

A
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JEREMIAH GRANT,
COMMONLY CALLED
CAPTAIN GRANT;

Who was tried, found guilty, and executed,
AT THE
SUMMER ASSIZES, 1816,
HELD AT
Maryborough, in the Queen's County.
WITH A FAITHFUL
REPORT OF HIS TRIAL,
AND CONDUCT AT THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

The Narrative taken from his own Detail,
AFTER HIS CONVICTION.

Dublin:

PRINTED BY A. O'NEIL,

At the MINERVA Printing-Office, 17, Chancery-Lane;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM.

2664
1816

INTRODUCTION.

THE Biography of extraordinary persons of either sex is, perhaps, of the various kinds of history the most instructive and entertaining; and the remarkable occurrences in the lives of such persons, when faithfully delineated, cannot fail to excite the warmest sympathies of the human heart, and hence engage it to emulate virtuous and noble actions, or to oppose those evil inclinations, or circumstances, which tend to degradation; its objects are well expressed in our immortal Bard's definition of the Drama:

- " Whose end and purpose is to hold as 'twere
- " The mirror up to Nature: to shew Virtue her own
" feature,
- " Scorn her own image, and the very age and manner
- " Of the Time, its form and pressure."

Aided by this species of history, we see the human character as it is influenced or developed by the natural dispositions and endowments of individuals, the impulse of prosperous fortune, or the thwartings of adversity: we view the hero in the bustle of public life, with every faculty on the stretch, energetically struggling against misfortunes, and emerging with dignity, and undismayed; we thence follow him into his retirement, and look with curiosity how such men have conformed to life's peaceful duties.

Therefore, no literary productions are so proper for the early study of youth, or more worthy of cultivation: for, as none can be more delightful or more instructive, none can more certainly enchain the heart, by irresistible in-

terest, or more widely infuse instruction to every diversity of condition. It exhibits the human character in every possible form and situation. It not only attends the hero through all the bustle of public life, but follows him to his most sequestered retirements. It shews how distinguished personages have been involved in misfortunes and difficulties; by what means they were extricated, or with what degree of fortitude, dignity and virtue they discharged the various functions and duties of the situations they have filled; or sustained vicissitudes, sometimes prosperous and sometimes adverse, of a chequered and a fluctuating life.

In such narratives, men of all ranks must feel themselves interested; for the high and the low, as they have the same faculties, the same senses, and the same passions, have no less similitude in their pains and pleasures; and therefore, in the page of honest biography, those whom fortune or nature have placed at the greatest distance, or the lowest situations of life, afford instruction to those who read their adventures. The life of Napoleon Bonaparte, once a conqueror and an emperor, and the life of Jeremiah Grant, once a successful robber, and now an executed malefactor, may, in many instances, afford the most salutary lessons. The actions of such men must impress upon the mind a love of virtue, and a hatred of vice; will produce equal abomination to the rapacious conqueror, who lays countries waste with fire and sword, and the midnight incendiary, who consumes the habitation of a private individual, and murders the proprietor for the sake of plunder.

Cæsar, and Christian Wolfe, the German

robber, are equally examples, the one to the ambitious, who would, from lust of power, sacrifice the liberties of his country, to enjoy the exercise of tyranny over the rest of mankind; the other, who, from idleness and vice, would prey upon the fruits of the industrious and the rich. Both experienced a punishment due to their crimes; both died sacrifices to the vengeance of public justice.

The adventures of Grant, by noon-day, and by midnight darkness, which form the facts detailed in the following narrative, are founded in truth; they were penned down from his own information by a young gentleman, between the short space of three days previous to the day of his execution, when he knew his fate to be inevitable, and after he had made up his mind to separate from life with Christian resignation, and religious faith. He dictated the events of his history at a time when every expectation of pardon, or even of reprieve, was hopeless—when every motive of falsehood was silent—and the repenting mind was urged by the most powerful consideration for declaring the simple truth, and nothing but the truth. Declarations made in such a situation, so solemn and so awful, must be considered as the strongest evidence that the facts promulged, are not impeachable; and, indeed, such declarations are considered, when used as evidence by a person dying, under the infliction of a mortal wound, as creating an obligation equal to that which is imposed on a witness by a positive oath, giving testimony in a court of justice. He felt that he was in such a state of mortality, as must inevitably oblige him soon to answer before his God, for the truth or falsehood of those assertions, which lie

communicated for the special purpose of having them published to the world as his confession and dying words. This he did with a contrite heart, at the moment of approaching dissolution; when he felt the hand of death grasping his heart; and when his only consolation was in confidence that sincere repentance, through the sacrifice of our blessed Saviour, would protect him from perdition, and mercifully insure salvation to his soul.

It is our hope, in publishing the incidents of this man's life, not merely to satisfy public curiosity, but in some degree to become benefactors to mankind, and by pointing out the mental feelings, which constantly attend and torment practitioners in evil doings, deter dissolute and idle youth from pursuits whereby vice masters virtue; and if even one wretch be reclaimed by the examples hereinafter set forth, we shall feel ample compensation for the trouble we have voluntarily undertaken. The habitual operations of licentiousness and wicked principles, which, by reprobation, we can not hope to eradicate from every bosom, we may, perhaps, expel from a few contrite hearts, or at least prevent the innocent and unwary from falling into courses which inevitably lead to destruction.

The Scripture says, "the Ethiop can not change his skin, nor the leopard his spots;" but this does not apply to the nature of man, who, though born in sin, becomes purified by repentance—as is finely illustrated by the declaration of penitence and faith of the thief on the cross, whose soul accompanied the spirit of our blessed Saviour, to the eternal bliss of heaven.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

&c. &c.

Vice is a monster of so hideous mein,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen, too oft', familiar with her face,
We much endure, then pity, then embrace.

JEREMIAH GRANT, whose Adventures, accompanied by many hair-breadth 'scapes, by flood and field, are faithfully narrated in this biographical sketch, made his first *entré* into this perilous world at the village of Moyne, near the town of Thurles, in the barony of Eliogarty, in the county of Tipperary.

The father, unfortunately for the son, died when the latter was about nine years of age.—He was proprietor of a comfortable farm, which he industriously superintended, and was a man of moral, fair, and upright character, and, as such, very much respected by all who knew him ; even though of a warm temper, tenacious of what he considered his rights, and given to litigation.

Grant lamented his parent's death with unfeigned sorrow ; but youth soon supersedes the violence of grief, and in a short time he recovered his usual cheerfulness ; yet he never forgot the gratitude he owed to so affectionate, and indeed too indulgent a parent ; and happy it would have been for him, had this affectionate father been capable, by precept and example, to have planted in the breast of his child those principles of morality and religion from which spring the finest feeling of the heart—a love of virtue.

Grant had an uncle, on the paternal side, Mr. James Grant, of the Turret of Finner, near Urlingsford, who possessed a competent property in leaschold interests, and whose lands were plentifully stocked with black cattle and sheep. Having no child, he adopted his nephew, and declared him his heir. He urged him to improve his education, and Grant applied himself to books ; but, alas ! he had to regret, through life, that a country school-master is seldom capable of enriching his pupil's mind with morality, or instilling the divine doctrines of religion into a juvenile understanding. This illiterate pedagogue was incapable of correcting animal passions, and utterly destitute of mental powers.

With his uncle Grant he became a great favourite, and a spoiled boy. He was allowed to indulge, even to excess, in rural sports and pastimes—sources of idleness and vice—as hunting, shooting, hurling, horse-racing, and that cruel amusement, which cannot fail of hardening the heart, in some degree, the barbarous, though termed royal, sport of cock-fighting.—The conviviality of the table, at fairs and other

public meetings, and the circulation of the glass, consumed his evening; and the night was generally dissipated in the gratification of those sensual passions, to which exercise and a vigorous constitution are powerful stimulators, but in which virtuous love has very little share. He was attached to the ladies, who all admired his vivacity, though some complained of his impudence; and having money at command, the profligate and mercenary of that sex were attached, or pretended to be attached, to him.

But exclusive of his engaging manners, Grant was endowed with strong attractive powers from nature; he was in height at least six feet one, athletic, and well proportioned in his person; with a kind, open countenance; an excellent complexion; and his hair, which he wore cropped short, was thick, black, and shining as jet. His conversation, though not refined, was good humoured; and his features, to his last moments, were cheerful and smiling. He neither represented an Hercules nor an Apollo Belvidere, but he was between both; and take him all in all, his appearance was interesting, both in figure, features, manners, and conversation.

But though Grant long continued in a course of dissipation, he at last felt the truth of Louth's observation—"Love is the bond and cement of society; the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection, as cannot properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that."—He felt the whole man wrapped up into one desire; and that was, to obtain the affection of an object that fascinated his eye, and fired his heart!

He was not conscious, but so it was, that he had made a very deep impression on a young lady, before declaring his passion for her.—‘This affection caused a complete change in his pursuits and in his manners; he was her constant attendant, and deserted his former companions and his vulgar amusements.—She guessed the cause of this reformation—she was herself the cause. No wonder a man, qualified as he was, should be admired. He at this time possessed rude health, sprightliness, and amiability. He danced with grace, sung with taste, and played on several musical instruments. After a very short courtship, they both felt the influence of that tender passion, which

“Virtue begs, and Virtue grants.”

An union was the natural consequence of this reciprocal affection; and both had in view, long after their marriage, a continuation of conjugal happiness. The lady possessed a moderate fortune in her own right, of which her husband received a considerable sum in gold, long before accumulated by her father for her marriage portion, and the death of Grant’s uncle vested in him a handsome property. Her family, who resided in a neighbouring county, were truly respectable; but complying with the wish of her unfortunate husband, in the last hours of his life, when his wife, next to his soul, was the principal object of his solicitude, we suppress her maiden name, and place of her birth, although it may disappoint the curiosity of many inquisitive readers.

Grant, at the time of his marriage, was but nineteen years of age; his wife was still younger;—a very early æra for embarking in the world.

However, he prudently resolved to settle himself as a gentleman farmer, and by industry to provide for the support and comfort of himself and his wife, and to acquire a provision for children, if Heaven should bestow upon them those blessings.

In consequence of this resolution, very much owing to the advice of his amiable partner, he became lessee for a farm, consisting of several acres, under a considerable grazier, then of Loughman, in the county of Tipperary, but now deceased. On the land there were erected a grist and tuck mill; and Grant had every reason to hope that on this land he would enjoy domestic comfort, peace, and happiness, and that the profits of his farm would afford his family, if not the luxuries, at least the necessities for living.

To this farm he brought his wife, who applied herself to the superintendence of his family concerns with strict attention, cheerfulness, and spirits. The morning dawn smiled on their happiness, and at night they reposed in content. They had, in a few years, seven children, three of whom, two sons and a daughter, with their widowed and disconsolate mother, survive their ill-fated father, to grieve and lament his ignominious and premature death.

Here it is just to observe, that Grant's application to business, and attention to domestic duties, are conclusive proofs that at this time he possessed a heart replete with connubial and paternal affection; and yet, "pity it is 'tis true," the taking of this farm, as a means to provide for his family, and establish an independent competency, was the source from which flowed the disappointments, misfortunes, and evils,

which followed him through life, and ultimately plunged him into a vortex of vice, from which he never recovered, and which ultimately terminated in a sacrifice of his life at the shrine of public justice.

The specific agreement, under which Grant took the farm, not being fulfilled on the part of his landlord, a suit at law was commenced, and carried on with much asperity, by that gentleman; who, as is too often the case, being a man of opulence, as well as malevolence, was enabled to oppress his tenants, under the colour of justice. He was master of money, which Grant had not, having expended his pittance considerably in agricultural improvements and purchasing stock; and having to deal with a litigious spirit, which neither equity nor concession could assuage; who took advantage of every delay and every sharp practice which the law permitted, and by thus manœuvring, caused very heavy expenses to fall on Grant, which considerably exhausted his remaining finances,

In August 1809, rent being due to the landlord, he executed a warrant of distress; and his steward, to whom the warrant was directed, proceeded, under the special direction of his master, to sell by auction a few stocks, or hives of bees, which stood in the garden, belonging to Mrs. Grant, and which she had reared and took great delight in attending. She earnestly objected to this distress being sold; pointed out cattle on the land, and requested they might be distrained instead of her honied store. Her solicitations, however, were rejected by the unfeeling steward, who proceeded to the sale of the little insects and their curious habitations. Again she implored for the emancipation of

those industrious fabricators of wax and providers of honey, and even accompanied her request with tears; but in vain!—The steward was inexorable. He had received special directions from his master to seize and sell the bees; who well knowing the warm temper of Grant, gave those peremptory orders; hoping thereby, as may be presumed, to provoke his tenant to commit some act of rashness, of which he could afterwards take legal advantage, and satisfy his resentment by a prosecution at law.

Unfortunately, the malignity of the intention had the desired effect. Grant having arrived at the garden during the contest, provoked by the insults his wife had received from the steward, and irritated by the unnecessary oppression of the transaction, lost his prudence with his temper, and by an act of temerity, not to be excused, though it may be palliated by the incitement, became the wilful victim of his persecutor's malevolence, and put himself within the powerful fangs of the law, by rendering himself liable to a criminal prosecution for a capital offence.

He first interceded, at length he became enraged, at the persevering conduct of his landlord's instrument of malice, the steward, who proceeded to sell the bees, there being some bidders present, brought for the purpose of becoming purchasers. Grant opposed the sale with violence; a contest ensued, in which many hard blows were given, and received; and Grant, being nearly overpowered by numbers, brought out a pistol from his house. A second contest now took place; and Grant, high in blood, from the blows he had received, snapped the pistol at the steward. The pistol,

however, did not go off, but burned priming. The flash from the pan terrified the seizers, and like some pusillanimous *Cæsars* of antiquity, and a few heroes of modern times, they made that kind of precipitate retreat, which implies, in vulgar parlance, "the devil take the hindmost;" that is, the recreants fled, and the steward led the van, over hedges and ditches, instead of covering the rere of his corps; leaving Grant, like Amadis de Gaul, sole master of the field, after beating a giant and half a dozen recreant knights.

Though the battle for the bees was neither attended by loss of life or limb, wound, serious bruise, or considerable injury, beyond a bloody nose, which rendered the steward's chin and cravat incardine; and though it can not be blazoned forth like a Parisian bulletain, or, as has been occasionally the case, of a London Gazette, with a list of killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, it became necessary to detail minute circumstances; following thereby the immortal Plutarch in his biographical histories, not daring, however, to draw a comparison between that immortal collector and writer of anecdotes, and the humble manuscriptorialist, who scribbles the life of poor Jeremiah Grant; and in future, following the great example alluded to, prolixity shall be avoided, and conciseness mark the stile of this work.

Grant's landlord, on the return of his steward, attended to his account of the affray, and viewed his rubied nose, mouth, and garments with infinite satisfaction. He caused his defeated and battered domestic to attend forthwith before a justice of the peace, as horrid in appearance as raw-head and bloody-bones,

and swear informations, charging Jeremiah, under the Act of Parliament, imputed to the Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, of merciful memory, which makes the intent to murder, like an actual murder, felony, without the benefit of clergy.—But having made this observation, it is but fair to say, that the noble and learned lord denied the fact of being parent to this sanguinary statute, written, like the laws of Draco, in blood !

The offence thus charged being capital, and of course, hanging by the neck till dead being the consequence of conviction, Grant became much alarmed ; and being informed that he could not be bailed by justices of the peace, and probably not by a judge, as the steward had sworn home to the facts, without stating any mitigating circumstances, retired to his former habitation at Moyne, where having confidential friends, he concealed himself in safety ; leaving his wife, with his children, at the farm.

Thus, this unfortunate man's intention of honestly earning bread for his family, was overturned, and the means he took for that commendable purpose, in becoming a farmer, was converted into the cause of his ruin in this life. Poverty at first bowed down his spirit ; he became thoughtful and sullen ; he could not improve the profits of his farm ; and he was deprived of freedom, and precluded from labour, the last refuge of an honest man. From this æra he panted for regaining liberty—but he did not pant after revenge.

His misfortunes and his evil doings, may be dated from the seizure of the bees ; but the landlord is dead ; so no more of him—" a lion

preys not upon carcases ;” and Grant, previous to his death, and after stating what he had suffered on his account, with religious fervency declared,—“ I forgive you, from the bottom of my heart, for the injuries which your malevolence inflicted on me and my family, and it is my hope that God has also forgiven you.”

At Moyne, urged by necessity, in order to retrieve his losses, he was induced to become a partner in an illicit distillery, privately erected, some time before, at that place, and carried on by friends.

His partner, whose name it would not be just to publish, was expert at that trade. He not only understood perfectly the chemical art of extracting spirit from corn and other materials; but was an adept in the practice; and Grant, who was a very adroit pupil, soon became dextrous, active, and skilful in making that slow poison, whiskey, which the partnership vended; not *pro bono publico*, like Astley of London’s punch, in small quantities, but *pro malo publico*, in large portions, to the inebriation of the peasantry, and destruction of their industry and morals.

This trade turned out profitable, beyond Grant’s most sanguine hopes, and he continued a partner for a considerable time; but while he was industriously employed in cheating the revenue of the King’s duties, a son of his landlord came on a visit to his father’s house, from the place where he resided.

This young gentleman, who was of a gallant disposition, commenced an acquaintance with Miss Grant, a sister to Jeremiah; and succeeded, as was reported, not without force, in violating her chastity; and what is more to be la-

mented, not only polluted her person, but debauched her morals; expelling every principle of virtue from her heart; and, by the aid of drink, blasting those delicacies which naturally bloom in beauteous blush upon the modest cheek of women, and renders them amiable and beloved by man.

The seduction of the sister reached the ears of her brother, who felt acutely for the degeneracy of so near a relative, and the honor of his family; which was to the full as respectable as that of the seducer; and his distress was, if possible, increased by the reflection that the blemish originated with the son of his enemy, whom, he doubted not, triumphed in her disgrace! Urged by resentment, which suggested revenge, he resolved to be convinced of the truth, the scandal being then only in report, and for that purpose took several opportunities of going privately from Moyne to Loughnan, by night, fearing an arrest if he appeared in the day. He had a younger brother, John Grant, with whom he consulted on the subject of his sister's dishonor, and who also had imbibed, from observation, strong suspicions of the intrigue. He instructed him to be particularly watchful on the conduct of his sister and her suspected paramour, in order to discover, to a certainty, whether the connection between them was meretricious, or a courtship with honorable union in view; for though Grant had communicated his suspicions to many friends on the spot, they knowing the warmth of his disposition, though they had no doubts on the subject, concealed their opinion from him.

The young gallant being informed that the brothers of his mistress suspected the intrigue,

and being cautioned to avoid discovery, which would bring down upon his devoted head the full force of their fury and vengeance, communicated with the lady, on the means of preventing detection. Her fears were equal to his own.

Her mind being depraved by passion and attachment to vicious sensuality, she entered into a conspiracy for removing both of her brothers from interrupting its indulgence. It may be recollected, that information of a felonious fact had been sworn against Jeremiah by his landlord's steward. To place his brother John in a similar perilous situation, was the result of the confederacy between his sister and her paramour; and accordingly, on the 22d of March, 1810, informations were sworn against him, by charging, that, as the young Gallant was riding from his father's house at Loughman to Templemore, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock at night, John Grant fired a loaded gun at him from behind a ditch, with an intent to murder him, and that he exclaimed, "I am sorry I missed you!"

A Justice's warrant to apprehend John Grant, was immediately obtained: and he not having the slightest suspicion of such a charge having been made against him, was arrested on the ensuing day, and committed to the bridewell at Templemore; as was Jeremiah two or three days afterwards, being taken near Borrisoleagh, by the son of his landlord, assisted by a strong party of the Templemore yeomanry.

The keeper of the bridewell having a warm and sincere regard for the Grants, confided in their integrity, and permitted them, on parol

of honor, to remain that night out of the prison, but not to leave the town. They accordingly went to a public house, where they were joined by several friends, who sat conversing and drinking till near day-light, when they returned to the custody of the keeper.

The following day they were transmitted to Clonmell, guarded by an escort of Captain Carden's yeomanry, and accompanied by several police men.

At about ten o'clock in the morning, the prisoners, the corps of bold yeomanry, and the intrepid police-men, halted for refreshment,—for the bravest troops can not march without a supply of belly ammunition—at a village or townland called Beloughbee, near the residence of Mr. Jacob, of Mabarna. John had proposed an attempt to escape, but Jeremiah would not assent, and persuaded John to concur with him; being satisfied by his solemn assurances that he was innocent of the charge sworn against him, and that it was a fabrication of his prosecutor, in which he also implicated his sister.

But, conscious as Jeremiah was of having violated the law, and that his life depended upon the construction which a Judge might give an act of Parliament, and the verdict which a complaisant jury might pronounce in concurrence with that construction, whereby he might suffer the punishment of death, very prudently determined in his own mind to decamp, if a favourable opportunity offered; but this determination he did not communicate even to John.

