The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 68. CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1868. NO. 45.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion,	$1 00
For each additional insertion,	50
For Mercantile Advertisements,	25 00
Legal Notices,	4 00
Professional cards without paper,	7 00
Obituary Notices and Communications relating to matters of private interests alone, 10 cents per line.	

JOB PRINTING.—Our Job Printing Office is the neatest and most complete establishment in the county. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enable us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks, or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. W. D. HALL, Homœopathi Physician and Medical Electrician. Dr. MARY S. HALL, treats all female diseases. Office 37, South Hanover Street, Carlisle

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.—GEO. S. ARMIG, Office, in Inhoff's Building, with W. J. Shearer, Esq. Prompt attention paid to legal business of all descriptions. 3apl 68-1y.

J. D. ADAIR, Attorney At Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office with A. B. Sharpe, Esq., No. 17, South Hanover Street. May 17—1y.

JOSEPH RITNER, Jr., Attorney at Law and Surveyor, Mechanicsburg, Pa. Office on Hall Road Street, two doors north of the Bank. Business promptly attended to. July 1, 1864.

J. R. MILLER Attorney at Law. Office in Hannon's building, immediately opposite the Court House. 29nov 67-1y

LAW CARD.—CHARLES E. MAGLAUGHLIN, Attorney at Law, Office in the room formerly occupied by Judge Graham. July 1, 1864—1y.

M. C. HERMAN, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa., No. 3 Rheem's Hall. July 1, 1864—1y.

JOHN CORNMAN, Attorney at Law Office in building attached to Franklin House, opposite the Court House. 15may 68-1y.

G. M. BELTZHOOVER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Real Estate Agent, Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Prompt attention given to all business in Jefferson County and the Counties adjoining it. January 19, 1866.—1 y.

F. E. BELTZHOOVER, Attorney at Law Office in South Hanover street, opposite Gantz's dry good store Carlisle, Pa. September 9, 1864.

JAMES A. DUNBAR, Attorney at Law, Carlisle, Pa. Office in No. 7, Rheem's Hall. July 1, 1864—1y.

J. M. WEAKLY. W. F. SADLER. WEAKLEY & SADLER. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office No. 16 South Hanover street Carlisle Pa. nov15 67.

C. P. HUMRICH. WM. B. PARKER. HUMRICH & PARKER. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main St., in Marlow Hall, Carlisle, Pa.

U. S. PATENT AGENCY. C. L. Lechman, 21 Main street, Carlisle, Pa., executes drawings, specifications &c., and procures patents or inventors. 14feb 68-1y.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Attorney at Law, No. 7 South Market Square, Carlisle, Penna. April 19, 1867—1y.

WM. B. BUTLER, Attorney at Law and United States Claim Agent, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa. Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay &c., promptly collected. Applications by mail will receive immediate attention, and the proper blanks forwarded. No fee required until the claim is settled. Feb. 14th, 1867—1f.

DR. GEORGES SEABRIGHT, Dentist, from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford. July 1, 1864.

GEO. W. NEIDICH, D. D. S.—Late Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office at his residence opposite Marion Hall, West Pitt street, Carlisle, Pa. 18 July 1, 64.

S. M. COYLE. W. SCOTT COYLE. COYLE & CO. JOBBERS. Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy Goods and Stationery. All orders will receive prompt attention. No. 11, South Hanover St., Carlisle. Agents for the Chambersburg Woollen Mills 6mar 68-1y.

DR. THEO. NEFF, GRADUATE OF PENN'A. COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY DENTIST, Respectfully informs the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that he has taken the office No 25, West Main Street, lately occupied by his Father, where he is prepared to attend to all professional business. Artificial teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platinum. Charges moderate. 17april 68-1y

JOHN DORNER MERCHANT TAILOR. In Kramer's Building, near Rheem's Hall, Carlisle Pa., has just returned from the Eastern Cities with the largest and most COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., ever brought to Carlisle. His cloths comprise ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN MANUFACTURES, of the finest texture and of all shades. Mr. Dorner being himself a practical cutter of long experience is prepared to warrant perfect fits, and prompt filling of orders. Piece Goods by the yard, or cut to order. Don't forget the place. 15may 68-tf.

