informed him, were tyrants who should be either flogged or shot. They starved their hands, made them go barefooted and almost naked, and for the least misdemeanor had them severely flogged—a statement which was in great part quite correct. He need not be alarmed, they assured him, of being betrayed, for all the workmen in the country would be his friends, as they were all convicts or freedmen.

Secure in the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, and with more provisions and even luxuries than they could consume in a year, the freebooters were in no hurry to depart. On the contrary, they matured their plans of operation, put themselves in communication with the working hands for miles around, and obtained all necessary information concerning employers. The Captain now felt himself free for executing other dashing movements. Therefore, acting upon information which was every day pouring into his camp by trusty scouts and faithful employees, he broke up for an excursion.

About nine o'clock, one fine summer's morning, several horsemen appeared on the Bogolong sheep-station, and enquired for Mr. Robertson, the proprietor. Mr. Robertson was in the court-yard engaged in business of importance; but if the gentlemen would proceed thither the servant had no doubt that his master would see them. The equestrians without disputing proceeded as directed. There they found a man tied to an extemporized triangle, and a flogger prepared to flogellate him, while Mr. Robertson, seated in an easy chair in the shade of an umbrageous *Encalypta*, superintending the philanthropic ceremonial, repeating his injunctions to the executive of the "cats" to spare neither whip nor muscle in the operation on hand. He had, he assured that official in his happiest vein of humor and good nature, plenty of hemp to make new "cats" when the old ones were worn out, and lots of pickle in which to season them; and he therefore exhorted him in the most persuasive accents "not to be over particular as to a few slices of skin, or a few ounces of flesh" or a pint or so of "claret" assuring him that if he should be fresh or "claret" he (said official) should take the culprit's place." Mr. Robertson was very funny that morning.

"Hold!" shouted the captain, most unceremoniously interrupting his facetiousness. "Don't move an inch, any of you, at the peril of your lives? Untie that man, flogger—untie him instantly. Mr. Robertson, come forward and take his place."

Mr. Robertson was thunder struck; he hesitated, turned deadly pale, and shook like an aspen leaf. He had heard of "Bold Dick Donahue," and surmised that it was he. Seeing he hesitated, Deliverer was prancing at his side in an instant.

"To the triangles, or take this!" shouted the brigand, holding his pistol at Mr. Robertson's ear. "Decide, and quickly; I have no time for parley."

Mr. Robertson half dead with fear, tottered to the triangles and stripped.

"Bind him, flogger—bind him tight," continued the brigand; "and do you see this? Do you see this pistol?" he added, holding that convincing reasoner in rather unenviable proximity to the flagellator's head. "Do you see this pistol?" Oh, yes! There was no doubt about it. The flogger saw the pistol—never, perhaps, saw anything plainer in his life; but it was rather, if anything, too close to his ear. He saw it, however, and accepted the fact.

"Well," added Donahue, "the pistol is loaded with powder and ball. The ball will pass through your head, unless you make skin and flesh fly!"

"How much punishment shall I give him, sir?" asked the executioner, with a smile of fiendish joy.

"Fifty," was the laconic answer. "This is not much, considering the many fifties he has himself given to others."

Mr. Robertson was bound accordingly, and the first lash from the willing and powerful arms of the flogger extorted a loud cry of agony from the sufferer.

"Give it him!" shouted the brigand.

"There is no fear of a man who bleats," he continued, addressing his men. "And again the 'cats' came down with terrible force; and again a loud cry for mercy escaped the victim. Here a respectfully dressed female rushed from the house into the yard, attracted by the cry for mercy, and supposing it to have come from the wretched man who was doomed that morning to suffer."

"I insist upon it, George," she uttered, with passionate vehemence. "I insist that you do not punish that or any other of the hands in such a manner. If you do, I shall take my children and leave the house."

The flogger suspended his blog, and all eyes were turned to the pleader for mercy. It was Mrs. Robertson. But when that lady saw that it was her husband that was suffering, she stood petrified, scarcely believing her own eyes.

"What's the meaning of all this?" she exclaimed, rushing frantically to unbind him.

"One moment, madame," interposed the brigand; "I am Donahue, and your husband is being flogged by my orders."

"Donahue!" shrieked the unhappy woman, clasping her hands in the agony of despair; "oh do not kill the father of my children!"

"You have not pleaded so, madam, for the unhappy convict whom your husband would have hanged this morning."

"I have—I have! Heaven be my witness that I have!" urged the lady in passionate entreaty.

"Enough, madam!" rejoined the brigand, politely lifting his hat. "A less worthy man should be spared at your request. Untie Mr. Robertson." And the tyrant was released, while his amiable wife melted into tears of gratitude.

Having then charged Mr. Robertson on the peril of a second visitation, to treat his servants better in future, he once more lifted his hat to the lady and was preparing to take his departure, when Mrs. Robertson, with genuine Australian hospitality, asked him and his men to take some refreshment—an invitation which Donahue accepted in the same frank spirit with which it was offered.

Thus for four years did this formidable brigand hold paramount sway over the whole north-western portion of the colony, and had under his absolute control nearly six hundred miles of territory. He had collected under his command sixteen of the most reckless and daring spirits in the country, each of whom were under ban of death—so that desperation lent still greater daring to their depredations.

Donahue was a bold and judicious leader. By liberality—almost precisely in its munificent sense—he conciliated the working classes, and dealt severe punishment, as we have seen, upon those who became obnoxious by their avarice or cruelty. Very many of the wealthy colonists also favored and even respected him on account both of the severe justice—rude and lawless though it had been—with which he visited some of the heartless tyrants of those days, and the uniform and unqualified respect with which he treated females in all cases and under all circumstances. He was never himself known to offer the least disrespect to a woman; and if any of his followers ever transgressed the rigorous discipline he had in this respect established, the offender was punished by scourging or death, according to his guilt.