Having been conducted by the escort *à la militaire*, that is, with arms ready for action,

into the house, Grant procured them the best cheer the cellar afforded. The spirits of the party soon became exhilarated; they tippled, they sung, they joked, they laughed; some slumbered, and others laid their arms against the wall; in this state of high glee, prudence was lulled asleep, and fun alone was waking. Jeremiah now perceiving a favourable opportunity for emancipation, suddenly sprung from his seat—flew through the door, which he fastened behind him—and left his guard in utter astonishment, stultified, and staring, with gaping mouths and goggle-eyes, like so many huntsmen, when poor wearied Reynard, after a chase, expected to be successful, makes his escape, and leaves the dogs at fault.

On forcing the door, the guard saw a countryman outside, whom they immediately put upon interrogatories; and he took special care to give them such answers as completely misled them in the pursuit.

After consultation, these excellent guardians of their prisoner concluded it would be useless to pursue game, of which they had no certain scent, and in the countryman's account they placed no confidence, it being delivered with hesitation, prevarication, and prolixity, calculated to deceive them, and consume time.

Grant escaped into Mr. Jacob's wood, and got into cover, where he lay completely concealed, and renovated his strength by a comfortable sleep, which, as the inimitable Cervantes says, "surrounds a man like a cloak," and banished from his perturbed mind all recollection of the evils suspended over him.

The military party, some staggering, some walking, and some yawning, proceeded with

their prisoner John Grant, to Clonmell, where not having been again tempted by that diabolical seducer,—not Belzebub, but an infernal spirit, the devil *Potteen*,—they lodged him safe in the gaol of Clonmell; the governor of which citadel, and a most excellent, humane, yet strict governor he is, being of course informed of Jeremiah's escape, secured John as fast as it was in the detaining power of bolts and bars of iron.

The assizes for the county of Tipperary commenced on the following day, when John was brought to the bar, and arraigned. The indictment charged him with wilfully and maliciously shooting at, and discharging a gun, loaded with gun-powder and a leaden bullet, at and against the prosecutor, with an intent maliciously to kill and murder him. The Clerk of the Crown did not, on this solemn occasion, forget to interrogate —“Culprit, how will you be tried?” To which John, by direction of the gaoler, responded, “By God and my country;” when the aforesaid Clerk of the Crown, with religious solemnity, ejaculated the usual prayer used on such occasions, “God send you a good deliverance.” John's Solicitor having some reasonable doubts upon the effects of this technical orison, should the trial of his client be hurried on, prepared an affidavit, which being sworn with the usual solemnity, and containing all the requisites; and the usual fee for swearing being paid, the trial was, without argument, postponed till the ensuing assizes, and John was remanded to gaol.

Jeremiah, soon as he thought pursuit after him had cooled, and favoured by the envelope of night, departed from the wood. Attracted by

affection for his wife and young ones, he went to Moyne, and arrived there without any adventure. Here he consulted with Mrs. Grant, and she agreed to accompany him, with her children, to North America, and every possible expedition to accomplish the voyage was commenced. On this account he adopted the strictest caution, scarcely venturing abroad, even under the covert of darkness: His retreat, however, was betrayed by some false confidential, who gave information to the Templemore corps, which was received with high satisfaction by those bold and hardy yeomen, who made as great preparation for apprehending this private individual, as if he had been at the head of a large party of rebellious insurgents.

The yeomen having loaded their arms, and being conducted to the place of his retreat, by the same person who had formerly caused him to be apprehended, the house was surrounded; the yeomen entered, and he patiently submitted to arrest. Indeed, an attempt to escape would have been futile, if not fatal. For perfect security, his wrists were encircled with iron manacles; and he was placed in the very center of the corps, who fulminated reiterated threats, that if he made the slightest attempt to regain liberty, a discharge from their fire-arms should blow him off the face of the earth! These threats, and many unmanly insults, Jeremiah bore with the patience of a philosopher, and the silent contempt they deserved. He marched with them to Clonmell gaol, without deigning to indulge them with the slightest answer to a number of questions put to him, and was immediately confined in a strong cell.

Soon after this event, which almost broke the heart of Mrs. Grant, and deeply affected the feelings of his little ones, his degenerate sister began to experience compunction for the dissolute life she had led with her paramour. In her juvenile days this girl was strongly attached to her brothers Jeremiah and John, and they were constant and kind in fraternal attention to her. Their misfortunes, of which she was, in a great measure, the cause, revived her affection to them, which, though it had long slept, had never died. But, for the partner of her guilt, whom she now considered the principal persecutor of her brothers, satiety, the consequence of repeated enjoyment, where lust alone, devoid of sentiment, controls the mind, had for some time produced a total apathy in her mind, if not a sated hatred to her seducer. Their assignations for some time had not been frequent; she felt herself repudiated in a great measure from her paramour's affection, and despised by those who were her former acquaintances. Her pride was hurt; and the corrodings of jealousy stung her brain almost to madness. She execrated the persecution of her brethren by her lover and his father; and frequent quarrels on this account took place between her and the former partner of her bed.

Inflamed and warring passions at last generated implacable resentment—and concealed revenge. It may, indeed, be questioned whether Thalistres, the Amazonian, when at the head of her warlike heroines, ever thirsted more for the blood of an enemy, than this wretched woman thirsted for the blood of the man who had often slept with her on the same bolster; cheered by her voice, subdued by her enticement,

and had revelled in her arms!—Indeed, it may be said that neither Judith, who cut off the head of Holofernes, for the honor of Heaven and the good of the Jews; nor Jael, the wife of Haber, who, enticing the wearied Sisera into her tent, saying “Turn in, my lord, turn in to me,” and having refreshed him with milk, and soothed him into a slumber, with a hammer in her hand, went softly to him, and smote a tent nail into his temple,—acted with a more determined and sanguinary purpose than the sister of the Grants. To preserve the lives of her brothers, she determined on the murder of her seducer; and to perpetrate that murder by treachery! He was, as has been intimated, the only witness against John, whose life depended on the credit which might be given to his testimony; and was a supporter, on the part of his father’s steward, in the prosecution against Jeremiah. This enemy to her house, she resolved to dispatch beyond the Styx, beyond that “bourne from which no traveller returns;” and though most probably she never read the book of Judges, or any other part of the holy Scriptures, yet the plan of sanguinary destruction she adopted, was strongly similar to that conceived and executed by Jael upon Sisera. She assumed reconciliation; she seduced the unfortunate man into that cabin near Loughman, where oft’ she had indulged with him in scenes of foul concupiscence. This temple of Venus the meretricious, was now to be converted into a temple of Molock, for the sacrifice of a human victim. Under a pretence of renovating love, she decoyed him to her bed, and when sunk in sleep and inebriety, she became his assassin, and with a heavy stone beat out his devoted brains!

The last declarations of Jeremiah, under those impressions of repentance, religious awe, and certain death, set forth in the introduction to this narrative, sanctifies the assertion with the evidence of truth, and clears the brother from having had the slightest participation or previous knowledge of this horrid murder.

The cruelty which marked the death of the youth, and the circumstances which attended it, struck horror into the hearts of the two Grants. It was immediately discovered; the murderess was arrested, and committed to Clonmell gaol; and very soon suffered the punishment due to her crime. Being tried at the ensuing Spring assizes held for the county of Tipperary, and being convicted on the clearest evidence, which she could neither impeach nor controvert, the wretched woman was, pursuant to the usual sentence in such cases, executed the second day after, and her body delivered to the surgeons of the county hospital, to be dissected and anatomized.

The spirit of prosecution now increased against Jeremiah; his landlord was irritated at the death of his son, and thought to implicate Grant's whole family in the murder of the young man. The horrid circumstances attending that shocking transaction, and the motive which induced it, naturally roused the father to vengeance, and raised a general prejudice against all suspected to have been any way concerned in the perpetration, either by assisting, encouraging, or advising.

Jeremiah, his wife, brother, mother, and sister, were charged by the landlord as confederates and accessaries, and the public looked forward, as they generally do, without inquiry,

as to their innocence or guilt, for their trials, conviction, and execution.

Mrs. Grant, that is, the wife of Jeremiah, endowed with a very strong mind and excellent understanding, with calmness and perception of thinking, not often found with females, particularly in the hour of distress, instead of lamenting in despair, reflected on procuring an honorable acquittal; and for this purpose she applied to, and obtained a letter from D——, Esq. of Dennypark, to Mr. Lidwill, of Drummond, a gentleman of a truly honorable and humane disposition, and deep penetration. There are indeed few men of more excellent talents, or endowed with minds more superior to the influence of public report, or liability to be imposed upon or biassed by public clamour, which, like common fame, is often erroneous, and not seldom false. They, with other gentlemen, friends to public justice, and enemies to private oppression, investigated the charges against the incarcerated family of the Grants; discovered their fallaciousness, and extracted the truth.

The consequence of this humane interference and inquiry, was what justice required, a vindication of the innocent, and conviction of the guilty. There were, however, particular circumstances in the several cases of these wretched people, which secured them from death. The Judge's charge was, as it ought to be, in favour of the prisoners; he administered justice in mercy; and the jury gave favourable verdicts. Grant, they conceived, acted under the influence of passion, highly provoked, and not with such malice as the law requires to constitute murder. The sister, as has been

stated, was capitally convicted, and suffered the penalty of the law. She was hanged; her brother John was transported; and her mother was shortly after discharged from prison.

Jeremiah was acquitted of the capital crime of which he stood indicted, namely, discharging a pistol at Gleeson, steward to his landlord, who had distrained the bees; but was found guilty of a misdemeanor, for which he was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment; which, considering the provocation he had received, was rather bordering on *summum jus*.

Jeremiah suffered his confinement with stoic philosophy; he neither railed at the judge, the jury, or the witnesses; and what contributed much to this patient conduct, was a resolution of great prudence, to abandon his country, and seek bread by honest industry in a foreign land.

At the expiration of his confinement, he was greatly reduced in circumstances. He had suffered excessive expense in defending his own life and the lives of his relatives, and in their support, with very slight resources for supply; his money, his goods were nearly exhausted. The fees of a clerk of the crown, a sheriff, and gaoler, with a hundred calls for disbursements of cash, are also so exorbitant, that a prisoner can scarcely live or die like a gentleman.

Thus reduced to penury, thus poverty stricken—a wife and children starving, he had no means of satisfying the calls of dire necessity, and prevent these alliances to his heart from perishing;—no honest friend to give assistance;—from him at least five of the seven works of mercy were withheld. He may be compared to Ishmael in the scripture; his

hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.

In November, 1811, he accidentally became acquainted with a man named Egan. This worthy associate, by his own account, was a dealer in, but, in truth, a stealer of horses. He introduced Grant to one confederate, of the same occupation, of the ancient tribe of Carty, but not inheriting with their ancient blood a single particle of those honorable principles which, in days of yore, when Irish kings sat on the mount of Tara, distinguished their sept;—and the Egans were equally degenerate.

These merchants in horse-flesh purchased from various thieves several animals, stolen and led away from different places, particularly from stables and pastures in the county of Cork, which Grant bought from the middlemen, at a considerable under price, and swopped, or otherwise disposed of them to other chapmen and dealers, who, in their turn, became vendors. This species of trading was not confined to the Egans or to the Cartys, as many persons of ostensible good characters in the country, made profit in the same way; but it is to be hoped, that all those persons, as some have, will renounce so scandalous, so criminal a mode of making profit, and bringing on themselves condign punishment; for which reason, their names, and convicting proofs of their several essences, are here suppressed.

Information being given that Grant had private dealings with the Carty's, Egan, and others, in the horse trade, he was arrested, and committed to Clonmell gaol, by Mr. Millet, of Thurles. From thence he was transmitted to Limerick gaol, on the information of

a resident in that county, who swore, that a horse, stolen from him some time before, was then in Grant's possession. On this charge he was indicted at the following assizes of Limerick, and tried for the felony; but the prosecutor failing in evidence, he was acquitted, and no other charge appearing against him, once more regained his liberty.

On being discharged, he again returned to Moyne, as if his fate continually attracted him to that unfortunate spot; and here again he began to contemplate on abandoning his country, and going with his family to the new world, rather than risque, by fresh offences, what often disturbed his rest, an involuntary voyage to "kingdom come."

At Moyne he experienced two or three days' quiet, when one of the Carty's with whom he had been associated, was taken prisoner, by Mr. Steele, an excellent, upright, and active magistrate of the Queen's county, on a charge of stealing horses, and, by his warrant, committed to Maryborough gaol. The first law of nature, "self preservation," occurred to this felon's recollection, and eradicating the maxim of "honor among thieves," he volunteered, as an informer for the crown, or which is as appropriate a term, king's evidence, and swore several informations, in expectation of life and reward; or as he himself declared, when examined, his conscience and love of public justice.

These informations charged several persons in the neighbourhood of Moyne with horse-stealing, and with receiving horses, knowing them to have been stolen; particularly Grant. This charge coming to his knowledge, he re-

tired to a place of concealment, which dire necessity forced him to abandon; and, in the month of March 1812, he made his appearance in the neighbourhood of Cappawhite and Donohill, and resided there, without fear or disturbance, for six or seven weeks.

His fame quickly spread over the country. The high roads were considered unsafe, and the inhabitants of the towns were kept in continual alarm by the nocturnal irruptions of the gang. Grant became a terror to the country people, and the officers of justice were in continual pursuit of him, from the hope of obtaining reward. For a time he was so fortunate as to foil every attempt on his liberty, but no great zeal was shewn to engage with him.

On the first of May following, a party of military, accompanied by a civil officer, marched from Tipperary to the house of a man named Allis, to execute a warrant, founded on a green-wax process. They arrived at day-break. Grant was in bed asleep; the house was surrounded; and Allis hearing the dogs bark, was alarmed—he looked out, saw the soldiers, and concluding it was Grant they were in search of, went to his chamber, and awoke him. Rouzed thus suddenly, without waiting to dress, he flew up stairs and leaped out of a window, alighting on a poor goose, then lying on the ground. The same bird that once saved Rome by her cackling, now preserved Grant from injury, who, from the bruised body of the goose, got into an orchard at the rear of Allis's house, plunged, warm as he was, from bed into a river, and in safety reached the mansion of another friend.

In a few days subsequent to this event, Grant having determined again to seek safety by leaving his native country, though obliged to part from his wife and family, till good fortune should enable him to send for them, he proceeded to the city of Waterford, and agreed with Mr. Penrose, a merchant, to take his passage to Newfoundland, on board the ship *Emulation*, captain Roe, then lying in the Cove of Cork, which vessel was to sail on the ensuing day. Having taken a seat in a coach, he arrived at Cork that night, and went to Cove the ensuing day, in order to embark, but the vessel had commenced her voyage the preceding day, and he was, of course, disappointed.

With deep regret he returned to Waterford, and with the assumed name of Jeremiah Dwyer, paid for his passage a second time to Mr. Quan, a merchant, on board the brig *Polly*, commanded by Captain Redmond. In this vessel he made a pleasant voyage to Saint John's, Newfoundland, without accident or adventure, and in full hopes, by meeting a comfortable settlement, to be soon enabled to write for his family.

At Saint John's he engaged with a person named Hooan, for the space of two summers and one winter, for which service he was to receive thirty-six pounds. His employer was a parsimonious, ill-grained, selfish hunk; kept a penurious table, scarcely allowing himself sufficient victuals for nourishment, and Grant still less; and scanty as his portion was, it was of the worst and most insalubrious kind the market, or the settlement, could afford. This miserable wretch also accumulated a most

enormous bill against the poor adventurer for cloaths and other necessities; so that, having no money to receive at the expiration of his time, he determined on returning to Ireland, and *sans ceremonie* took what is called French leave of his American patron; a necessary precaution to avoid arrest for debt and long confinement. Indeed he had no alternative; for by the local law of Newfoundland, the servant can not part from the master without his permission, and that indulgence Grant, who was literally a slave, had no chance of procuring; not only because his attention to business, and other services, were of great use to his employer, but also because the debts he owed him would operate as an irremovable detainer on his person, and probably have incarcerated him for life; having no mercy to expect from the creditor he dreaded.

For these reasons, and finding he could not merge from indigence, or render any service to his family, in his present deplorable situation, he secretly embarked on board a returning brig, and without experiencing any remarkable occurrence at sea, safely arrived in Ireland, in December 1812.

Unfortunately for this unthinking young man, he revisited Waterford, where he met his old acquaintance Egan, who then resided in that city. Here he remained some weeks, with this nefarious companion, having previously written to his wife to join him. With this unhappy partner of his bed, and object of his affection, he consulted on his perilous situation, and by her advice, resolved upon making application to some of the leading gentlemen and justices of the peace in the county of Tipperary, to in-

terfere with Government for clemency, by granting him a pardon, whereby he might be permitted to continue in his former place of abode at Moyne, free from prosecution, and offered competent security for his future good behaviour, and keeping the peace. This offer was not complied with, and Grant was again precluded from applying himself to industry for support.

Probably, however, the proposal would have been acceded to, and repenting Grant would at this day be a living and industrious member of society, enjoying domestic happiness, not as he afterwards was, an executed felon, but for threatening letters, to which some insidious private enemy had forged his signature, and caused to be delivered to Mr. Steele the magistrate.

Thus he was again cast out upon the world; yet his spirit remained active, and he determined to acquire, if possible, an honest means to support himself, his wife, and infant family; for which commendable purpose, in the month of May, 1813, he took a house and small portion of land, in the parish of Collena, in the county of Waterford.

That county was at this æra ripe for disturbance; but his prospect in residing there, was neither robbery, conspiracy, nor sedition; but with a view that being remote from his former abode, and being secluded from all intercourse with his former companions, and free from the future persecution of his enemies, which, like the sword of Democles, had long hung suspended over his head—he might live in peace and comfort; and he soon attained, by his cautious conduct, the character of a worthy honest man,

enjoying in the society of his consort and children, with sobriety and frugality, the comforts of domestic tranquillity; and the respect of all his neighbours, with whom he had any dealings.

Those blessings were merely temporary;—that villain Egan, who followed him like an evil spirit, discovered his retreat, and entered his quiet dwelling, as the subtle fiend and arch-traitor Satan stole into Paradise, and, by diabolical temptations, caused the commission of original sin by our primitive parents.

This adept in wickedness, by cunning and assurances of impunity, succeeded in again seducing Grant to become a dealer in stolen horses; and information having been privately conveyed, probably by some confederate, from expectation of reward, to Major Kane of Cappoquin, this active magistrate dispatched a confidential and subtle constable, named Fitzmaurice, to a temporary barrack in the neighbourhood, where a small party of the North-Cork militia were then quartered, authorizing, by warrant, the arrest of Grant.

The party surrounded Grant's house, at the dawn of day, on or about the first of August. The clattering of their arms awoke him; and he suspected the cause of the noise. They entered the yard, which was in front; he saw them from a window, and his suspicions were confirmed.

There being no window in the rear of his bed-room, he took a loaded horse pistol in one hand, and some ball cartridges in the other, desiring Egan, who happened to be with him, to arm with a pitchfork, and assist in making the best defence, and, if possible, to effect their escape, by a sudden sally, from the back

door, and so force their way through the military.

But courage was not a quality in Egan's constitution; he was as superlative a coward as he was an infamous thief: Grant's spirit was animated, by danger, even to rashness; but danger sunk the heart of Egan into pusillanimity. A sudden ague afflicted him from head to foot; he dared not grasp the pitch-fork;—the recreant wretch, shaking and terrified as if he had been standing haltered at the gallows, slunk under a bed, for concealment, almost annihilated by his apprehensions.

Grant perceiving he could expect no assistance from Egan, retired to a room where there was a back window; and directed his wife to open the street door, which the soldiers were attempting to force in, by battering with the butts of their muskets. When she went out, he piled a quantity of furniture against the chamber door, determined to break through the window, when the party should get admittance, and begin to attack the interior barricado he had erected. He then, covered only with his shirt, forced through the window and dropped outside, the pistol falling from his hand; but instantly recovering, with his usual agility he leaped the yard gate, and was immediately seized by a few soldiers, stationed on the outside. With these men he experienced a hard struggle; in which he displayed extraordinary strength and courage, and was not overpowered till a reinforcement of twelve privates, with a serjeant, came up. Then considering that further resistance would be ineffectual, like many other heroes, ancient and modern, as he could no longer give battle, and

retreat was impossible, he surrendered at discretion.

The party triumphantly, and vociferating praise on their own prowess, though in number eighteen to one, conducted their prisoner into his own house, where they prepared to pinion his arms with ropes. Three sentinels were placed at the outer door with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, and three more were employed in searching the apartments; while the others were busy outside assisting one of their comrades, whom Grant, by his athletic exertions and pugilistic skill, had severely bruised, battered, and wounded on his head, back, belly and ribs, and who, like a bull beaten at a ring, in contest with a dog of the staunch breed, was torn to tatters, bellowing and bleeding most plentifully from the nostrils and mouth.