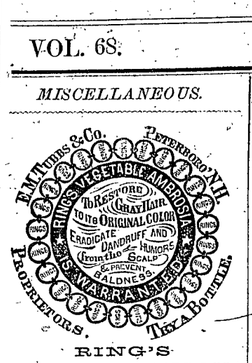
FRESH ARRIVAL. *Of all the New Spring Styles of* HATS AND CAPS. The Subscriber has just opened, at No. 15 North Hanover St., a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best stock of HATS & CAPS ever offered in Carlisle. Silk Hats, Cassimeres of all styles and qualities. Brims different colors, and every description of hats now made. The Dunkard and old fashioned hat kept constantly on hand and made to order, warranted to give satisfaction. A full assortment of CAPS, Men's boy's and children's fancy. Also added to my stock, Notions of different consisting of Ladies and Gent's Stockings, Pencils, Gloves, Thread, Sewing Silks, Suspenders, &c., Prime Segars and Tobacco, hand. A call and examine my stock, as I feel confident, besides saving you money. JOHN A. KELLER, Agt. No. 15 North Hanover St.

FITTING & PLUMBING. Subscribers having permanently located in Carlisle, respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Their shop is situated on the public Square near of the 1st Presbyterian Church, where they will always be found. Experienced mechanics, they are prepared to execute all orders that they may be entrusted with in a superior manner, and at very moderate prices. GALLIGHER, ADAMS, WATER WHEELS, HYDRANTS, LIFT & FORCE PUMPS, BATHING TUBS, WASH BASINS and all other articles. PLUMBING AND GAS AND STEAM FITTING promptly attended to in the most approved style. Country work promptly attended to. All work guaranteed. Don't forget the place—immediately in the rear of the 1st Presbyterian Church. CAMPBELL & HENWOOD. 27 66 1y

THE FARMER'S BANK, OF CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, recently organized, has been opened, for transaction of general banking business, in the corner room of Irvin's new building, on the North West corner of Pitt Street and the Centre Square. The Directors hope by liberal and careful management to make this a popular institution, and a safe depository for all who may favor the bank with their business. Deposits received and paid back on demand, interest allowed on special deposits, Gold, Silver, Treasury Notes and Government Bonds, bought and sold. Collections made on all accessible points in the U. S. Discount Day Tuesday. Banking hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M. J. C. HOFFER, Cashier. DIRECTORS. Henry Saxton, President, Wm. H. Miller, Thomas Paxton, David Heikes, Dr. H. W. Graighead, A. J. Herman, 27 may 68-tf. Abraham Witmer.

GEO. G. DOSH has a prime cigar for five cents. Try them. 10july-68.

MISCELLANEOUS.



RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-Headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded or red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors* use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally. feb1868-1