The Government of the colony was intimidated by his daring, and at their wit's end how to put a stop to it. In this dilemma the Governor convened a meeting of territorial magistrates. The meeting was held at Carter's Barracks, where official experience in the treatment of refractory criminals could be made available, and Mr. Crewell's peculiar knowledge brought into requisition. After anxious deliberation the magistrates decided on sending the military to fight the bushrangers. After this they dined. After dinner they drank. After drinking they speeched. The bushranger should be shot—that was the substance of the speeches. They were all very brave, as people are apt to be after dinner. Col. Stanfield, a gentleman of seventy, said that when he was a young man he would shoot or capture the bushrangers in a week, and this with only half a dozen troopers. It was eleven at night. The gentlemen adjourned—all except the Colonel, who wished Mr. Crewell and Dr. Savage, both of Carter's, to accompany him to his hotel, because—well—because it was after dinner. Mr. Crewell and Dr. Savage prepared to escort the Colonel home. When the three gentlemen got outside the prison gates, the ywere set upon by a party of men who were lying in ambush in the dark shade of the high prison walls. The Colonel, however, managed to make his escape; but the Doctor and Mr. Crewell were pinioned and gagged. The captives were marched off in the direction of Brickfield Hill, where they were met by a gay cavalier in top-boots and a coat of Newmarket cut. The cavalier peered into the faces of the captives.

"Do you know me, gentlemen?" he said. They looked and were confounded—it was the terrible "Bold Dick Donahue."

"My poor fellows!" he began, simulating the tone in which he had once been addressed by Mr. Crewell. "My poor fellows, you recognize me, I see. Our circumstances are altered. Where have you left Colonel Stanfield? Ha, ha!" The truth flashed on the minds of the wretched captives. Colonel Stanfield and Bold Dick Donahue were one!

"Never mind!" said the brigand, "we shall have an explanation by-and-by. Meantime," he continued, addressing his men, "take your prisoners to our camp between Penrith and Parramatta. There we shall have something to say to them." The brigands, who had everything in readiness for the successful execution of their project, harnessed a pair of blood horses to a dog-cart, into which they put the captives, guarded on both sides by two of their fellows, and then drove to their place of rendezvous with lightning speed.

They were now in the dark recesses of the forest, thirty miles from Sidney, and many miles from the nearest resident. The wretched prisoners, seeming more dead than alive, fully realized their terrible situation.

"Untie them," commanded the leader.

"They may now rave and roar as they like. The echoes alone can hear them."

The prisoners were unbound.

"Oh, for heaven's sake—" began Mr. Crewell.

"Hush, you blasphemous wretch," hissed the brigand. "How dare you invoke that solemn name?"

"But I," asked the Doctor, "what have I done to you?"

"You! you are more cruel, if that were possible, than your brother tyrant. You are both cold-blooded, but you are the worse of the two."

"What do you intend doing with us?" asked the wretched jailor.

"Nothing more than you both did to me," was the gloomy reply. "You have given me, in all, two hundred and fifty lashes and pickled my sore back with salt and water till the marrow, I thought, burned in my bones. The same treatment you shall get to-night. In case the worst should happen, and you do not survive your punishment, you shall be allowed ten minutes to make your peace with God, whom we all of us have too much offended."

There was no appeal. The sullen demeanor of the judge, who evinced neither anger, nor pleasure, nor uttered ribald jest, nor uncouth expression, but too plainly told the fixity of his terrible determination. They knelt, these wretched men, and in silent prayer besought Him, whose assistance in the season of prosperity they had neglected to invoke, to sustain them now in the hour of their extremity. The brigand held his gold watch to the light, and when the ten minutes had elapsed he gave the order. "To the triangles!"

The prisoners were led to the place of execution, made fast, and the dreadful work began. Before half the punishment had been inflicted, both fainted. Cold water was thrown over them, and they revived.—The flogging resumed. And thus from fainting fit to fainting fit the punishment went on until the two hundred and fifty lashes were administered. The morning's sun found the brigands in the mountains and the captives stiffened corpses.

The robbers were aware of the determination of the government. They therefore prepared, like desperate men, to sell their lives dearly. When the military took the field Captain Donahue sent a challenge with his compliments to the officer in command. He mentioned the circumstance of his presence in the council and their punishment. He said he was determined to fight, not to skulk; and therefore, provided he, the officer would accept the challenge, he, Donahue, would fight the military on a certain day on the plains of Bathurst, and decide the issue.

The challenge was accepted.

The day came; they met—the Government forces numbering thirty men, the brigand and his comrades seventeen. They fought, on one side, with bravery; on the other, with desperation and frenzy. At the end of a two hours conflict, Donahue fell mortally wounded. His men, most of them, were killed; the remainder, dangerously wounded, were taken and executed. And thus ended the career of as bold and popular brigand as ever was monarch of the highway.

Old Squire Jack, as he was familiarly called, was for many years a Justice of the Peace in B—, and in addition to issuing warrants and executions, was frequently called upon to perform the marriage ceremony.

One cold winter night, about twelve o'clock he was aroused by a knock at the door. In no very amiable mood, he jumped from his warm bed, and throwing up the window, called out:

"Who's there?"

"Halloa, Squire! We want to get married," was the reply.

"You're ONE! and now be off with you!" roared the Squire; and bringing down the window with a crash, he hopped into bed again.