Fitzmaurice, the civil officer, who plumed his crest on the victory obtained over Grant, and who already anticipated the receipt of a considerable reward for the service, was placed as guard over the subdued hero, as a special sentry, armed with a pair of loaded pistols, one of which was cocked. Grant, whose presence of mind never failed him, even in a moment of danger, but was ever on the alert, stood coolly meditating in sullen silence, the best means of escaping; and seeing an opportunity, with clenched fist, applied a scientific blow beneath the left ear of the constable, which stopped the circulation of blood in the jugular, and caused a temporary apoplexy, that brought his carcass to the ground, where he lay kicking and sprawling like one of those Trojans who fell beneath the knuckles of the muscular Diomedes,

the Greek, or, to change the comparison, the puissant Patroclus, after receiving a knock-down salute from the mighty Trojan hector, the son of Priam.

Yes, down fell the conservator of the peace, his arms clanking as he fell, and stretched on his mother earth, he lay bleeding and moaning, and almost senseless, for some minutes; while the conquering hero flew to the door, and as Palmarin of England overturned giants and necromancers when they came across him, so Grant overturned three of the North-Cork militia-men, who mounted guard, though favoured by the magic authority of a legal warrant, signed not only by one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, but also one of his Majesty's veteran majors.

Three of these soldiers his prowess plunged into a mantled puddle, scummed over with duck meat, from which they emerged not in perfect scarlet, as they fell, but in a kind of green uniform, rather resembling that worn by the rebellious united Irishmen, than military men enlisted to fight for the right and prerogatives of his Majesty's crown.

Fitzmaurice having recovered his legs, and got on his feet, made a push after Grant, and obtaining a view, discharged one of his pistols with effect, after the flying enemy; two, of several slugs, for there were many in the barrel, penetrated the flesh of his right thigh; but luckily the bone escaped fracture, though his nether parts were not shielded even with a pair of breeches. Notwithstanding this wound in the rere, or seat of honour, and although several other shots were fired after, and whizzed

about his ears, yet running swift as Acteon, when changed into a stag, and pursued by his own blood hounds, he escaped the warlike North Cork corps, and got into a wood, at about half a mile distance, they pursuing with a full cry of tantivi, tantivi, hark forward !

The absence of the soldiers in their chase after Grant, gave Egan an opportunity to creep from under the bed, which he performed with the timidity of a hare, and one of those qualities of a run-down fox, which often takes hunters by the nose, without the least resemblance to the scent of civit, or otto of roses. The rascal, for that time, escaped the fangs of the law, which otherwise would have gripped and dragged him to that justice which all such fellows deservedly come to, and is consummated at the gallows.

Some of the defeated militia men took post at the verge of the wood ; others ventured in, to search for the fugitive, but without effect. He, though smarting from the severity of the wound, and suffering under encreasing pain by every motion, and bleeding very copiously, got under shelter ; where like some of those errant knights who subdued monsters in brutal and in human shape, in defence of fair and injured dames and damsels, whom they allowed to be violated only by themselves, he officiated as his own surgeon. He tore off part of his shirt, with which he made a shift to bind up the apertures made by the slugs, and thus stopping the hemorrhage, he remained under covert, afflicted with pain, and almost as naked as a new South Wales Indian, until night spread her sable mantle over the hemisphere.

Then with cautious step he made his way to Kilmacthomas; and here his evil genius, Egan, came again across him. The scoundrel supplicated, whined, and even cried for reconciliation—but cowardice was a baseness unpardonable in the opinion of Grant, who, with contempt and deserving opprobrious epithets, repudiated the wretch from all further connection, and never saw him more. Indeed it is not improbable but he has since exhibited his last scene on that stage whereon such criminals generally make their last appearance.—*So exit EGAN.*

Grant again joined the disconsolate partner of his worldly cares, and removed her and his family to the town of Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford, where he intended, if possible, to seclude himself from the knowledge of his vicious companions, to form new connections, and totally to renounce the dangerous life he had pursued, and which had stamped infamy upon his character, and had so often led him to the very verge of the grave. This was about the middle of September, 1813. His house was in the vicinity of the town; and here, for some weeks, he supported his family by “making war against a sea of troubles,” in the best way he could. But it was with great difficulty he kept that wolf, hunger, from the door, and the cries of his children for victuals often assailed his ears, and created the most acute feelings in his breast.

Unfortunately this wretched husband and father ventured to make an excursion to the town of Grainama, in the county of Kilkenny, situated about fifteen miles from Enniscorthy. Deep as his distress was, and unable to satisfy

the craving of those who looked up to him for bread, his conduct is not to be vindicated. His mission was to sell two fat sheep, brought to him by one Shanrahen, who had stolen them from a gentleman named Ratcliff. For this dangerous undertaking he was to receive a considerable part of the purchase money, but at the very time he was in the act of publicly disposing of the sheep, his person was recognized by a fellow passenger, who knew him on ship-board, on his return from Newfoundland, who shook him heartily by the hand, and saluted him with an exclamation, "Ah, how dost thou, my friend and shipmate, Jeremiah Grant?"

This unfortunate salutation, innocently made, immediately raised the curiosity of the bystanders, and Grant perceiving himself stared at by many, became alarmed. He left the place with precipitation; and when he had proceeded in haste about two miles towards Enniscorthy, hearing the trampling of horses in his rear, and turning round, he saw two men, well mounted, in full gallop. His sagacious mind instantly suggested that these persons were in pursuit of him; on which he immediately unharnessed the beast he had under the car that had conveyed the stolen sheep, mounted, and rode off as fast as possible.

He was right in his suspicion: he was pursued by two gentlemen, who were often within a hundred yards of his crupper; and his nag, not having been over-stalled with oats, nor remarkable for blood or bone, he wisely determined to trust his own two legs in preference to the four feet of his quadruped, and dismounted, leaving his horse Barebones, as a fine prize to the captors! He accordingly

leaped a ditch of considerable breadth, and plunged into the dark recesses of the wood, seeming to say with the fox in the song, "who dare follow me." Here he remained for some time, and then returned to his disconsolate wife and family, whom he removed that very night, "bag and baggage," towards the county of Wicklow.

They reached Bray without adventure, though not without apprehension of pursuit; and in that town he became tenant to a small house, and resided there for some time, under the name of John Ryan.

In this situation he suffered considerable hardships in procuring even scanty subsistence for his relatives, now augmented to five children, none of sufficient age to administer the least assistance by industry; but under all his difficulties and vicissitudes, his wife proved a faithful partner, and an affectionate mother, which in some degree proved an anodyne to the asperities of misfortune.

At the end of three or four weeks, necessity, which bids defiance to law, and suppresses the cautions of prudence, urged him to revisit Enniscorthy. Here he purchased from an old coadjutor, for five guineas, on the terms that attornies sometimes fee young lawyers, by indorsing on their briefs "five guineas to be paid," a couple of cows, which had been stolen from a farmer named Maguire. These cows he drove to Bray, but before he could dispose of them, they were traced and found by the owner. The next morning a constable with the claimant came to Grant's house, for the purpose of making him a prisoner. On the first alarm, from his wife, he bounced from bed, and disguised in

her cloak, without other covering than a shirt, he got safely into Lord Meath's deer-park, where he lay concealed.

In this situation the quivering fugitive suffered extremely from the inclemency of the weather. The cold was intense, sleet was falling, and hail pelting in frozen pellets from the clouds, with an eager and nipping north-east wind blowing keenly and tremendously. The trees were also bare, not a leaf to be seen, and the surrounding mountains were covered with snow—in short, the elements had “raised their high engendered battles” against his devoted head, uncovered by “the perilous storm.”

On this occasion, as he declared in prison, he compared the evils he then suffered under as a divine visitation for his iniquitous conduct. That he prayed with fervour, and sincerely felt the bitterness of contrition. It is to be lamented that such repentance was not followed by reformation; that his prayers were lost upon the empty air.

At night he visited his habitation, cold, shivering, and almost exhausted by hunger. After warming his almost frozen limbs, which were chafed by his wife, and taking some refreshment, which she had prepared, hoping for his return, he, accompanied by his family, set off for Dublin: from whence they proceeded on the high northern road for Drogheda, where they arrived in safety, and set up at a carman's inn.

Here he took a house from Mr. Tandy of that town, with a field, assuming the name of Darby Power. He resided there a considerable time, and no attempt was made to disturb

him, which contributed much to appease his fears, to calm his mind, and to recruit his animal spirits, of which he possessed a considerable share; of course he regained his complexion; and his countenance, the index of the mind, displayed health and hilarity.

Thus recruited, in the month of May, 1815, he went from Drogheda to Moyne, for the purpose of receiving rent due to him by a very old acquaintance, one Fitzpatrick, who held under him, as tenant, the premises he had formerly occupied, in that village; but in this expectation he experienced a severe disappointment. Fitzpatrick having been, *vic et armis*, by virtue of a mittimus, or justice's warrant, crammed into a tenancy of very small dimension, but strong walls, in Clonmell gaol, charged with fancying and driving away, without consent of the owner, certain cows, the property of several farmers; and there to remain till duly discharged by law.

Though Grant knew Fitzpatrick to be a public marauder, yet he placed implicit confidence in his personal attachment, of which he had experienced several sincere proofs; but on his assistance in pecuniary matters he could no longer rely, nor could he dare to visit him in his present place of durance. Horrid, indeed, was, as he fully expressed in the mental distress that tormented his feelings, on account of a wife he doated on, and children he loved, existing in penury—no money in possession, no friend to borrow from. Under the impression of his misfortunes, he returned to Drogheda, pennyless, without so much as would purchase a roll of bread, or pint of oatmeal. During his absence his family had subsisted by raising mo-

ney on the security of furniture and wearing apparel, and now on his return, whatever few articles remained, were detained by pawnbrokers, for thirty per cent. interest, which almost amounted to absolute forfeiture.

To extricate himself from the immediate ruin that haunted his distracted mind, he, accompanied by two friends, went to Killonehouse, occupied by Mr. Camley, where he intended to procure an old cast-off jaunting-car, for the purpose of conveying bathers from Dogheda to the sea, a distance of three miles, expecting thereby to earn, for a time, support for his family. Understanding that Mr. Camley was not at home, they went to the coach house, broke it open, but no jaunting car was there. Disappointed in obtaining this object of plunder, they seized an old gig of trifling value, which Grant repented of severely, declaring he had always entertained the greatest respect and veneration for the owner, who had, on several occasions, shewn himself his friend, and who he was certain would not prosecute him for the felony, even if he had discovered it.

Having harnessed a horse, brought with him under the gig, he drove directly to Templetohee and Donoughmore, and passed by Mr. Steele's gate, not knowing the place of residence. The wheel of the gig breaking, he stopped at a forge to have it repaired. Mr. Steele having received information of stealing the gig, from the servants at Killone, came to the forge, and Grant was once more taken into the custody of the law. Resistance would have been vain. Mr. Steele was armed and had assistance; Grant was off his guard—and had neither arms nor assistants for defence.

Mr. Steele took every prudential caution to secure his prisoner ; had his person searched, and conducted him to the guard-house at Rath-downy, and from thence, on the following day, to Thurles, where he was committed to the Bridewell, secured with iron manacles.

Having got possession of a nail, he soon contrived to unlock the hand-cuffs which were intended to secure his wrists. Having succeeded in this point, he stripped off his coat, slipped off his shoes, and then (about eight in the evening) called loudly for water.

The person who officiated as turnkey, was a young girl ; she brought a vessel of water to the interior, opened the door and handed it in ; when the prisoner instantly rushed out, knocked down the sentinel, who guarded his room, and rushed through the passage to the gaoler's apartment, elated to an almost certainty of regaining his freedom.

But his endeavours were not at this time successful ; not knowing the passage to the outward door of the building he was overpowered by superior force ; and secured, as the gaoler thought, beyond the possibility of escaping.

The next day, his arms having been previously secured with irons, and a bolt of no inconsiderable weight affixed to his leg by a ring, he was transmitted, under an escort of twenty-one soldiers, to Clonmell gaol. Grant's mind was too strong to sink under even a weight of misfortunes ; and by opposing he resolved to end them. For this purpose, in the course of six weeks, by the assistance of a friend, he procured proper implements for sawing iron, and communicated his design to sixteen other

prisoners confined in cells that opened into the lower corridore of the prison.

To facilitate their purpose it was necessary to cut the bars of a window which was in full view of the gaoler's office. To execute this work of danger without detection, amounted to almost an impossibility. Grant, whose inventive genius was most extraordinary, determined however to make the attempt, and on consultation with his confederates, the following scheme was adopted. These men were each secured by a very heavy bolt and ring, that encircled one leg above the ankle and hung suspended from a girdle round the waist, by a woollen listing. Under Grant's direction, they each commenced rubbing the secured leg at the ankles, till by reiterated friction the muscles became inflamed and swelled. Of this pretended grievance they complained to the attending surgeon, imputing the irritated appearance of the flesh, to the galling weight and pressure of the irons. The surgeon, an innocent and humane man, having visible evidence of their apparent suffering, and conceiving that the circulation of the blood might be impeded, and a mortification take place, directed that the irons should be removed to the other leg, and the poor men be relieved.

Grant was the first prisoner whose irons were removed, which operation was performed in the gaoler's office, by the turnkeys. He had previously directed the other prisoners, that as soon as they heard his bolts clinking, to commence cutting the bars of the window with the steel saws he had provided; having no doubt but the noise of that operation would be completely drowned by the greater noise of punch-

ing out the iron rivets, and the loudness of the manner in which he should converse with the gaoler and turnkeys. He was right in his expectations; for before his bolts had been changed, his confederates, with very little manual exertion, had compleated the task of sawing through the window bars, keeping up a loud conversation, and occasionally laughing or singing.

There still remained a very serious impediment to the progress to liberation. The prisoners were locked up at night in several cells, and these cells were secured with bolts and large padlocks. To deceive the keepers, and to throw the chief Argus off his guard, not by sleeping, but waking, the women prisoners were induced to commence a fictitious battle, and this tumultuous farce they carried on by loud shrieking, bawling, vociferating the horrid cry of murder, and even pulling of caps. The keeper, to quell the Amazonian riot, visited this side of the gaol. The riot was prolonged for a considerable time, and during its continuance, the male conspirators, headed by Grant, wrenched the already cut bars, passed through the window, crossed the new chapel, got into the new marshalsea, and from thence rushed into the street, carrying with them terror and dismay.

All this was perpetrated in three or four minutes: and the outward door of the gaol being open at the time for bringing in stores, and other materials, the escape of this desperate banditti, consisting of every description of felons, must have succeeded, but that, fortunately for the public, and unfortunately for the criminals, a few of whom have been since suspend-

ed by the collars, swinging in the empty air, the last night guard were relieving at that instant, it being morning, about nine o'clock, when this daring, yet well-conceived and well-conducted attempt to escape, was made.

The banditti ran with the utmost celerity down Hawk-street, and were speedily pursued by the main guard, with other soldiers, and the *posse committatus* yelling out a hue and cry, shrill and loud as an Indian war-hoop, and after a long and fatiguing chace, through puddle and through mire, over dunghills and over rubbish, every fugitive was taken, and re-committed to their former durance vile, heavier irons, and in more strongly secured cells—*except* GRANT.

This extraordinary man bounded like a deer, o'erleaped every impediment, tumbled every person who ventured within his arm's length—got to the west gate, turned down to the river Suir, boldly

Leaped into the angry flood,
 Uncoutred as he was;
 The torrent roared, and he did buffet it,
 With lusty sinews throwing it aside,

landing sound in wind and limb, on the banks of the opposite side, in the county of Waterford.

From thence, continuing his speed, without deigning to look behind, and not thinking of his fellow prisoners, he passed Fairy-hill, as if aided by supernatural inspiration, to the seat of that renowned and literary Baronet and politician, whose lucubrations illustrate the pages of The Dublin Evening Post, Sir Thomas Osborne, elegantly situated, near Two-

mile-bridge, where he re-crossed the Suir, and once more pressed the rich soil of the county of Tipperary.

This perilous adventure, by flood and field, was on the eleventh day of July; and the next day, very early, it being the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, he made good his way to the house of an acquaintance at Market-hill, being almost exhausted with hunger, not having eaten any thing since the day before; at this place he was supplied with dry garments, plenty of rashers and eggs, with abundance of that radical heat and moisture, which fermentation and fire produces, from malted and unmalted corn, vulgarly called whiskey; and with this Promethean beverage, the first spirit of which is supposed to have been stolen from Heaven, and to have been the genuine nectar of Olympus, he refreshed his exhausted frame, joined by his hospitable companion, who never flinched his tumbler till sleep and inebriety made retirement to repose necessary; and not caring a fig for the gaoler of Clonmell, the turnkeys, the soldiers, or any of his outrun pursuers, he sunk into a balmy sleep. On waking, next morning, he meditated on his last night's vision, which had brought to his imagination those beloved objects, his wife and children; who were always attractive powers to his affectionate attentions, and whose sufferings acutely pierced his heart with grief.

That very night, therefore, scorning consequences, he set forward on his way to join his family, for which purpose he took from the road a horse he found grazing; mounted without bridle or saddle, and arrived at their former habitation, anticipating the joy resulting from

such an event. But his affectionate wife had gone with necessities to Clonmiell, where she was informed of his bold and lucky escape. Well knowing his affection for her and their infant offspring, she presaged meeting him at Moyne; and at her return, which was immediate, was not disappointed.

Neither misfortune, peril, nor time, had diminished the love of Mrs. Grant to her husband; the most moral man could not boast a wife of more virtue and constancy; she met him with smiles, and he received her with delight: Miss Peachum does not express, in the fiction of poetry, warmer love for Macheath, than Mrs. Grant, in every vicissitude of fortune, evinced to her husband, and he was equally loyal.

A desire of being restored to society and honest industry, still pervaded his heart, and accompanied his prayers. Mr. Steele had assured him, had he in the first instance applied to him, as mediator with Government, he would have exerted his interest to procure him a pardon from the executive power. This beamed a ray of hope upon his mind, and he immediately wrote to that gentleman, to Mr. Langly, of Brittas, and Mr. Lidwill of Cormiestown. Those letters stated, the writer was ready to surrender his person, if insured protection from death by pardon; and he waited in the neighbourhood of Moyne, hoping for a favourable answer, upwards of a fortnight. Being neglected, naturally created an apprehension that no terms would be entered into. Had pardon been offered, he would gladly have accepted the gracious boon, on condition of going to America. Indeed it was intimated to him, but probably not from any authority, that he

would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. Retrospect to the offences charged upon him, and of which conclusive evidence could be produced, convinced him that trial must inevitably terminate in conviction, followed by public execution, to the perpetual disgrace of the innocents to whom he had given existence.

It must be allowed that this man's expectation of unconditional pardon shewed weakness; the magistrates considered it presumption: holding out, not so much contrition for past offences, as implied threats of future depredations, not unlike that of the Irish chieftan—"Send my cattle, or else."—Indeed the most Grant could expect from the clemency of Government was pardon, on condition of transportation to some distant clime for life, as to New South Wales, from whence he could have no hope of returning.

Giving up all expectation of protection from prosecution, he made an excursion to Bray, in the county of Dublin, from whence, with the assistance of a friend, he carried off a jaunting car, the property of a Mrs. Weldon, residing near that town, which he drove to Drogheda, and there kept a boy driving it from the town to the Strand, until November following; during which time nothing whatever occurred to give him alarm. The earnings of this car were equal, upon an average, to seven shillings a day, which gave comfortable support to his family; and in addition to this, he was in pay with a gentleman, whose horses he trimmed and trained; a business to which he was perfectly competent from his youth. During this period our hero frequently ventured to hunt in

the county of Dublin, and was the first person who came up to the assistance of the late excellent young nobleman, the much lamented Duke of Dorset, when thrown from his horse, at Killiney, near Dublin, returning from a chase.

But now new calamities, and without cause from fresh offences, commenced. On the first of November, Grant was recognized in one of the streets of Drogheda, by one Williams a guager, who had known him at Thurles, near which town he had kept a private still, some few years before; and whose father, also of the worthy fraternity of guagers, he had circumvented in the following manner. The elder Williams, in consequence of information, seized a still which Grant was working, together with several vessels, and a quantity of pot-ale. The vessels, Williams proceeded to sell by auction; when Grant, who was not known to be the proprietor of the distillery, gave private directions to a woman to become the ostensible purchaser of the vessels; and she bought to the amount of thirteen pounds. The money being required, she called on her employer to advance the sum; he declared he had not so much about him, but offered payment at Thurles; and the duped guager acquiesced. They proceeded together towards the town, until Grant thought the vessels might have been removed, and then he leaped a ditch, leaving the astonished guager to admire his agility in clearing dykes, and running across a country.

But to resume the narrative.—Williams seized Grant in a public street; and Grant manfully struggled with his assailant, and must

have succeeded in disengaging himself from his gripe, though Williams was strong and active, if the Gaoler and others had not come up to the assistance of his adversary. He was of course overpowered, by numbers, secured, and lodged in the tholsel, from whence he thought to escape, through a window, but was too closely watched to succeed in the attempt.