LAY IN YOUR COAL.—As the weather is now very propitious, and the prices are most favorable for the laying in of your WINTER'S COAL. The subscriber would offer his stock to the public knowing full well the disposition of the trade generally to make many promises to effect sales. The subscriber would prefer to learn the quality of the coal he furnishes speak for itself and he will be held to Our Coal by which are his old standards. He To sell is one out the BEST COALS to be had. 2nd. To sell as CHEAP as any in the trade. 3d. To deliver what his customers buy, and not to mix with a LOWER PRICED article to make the price to suit his sale. 4th. Believes in the principles that SCALES cannot be in use (without repairs) for a series of years to the advantage of the customers. 5th. To keep all kinds of coal to be had elsewhere. 6th. Never to MISREPRESENT coal to make a sale. 7th. To GUARANTEE 2,000 lbs to the ton. 8th. To give the customers the advantage of ANY CHANGE in price at the mines. 9th. To DETERMINED to do all in his power for the benefit of those who deal with him. Send in your orders and you shall be dealt as fairly with and on as favorable terms as any yard in the place. A. H. BLAIR. 17july 68.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! I have this day commenced selling off my entire stock of Spring Goods at greatly reduced prices FOR CASH. GRENADINES, LAWNS, DELAINES, BERGE DE LEGO, FRENCH PARASOLS, CHENE BOBLINS, ALPACCAS, &c., &c., at cost. BLACK SILKS, *NETT SHAWLS at cost.* A full line of SATIN, PLAIDED and STRIPED JACONETS and WHITE GOODS, SHELLES under price SUMMER CASSIMERES, and COTTON PANTS STRIPES, great Bargains. HOOP SKIRTS & BALMORALS. Cheaper than ever sold in Carlisle. Muslins, Tickings, Ginghams, Checks, &c., the lowest price. Stockings, Gloves, Corsets, Buttons and other notions in great variety and very cheap. DELAINES, 12½, 18, and 20, CALICOES, 8, 10, 12½, CARPETS AT COST. Now is the time to secure bargains in all kinds of DRY GOODS as many articles will be closed out less than cost. CHAS. OGILBY, No. 47, West Main Street, Carlisle. Great Bargains in Parasols and White Quilts. 2july-68.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH! James McConnigal, at No. 53 South Hanover St., Carlisle, would call the attention of his friends and the public generally, to his large stock of STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, which he feels assured will give satisfaction in both quality and price. In the stove line he would call especial attention to the EMPIRE GAS BURNER & PARLOR HEATER. It is a Perpetual Base Burning Stove. The Furnace will heat an upper and lower room perfectly, and is guaranteed to be perfectly free from explosion of gas. It is so constructed that its rays of heat are deflected to the floor, warming the feet instead of the face. It is a gas consumer, and is perfectly clear from dust. Its ventilation is complete, and the burning gas and ignited coals shine out through the Mica Windows, giving the brightness and cheer of an open fire. Call and see it. He also offers all the latest and most improved patterns of PARLOR STOVES, and a large Stock of Cook Stoves, consisting of the Nimrod, Niagara, Ironsides, Quaker City, Farmer, and a variety of others, all of which are warranted to be best class Stoves and to give entire satisfaction. TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE, made of the very best material, and all other things necessary for housekeepers in his line of business kept constantly on hand. His expenses being trifling, compared with others, as he defies competition, and would ask those desiring anything in his line of business, to ascertain prices elsewhere, and then give him a call and satisfy themselves that he can sell better articles for less money than any other establishment in the county. His motto is, Quick Sales and Small Profits. Old metal taken in exchange. Spouting, Roofing and Jobbing promptly attended to, made of the best material and at moderate prices. JAMES McCONNIGAL. 10oct 68-6m.

MARBLE YARD. MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, Mantles Door sills, on hand and made to order South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa. R. OWEN. march15 67-1y

HOOFLAND'S BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, AND Hoofland's German Tonic. Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Great Remedies for all Diseases OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

Hoofland's German Bitters is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medically termed, *Extracts*) of Roots Herbs and Barks, making a preparation, highly concentrated, and entirely free from Alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC, is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters with the purest quality of *Santa Cruz Rum*, Orange etc., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable Stomachics ever offered to the public. Those preferring a Medicine free from Alcoholic admixture, will use Hoofland's German Bitters. In cases of nervous depression, when some alcoholic stimulus is necessary, HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC should be used.

The Bitters or the Tonic are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues. The stomach, from a variety of causes, such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility etc., is very apt to be deranged. The result these have its functions of which is, that the patient suffers from several, or more of the following diseases:

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

These remedies will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Chronic Diarrhœa, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or Intestines.

DEBILITY. Resulting from any Cause, whatever; PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM, induced by Severe Labor, Hardships, Exposure, Fevers, etc. There is no medicine extant equal to these remedies in such cases. A long and vigorous life imparted to the whole System, the Appetite is strengthened, food is enjoyed, the stomach digests promptly, the blood is purified, the complexion becomes sound and healthy the yellow tinge is eradicated from the eyes, a bloom is given to the cheeks, and the weak and nervous invalid becomes a strong and healthy being.

Persons Advanced in Life, and feeling the hand of time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of his BITTERS, or the TONIC, an elixir that will instil new life in their veins, restore in a measure the energy and ardor of more youthful days, fill up their shrunken forms, and give health and happiness to their remaining years.

NOTICE. It is a well-established fact that fully one-half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of perfect health; or, to use their own expression, "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. To this class of persons the BITTERS, or the TONIC, is especially recommended.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN Are made strong by the use of either of these remedies. They will cure every case of MARASMUS, unless in fact. Thousands of certificates have accumulated in the hands of the proprietor, but space will allow of the publication of but a few. Those, it will be observed, are men of note and of such standing that they must be believed.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hon. Geo. W. Woodward, *Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pa., writes Philadelphia*, March 16, 1867. "I find 'Hoofland's German Bitters' to be a good tonic, useful in digestive organ, and cases of debility, and as a stimulant in the system. Yours truly, GEO. W. WOODWARD."