Once more unfortunate Jeremiah. is brought to lament his fate--finds himself incarcerated, and loaded with heavy irons. He was conducted in a short time from the tholsel to the gaol of Drogheda; and double bolted. Williams having given intimation of his former cleverness, in effecting emancipation from du-rance vile; to prevent all possibility of future success in that way, his friends were refused access; so that he had no opportunity of procuring necessary implements for cutting the irons with which his limbs were trammelled.

At length, notwithstanding all the prudential caution of the gaoler, and his assistants, Grant had no longer occasion to despair; hope of liberty revived and cheered his heart, a friend having contrived to convey to him such an instrument as he wanted.

In the course of three nights, this ingenious and indefatigable worker on iron and wood, had the cell door shaken, and was ready for flight. The noise alarmed the keeper, who came to the cell window, and called out "Grant, are you there?" The prisoner yawning, as if just awoke from sleep, responded "where the devil else would you have me be?" on which the keeper retired to his bed.

This interruption prevented his escape at this time, and on the following night the gaoler,

who had become very cautious, placed a centinel outside the cell window, which totally rendered abortive the industrious efforts of the prisoner; and on the ensuing day he was transmitted to the gaol of Kilmainham, in the county Dublin, bringing with him his apparatus concealed in his cloaths. After a few days inspection of his new residence, which has the strength of a fortress, and is most carefully attended by its governor and his officers, Grant being acquainted with several of the prisoners, determined on boldly attempting to remove, by cutting the bars of a cell window, which was vacant, and to which he had frequent opportunities of access.

This window looks into a yard appropriated to the confinement of capital convicts, and is barred crossways, with iron morticed into stone. To cut through those massy impediments, occupied the space of three or four weeks; and, when the tedious work was accomplished, it then became necessary to procure a ladder of ropes, for the purpose of scaling the surrounding walls, which are very high. This was a business requiring great caution, and some time to execute. An incident, however, very unexpectedly occurred, which imperatively called for every possible exertion. The prisoners received notice from a turnkey, that, in a day or two, all those confined for offences committed in different counties, would be removed from Kilmainham, to the gaols of the several assize towns, in order to be tried in the ensuing circuit; some to Naas, some to Trim, some to Mullingar, some to Longford.—Grant was to be removed to Maryborough.

In order to avoid removal, our hero feigned sickness, and induced two other prisoners to do the same. Their hypocrisy imposed upon the inspector and the physician; and a few days previous to the festival of Christmas, every preparation was made for escape. They got a ladder of ropes into the prison, piecemeal, in different milk vessels—but in the very moment when all matters were arranged, discomfiture blasted their sanguine expectations.

A prisoner, named Green, who lay in the same bed with Grant, either terrified by approaching danger, or influenced by hope of pardon and reward, gave information of the design, and of all that had been done preparatory to its completion. The deputy gaoler and Doctor Travers came to the window; had the bars struck with a sledge; and to their utmost surprize, discovered that they had all been cut through. On search, they also found the ladder of ropes concealed in a chimney, which had been previously stopped, and out of which Grant had extracted two bricks, which were so ingeniously replaced, that the most discerning eye could not perceive marks of their removal.

Our hero, and the other prisoners suspected to be concerned in this conspiracy, were double bolted, and confined in separate cells. In this situation they were closely watched, and strongly guarded for a week; and were then transmitted to different counties for trial. Grant, Edgeworth, King, and others, were sent to Naas, where the former remained that night, and gave instructions to Edgeworth for escaping, accompanied by some necessary instruments; in consequence of which, this apt and ingenious

pupil, with several others, soon after effectually worked their way out of prison, again to commence hostilities and plunderings upon the honest and industrious members of the community.

On the first day of January, 1811, Grant arrived at Maryborough, a welcome guest and new-year's gift to Mr. John Clerke, chief governor of Maryborough gaol. This was his first visit; and Clerke welcomed his new guest, in terms of hospitality and good humour. He was the first who dubbed him with the title of Captain, which he retained during life; and the honor was conferred with no small share of facetiousness. "Captain," says Clerke, "you are very welcome to Maryborough, and never fear our kindness; you shall be taken good care of. I was really impatient for the honor of being acquainted with so great a man; and you shall have the best and most secure accommodations this place can afford." He then, like a kind host, shook his guest by the hand, adding, "Come, I'll attend you to your apartments; you must require rest, after the fatigue you have experienced."—Grant returned this ironical welcome, with a look of appalling severity, but without speaking, and was then introduced into a cell, so strongly fabricated, that, in Clerke's opinion, even Baron Trenck himself could not have effectuated an escape; being apparently as well secured, as any of those dungeons which formerly belonged to the Bastille of France, or which are appropriated to misbelievers, by the subtle ecclesiastics, who rule in the holy inquisitions of Spain, and torture and burn to death men, women, and children, for the good of their souls!

Captain Jeremiah Grant, for so in future we shall designate him, not only in honor to his memory, but from respect to the Governor of Maryborough castle, who dubbed him, was of a different opinion, however, from that entertained by Governor Clerke; and after a few days inspection, with his eagle eyes, by no means considered the walls invulnerable, and thought an escape practicable. He had, however, been so often deceived, and the recent treachery of Green at Kilmainham had so strongly impressed upon his mind the danger of employing confidants, that he wisely determined on extreme caution in promulging his future intentions. Though he had never put to the test the sincerity of any of his fellow-prisoners, there were a few among them with whom he had been formerly acquainted; and at the end of three weeks, he got intimate with a young man of athletic make, and a countenance emanating the fire of an intrepid mind, named Carol Whelan. This youth, of whom the Captain had formed a true opinion, was confined for a highway robbery, which he had committed with coolness and intrepidity, in plundering a gentleman named Roe, that would have done credit to any English knight of the road, who, without commission from the crown, collects contributions on his Majesty's subjects, on the highways of that part of the united kingdom called Great Britain, as an impost for their travelling in stage coaches, chaises, curricles, or other four-wheeled carriages, gigs, whiskeys, telegraphs, or other carriages drawn by one horse, or even those who, for economy, mount their own nags, or, from penury, become pedestrians.

Understanding also that this juvenile robber had a very numerous acquaintance among lads of the pad, he changed his first resolution, and resolved to sound him, upon regaining liberty by force or cunning. He accordingly took him into his confidence, and by his assistance, gained over sixteen stout auxiliaries, to contribute their aid to an escape; fellows, who, as Whelan assured him, were good men and true; who would stand together with the firmness of jurors, specially empannelled by a friendly sub-sheriff, and sworn to make a true deliverance of a culprit.

Clerke was a good-natured man; and Grant, by the mildness of his manners, and insinuating conversation, soon gained the kindness of him and his family, particularly of Mrs. Clerke, a woman somewhat advanced in years, but who possessed much of that milk, seldom found in a gaol, the milk of human kindness, which induced her to sympathize with the unfortunate, even though they brought their sufferings on themselves. In consequence of Clerke's good opinion of the Captain, the latter, Carrol Whelan, and the other fraternized free-booters, were indulged with liberty to converse in the same hall. They, of course, entered into the measures proposed by the Captain, and were sworn upon a book, perhaps, as a prayer-book was not to be procured, "The History of the Irish Rogues" and Rapparees," or, "The Adventures of Captain Freney," of the Kellymount gang, to hear, see, and say nothing; and, to a man, they kept their fealty to their commander, preserving a stute taciturnity, and conducting themselves with such prudential caution, as lulled all suspicion in the mind of the elder Clerke, and his son, not less sagacious than himself.

The first plan thought on, was proposed by Carrol Whelan, who, though brave as a lion, was savage as a hyena. He recommended to have two or three buckets of boiling water prepared, and that when the guards came at night, to lock up the cells, to dash the hot liquid into their eyes, and then disarm them. This aquatic mode of defence is of great antiquity; it was undoubtedly used by our ancestors, when besieged, as appears by apertures in old castles, over the portcullis that guarded the entrance, from which melted lead and hot water were precipitated upon the heads of the assailants; and by recent intelligence from North America, the inventors of steam-engine ships of war, have ingeniously contrived a curious apparatus, for scalding, smothering, and blinding, by fountains showering down water, in the act of ebullition, upon their enemies, when in grapple, and thereby clearing decks as effectually as Mr. Congreve's invention of rockets; by which that ingenious gentleman has enabled human creatures to give each other, in this world, by scorching and burning, a specimen of infernal fire. So the Tyrians, when besieged by Alexander the Great, showered down from their walls hot sand upon the Macedonians, which entered the joints of their armour, consumed their flesh, and sent them roaring with torture over the field; and who can say that Archimedes, the first of mathematicians, did not invent this mode of defence, as he burnt a Roman fleet, in the harbour of Syracuse, through the medium of lenzes.

Captain Grant, whose memoirs shew he possessed a humane heart, and who never wantonly attempted to draw the blood of his fellow creature, or extorted money by cruelty, argued strenuously against scalding the unoffending soldiers

by devoting them to blindness. He had seen, and he had sympathised with the brave fellows, who, with excruciating pain, suffering under the ophthalmia, had been deprived of their sight by the burning sands of Egypt. Besides, the gaoler had treated them kindly; it would be, he observed, base ingratitude to injure him; besides, he was always attended by two or three innocent children, to scald whom would have been damnable.

As the Captain's opinion was law, to his merry men, it was adopted without opposition, or even murmuring; indeed they all seemed sensible of his humanity, and applauded his feeling.

Another plan was then proposed by the Captain, divested of cruelty but not of danger. This was to procure instruments for picking the locks, and cutting the wood of the cell doors. This scheme, however, the confederates were for a time obliged to abandon; for though the gaoler was indulgent, he watched the dove-cot, with a hawk's eye, the vigilance of a cat, the scent of a pointer, and the ear of a mole; every stir put him on the alert, and every noise gave alarm. Visitors were strictly searched; not a pocket nor a pocket hole, nor a hat, nor a bosom, were left unexamined; every part of the building where there was a possibility of depositing instruments for escape, were daily explored. Time, however, by degrees decreased the watchfulness of the gaoler and his assistants, and the very precaution, of strongly guarding the gaol with military outside and inside, created a security that put them off their guard; and the inventive faculties of the Captain, on perceiving this unusual supineness, got into ac-

tion. He communicated his ideas to his mir-midons, and all congratulating their leader on his paramount abilities, they were all again sworn, and none of those patriots, who opposed the union between Great Britain and Ireland, and who afterwards became advocates under the new system of Government, ever swore with more apparent zeal and vehemence, that they would support the cause of their country, with heart and hand ; and rise or fall with her liberties. And indeed it must be observed, that these thieves, in the gaol of Maryborough, kept their honor, and never deserted their leader.

The Captain and a few of his associates commenced a correspondence with some outside coadjutors. One of those worthies conveyed to the Captain a skeleton key, made from a pattern impressed upon paper, and sent out. From this pattern the key was forged by a smith residing at a town, about ten miles from Maryborough, and was introduced concealed in the belly of a herring lying on an open plate, under which curious envelope it was received with exceeding joy, and delivered to the care of the Captain.

About eight o'clock in the evening, after the arrival of the king of fishes, which was early in the month of February, the Captain having opened, with the aforesaid key, the locks of a kitchen, wherein he and his confederates were confined by day ; the sentinel on guard, whose special duty was to watch their motions, at the solicitation of the Captain, and, as has been strongly suspected, by a touch of the *aura palpabale*, that universal soother of conscience, in all members of society, not excepting church

or state, consented to leave his post, as he afterwards said in excuse, for the purpose of procuring water. Instantly, on his departure, the Captain leading the van, for he was never found in the rere, but, on a retreat, always taking the post of danger, rushed out with seven or eight ruffians, close to his heels, as our brave countrymen, at Waterloo, and a hundred other places, were to the heels of the French.

The party ran a considerable space along the hall, towards the front door of the gaol. The Captain knocked down the soldier guarding the inside, and disarmed him of his musket and bayonet; passed the front door; struck the sentinel outside, violently with the musket, and staggered him; swearing tremendously, (though he seldom was prophane, or used an oath, but as ammunition to terrify an assailant, or protect himself)—yes, with a countenance terrific and petrifying, as the Gorgan's phiz glaring on the shield of Minerva, he swore, if the soldier stirred, he would shoot him on the spot.

This argument, with force and arms, proved irresistible; for, though the sentry had a bayonet screwed on his piece, he thought it most prudent not to answer, as the reply might, probably, deprive him of the use of speech, *in secula seculorum*; so he stepped back into his sentry box, and there continued for some minutes as upright and as still, as the mummy in a catacomb, or the spiced and pickled Egyptians, probably a king or a high priest, that the reverend Doctor Pococke stole, and presented to the Museum, in Dublin University.

The Captain did not immediately exert that celerity of moving, which he had from nature: he would not abandon his corps, who had so

faithfully adhered to him; but daringly remained covering their precipitate retreat; and, when they had all cleared the gaol, and it became, "every man for himself," set out at full speed, vociferating with a Stentorian voice, "Stop the pick-pocket, stop thief!"

Many of the honest burghers of Maryborough followed; joining like hounds in the cry. The pursuit was kept up by men roaring, women shrieking, children crying, and dogs barking, till an alarm coming from the gaol, that Captain Grant had broken out, the whole *posse comitatus* came to a halt; and, no wonder, for, at that instant, the Captain presented the musket towards them, the banditti facing about, with horrid threats and menaces, and it not being known but they were all armed, every honest man thought his own personal safety, an object more interesting than the public duty of apprehending desperate thieves; and those who were not honest, if there be men of that description in a town built originally by so amiable a sovereign as queen Mary, of blessed memory, whose name it bears, had a fellow-feeling for the fugitives; so, they all, tag, rag, and bobtail, returned towards the gaol, where they joined poor master Clerke, the Governor thereof, with the keys swinging carelessly in his hand, wailing, gnashing his teeth, and humming, in low and melancholy notes, like Locket, in Gay's Opera, on the escape of Macheath—Twang do, dillo dee.

The Captain now congratulated his friends, on once more respiring free and fresh air; and accompanied by Carrol Whelan, and others of the gang, proceeded, without interruption, to Ballyroan; from thence to Ballynakill; and af-

ter a night of extreme fatigue, and no refreshment, he arrived at a friend's cottage, near the last town.

Here they were hospitably entertained with victuals; and heartily quaffed to the health and long life of each other, copious potions of that all-reviving spirit of malt, sometimes called "Kill care;" a menstruum which banishes melancholy, though, when taken in excess, its influence, like that of the moon, upon the senses, stultifies and maddens the brain, dissolves virtue and morality, and urges many a man, aye, and many a woman, to the commission, not only of extravagant acts of folly, but to the perpetration of the most horrid crimes against God and man, not excepting murder.

Daylight approaching, the fugitives, not considering their asylum safe, and apprehending that a hue and cry would be immediately raised, went to a hut, occupied by a friend of Whelan's, near New-market, a mile beyond Ballynaskill; where they reposed their wearied limbs on straw, until the following night. From this station, they removed to Whelan's cabin, at Ballyragget, procured supper, and again liberally circulated the potteen. From Whelan's, they pushed forward up the mountains, to the residence of another confidential intimate of Whelan's; and here they tarried, tippling and sleeping alternately, until the following night.

They were right in the expectation of a pursuit. The military were called out, and strong parties detached to scour the country; and to search every suspected place; but without effect; nor could the slightest intelligence of the road they took, or of any of the halting posts, be procured. On the contrary, it was supposed

that false intelligence had been given by several; and that the soldiers had been put upon a wrong scent.

Their next quarters was Castlecomer; conducted, under the protection of the night, by a man from the neighbourhood of Ballynakill: and here they sojourned till the ensuing day, and in the interim were introduced to some young peasants, who preferring plunder to labour, entered volunteers into the corps.

In consultation with these new levies, who appeared ardent for action, the robbery of a dwelling house, Mr. Kennedy's, a respectable farmer, residing at Ferrodey, in the county of Kilkenny, was resolved upon, *nemine contradicente*, with acclamations; in plain English, without contradiction. This was considered an act of necessity, and the Captain, in an elaborate harangue, occasionally treating law with contempt, and considering the property of individuals as monopoly; pointed out that their finances were exhausted; that from industry they were precluded; that air afforded no substantial nourishment; and, that like many gentlemen who move in the fashionable world, they must raise the wind by some means, or any; that the only resource left them, was robbing those who possessed more than they had occasion for. The several points of which oration, were received by the amateurs, with as enthusiastic applause as the speeches of Lord Castlereagh at the northern festivals.

The person who selected Mr. Kennedy as a proper object for plunder, assured the gang that he possessed a considerable sum of the ready, and a considerable quantity of massy old plate. This information operated as a powerful incentive to starving thieves, who well knew

that money represented all things: so, off they went to the house, elated by the most sanguine hopes of becoming masters of the wealth in promise.

The door was on the latch, no inward fastening, admission was easily gained, without noise; and the family were found cheerfully amusing themselves round a comfortable fire, to the number of eight.

Within the chimney sat an old woman upon her haunches, who, on the first appearance of the robbers, set up a cry, hideous as the banshee previous to the death of some great lord or lady; and her shrieks continued with reiteration, during the whole time the party remained. Whelan, and some others of the boys, would have stopped her acute and vociferous yell; but the Captain prohibited violence, and the old hag in the ashes continued, without interruption, exercising her throat, as if keening *fillilililues*, to enliven the merry mourners at a wake, or elate the unweeping heirs and legatees of a rich testator, slowly removing to his last home.

Whelan guarded the family. The Captain proceeded to force open and rifle Mr. Kennedy's escrutoir, chests, and boxes; and was much disappointed in finding no more money than seventeen pounds, when he expected to have touched as many hundreds. The others of the gang having collected several articles of value, the entire party proceeded to Boulebawn, near Ballynakill, leaving the old possessor of the chimney corner, to indulge her sorrow and malignity by curses, which are more bitter, and more strongly expressed in the Irish language, than any other; and which few can pronounce

with such force of emphasis, as the ancient *shana-collught sa loonash*, who roasts her shins and her potatoes, as she rehearses stories of ghosts, fairies, and bloody murders, and pretends to prophecy future events.

A prediction of this old woman, overheard by Whelan, had a very strong effect upon his spirits—though, indeed, it required no great share of sapience, or second sight, considering the business he was transacting, to prophecy his dying on the gallows, which she accompanied with *Mashoght mealugh molagth*.

At Boullybawn, the party got supper; and being highly charged with whiskey, went to the house of a person named Ward, who they had been told was an informer against private stills and distillers. The unfortunate wretch fell on his knees, but before he could solicit mercy, Whelan seized him by the throat, and would have stopped his breath, and sent him post out of the world, with all his imperfections on his head, had not the Captain rescued the victim from the mortal grasp of the tyger's claw, and given him his life, after allowing a slight personal chastisement. On this occasion, our hero, with a heavy sigh, whispered Whelan, "The day may not be far off when you or I may have occasion to pray for clemency." "Ha!" ejaculated Whelan.—"True, Captain, true, for I heard the cursed hag in the ashes, at farmer Kennedy's, foretel that we would be all hanged." The old hag and Whelan, were both right.

While the informer was suffering the pains and penalties allotted him, which, however, were not very severe, a poor woman with two children, the eldest not four years of age, came into

the house. Her appearance was most miserable; her party-patched garments spoke "variety of wretchedness;"—her countenance was cadaverous, and her voice issued from a hollow stomach, in sepulchral tones. The Captain never contemplated such an object, without feeling for the misery it displayed. Compassion worked upon his heart, and touched the bosoms even of the most hardened of his companions. He presented her with what silver he had, and the others followed his example. She told the cause of her misery, in a few words;—the Captain staggered;—Whelan covered his face with his hands, and the others viewed the beggar, terrified, when, with weeping eyes she said, "Alas! alas! my wretched husband, brought up with kindness, dissipated his and my patrimony! Commenced robber, and was executed at the last assizes of Limerick." This declaration of the poor woman extracted a groan from her hearers.—She concluded—"And left his wretched wife, who had, from her birth, been used to the comforts of life, to beg alms for herself and offspring."

The family of Grant instantly rose before his mind's eye, in visionary horror. He saw a perishing wife and children. "The old hag," exclaimed Whelan, "truly foretold we will be all hanged." Heaven forbid! exclaimed the others; but their prayer, like the sacrifice of Cain, did not rise to heaven.

The flagellated informer, when Whelan exclaimed, "we shall be all hanged," responded to himself, with heart-felt satisfaction—"Amen."

And why should not curses fall upon the heads of the wicked, as blessings are showered

upon the just. Mr. Malcomb, in his History of Persia, gives the following anecdote of Carim Can, who reigned in Persia, and died in 1779 :
 " When I was a poor soldier," said Carim Cham, " in Nadir Shah's camp, my necessity
 " led me to steal from a saddler a gold embossed saddle, which had been sent by an
 " Afghan chief to be repaired. I soon afterwards learned, that the man from whom it
 " was taken was in prison, and sentenced to be hung. My conscience smote me, and I
 " replaced the saddle exactly on the spot from whence I took it. I watched till it was discovered by the saddler's wife, who, on seeing it, gave a scream of joy, fell down upon
 " her knees, and prayed aloud, that the person who had brought it back, might live to have
 " an hundred gold embossed saddles. I am quite certain," added he, " that the honest
 " prayer of the old woman, has aided my fortune in the attainment of that splendour
 " which she desired I might enjoy." This is a lesson to teach the wicked the great good produced by repentance.

But we are deviating from the straight-line road of narrative, and travelling into the serpentine ways of digression.

So to return to the adventures of Captain Jeremiah Grant.—On the departure of the mendicant and her children, it was proposed to pay a domicilliary visit, and put to death a man named Tool, who resided on the estate of Mr. White, of Scotch-heath. This Tool was impeached by some of the gang, for giving false information of Mr. White's tenants, charging, that they, at the instigation of his enemies, intended to shoot him. The Captain reprobated

in his mind the sanguinary proposal, feigned sickness, and the execution, by assassination, was adjourned till the ensuing night, whereby the object of cruelty obtained a reprieve. The subject being again renewed, the Captain and Whelan positively refused their concurrence, and went to the house of a friend, where they slept that night; the former having previously, in the most energetic language, and he possessed strong natural eloquence, exhorted the ruffians to abandon their diabolical intent.

The remaining party, consisting of three unfeeling villains, having increased their ferocity and thirst of blood with spirituous liquors, went to Tool's house, broke it open, and having struck Tool, fired at him as he knelt on the ground, with his hands elevated and clasped together, praying for mercy. The ball passing close to his ear, he fell, though not wounded, feigning himself dead. The merciless assassins then departed, thinking, as one of them triumphantly expressed himself with a blasphemous oath, "we have done the rascal."

Two or three nights after this infamous attempt to murder, the Captain, accompanied by Whelan, went to the stable of a gentleman at Ballyragget, named Whelan, but better known by the name of long Ned—their purpose was to procure a couple of good horses, to carry them to Headford on Slaney, in the county of Wicklow, in order to meet Crawford, a stout and cunning adept in spoilation, and one of those who had broken out of Maryborough gaol.

Crawford had dispatched an express to the Captain, with intelligence, that a considerable sum of money was in the possession of Mr. Orr,

proprietor of a manufactory in that town; more than the owner could use, and requesting of the Captain to lighten the gentleman's cares, by diminishing his wealth, and spending it for him.

The horses found at Mr. Whelan's stable not answering the expectation of the Captain, who chose to be well mounted, they not having strength or speed for making good a retreat, he and his companion proceeded to the stable of Mr. Lalor, which they broke open, and stole a very fine hunting mare, on which they both mounted, and rode that night to Bowley-Bawn, where they remained till late on the following evening.

From Bowley-bawn they travelled on through Clough to Loughlin-bridge, in the county of Carlow, conducted by an associate who knew the country, and who parted with them in that town; from whence they rode to Baltinglass, and leaving the mare at a carman's inn, after taking refreshment, departed on foot to Headford, where they met Crawford on the same night.

After consulting this confederate, on the proposed robbery, they accompanied him to the house of his father-in-law, where they had scarcely rested, and revived their spirits with a potatoe and glass, till the house was surrounded by a party of soldiers, looking for Crawford. A boy, on sight of the military, ascended the stairs with speed, and informed the company that a serjeant was searching the under part of the house, and a large party attending him. The Captain conceiving that he was the object of this scrutiny, immediately closed the doors of the loft, where he and Whelan were, and there

being neither window nor aperture to favour an escape, he placed himself on one side of the door, with a loaded pistol cocked in his hand, and Whelan took stand, armed in the same manner, on the opposite side.

The bold serjeant, with a candle lighted, now ascended to the door, which he opened without the ceremony of knocking, or giving any kind of notice; when the Captain clapped his pistol to his ear, and swore, with horrid imprecations, "If you stir, hand or foot, I will instantly blow out your brains." This unexpected reception, cooled the courage of the serjeant, and so electrified his nerves, that with astonishing agility, which proved him excellent at that manœuvre in tactics, called precipitate retreat, he made but one leap from the top to the bottom of the stairs, and ran out of the house, with the Captain and Whelan close to him, as his regimentals, or a drummer scourging a deserter.—Indeed each of them had a hand upon his shoulders.

In this situation they fired two shots in the air, as cautionary notices to the soldiers to "have a care," which so intimidated them, they not knowing how many might yet make a sortee from the garrison, that they got off unmolested; the soldiers not recollecting that the thieves, by discharging their pistols, had lessened the means of defence.

It being an extreme cold night, and the run-a-ways having no friend in that part of the country, from whom they could seek concealment, they took shelter in a stack of oats, by pulling out sheaves and making recesses, in which they reposed some time, meditating on and often laughing at the last night's adventure;

sometimes consulting on future plans, and sometimes deploring the unhappy life they followed, of depredation. At last, having promenaded the mountains, those bold pedestrians came to a remotely situated cabin, which they entered, with the usual salutation of "God bless all here," and in return received a kind invitation to sit down; but apprehending treachery or pursuit, they confined the inhabitants all day, watching and sleeping alternately till night; but did not, as is sometimes the case, with a class of vagrants calling themselves gentlemen, who subsist by swindling and petit larcenies, steal from their lodging without paying their rent: on the contrary, they apologized, and bestowed on their host, who would have been very happy in getting shut of them *gratis*, for he scented their profession, a generous remuneration of eighteen shillings, for the trouble and fright which they had caused; and he looking with wondering eyes, emanating pleasure, upon the cash, pocketed the liberal donation with infinite satisfaction and grateful thanks.

Returning to the town of Baltinglass, they borrowed a mare from a stable, without the consent of the owner; and not being willing to pay the expense of the other mare brought from Ballyragget, and which they had left at livery, and leaving the innkeeper to answer the law, how he came by her, under an *onus* that he did not know her to have been stolen, they departed, having, however, for the preservation of their posteriors, conveyed the bridle and saddle out of his stable.

Thus accommodated, and pursuing their way, alternately assuming the pedestrian and equestrian order in travelling; that is, ride and tie,

they arrived at the town of Carlow; here they circumambulated the gaol, reasonably expecting that the offences they had in contemplation, might, on some unlucky event, deposit them as culprits within its custody, without chance of bail or mainprize—the four walls of a prison being, as a great law writer asserts, the only proper security for felons.

From Carlow, where speculation failed, in giving them hopes of profit, they jogged on to Kilkenny, and set up at an inn, enjoying for three days the good things of this world; that is, as good things as a paltry public house at Kilkenny affords; but though the fare was not very commendable, it created a very galloping decay in the pockets of the guests, and forced them, as sometimes is the case with ministers of state, when pensions and places, wars and failure in trade, and other casualties, reduce the public finances, tumble down stocks, and rouse the people to become petitioners, to seek for ways and means to support the expenses of government, and keep themselves and their friends in office.

The Captain wisely considered, that at this time his character had been blown into such notoriety of infamy, by the trump of fame, and his offences become so numerous, that all hope of pardon was precluded. Yet, as he solemnly declared, when under sentence of death, he wished most ardently to embrace, if possible, an honest and industrious means of existence, to leave the country and try his fortune in America. This he resolved on, but this he could not accomplish without some money. Robbery and flight, or honesty and hanging, became the alternative; and he determined, in junction with Whelan, on the former.

At the house of a confidential thief, near Mr. Loughman's, in the county of Kilkenny, they were informed that two or three hundred guineas in cash could be procured from that gentleman. Grant's share of this plunder would have been sufficient to bear his expenses across the Atlantic; and to obtain this golden fleece, proper arrangements were made. Accompanied by Whelan and another, he went to Mr. Loughman's mansion, at about nine o'clock in the evening. The house was very long in front, and on reconnoitering the premises, it was agreed that Whelan should keep guard at the kitchen door, the other robber at the back door, and the Captain, who never evaded the post of danger, though on a forlorn hope, proceed alone to inspect the interior.

Whelan making a noise in raising the latch of the kitchen door, a dog barked, which gave an alarm to the family; a servant popped his head out of the door which opened into the hall, and halloed the dog. The intrepid and faithful guardian of his master's family flew instantly at Whelan, who snapped a pistol at him, but missed fire, on which the Captain coming up, shot poor Lion through the head, and he died instantly. He who lived liable to treachery, should not have shot this animal; for "dogs are honest creatures, and ne'er betray their masters."

Those in the house, hearing the shot outside, and the servant retiring, on shutting the hall door after him, reported in his fright, which had multiplied the assailants, that a legion of armed robbers besieged the house. The doors were all instantly locked, bolted and barricaded effectually; but a window, unluckily, was not sufficiently secured, and with little force was

broken to pieces. The party not wishing to risque an entry through the aperture, threatened, with oaths and terrific voices, to consume the house, which was thatched, if the outward door was not instantly opened. The most religious christians dread burning more in this world than the world to come ; if we except the wives of some Indian tribes, who mount the funeral piles and burn with their dead husbands ; the people within, therefore fearing death by conflagration, obeyed the order of the robbers.

The Captain heading the party, entered, first taking the precaution of putting one of the servants before him as a shield. The family were assembled in the kitchen, and placing one as a guard over them, the others proceeded to search for treasure, in which they were greatly disappointed, collecting no more than about four pounds in money, and some trifling articles of plate, which latter the Captain offered to leave behind, if Mr. Loughman would redeem them for thirty pounds. But that gentleman, with strong marks of candour, declared he was not possessed of that sum, and persevering in his denial, was threatened with death.

The poor dog, who so nobly fell a sacrifice to his integrity, was dragged into the kitchen by the tail, for the purpose of intimidation ; but Mr. Loughman remained unmoved. On this occasion, Whelan and the third man stood as centinel over Mr. Loughman for a time in the parlour, but no personal injury was offered to him or any of the family ; the poor dog being the only creature that suffered—and he died a hero.

The attempt to extort money from Mr. Loughman proving ineffectual, the gang de-

parted ; but afterwards, to their great mortification, it became well known that he had concealed two hundred guineas in gold, spread under a carpet, and fifty pounds in bank notes behind a picture, which circumstance made those men very particular in their future searches for money, and very cautious in giving credit to the asseverations of those whose houses they attacked.

On their departure, the banditti proceeded to the cabin of an acquaintance at Ballinaslee, near Ballyragget, where they lay for the remainder of the night. The next day an alarm came, that a general search was commenced, upon which they bolted from their place of concealment ; but though the country was scoured by different parties of gentlemen well mounted, and attended, with zeal and alacrity, by numbers of the peasantry, they again evaded pursuit, and remained at large, a terror to the country.

Three weeks having elapsed since the Captain broke gaol, and outran the good men of Maryborough, he went to visit his friends at Moyne ; and in company with Whelan and his other companion, remained there two days carousing. From thence the party tripartite paid their complimentary visits to their acquaintances in the neighbourhood of Ballinakill, where they continued indulging in good cheer, and as high glee, as if they feared neither law nor punishment. In the midst of these sublunary enjoyments, and false elevation of spirits, intelligence arrived, that a servant belonging to Captain Stubber, of the last-mentioned town, was in a few days to carry three hundred pounds to his master from Kilkenny. This renewed Grant's

hopes of making a transatlantic voyage, and with two satellites he proceeded to the road leading from Ballinakill to Ballyragget, expecting to meet the servant, and intercept the treasure. They remained hovering about the highway for the two following days, anxiously watching the appearance of their prey; and on the third day, wearied in mind by disappointment, went to Dinan-bridge, within four miles of Kilkenny, fearing they might be noticed, by continuing too long on one station.

Here they received information that a weak-headed fellow, in the secret, having taken so much whiskey into his stomach, that his wit flew out of his cranium, had communicated the design to a person acquainted with the servant; this honest man dispatched a letter to Ballinakill, advising the servant to change his route, which he did, and carried the money to his master in safety. The party, certain that the money was now in the possession of Captain Stubber, determined upon immediately attacking that gentleman's house.

Here occurs the most serious and fatal transaction, that marks the life of Captain Jeremiah Grant.

To perpetrate this robbery, Grant, on the Saturday previous to the day determined on, was conducted, by two friends, to the demesne of Mr. Stubber, for the purpose of inspecting the doors and windows of the mansion, and the situation of the out offices. Having settled the plan of attack, they returned to a cabin on the lands of Scotch-lath, to which they had for some time been in the habit of resorting; and having strengthened their party by an additional recruit, on Monday, the 25th of March,

about nine o'clock in the evening, this desperate gang, now forming a quadruple alliance, offensive and defensive, and being well armed with loaded pistols, got into the kitchen garden, where they remained perdue, watching the servants passing and re-passing, for a considerable time.

They then took their station in a hen-house; and overheard a servant, accompanying his breathing with the sonorous notes of snoring, as he lay on straw succumbent, in one of the out buildings, and who proved to be the coachman. Of him they instantly took the whip-hand, and, in the crack of a lash, pinned him down, and Whelan putting a pistol to his breast, the others raised him up, shaking like a Chinese mandarin upon a cabinet; or, which is more german to the occasion, like crook-backed Richard, of bloody memory, rising with his hair "erect, as quills upon the fretful porcupine," and freezing under the horrors of viewing, in a dream, the royal ghosts of innocent princes, murdered by himself, and his assassins. Being asked if there was any visitor, or gentleman with Captain Stubber, he answered, with quivering lip, and freezing heart—"Yes, your honors, Mr. Attorney Wolfe is with him;" and added every other information required. After delaying some time with the shuddering Jehu, a girl made her appearance to carry water from a pump. The gang took off their shoes, and tripped lightly after; and entered the kitchen with the damsel, as Jews enter synagogues, in stocking feet, but with a very different purpose, not to pray—but to steal.

They found the servants assembled in a social circle, laughing, and joking, and tipping punch. The Captain produced a pistol—down fell glasses, and down fell countenances; fear succeeded jollity; and the company became seized with languor as stultifying as, if instead of *aqua vitæ*, they had been drinking the stupefying water of Acheron.—Not a creature breathed loud as a whispering zephyr;—not even a “Heaven preserve us” was ejaculated, unless mentally, accompanied by a smothered sigh—the men, and what is more extraordinary, the women became tongue-tied.

The Captain took one of the females by the hand, and with an imperative voice, that shook to the very centre of the bosom, commanded her to conduct him to the dining parlour: She, very loath, obeyed. At this time, one of the party guarded the servants in the kitchen; another stood sentinel at the outside door, and Whelan followed the Captain and his fair conductress to the parlour.

The Captain, expecting that Mr. Wolfe was in the room, and not knowing that Captain Stubber was an old invalid, whose fighting days had elapsed; but supposing, from his military title, which always conveys an idea of courage, and skill in the exercise of arms, that he would not easily succeed in the execution of the robbery, made his approaches to the scene of action with great caution.

The entrance from the kitchen to the parlour being narrow, dark, and intricate, he ungrasped his hand from that of the servant, keeping her in front, and holding her gown behind, that she might not slip from him and alarm her master and his company. And in

this manner, with his living target covering him in front, he entered the parlour.

The moment he appeared, Captain Stubber seeing a strange man armed with a pistol presented at him, sprung from his seat, and with spirits not to be expected from a soldier advanced in years, and weakened by sickness, seized the intruder by the coat. Grant did not strike, but gently pushed the old gentleman from him, and Captain Stubber's foot being tripped by the carpet, he was brought to his knees. He still, however, kept his grip of the nocturnal intruder, and struggled hard to bring him down. The heart of Grant always retaining a portion of the milk of human kindness, was now touched with compassion. He (as he afterwards expressed) felt veneration for the silver locks of the veteran, and admired his courage in bravely struggling, and treated his person with gentleness and respect.

Mrs. Stubber seeing the situation of her husband, fearless of danger, came to his assistance. She also laid hold of Grant, and exclaimed in accents of terror, yet gentle, "Sir, sir, don't injure an old gentleman:" on which, Grant quitted her husband.

On entering the parlour, the door had closed; and the lock having a spring-bolt, excluded Whelan from coming forward. Hearing the bustle within, he apprehended that his leader was overpowered. Of course, for his bravery was equal to his ferocity, he exerted his utmost strength to gain admittance, and by very extraordinary efforts, to which few men would be equal, he burst the door, and rushed, or rather tumbled violently into the parlour, at the instant Grant had quieted the apprehensions of

the old lady; and Captain Stubber retired to a chair.

Leaving Whelan on guard, Grant returned to the kitchen, to see if all matters were safe there; and not perceiving symptoms of resistance, or signs of giving alarm, he brought a small boy into a back room, whom he examined, and cross-examined very closely, in order to discover whether all the servants were at home, and threatened to shoot him if he spoke falsely, or prevaricated. The child, quivering like a lamb in the fangs of a wolf, promised to tell truth; he assured him none of the family were abroad—and he was credited.

Before Grant had gone into the house, he strictly ordered the person who kept watch outside, to walk round the building, and keep rapping at the different windows within his reach, changing the tones of his voice frequently, that the honest people within might believe there were a number of rogues without. This subtle invention had the desired effect, by keeping up a continued terror; as those within really conceived that a numerous gang surrounded the mansion, and were ready to massacre the family, in case of opposition. Probably Grant had read Moliere's Cheats of Scapin, and took his hints from that humourous drama.

Grant having called for lights, the cook supplied him; and, accompanied by her, who probably expected kindness which he never thought of participating, she led him, as Adam did Eve to the nuptial bower, and they ascended to the upper chambers. However, scandal has not thrown any imputation upon this *tête à tête*, though certainly the female professor of the culinary art, upon a subsequent occasion, acted,

in respect to Grant, with great delicacy, arising, no doubt, from the sense she had imbibed of his polite attention to her when up stairs.

He searched every place—he used every persuasion to induce his fair companion to point out deposits of money and plate. She shewed him every spot he required; and he succeeded in procuring some guineas, half-guineas, and silver, but no bank paper. These he seized with as much coolness and sang-froid, as a revenue officer, tax-gatherer, or bailiff—as also two case of pistols, and two guns. The latter articles were very acceptable, the gang being in great want of fire-arms, and these being in excellent order—but those guns, taken for defence, afterwards proved serious evidence on their trial.

Returning to the kitchen with the cook, who, though with looks somewhat languishing, was divested, in a great degree, of her former fears, he ordered whiskey, which he distributed among the folks present, as liberally as if it were his own; and they drank to his health, and long-life and happiness, cheerfully, as if he was their master. Indeed the poor people thought a portion of this vivifying liquor, necessary to recruit their animal spirits, after the languor and lassitude into which apprehension of death had sunk them; many of the females, even the cook herself, before she went up stairs with Grant, having exhibited symptoms of approaching hysterics; but she was now quite an altered thing: and the all-powerful influence of potteen, like the nectar of the heathen deities, not only braced her nerves, but brightened up languishing glances in her eye, and sent forth praise from her tongue, instilling into her fellow-ser-

vants great respect for his honour, the intrepid Captain, with whom they laughed, and quaffed, and made merry, ungratefully forgetting the misfortune of that excellent master and mistress, at whose expense they were becoming intoxicated, and who supplied them with bread; nay, some of them entreated him to procure more whiskey from "Skinny," the appellation by which they chose to designate their lady.

There was a blacksmith present at this scene of inebriety, named Forestal; he entreated not to be brought into the presence of Mr. and Mrs Stubber, they not knowing he was in the house, and he having strong objection that they should; as it might bring down anger and resentment on the servants, he carrying on an amorous intercourse with one of the females. Grant complied with his request, and at the same time gave him a parcel of silver, part of the plunder up stairs, which the fellow received without shewing the slightest compunction. Yet this worthy Cyclops, who, on receiving the donation, prayed most fervently that heaven would bless and protect the donor from harm and his enemies, was afterwards a principal voluntary witness against him on trial: so was not the generous cook, as will hereafter appear.

The scene now changes again to the parlour. Grant, on entering, candidly informed Mrs. Stubber, he would return all the plate and valuable articles in the house, if she would give fifty guineas for their redemption. The lady answered, "Sir, we have no money, having paid the whole sum we received from Kilkenny, to different persons." He demanded to see the receipts of those disbursements; which she

declined producing, and this induced her inquisitor strongly to suspect the money was concealed, and in the house: under this impression he commenced a second search, ransacked every apartment, and in a small dark closet discovered a trunk of plate, belonging to a widow lady, named Philips; this he seized, not knowing the owner, and declared, the day before his death, that had he known it was the property of Mrs. Philips, he would have considered it sacred; as she was his country-woman, and many of her relations had been his juvenile companions, for some of whom he retained a warm friendship.

The trunk of Mrs. Philips had been deposited with Mrs. Stubber for safety, and that lady seemed by far more anxious for its preservation, than for her own property. Unfortunate it was for Grant that it ever came to his possession, as it afterwards became weighty evidence, on the part of the Crown, against him and Whelan.