Hon. James Thompson, *Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia*, April 28, 1866. "I consider 'Hoofland's German Bitters' a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Torpidity of the Liver. I can certify this from my experience. Yours, with respect, JAMES THOMPSON."

From Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, D. D., *Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.* *Dr. Jackson*—Dear Sir: I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicine, not regarding the practice as out of my sphere, but I decline; not with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail, but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those suffering from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates St.

From Rev. E. D. Fendall, *Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.* I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all whom are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver. Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

CAUTION. Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle. All others are counterfeit. Principal Office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 631 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES M. EVANS, German Druggist, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. Jackson & Co. *For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.*

PRICES. Hoofland's German Bitters, per bottle ..... $1 50. " " " half dozen ..... 8 00. Hoofland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles, 1 50 per bottle, or a half dozen for ..... 7 50.

☞ Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Poetical.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Through April's mild, and tender Mays,
And sultry Junes, that melt or blaze,
The Years go down their pleasant ways:
With rosy wreaths, and myrtle bands,
Fair Summer decks the brow of Time,
But none may vie with Autumn's hands
To build his Throne sublime!

When all the giant woods, that lift
Their leafy crowns through azure rift,
Are girdled, as with burning drift:
And onward, through the sunny skies,
The mountain-tops, like cups of gold,
O'ertrimming with resplendent eyes,
The flames of sunset hold!

When silvery beech, and saffron pine,
And nut-brown oak, like torches shine,
With fires of alchemy divine;
And underneath their lustres red,
The Indian Summer, grandly drest,
Steals softly to the Old Year's bed,
And dies upon his breast.

Of all the months that bless the year,
The Autumn months to me are dear,
From harvest reape to leaflet sere;
September, girt with golden grain,
October, crowned with fruitage rare;
And crown November's royal reign,
In pomp beyond compare!

In burnished lines, on every hand,
The serried sheaves like soldiers stand,
And wave their plumes o'er all the land;
Brave armies these, whose marshalled ranks
O'ercrown the paths of manly toil,
And lift to heaven their balmy thanks
From Freedom's grateful soil!

O, God be praised, this peaceful day,
For corn and wheat, in sweet array,
To hide the scars of human fray;
To drop their germs where fiery rain
Oft shed was hurled in crueltire,
And trampling feet, with fierce disdain,
Trod down each tender spire!

And blest be He, that Autumn drapes,
The hills in more with crimson shapes
Of war, but only purple grapes;
And giants as life, in flower and bud,
Where deathful cannon plowed the field;
And gives us wine where human blood
Was once the only yield!

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 rejoiced in a good jailful; the leading chiefs, their saddle-bags brimming with record brief; 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, headers 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 newcomers. 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 boastingly 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 began 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 Common, in 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 bold and careless, conscious 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 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, 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"

Philip 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 new 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 One murderer got in after him through a 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. Doherty, 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 his red robes lined with black, looked grave as Rhadamanthus; and beside him sat the Earl of Kinston, 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, remain firm and composed Lacy was a tall handsome young man, with a good color and a calm clear 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 defeated 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 whiskey. 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 roused 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 bed and boarding. 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 clammy; her eyes closed; her long black hair was disheveled, and her head drooped on her shoulder. Her voice was 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 the 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 soldier's 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 tried. She herself 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 the 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 shrewd eyes wide open and upon the counsel, and she watched the cross-examination with a keen, wary vigilance. She exhibited 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 Maher, 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. Maher, 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 Maher would be in the business, taxed him with it, and, having some good instincts left, besought him not to take away life. Maher 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. Maher, who knew Catherine, began bantering her in the Irish way, and the girl joined heart and soul in the repartees. Maher'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 Maher the fact that the Sheas had a great many muskets and pistols, and when she left Maher 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 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 teror-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 farm-house 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 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 Phillip 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. Phillip 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 Kelley 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 Kelley, 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 wail 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 of the county gathered round the ruins. Mary Kelley 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 carcases 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 Kelley kept the secret. She did not dare reproach Maher, who const