On departing from the parlour, he cautioned Whelan to be particularly watchful, that nothing should be concealed; and Whelan, who had the eye of a lynx, perceiving Mrs. Stubber busied in one corner of the room, took no notice then; but on Grant's return, informed him, in Irish, of what he had observed. His expression, literally translated, was, pointing to the corner, "she was there very like a hen going to lay eggs," and desired him to search, which he did, and found a gold watch concealed under the carpet, where he looked, recollecting it was under Loughlan's carpet, that gentleman's treasure had been hid. Here the search ceased, and he told the lady he must borrow one of the

coach horses, to convey him to Dublin under a jaunting car.

It being two o'clock in the morning, and Aurora peeping from behind the horizon, while the sky-lark with dulcet mattins gave notice of the sun's approach, to retreat became prudent; although convinced the money sought for was deposited in some secret place: accordingly, they tied up the different articles of plunder in a large cloth, and sent them off, accompanied by Mrs. Philips's trunk of plate, under care of the man who waited outside, directing him where to go. After a short time Grant departed, leaving directions with Whelan and the other robber, to remain in the house about half an hour after. He took with him the fire arms, proceeding to a house convenient, where he joined some friends who were waiting his arrival with anxious impatience, to share the large sums of money in expectation, but which never came to his hands. Whelan and his com-rogue soon after came in, when the plate was examined, and then concealed till a favourable opportunity for making a division.

At night, Grant and Whelan set off for Kilkenny, to assist a friend, charged with a capital felony, who was to be tried at the assizes, which was to commence the next day.

In the main street of Kilkenny, opposite the court-house, they met Kennedy, the farmer, whose house they had plundered, as before noticed. The Captain went up to him, and enquired, with an unconcerned countenance and familiar air—"Have you any friends in the dock?" Kennedy bluntly answered "I have not." The Captain rejoined, "pardon my curiosity, Sir; I asked you the question because

I thought you looked melancholy." The sorrowful Kennedy replied, "no wonder I should look grave and melancholy; that rascal, called Captain Grant, and his crew of free booters, robbed me a few nights ago in my own house;" little thinking the inquisitive stranger he was conversing with, was the principal plunderer of his property.

On another day he stood close to Mr. Loughlan, who knew him not; and with unparalleled effrontery accompanied the prisoners from the court-house to the gaol; an act of temerity rather than true courage; it was running an unnecessary risque, even though he and Whelan were well armed, each having three pair of pistols loaded, and stuck in leathern belts inside large loose great coats, called trustics; with a quantity of ammunition made up in ball cartridges, and a small pistol concealed in a sleeve. Had an attempt to arrest either been made, murder must inevitably have been the consequence; these desperadoes having agreed to shoot the first man that laid hold of either of them; and there can be no doubt but they would have stood by each other, and have fought to the last moments of their lives.

Getting information that Mr. and Mrs. Loughlan had sworn informations against Martin Whelan, brother to Carrol Whelan, and had identified him before a justice of the peace, as the person who had held the candle, on the night of the burglary in their house, they resolved on having him defended; employed a solicitor, feed counsel; and on one of those irrisistible affidavits, which contain all the materials required, whether true or false, postponed his trial till the ensuing assizes, resolving

to make themselves known to Mr. Loughlan in the interim, and convince him, as the truth was, that he was wrong in swearing against Martin Whelan, who was not one of those who robbed him.

They ventured to remain in Kilkenny till the termination of the assizes, not attempting any fresh adventure. They returned to the neighbourhood of Ballinakill, intending to coin the plate in their possession into half-crown tokens. An apparatus for coining had been procured, and as the coinage was of silver, pure as that issued at the bank of Ireland, it would of course pass current, and the identity of the stolen plate be destroyed.

This scheme, however, proved abortive ; the different associates to whom they exhibited their ill-gotten treasure, became as deeply enamoured with the silver spoons, tankards, sugar bowls, salvers, and other precious articles, as antiquarians and natural philosophers are with old urns, coins, medals, shells, and petrefactions—but with this difference, these innocent people acquire to lay up ; the robber plunders, to lavish.

The Captain's generous heart took compassion on the yearnings of those rapacious wretches, and considered it equitable to distribute some valuable articles amongst them. He had no suspicion of their present integrity ; and intended to bind them to his interests in future, by obligation ; so he adopted this mode, by which historians have asserted, that the great Sir Robert Walpole, while Prime Minister, contrived to attach to his political interests, lords and commoners ; it being his maxim, that "every man has his price." Modern ministers

never bribe; they only remunerate. The place follows the service.

"The friends you have, and their adoption tried,
"Grapple them to your soul with hooks of steel."

So says Shakespear—but the subtle politician, as well as the cunning depredator, know that no hooks for grappling friends, are equal to hooks of gold or silver. Give a corrupt man enough of those precious metals, and

"Bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

Grant requiring his associates to continue faithful to him, as their leader and commander, consented to make a dividend of the plate, which he apportioned with the integrity of a commissioner of bankrupts, keeping no part to himself.

It being now the commencement of that genial month, when summer approaches, and daisies and primroses deck the gay green; when the little songsters of the woods open their vocal throats to woo their destined mates, and the sweet and warm passion of love pervades the softening hearts of lads and lasses—that is, April, having appeared, smiling and weeping, in sunshine and in gentle showers, the banditti retired to different cabins in the neighbourhood of Ballinakill, drinking and carousing, and indulging in amorous dalliance, with Blouzabellas, as knights errants of old, with beauteous dames and damsels.

Early in this month, the Captain received an express from a confidential friend, an acute spy, residing near Mr. Horan's, in the vicinity of Maryborough, informing him that a young lady, named Flood, who possessed a considerable personal fortune, was then on a visit with

that gentleman, and had deposited her property in his house.

The Captain immediately beat to arms; his land pirates soon surrounded him, and resolved on abandoning amorous delights, and whiskey, and fly to arms and plunder. Yet, on consideration, it appeared most prudent that two or three only should undertake the expedition.

On the 10th of April, he and Carrol Whelan, who was constantly in attendance, as the hedge sparrow on the cuckow, proceeded from their place of retirement, near Ballyragget, through Durrow, late in the evening; the road being very heavy, in consequence of rain, and they greatly fatigued, they halted near Abbey-leix. Here Grant, with one of those instruments necessary to facilitate burglarious entries, assisted by Whelan, forced a stable door, and captured a mule. Then they broke into another stable, where they distrained a nag, of qualities equal to the celebrated war-horse of that puissant Irish general, Sir Teague O'Regan, or the no less renowned charger of the valiant Don Quixotte; high in bone, low in flesh, but obstinate in disposition as a pig, always going backward when he should push forward, and holding in utter contempt whip and spur, coaxing and courtesy, saving when enticed by a feed of oats. With this palfrey, kicking, plunging, and displaying every symptom of restiveness exhibited in caricature, by the plates of Gambado, the Captain got him into a shambling trot; and Whelan, mounted on his mule, riding by the Captain's side, like Sancho Pancho on his dapple ass, they urged their way to within a mile of Mcelick's mills, intending to surprise the proprietor with a nocturnal vi-

sit, *vie et armis*, and take toll of his portable property.

The same night the Captain, Carrol Whelan, and another of the gang, who joined them on the road, reconnoitered Mr. Horan's house, and the mills; they disapproved attacking the latter on account of the number of houses on the premises, and the many doors and windows requiring several persons to guard them.

Mr. Horan's house being fixed on, the conspirators took up their quarters, that night, near the mills; and early next evening, the Captain and Whelan walked to Mr. Horan's hay-yard, where they had been informed they might probably surprise him, and his step-daughter Miss Flood; who, every evening, visited with him the stable of a favourite poney.

When the worthy condisciples came into the hay-yard, perceiving a light in the house, the Captain approached the door from which it issued, and overheard a voice within. He tried the latch, but could not raise it; and being unable, without force and noise, to gain admission, and fearing to alarm the family, he and his companion watched, with silent patience, until Mr. Horan opened it, in a few minutes after, passing to the stable with Miss Flood. Grant followed with caution, and found two servants dressing the horses. At first, the sight startled him; but soon recovering from trepidation, he politely saluted Mr. Horan, saying, "Sir, I presume to ask your name?" Mr. Horan not knowing the Captain, without the slightest agitation, answered—"My name, Sir, is Horan; have you any business with me?" when Grant, still preserving good manners, replied—"You are the

gentleman I desire to converse with." Then turning to Miss Flood, continued, Whelan then appearing, "Pray, Madam, be not alarmed; we only come in a friendly manner, to borrow arms."

The lady, notwithstanding this intimation of safety, delivered with mildness and respect, trembled in every nerve, while Mr. Horan assured him he had no arms—"What, Sir!" says Grant, in a peremptory tone, "where is Mr. Flood's fowling piece—we have been told it is in your possession." Mr. Horan, still preserving a steady voice and manner, replied, "Mr. Flood is not at home, and has his fowling-piece with him."

Miss Flood had now viewed the countenance of Carrol Whelan, whose dress and appearance being rustic and uncouth, terrified her exceedingly. Grant perceiving she was near fainting, went up to her, hat in hand, and with a soft, kind voice, said, "Be not alarmed, Madam; rest satisfied you need not apprehend the slightest rudeness from me or this" (he was going to say gentleman, but the word stuck in his throat) "person who attends me. I hold you, and all your sex, in great respect.—Alas! I have a wife, I have daughters of my own—I love them.—I never injured woman kind in my life,"—and the tears rose to his eyes, and filtered down his manly cheeks.—Yet, astonishing, he persevered in his intent! Habit had destroyed those qualities with which nature had endowed him.

It being still light, two others of the gang, who were deputed to assist in this robbery, were unwilling to make their appearance; and Grant continued conversing with Mr. Horan for near

an hour, impressing upon him that no personal injury was intended. Mr. Horan replied, "Sir, I only feel for the lady. I am a soldier, not to be intimidated; and although in your power, yet, no doubt you are a brave man, and as such I confide in your humanity." Grant bowed, and sighed deeply. Mr. Horan proceeded—"Indeed, Sir, the mission you are on, pardon the freedom I take, is far beneath a person of your gentleman-like appearance, demeanor, and mild manners."

Day-light had now closed, and the other robbers having at this instant arrived at the stable, precluded a reply; one of them was ordered to guard the two servants, who had crouched almost under the manger, in astonishment; and the Captain walked quietly with Mr. Horan and Miss Flood to the dwelling-house; Whelan and another robber following at a respectful distance.

Mr. Horan knocked very loud at his hall door, and called upon a boy, named Neil, to open it. On the boy's coming out, he was instantly secured, and brought into the kitchen, where were all the family, except Mrs. Horan, who was in the parlour. Grant was proceeding to the parlour to bring Mrs. Horan to the kitchen; but recollecting she might be alarmed at his sudden appearance alone, he requested Mr. Horan to accompany him, and to soothe his lady's apprehensions, should she be alarmed. Mr. Horan preceded Grant, and in rather a jocose manner, as he came into the parlour, said, "My dear, some honorable men have paid us a visit, with intent to search the house for arms." The lady answered promptly, and without agitation—"The gen-

lemen are welcome to do so ; and I hope they will not seriously alarm, or injure any of the family."

Mr. and Mrs. Horan having been conducted to the kitchen, and left under the care of Whelan, Grant proceeded to search the other apartments, and several articles of plate were collected ; but little or no money was discovered. On going into an elegant furnished drawing-room, he tried his fingers on a piano forte of remarkable fine tone, and praised it with skilful observations. He played some soft interesting airs, and appeared affected while he played. This instrument he perfectly understood, and was master of many others. Finding a flageolet, he brought it to the kitchen, intending to cheer the prisoners there, but though he piped with the skill of Pan, the rural deity of the woods, his music had not a sympathetic effect sufficient to produce unison upon their nerves, to shew their skill in the mazy rounds of Terpsichore, the light-footed goddess of dancing. Mrs. Horan and Miss Flood were not only amateurs but practitioners, of course paid him many compliments on his musical talents, a quality

" which oft hath such a charm,
to make bad good, and good provoke to harm."

" The man who has not music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
The motions of his soul are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus—
Let no such man be trusted."

Mrs. Horan complaining of cold, no fire being in the kitchen, the family were removed into the parlour. Grant then went into the stable, and ordered the servants to prepare the

horses, in order to convey away the booty ; but, on consideration, he returned to Mr. Horan, telling him he would return the plate for fifty pounds or guineas ; Mr. Horan declared he had not a guinea in the house, either in gold or in bank notes ; and from the manner of his assertion Grant believed him sincere. They then agreed, that Grant, upon receiving fifty pounds at a place appointed, should return the entire property. Grant also proposed, that if Mr. Horan would obtain for him a protection till he quitted the country, every article of the booty should be restored ; informed him who he was ; and Mr. Horan promised to exert himself.

The thieves now placed part of the ill acquired wealth upon two of Mr. Horan's horses, and Miss Flood's poney, Grant assuring her, at his departure, that her favourite animal should be returned. She was a young lady, as Grant expressed himself to her, of amiable and accomplished manners ; and he severely regretted to give her uneasiness, even for a short time ; but we are not informed whether he performed his promise, and probably some casualty rendered it impossible.

On leaving Mr. Horan's house, Grant, Whelan, and their companions rode off ; when they came near Ballyroan, they considered it imprudent to convey the booty they had acquired to the neighbourhood of Ballinakill ; fearing their friends there might take as strong a liking to it, as to the plate taken from Mr. Stubber ; and of course, that Grant might find it difficult to perform his promise of restitution to Mr. Horan, according to his agreement. The plunder was therefore concealed in a straw haggard, within a short distance of the town of Ballyroan ; and they continued their journey to

Mr. French's at Ballinakill, where they arrived about day-light. In order to prevent suspicion of having crossed Mr. French's demesne, they rode up a lane which led towards Ballyragget, where they left the horses, and then doubled back through the demesne, to the neighbourhood of Bouley-bawn, where they took cover; having first placed one spy in the town of Ballinakill, and three or four other confidential out-posts along the road, to communicate from one to another by signal, that no suspicion might be entertained of the gang not having left that part of the country.

They remained at this place, without alarm, for three or four days, until they collected a strong band, to whom Grant mentioned the particulars of the compact between him and Mr. Horan. His associates were dissatisfied to have the plunder delivered to Mr. Horan, according to the terms agreed on between that gentleman and Grant, thinking the protection promised by him could not be obtained; and Grant judging it not prudent, or safe, to act against the unanimous opinion of so formidable a banditti, at length consented to bring the booty to the old depot at Ballinakill; and the following night, taking three horses with him, brought it to head quarters. Soon as the valuables were displayed, each thief exerted himself in stealing what he could lay hold on; and the whole treasure, with necromantic slight of hand, disappeared. Grant, as he had done before, disgusted by the conduct of the villains, not taking any part to himself, but leaving the whole to his rapacious comrades; whose conduct contradicted the old adage, "honour among thieves."

They remained secretly in this place some time; and were greatly caressed, and made welcome guests by several persons in and about the town of Ballinakill, drinking, carousing, and making merry every night, and slumbering the better part of the day—keeping a close lookout, by picquets, to prevent surprise.

Grant having got intoxicated one night, which was very unusual with him, one of the party stole from his pocket some pieces of foreign gold coin, which he had kept as curiosities, and had been taken at Mr. Horan's. Some few nights after this pilfering, the two who assisted at Mr. Horan's robbery, came from their retreat to receive from Grant their share of the spoil; and were much disappointed and irritated, at finding the whole was disposed of. Their Captain, however, gave them some pieces of gold coin, which had escaped the search of the thief who pilfered his pocket the night of his inebriety, some articles of wearing apparel, and a sheet, which they pledged in Abbeyleix on their return; and this incautious act had nearly led to their detection.

About this time it was considered expedient to visit a Mr. Coyle, a farmer, residing at Cullinagh; not to procure money, as little could be expected from him, but to execute a wicked and cruel design, which the Captain disliking, declined to be of the party; but, his acquiescence being insisted on by the others, he, after a long contest, consented. About night-fall, he, Whelan, and three others, started from the old ground, through Graignasmutton, conducted by one of the party, who being very much in liquor, like an *ignis fatuus*, alias will-o'-the-wisp, brought them through a very dis-

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agreeable and contrary part of the country, over bog and quagmire, to the great shagrin of Grant.

Passing by Graignasmutton, one of the party went into a smith's forge, and brought out a sledge; and after drinking some spirits at a public house, they all proceeded to Cullinagh.

On arriving at Mr. Coyle's house, they found the family innocently indulging in gaiety and good humour. Grant not wishing to enter the house, well knowing what would follow, kept in the rear, which he was not accustomed to do in similar cases, always leading the van; but on this occasion let the party act by themselves, well knowing no one would attempt to venture in, without he or Whelan taking the lead, and he cautioned Whelan against assuming the post of danger. Several shots were fired, by the subaltern robbers, into the house. Grant hearing a moan within, when the last shot was fired, thought some person was wounded, if not dying, upon which he struck the man who had discharged his pistol, and threatened to shoot him if he discharged another shot. Seven shots were fired into the house; none were returned; the windows were broken into shivers, yet not one of the party would venture to enter. Grant lingered about the house for some time, soliciting the others to retreat, and spoke so loud, that the people inside should hear him, which they did. Grant whispered Whelan, and desired him to pretend to set fire to the building, that the rest of the party might think that they had effected this diabolical purpose. Whelan having procured fire, proceeded towards the back of the house, and Grant observing a large pool of water in the

front, directed him to put the burning turf in the thatch near the pool, it being convenient for those within to extinguish the fire, when the incendiaries should be gone. This had the desired effect, and the other three of the party then went off. The fire being partial, was soon extinguished, and Grant and Whelan returning to the old quarters, remained there for some days.

At this time, Mr. White's people of Scotch-rath beginning to sow oats upon lands near Ballinakill, which had been taken from tenants unable or unwilling to pay the rent, Grant and Whelan were deputed to attack them; to cut the harness, break the ploughs, shoot the horses, and to rob the steward, whom they had been informed had, that day, received seven pounds. That they could cross the country mounted on Mr. White's coach-horses, which they understood would be harrowing; but the coach-horses not coming, and the others being unable to carry them, their scheme became abortive.

Their money being reduced to the lowest ebb, it was settled that Grant and Whelan should go to Mr. White's, of Scotch-rath, and take two horses from thence, which they were informed were of the best description. Grant not knowing the place, a person from Ballinakill, well acquainted with the farm, conducted him to the house. Grant went in through the stable window, and inspected the horses; but the night being short, and having taken some time viewing the dwelling house, he deferred capturing the horses until the following night. The next day, he and Whelan went off, early in the evening, through Mr. French's demesne,

and the least frequented part of the country, until they came to Scotchcrath. They called at two or three public houses on their way, but would not be admitted, on account of the recent robberies; which now spread general alarm.

Having got into Mr. White's stable, about one o'clock in the morning, and remained there some time, endeavouring to regulate old saddles and bridles; and one of the horses being wild, it was with much difficulty they could saddle him; they led them through a little grove at the rear of the house, from that to the lodge, where they broke out through a very strong hedge, and arrived at Bouleybawn about daylight.

Having fed the horses, and rested for about an hour, they faced off towards Castlecomer hills, where they were told they would meet the Rev. Mr. Stubber, and his man Charles M' Lane, hunting; upon whom they were directed by their associates to commit depredations; but were ordered by Grant to spare his person and property. Indeed, Grant was not anxious to meet this Reverend Divine, particularly on account of his profession: so, without seeking him, they proceeded to a friend's habitation near Castlecomer; put up their horses, and went to sleep, of which refreshment they were in need, from the fatigue of the foregoing night. Having agreed to go towards Kilkenny, to try their fortune on the high road, between that city and Waterford, they passed by Ballinakill that night, and from thence to Ballyragget. One of the horses having lost a shoe, they got one put on by a smith in that neighbourhood, who they afterwards found knew them, and had

described them exactly next day. They told him, as they conversed in the forge, that they were going to the county of Cork, fearing he might entertain suspicions, and have them pursued; and the smith listened, without shewing in the slightest manner what passed in his mind respecting his customers.

The saddles and bridles being old, and very much out of order, Grant inquired of Whelan if he knew any gentleman's stables, where they could make an exchange. Whelan mentioned Mr. Butler's, of Ballycondra.—Grant respecting this very amiable character, was loth to trespass on his property; but, not knowing where else to procure a supply, they went there, and procured bridles and saddles to their liking.

The same night they proceeded to Kilkenny; arrived early in the morning, and put up their horses. They found no more than five shillings in their pockets; but were well satisfied they should collect a supply before night—being well mounted on Mr. White's horses, and having Mr. Butler's saddles, and Mr. Stubbs's spurs, and amply provided with arms, each having three case of pistols stuck in his belt, with plenty of ammunition, and dressed like gentlemen.

Whelan was not well used to this kind of habit—nor was he used to riding, particularly such a horse as he now bestrode. Grant made him practise leaping stone walls, between Kilkenny and Stoneyford, and he soon became at least a middling horseman. Arriving at Ballyheale, having fed the cattle, and taken a slight repast, they found their stock of money reduced to so small a supply as five-pence; and

poverty made an imperative demand for increase. They lounged on the road leading to Waterford, expecting booty, until at length, to their great satisfaction; a carriage came down a hill, at some distance. Grant rode on alone, to meet the carriage, warning Whelan, if he saw him turn back after the carriage, to be up immediately, as that would be a sign of his intending to rob the travellers inside.

When Grant came up to the chaise, he perceived a lady and gentleman therein, who proved to be a Mr. and Mrs. Mac Shane, a merchant from Waterford, and his lady. Having demanded their money, Mr. Mac Shane handed him about three pounds, and Whelan having come up, Mr. Mac Shane said, "I am surprised to see persons of your genteel appearance acting in this manner." "Pray, Sir," said Whelan, "What is the hour?" and he taking out a very large gold watch, Whelan demanded it; the other was very loth to part with his time-keeper, saying, it was a present, a remembrance from a near friend. Grant inquiring, and being informed who Mr. Mac Shane was, and knowing a brother of his in the county of Tipperary, whom he highly regarded, was very loth to take the watch, and asked Mr. Mac Shane would he redeem it? The other replied, "I will; and will send fifteen pounds to any place you please to appoint." Grant said, he would accept of but five guineas. The watch, we understand, has been since restored.

While engaged with Mr. Mac Shane, another chaise came rolling down the hill. Grant sent Whelan forward to stop the chaise, but the driver not immediately pulling up the

horses, when called to stop by Whelan, was near being shot. Grant and Whelan, on going to the chaise, expecting to get a round sum, they found stuck in a corner, an old, well-dressed man. They gave him the usual salutation of "Your money, Sir; your money—no delay." And inquiring who he was, were answered, "I am Mr. Brennan, from Castlecomer, a hearth-money collector." The collector did not like such visitors as produced pistols; and proved a very cross, stiff, and stubborn old codger. The gentlemen of the road found great difficulty in making their brother collector disburse; and this obliged Whelan to dismount, and go into the chaise and search; where he got about thirty shillings, and an old silver cased tickler, not worth one pound.

Grant, at parting, observed to Brennan, "You sordid curmudgeon, travelling with empty pockets, to defraud the collectors on the king's high way—tell Mr. Cullen, your neighbour, that he had better not amuse himself with hunting Captain Grant; but keep at home, as the Captain and his corps are very impatient to hunt him; let him not give them a scent, or he may be run down in the chase; for, we are determined, if once he gives us a talli-ho, to stick close to his brush."

After parting from the chaise, our heroes, who had now acquired the highest title appropriated to "highwaymen," pursued, with elevated minds and gallant deportment, empty stomachs, and full pockets, their way to Waterford. Passing Mullinavat, the Captains, for they are now both Captains, turned up a bye-road, fearing a pursuit, passing through a

country village called Kilnacow. Before they came to the latter place, they overtook a man driving pigs. Grant inquired who he bought the pigs for? He answered—a gentleman in Waterford. Upon which, his money was demanded by Whelan. The swineherd handed him a pocket-book, containing about thirteen pounds; and then asserted it was his own, and his whole worldly store. Grant swore him to the truth of his assertion—and believing him to be sincere, and touched by his tears and complaints, returned him the money. Like Robin Hood and his free-booters, he made it a rule and boast, not to rob the poor, and to share with them what he took from the rich; a charity that carries with it a hanging crime, having no effect in a court of justice. The marauders then turned towards Waterford-Bridge, when they understood there was a fair carrying on at New Ross. On this information they went into a public house, about three miles from Waterford, intending to remain until night; and in about an hour and a half, a party appeared of those conservators of the peace, called constables, but who are often peace-breakers, and promoters of riots. Two of this puissant guard were on horseback, leading the van, the others were on foot; and all were armed. In uniform they were not unlike Falstaff's new-raised levies, looking as if they had recently descended from the gibbets, or broken out of gaol. One of the cavalry was mounted on a bare-backed garran, who seemed to have the use of but three legs, and from continually turning his head to one side, was most probably blind on the other; he needed, however, no spurs, for there was no flesh between

hide and ribs, of course no feeling; and his rider, named Walsh, from Waterford-bridge, seemed at once to keep his charger up and push him forward, by beating about the head and holding a tight rein. In this manner, the corps militaire gallantly approached the ale-house.

Grant and Whelan being in a parlour, regaling with punch, and their horses in the stable, foddered with clean straw, and luxuriantly feeding on corn, perceived the scourers of the country coming forward in full parade. Though nothing afraid, they instantly mounted their horses, made a charge upon the conservators of the peace, overturned the cavalry, and put the infantry to flight, like a flock of sheep when pursued by two wolves, or pigeons at the appearance of a couple of eagles. Grant attacked the horsemen, who made a stand, as their garrans could not run; giving Whelan orders to pursue those on foot. One of the equestrians having got at a distance, was overtaken by Grant at a little village near Parting Water. He roared for mercy, saying he was a poor, industrious, inoffensive creature, from the bridge of Waterford, and had not the least design of offending his honor's worship. Grant searched his pockets, and, among useless papers, got a four-pound note, which, together with a watch, he made plunder of, according to the rules and privileges of war; but, from the very pitiful manner in which he supplicated, and swearing he was not a constable, nor a constable's follower, nor did he come in pursuit of him, he returned the watch and money, desiring the fellow to go about his business, and never again to follow highwaymen, till he mustered a little

more courage than he at present appeared master of.

Grant perceiving Whelan at some distance, engaged hunting the foot *posse committatus*, and they flying in every direction, roaring for quarter, and throwing away what arms they had, some endeavouring to thrust their pates into any place of shelter, like pursued ostriches, who think, by hiding the head, they save the carcase, followed the chase, and overtook two of the run-aways; and having chastised them with a few smart blows of his cutting whip, he cautioned them against ever more searching for him or his friends.

Fearing the country might be alarmed, the Captains proceeded to Mr. Tighe's wood; and being much fatigued by the exercise of the battle, remained on a rising ground in the wood, from whence they could have a view of the country. They remained on this post of observation until night; then proceeded on, through Thomastown to Bennet's-bridge, where they fed their horses, and reposed themselves. From thence they proceeded to Kilkenny, passing within a short distance of Ballyragget, and arrived very much jaded, with very scanty prize-money, considering the risque they had run; leaving at Mr. French's demesne Mr. Butler's saddles, in a place where they must be found, they continued their route to the old ground, in the neighbourhood of Ballinakill.

At this place, they remained quiet for some days; but having reason to suspect that some of their gang intended to betray them, on account of the large rewards which had been offered for apprehending them, they determined on removing their quarters; and, on the 11th

of May, the night being very dark, they took a departure from the neighbourhood of Ballinakill, passing by Iron Mills. Michael French, who resided there, had absconded, on account of some articles of plate, stolen at Mr. Stubber's house, having been traced to his possession; and for other felonious charges against him. When near his residence, they heard the noise of several persons walking very fast towards the house. Meeting them, they wheeled back; and being perceived by the other party, and followed smartly, they jumped into the orchard, upon which several shots were fired after them. The night being very dark, and the orchard very intricate, the flying companions were divided: Whelan, knowing the way, turned to the left, by a lime-kiln, down to a river, which he crossed. Grant pushed forward, and broke out through a ditch, at the head of the orchard, into a wheat field. On crossing the ditch, he perceived a tall man, and a small person, running towards him, within about fifty yards; who, on perceiving him, immediately fired, which salute Grant instantly returned *à la militaire*; drew out a second pistol, for the purpose of discharging it at his opponents on their nearer approach; but they providentially kept back. Hearing a clamour in the orchard, and fearing it might be Whelan who was taken, he returned, determined, at the risque of his life, to rescue his friend. Had this been in the prosecution of a good cause, in support of the law, in support of a brother soldier, or in defence of his country, it would have been an act of benevolent courage; such as has often raised the reputation of Irishmen in the late war; such as, had

they both fallen virtuous soldiers, bound by the ties of mutual friendship, would have recorded their story with that of Nisus and Euryalus: but when robbers fall, whether by honest men, protecting their property, or by the sword of justice, though humanity may mourn for their degeneracy, policy sanctifies the deed that precipitates them from life to the grave.

On entering the orchard, he saw Mr. Stubber, who approached very near him; and he could have shot him upon the spot; but happily, at the instant Grant was about to discharge his pistol, Mr. Stubber, in a very loud voice, repeatedly called on his party, who were popping on every side, "Cease firing." This humane order, convinced Grant that Mr. Stubber did not desire wantonly to shed blood; and he replaced his pistol in his belt.

Between the day of his conviction and his death, often did this repenting sinner fervently thank his God, for softening his heart to mercy on this occasion, wherein had he fallen, his soul must have rushed to the Almighty tribunal, with his sins in full blossom, and perdition had been the consequence; and had Mr. Stubber been the victim, he, his assassin, must have suffered, in this world, the severest punishment the laws know, annexed to the foul sin of murder; and, without grace and repentance, which purify the soul, his mortal spirit be for ever plunged in that abyss of eternal misery, prepared for the devil and his angels.

On the party leaving the orchard, Grant retired to a ditch on the road leading to Ballinakil, where he viewed the party passing, and not seeing Whelan in their custody, concluded

he had escaped, having previously determined that, had he seen him a prisoner, no regard to his own personal safety should have prevented him from attempting a rescue. It being now very far advanced in the night, and having lost his hat in the orchard, and not expecting to reach Ballyragget before day, he returned back to Bouleybawn, where he remained until twelve o'clock next day, when he was alarmed by an account that a party from Ballinakill were strictly searching the neighbouring houses and other buildings. We have already mentioned he had strongly suspected treachery; and he was now convinced that a shoemaker from Ballyragget, who had worked for, and had intercourse with him, was the informer. He, accordingly, again determined to seek safety in flight, and had but just time to get out of his lodging, when he saw the armed party coming towards him. Conscious that if he ran, they would follow, with whoop and hilloo, and that he could not possibly escape, assuming coolness, and complacency of countenance, he walked on carelessly towards, and passed them, without being recognized. He then mended his speed, and ascended a hill, from whence he had a full view of these sapients in the valley, and saw them go into the house which he had left a few minutes before, and laughed heartily at their disappointment; congratulating himself on getting from their clutches.

On the pursuers going off some distance, Grant returned to the house, knowing, as a keen sportsman, that no place was safer for a chased hare, than where the hounds had just been; and, after night-fall, he started off for Bally-

ragget. On the road, he met a messenger from Carrol Whelan, then at the last-mentioned village, sent to inquire after him; which gave him great satisfaction. They met, with mutual and joyous congratulations, and for a while banished the recollection of past misfortunes, enjoyed a transitory hilarity, and reposed, in disturbed slumbers, with that incubus conscience seated and pressing on their bosoms.

Their stock again fell low. In consultation on raising a fresh supply, Whelan communicated to Grant, that at Sir Robert Staples', who lived in the neighbourhood, there were excellent horses; and the fair of Templemore approaching, where graziers attended from the county of Kildare, they could lay them under contribution. On the fourteenth of May, they inspected Sir Robert's stables, returned and slept in a wood adjacent to the house, and convenient to a large bridge. Early in the evening, being thirsty and hungry, Grant went to a public house called The Swan, and purchased some bread, swallowed a potion of beer, and about ten o'clock, accompanied by Whelan, arrived at the stables. Here a great delay occurred in opening the doors and windows, not knowing where the good horses were. The house dogs barking very loudly, and the noise they necessarily made by forcing the doors, created fears of discovery; however, they persevered; and at length fixed on a chesnut colt, and a very fine horse; but were much surprised at seeing a complete collection of very bad saddles, and worse bridles, with a gentleman of Sir Robert's well-known sporting character. Whelan led the colt off to the fields. Grant knowing that a horse he seized

upon was in the habit of whinnying on leaving the stable, kept chucking the spirited animal with the bridle, coaxing him on, until he joined Whelan.

They then proceeded through Durrow, on to Ceskin hill, near Ballyragget, where they remained until twelve o'clock; but receiving intelligence that they were set, in consequence of an information, they immediately mounted, and proceeded with celerity to Lisdowney, and so on to Gallhabacon, where they were assured by a trusty spy, that Mr. Steele of Harristown, and a party of dragoons, were scouring the country in search of a person named Muldowny.

They then ascended the summit of Ballyapten hill, around which eminence lies a prospect of several miles; and in this situation, with a strict look out, they remained until night. In the interim, they met with an old fellow, Larry Loughman, with whom they entered into familiar conversation. This rogue was well known to Grant, having been fellow prisoners in Maryborough. Loughman did not recognize Grant; and Grant told him he was directed by Mr. Steele to seek him, to request he might assist him to search for some cattle, which were taken by the noted robber, Captain Grant. Loughman, thus imposed upon, said he would give him every assistance in his power, and would go two hundred miles to take that rascal Grant; little thinking to whom he was then addressing himself. Grant asked Whelan, "Will I shoot the scoundrel?" Whelan replied, "You are one man in a thousand if you do not." Grant, however, prevented the assassination; for, as he declared in gaol, "I considered the old sinner, who

would have sold my life for blood-money, and not for justice, not in a situation to be plunged into eternity; and God forbid I should send his soul to hell."

From this spot, the fugitives proceeded that night to Willingford, and without interruption housed with a friend, where they refreshed themselves and horses; then galloped off to Longford-pass, and sojourned there till one o'clock in the day. This was the 17th of May; when being alarmed by tax-gatherers from Thurles, who were distraining for the King's dues, they pushed their horses with whip and spur towards the church of Finner, where they remained some time, and then on to Balief Castle. They dashed forward up Ballyhelin-hill; faced on towards Rathdowney, and wheeled down by the fair-green of Baron and Dorrovilla, an island in the Bog of Allen. On this station they waited for the county of Kildare graziers coming from the fair of Templemore, but had been an hour hoping for the golden fleece they expected, when they were alarmed by the approach of Mr. Steele, with a small party of dragoons, accompanied by one Fennelly, a constable. This surprise was so sudden, they had but just time to alight, and take to the bog. The dragoons commenced firing. They got, however, far into the bog, hoping to induce the dragoons to follow them; and fearing that if they kept to their horses, by riding round the verge, their escape might be prevented. The dragoons, in a body, pushed into the morass, as Grant wished; and for about a mile kept up a continued fire, at about two hundred yards in their rear. The bog being very soft, Whelan sunk; on which Grant delayed in helping him out. This delay allowed Fennelly the

constable, who ran swiftly on the heath, to approach close to his game, and fire several shots, which passed very near their persons; they, however, kept on through Killoon, towards the chapel of Moyne, where Grant knew very few would deceive him, still followed by Fennelly, the military being thrown out. Grant stopped, and called out, "Come on, if you dare."—This challenge, master constable, as most constables would have done, prudently declined, but still kept following, at a distance; Grant and Whelan, still outrunning the constable, till they arrived at Moyne.—Here Grant took a horse from under a car; he and Whelan mounted in an instant, crossed the country to Kilmakill bog, where they remained until night: luckily, while on horseback, they escaped two or three military parties, when in the utmost danger of arrest.

Being warmly received at a friend's house in that neighbourhood, and almost exhausted with fatigue, they satisfied the calls of hunger and thirst, rested for a time, and returned back to Moyne, in order to collect part of their clothes and their shoes, which they had dropped in different places, during the chase, but found only the latter articles. Here they sojourned for three days, when they returned to Ballyragget by night; where they continued with their friends for three weeks; but being now destitute of money, and constant searches going on in the different places where it was suspected they lay concealed, they determined on quitting the country they had so long agitated, and go to the county of Wexford, where, in the wood of Killoughraun, and those adjacent,

Grant was of opinion they might be able to conceal themselves for some time.

A man named Fitzpatrick, accompanied them from Ballyragget. He was a novice, but well inclined to be initiated into the secrets of the profession, and to become an adept. Having arrived near Enniscorthy, they went into one or two houses there, where they expected to procure a sufficient sum for immediate support; then to ply in the woods, for about a fortnight, intending to return to the Queen's county, after that period when the corn would be grown sufficiently to afford them shelter. They formed many schemes for plundering, on their return there; indeed they formed a resolution to rob every house where they could expect money. Those that were best guarded in the day, they proposed to attack in the night, when the inhabitants should least expect such visitants.

Here the scene changes, and the catastrophe of these unhappy men approaches.

Whelan carelessly left a hat, which was taken from Mr. Horan's, on the night of his robbery, in one of the houses they resorted to; Mr. Horan's name written inside the crown; and this led to a discovery.

On the morning of the 24th of June, Grant and Whelan being very much fatigued, lay down to sleep, in the wood of Killoughraun, where they had a straw bed. Fitzpatrick was to watch, with strict injunctions to be on the alert, and to prevent surprise; but he being overpowered with drowsiness, could not keep awake; and Grant was awoke by the snap of a blunderbuss, within a yard or two of the spot he lay in. The three jumping up together from their straw mattress, saw at least eight

soldiers round them; and several more coming up on every side. Grant and Whelan each seized what arms were convenient, and bravely stood on their defence; upon which, several shots were exchanged between them, the military, and a few gentlemen of the country, who accompanied the party. They were seized several times, but still disengaged themselves, until they were overpowered by numbers. Grant was knocked down from behind, by a soldier of the 35th, who struck him between the shoulders with his musket, which was broken by the force of the blow. He being secured, Whelan surrendered. Although many shots were fired at them, so close, that the flash of the pans scorched their faces, yet neither of them were wounded; six or seven of the yeomanry were wounded, but none mortally: and had the robbers been aware of the approach of the military a few minutes before, it is probable, from the daring resistance they made, that they would not have been apprehended without slaughter. On being searched, several implements for effecting escape out of gaol were found on their persons, and in the straw bed on which they had lain in the wood. They were brought about two hundred yards to another wood, and from thence over a river, to a high bank, on which a Mr. Archibald Jacob, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Wexford, and a few other Gentlemen, and several country people, were standing, in anxious expectation of seeing the prisoners.

The three prisoners, Grant, Whelan, and Fitzpatrick, being secured with ropes, tying them together, were placed in a car, and conducted in triumph to the guard-room of Ennis-

worthy. Several persons in that town recognized Grant by the name of Cooney, he having resided there under that name, as mentioned in a former part of this narrative, and which name he then very gladly assumed as his proper one. They also called Whelan by the name of Kehoe, and said he was a tailor. They said Fitzpatrick's name was Farrell, and that he was from Connaught; to all which the prisoners readily agreed. Several persons inquired of them if they belonged to Grant's gang; to which they readily answered "not;" telling many fictitious, yet plausible stories; and were extremely anxious to be sent off to Wexford gaol, from which they were pretty certain of escaping; for Grant possessed a mind of elastic quality, that in a moment sprung above the feeling that oppress other men in misfortune; and his present situation, desperate as it was, instead of relaxing, encreased and vivified the power of his invention; and enabled him to inspire his companions with hope. Therefore, after his committal to Wexford gaol, he immediately conceived a plan for giving wing to the whole covey; but most of the prisoners having in general passed the ordeal of prosecution, he was fearful of entrusting them with his intention, they being free from the apprehensions of death, and dreading the consequences of treachery; therefore he remained inactive for a fortnight.

Notwithstanding the many instruments of which he had been deprived in the wood, yet he managed to have concealed between the soles of his shoes, as many as would effect his purpose. With the assistance of these instruments, he picked the lock of an unoccupied

cell, and could lock and unlock it at pleasure. He then cut the iron bars of a window, which led out at the back of the gaol, and matters being prepared for escape, when, to their astonishment and discomfiture, a person appeared, at whose presence, like Banquo's ghost rising from the grave, they became struck with such horrors, that "tongue nor heart cannot conceive, nor name them." Even Grant himself was appalled; and might say, not believing his senses, "I think it is the weakness of mine eyes, that shapes this apparition." This terrifying figure was a small, young, mild-looking man.—Then, who was he? He was son to John Clerke, gaoler of Maryborough—and he had come to Wexford in consequence of information that Grant and Whelan were prisoners in Wexford. Clerke identified the prisoners instantly. The former offered him his hand, or rather his hands, for they were locked together; and as Clerke intimated his intention to commence his journey with his prizes, without delay, endeavoured to persuade him to remain in Wexford for that night, intending to escape before morning. But Clerke was cautious, from experience, and without permitting a moment's delay, proceeded in slow procession, on the high road, in view of numerous spectators, on the — day of July, 1816, with his escort and prisoners, and arrived without let or hindrance, or the slightest appearance of intended rescue, at the gaol of Maryborough.

It is necessary to remark here, that previous to his removal from Wexford, and when he found young Clerke was determined to set out immediately for Maryborough, Grant then informed the keeper of the prison of Wexford, of

his being the person who had cut the window bars, and not to charge the offence upon any of the other prisoners, as he only was the person who was guilty of doing so.

Grant and Whelan were put into separate cells, heavily bolted. Treble guards were placed inside and outside the gaol. Several persons, from curiosity, went to see Grant after his arrival; many addressed him as Captain; but he was too subtle to enter into conversations; answered no questions but merely those of civility, preserving a serene countenance, and a natural complaisance, that always attended him.

Here it is but justice to observe, that the conduct of young Clerke, in conducting his prisoners, was truly humane, as well as cautious. He had them supplied with necessary food and drink; and indeed, his spirit and his prudence also deserve the highest commendation. He neither insulted his prisoners, nor neglected their wants; and evinced that generosity, as well as diligence, which should form the character of every man, whose duty obliges him to hold his fellow-creatures in custody, and has it in his power, too often, to exercise not only unnecessary restraint, but cruelty—For,

“Seldom the steeled gaoler is the friend to man.”

As Grant had been ransacked of all his instruments for effecting escape, when stripped and searched at the wood near Wexford, no suspicion remained on that account. But, though every inch of his clothes were examined from top to toe, his mouth remained inviolate from inspection: and in this recess, between his teeth and his check, he had deposited, un-

noticed, a copper penny, where it continued till he was locked up alone in a cell at Maryborough; and the use he made of this, shall presently appear.

Both Grant and Whelan expected to be treated by Mr. Clerke, the gaoler, with the utmost cruelty, in consequence of breaking out of prison, which left him not only liable to imprisonment, but also to severe fines and censure of the judges, even though the escape was involuntary. In this suspicion he was mistaken; instead of severity, he experienced kindness, not only from the elder Mr. Clerke, but from his wife, who has, on every occasion, as far as in her power, evinced tenderness, and administered comfort to the unfortunate creatures, committed by the law to the custody of her husband. Under the circumstances of his present imprisonment, he could only expect the closest confinement, and, of course, he was restricted to the narrow limits of his cell: but his bed and his bedding, and whatever he called for, was supplied with alacrity.

A strict watch on him, and on Whelan, was necessary; and orders for that purpose came down from Government. In consequence of this, his hands were, at night, manacled with iron, his legs having been previously secured by bolts. These hand-cuffs were united circles, forming a figure of 8, and each embraced a wrist, and were fastened with a screw. They caused him much uneasiness in bed, by preventing him from turning with ease, or handling the vessel out of which he drank, and this refreshment he often stood in need of. To relieve himself from this great inconvenience, he considered on the practicability of making a

turn-screw out of the only piece of coin in his possession, the copper penny, which he had concealed in his mouth. A nail, which had, on some former occasion, been drove into the wall of the cell, met his eye. It was a great acquisition; and as he himself expressed, he moved it with more pleasure, than any heap of plate that ever came into his custody. With this simple nail, he worked the penny piece into a turn-screw, exactly to fit the matrix of the handcuffs, and holding it fast between his teeth, which were extremely strong, in a few moments he set his hands at liberty; in which situation he nightly kept them, and thereby reposed, at least with ease of body. In the morning, by the same means, he replaced his handcuffs, and secured them as before, concealing the instrument in his mouth, to escape suspicion.

The assizes of Maryborough having been fixed for the fifth of August then next, it was now high time to make some preparation; and Grant not having had any means of defraying the necessary expenses of trial, he for some time feared he should not procure the aid of Counsel to defend his life. However, on the eighteenth of July, he employed an agent, and gave him every instruction for his defence; but it being uncertain on what particular offence he should be indicted, the warrant of committal giving no information, his agent could not furnish briefs to Counsel with specific instructions. On the evening of the fifth of August, the first day of the assizes, then understanding he would be the first prisoner arraigned, and by that means would, of course, be acquainted with the charge, which

would point out to the prisoner the nature of the defence he should adopt, and enable him to instruct his agent. Another circumstance increased the fears of the prisoner; having fixed with his agent to attend him on Monday, the 29th of July, in the prison, and his agent having accordingly attended, he was denied admittance to his client, unless he chose to visit him in the presence of a guard of soldiers, which he declined; and the prohibition was communicated by a corporal, who was placed on the out-door of the prison.

This impediment, was, however, removed next day, on the sitting of the Court, in consequence of a motion by the prisoner's leading Counsel.

Mr. *Mac Nally* moved "for the permission of the Court, that Mr. *Martin Lalor*, the prisoner's Agent, and his Counsel, should have free access to Jeremiah Grant, a prisoner in the gaol, on charge of felony; and that they should have liberty of communicating with him alone, and without any person being present they did not approve of."—
 "My Lord," continued the Counsel, "this indulgence is never denied in high treason, where even a copy of the indictment is granted, that the Counsel may advise the plea."

Lord *Norbury*. "The man shall have every indulgence the law allows.—God forbid he should be deprived of it;" and granted the motion.

THE TRIAL.

August 5th, 1816.

THE Grand Jury being sworn, a true bill was found against Jeremiah Grant, Carroll Whelan, and Michael Fanning, charging that they, in the night between the 25th and 26th day of March, in the fifty-sixth year of the reign of our sovereign lord the King, at Balinakill, in the Queen's county, did burglariously and feloniously break and enter the dwelling-house of William Stubber, with intent feloniously to steal, &c. against the peace of the King, his crown and dignity.

There was a second indictment, for feloniously stealing in the dwelling-house.

On these indictments they were arraigned, and severally pleaded Not guilty.

On being asked if they were ready for trial, Grant answered he was not; and after some altercation between the Counsel on each side, Grant made an affidavit, that Mary Conner, cook to the prosecutor, was a material witness for him. Lord Norbury, on this affidavit being read, ordered that the trial should be postponed till the ensuing morning, and that the Sheriff should send for the witness.

On the next morning, the prisoners appearing at the bar, Mr. *Mac Nally* moved the Court, that the prisoners' irons should be struck off, and that they should remain so during the

trial. By this, he did not mean any insinuation of complaint against Mr. Clerke, the gaoler; on the contrary, he had acted under orders; but as the irons were very heavy, the prisoner could not, on his trial, enjoy that ease which a man required when he was on the defence of his life. The Counsel then quoted the case of Mr. Layer, tried for high treason, wherein it was determined, that though a prisoner might be arraigned in chains or bolts, he had a claim of right to be divested of them when on trial.

Lord *Norbury* admitted there could be no doubt upon the law; and ordered the bolts to be taken off.

Grant thanked his Lordship; but said, that as he understood it would create much trouble to the gaoler, he, on consideration, would not insist upon his right:—on which, his Counsel withdrew the motion.

A jury was then called; and the prisoners having challenged nineteen, the following Jury were sworn:

"The charge is prepar'd, the jury are met;

"The lawyers are ranged—a terrible show!

"I go undismay'd, for death is a debt,

"A debt on demand, so take what I owe!"

GAY.

THE JURY.

1 Robert Kenny,
2 John Grange,
3 Archibald Scott,
4 Thomas Flectwood,
5 George Thompson,
6 John Taylor,

7 Richard Whitford,
8 Thomas Hill,
9 Peter Campbell,
10 Robert Frazier,
11 Thomas Bayley,
12 Gilbert Graves.

The Jury being sworn, the Clerk of the Crown then gave the prisoners in charge to them, by recapitulating the indictment, in the usual way.

Mr. *Jebb*, leading Counsel for the Crown, stated the case; confining himself mostly to the facts, free from animadversion.

Mrs. *Jane Stubber* was then sworn, and examined by Mr. *Charles Ball*. She deposed in substance as follows: That she lived in the Queen's County; was the wife of William Stubber, of Ballinakill, Esq; was at home on the 25th of March last, sitting in the parlour, about nine o'clock at night; two men came into the parlour, armed with pistols. Witness was sitting with her husband, Captain William Stubber. The men demanded arms, and said they wanted nothing more. Mr. Stubber rose from his chair; the carpet tripped him; he and the prisoner struggled; she extricated her husband. One of the men went up stairs, and broke open all the presses, and took several articles of plate, and her ornaments. They came down stairs, and into the parlour; she begged her life. They went up stairs again; searched a desk; got gold coin and other articles. They went away about four o'clock next morning; she gave them spirits during the night, and whatever they demanded. They remained in the house from nine at night until four in the morning, and took a great deal of property. The robbers broke open the Widow Philips's trunk, which was in the house, and took away her cloathes, silver spoons, and other property. She had light during the night, and a full view of Grant, (*looking round on him stedfastly.*) She positively swore he was the very person who first entered the par-

lour, and went up stairs. He came several times into the parlour, and witness had a great deal of conversation with him, and a full opportunity of remarking his person, and could not be deceived in him. She had a list of the articles carried away from her house. (*Here she read the list*): a silver spoon-tray, two salts, one gold watch, and several other articles produced, she proved to be her husband's property—identified two gold seals, as the property of her husband, produced by Mr. Archibald Jacob, a magistrate of the county Wexford—identified gold rings, also produced by Mr. Steel, a magistrate of the Queen's county.

Mr *M^cNally* cross-examined the witness, first assuring her he felt for her situation, appearing as a witness, on whose testimony now depended the lives of three men; but though he would exercise his duty to his clients, it would be with that politeness which was due to her sex and station.

Mary Conner lives with her as cook. She was not required to write a note to bring her here as a witness. Captain Stubber was lying dangerously ill; the cook is attending him. She was at the gaol to view the person of the man called Captain Grant. She saw him. He was alone in a cell. She was previously told Grant was in gaol. She could not, before she went there, be in the least doubt as to his identity. She admitted a hat was put on him. Would know him with or without a hat. There were three different hats put on him, one being too small; but she knew him without a hat. Does not recollect that her husband said to her, is that the man who robbed you? It might be so. Several things

could not be said to her that she could not recollect. The cook did not say that Grant was not the man; that is, she did not hear her say so. The cook said, that is the man. Does not recollect hearing that any person had, when robbing, represented himself as Captain Grant; or, that any person had committed robberies in his name. She was not treated with incivility, by word or by action. Does not recollect the cook saying, who is that? to Grant. The servants were kept in the kitchen, and could not see the robbers. She knows two of the robbers, Grant, and the little man, (Carrol Whelan). Is sure of Grant; saw his full face very often on the night of the robbery. She admitted a hat was put on to make his features more striking; but would not admit she had a doubt. She saw his teeth: he was going to draw a cork with his teeth; she said, "Captain, don't spoil your fine teeth; I'll get you a screw."

The Counsel urged many questions to draw from the lady a confession of doubt, but she persevered in positively swearing to the identity of the two prisoners, Grant and Whelan; but gave no evidence whatever against Fanning and the other prisoner, that could shew they were present.

Archibald Jacob, Esq. sworn. Examined by *Mr. Ridgeway*. Resides at Enniscorthy. Made a prisoner of Grant the 24th of June last. Apprehended him in the thickest part of Killooghraun wood. There were four or five other persons. He had a straw bed in the wood. Shots were fired from the bed, at him and the military and yeomanry. Five of them were wounded; two military and three volunteers. Several shots were fired by the banditti. Call-

ed out to those in coloured clothes to surround the wood, and the military to stay in it. William Coffey, permanent serjeant of his corps, cried out, I have caught Cooney; who turned out to be the prisoner at the bar, Grant. [Identified him.] The permanent serjeant took the watch and seal produced from the prisoner. The seal is the one produced to Mrs. Stubber. There were found on him a number of picklocks, ball cartridges, a small saw, and a kind of knife. Grant told him he had cut the bars of the prison of Wexford, and would have made his escape that night, had he not been removed to Maryborough. Two case and a half of pistols, a blunderbuss, and a small fusee, were found in the bed in the wood, all loaded. Saw Grant before, in the town of Enniscorthy, where he passed by the name of George Cooney; and he lived there about a fortnight.

Cross-examined by *Mr. Greene*. He said, he held nothing out to the prisoner, by way of threat or hope. The prisoner said, he bought the watches from his brother. He kept at a small distance from the wood, not immediately in it, during the firing. No person searched prisoner, but himself; a number surrounded him, who brought him to witness. Could not be searched without his knowledge. The watch and money he put in his pocket; the other articles were collected in a large quilt. It was quite improbable that the articles could be changed by any other person of the party. The serjeant kept quite close to witness.

Examined by *Lord Norbury*.—He did not conceive the permanent serjeant's attendance necessary. The watches were taken from Grant, and the knife out of his shoe. The

The articles were taken out of prisoner's waistcoat and breeches pockets.

Richard Steele, Esq. examined by *Mr. Kemmis*.—Searched for prisoner in different places in the county of Tipperary; in his own house, his mother's, and others. Found two gold rings; his brother George was with him. Prisoner lived at Moyne, county of Tipperary. He held out no hope to him. Knows the house where Grant's family resides. The rings he got from the prisoner's mother he shewed to Mrs. Stubber. Had no communication with Government, before Grant was taken, relative to him. Grant confessed he was looking at witness, when he was searching for him at a rabbit burrow.

Thomas Forrestal, examined by *Mr. Jebb*. Remembers Captain Stubber's house being robbed. Was in the house that night. Went to borrow a horse from the coachman. The robbers came about nine. Saw three of the robbers; heard others of them at the kitchen window, and at the hall door. Prisoner was in the kitchen, and charged four pistols there, about one or two in the morning. Never saw him before or since, but this day in the gaol. Knew his voice when he came into his presence; he was continually speaking. Went by the name of Bulger, the night of the robbery. Was different times in and out of the kitchen. He was brought into gaol by Mr. John Dunn, to see the prisoner. He did not do any injury to witness. Had on him a light-coloured outside coat. Witness was confined in the kitchen.

As this witness descended from the table where he gave evidence, Grant stooped over

the dock, and reproved him, in a low voice, very severely, for volunteering to take his life, when, on the night of the robbery, he accepted money from him as a present, which he knew was part of the plunder. [See the fact stated in the narrative of his life.]

Here the evidence on the part of the Crown closed, and the prisoners did not produce any witnesses.

Lord *Norbury*, in his charge to the jury, recapitulated the facts given in evidence, minutely, with very few observations, and none that aggravated the offence of the prisoner.

The jury having retired, in about half an hour brought in a verdict of guilty against the prisoners, which tremendous word Grant heard without agitation or change of countenance—as did Whelan.

Lord *Norbury* ordered the prisoners to the bar.

The Clerk of the Crown asked the prisoners what they had to say, why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, according to law?

Grant addressed the Court in a few words, with a steady voice and firm deportment. “My Lord, I only require some short time to arrange matters, preparatory to my departure from this life. Think not, my lord, I make this application with an idea of mercy being extended to me; or an idle hope of effecting an escape; but since imprisoned in my cell, I have been visited by many, amongst whom were some blessed men, whose admonitions and advice have given a turn to my mind. It is my wish, my lord, to restore to those honest people whom I have plundered, as much of their property as I have deprived them of, so

“ far as lies in my power, and to prepare myself
 “ for another and a better world, than that in
 “ which I have lived.”

Lord Norbury. “ I hope I have not said
 “ any thing, during your trial, to hurt your feel-
 “ ings; it was not my intention.”

“ No, my lord, you have acted not in any way
 “ but as a humane and upright Judge.”

His Lordship then proceeded to pronounce the awful sentence of the law, that they should be taken to the place from whence they came, the gaol, where their bolts should be struck off, and from thence to the gallows, where they should be hanged by the neck until they were dead; and added, “ The Lord have mercy on your souls.” To which prayer there can be scarcely a doubt, but every person in the court fervently, though silently, responded—“ Amen.”

On the evening of his conviction, Grant having obtained leave for their admission, his counsel Mr. M’Nally, and his agent Mr. Lalor, visited him. The whole line of a long narrow gallery was guarded by soldiers, at short distances from each other, with bayonets fixed; and from the door of his cell was pendant a monstrous padlock. Had Napoleon been the prisoner, more caution could not have been used. On entering, Grant rose from his bed, and bowing, thanked his visitors, in a soft voice, expressive of gratitude. And a conversation immediately took place, in which he said, his motive for troubling them was, that they might solicit a respite from Tuesday until the ensuing Saturday, to enable him, to make restitution to those he had assisted in robbing, by instructing, as far as was in his power, a confidential friend he pointed out, where property was buried; but

he did not give a hint of hoping for a long reprieve or pardon, nor was an idea to encourage such an expectation held out to him. This they agreed to do, and the promise was performed with zeal, though without effect; there is no doubt, however, but the learned Judge, Lord Norbury, forwarded the application to the Castle. On this occasion he spoke of death with those strong hopes of mercy which the principles of Christianity holds out to repenting sinners. One expression was nearly in words similar to those of pure Christian writers; he said, "to a repenting mind there is very little difference between sleeping and dying." The whole of his conversation evinced a philosophic mind, a deep reverence for religion, a knowledge of Christian doctrines, strong faith, and a contrite heart. Of the Judge's conduct on his trial, he spoke with thankfulness, and to his counsel and agent with a warmth of gratitude; pressing each by the hand, and taking his leave with a benediction, "may God ever bless you both."

On the ensuing day, he acquainted his agent with a wish to have the particulars of his life published, in order, he said, that his example might operate as a warning to others, to avoid such vicious courses as had terminated his life in the vigour of youth, and full health, bringing him to a premature and infamous death.

In consequence of this intimation, a young gentleman frequently attended him, and took down, from his own confession, the facts related in this narrative.

During this time, Mr. Horan came to the door of Grant's cell; and that part of the manuscript which stated the particulars of his rob-

beries being read to him, declared it was strictly correct; and added, that the unfortunate man, whose fate he deplored, had conducted himself, on that occasion, with politeness and kindness; not using a gross expression, or a word that could offend the chastest ear; always addressing both him, the ladies, and even the female domestics, in respectful terms. This benevolent Christian then assured the repenting convict—and such he was—that he forgave the robbery of his property, and prayed that God Almighty would grant him mercy, by a remission of his sins. He also said, that if any part of the property taken from his house, should be returned, he would cheerfully pay the full value.

The strong and intrepid mind of Grant was subdued, by this instance of benevolence and christian charity; he sunk on the bed, but immediately rose; and assured his kind visitor, every endeavour within his power should be exerted to procure the desired restoration of his property: but that the greater part had been stolen, by persons in the neighbourhood of Ballinakill, who were concerned with him, and very few articles, and those of trifling value, had come to his possession. He did not however mention any names, nor was he required so to do.—He then pointed out to Mr. Horan, the most probable means of recovering his plate, if any remained unsold, lamenting, with evident bitterness of contrition, his having been the principal actor in a scene of plunder, where so good, so worthy, and so kind a gentleman had been injured.

Since the execution of this unfortunate convict, a valuable gold watch has been restored to

Mr. Horan, through the means of Mrs. Grant ; and had he been indulged with the respite of a few days, which he solicited for the purpose of making compensation, under his instruction, many very valuable articles might have been recovered, and restored to their owners.



THE EXECUTION, &c.

The sky is overcast—the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
Big with the fate of condemn'd Prisoners!

AT one o'clock in the afternoon, on the 13th day of August 1816, being the time appointed by the Court for the execution of the unfortunat Jeremiah Grant, and his fellow-convicts, the Sheriff, having reason to hope for a respite, in consequence of several applications which had been made for that purpose, humanely waited as long as the mandate for death would allow him. During the interval of this delay, which continued till three o'clock, the prisoner sent for Thomas Parnell, Esquire, whom the unfortunate have ever found condescending and benevolent; kind in his manners, and instructive in his advice. This, Grant had experienced, to the soothing of his mind, and the strengthening of his faith.

The public execution of a man, convicted of a capital offence, and the celebrity of whose character had engaged the attention, and furnished matter of conversation to the people; his behaviour at the place of execution, and

other incidents attending his fate, may, by some, be esteemed a subject too low and too ignoble for publication. But, only those who possess not the power of reflection, can hold such an opinion. The sensible, the moral, and the religious, will consider a true description of such an awful spectacle, so terrific, so instructive, and so exemplary, to all who see, and all who hear of the demeanor of a person thus cut off from society, as exemplary to the abandoned as cautionary to the unseduced—conducive to impress terror, and produce reformation.

The expected execution of Grant had excited general and extraordinary curiosity. People, in crowds, poured into Maryborough, from the most distant parts of the country, and even far beyond the borders; many rising with the sun, many travelling all night, in order to become spectators of their fellow-creature's dissolution. This multitudinous assembly, gazed, with silent faces, on the aperture through which the victims were to issue from the gaol to the board where they were to make their last stand—and had a respite come, many would have returned disappointed at not having seen the tragical catastrophe which had attracted them from their homes; for, on those occasions, curiosity, and not humanity, is the great attractive power of the many.

Every window in Maryborough, that had a view of the gallows, was occupied, and the roofs of every house that commanded the same terrifying object, were crowded with anxious spectators. The multitude below, moved, waving to and fro, from the pressure of each other, like a field of corn agitated by a gentle

breeze ; and murmuring whispers raised a melancholy, awful sound.

All stood staring towards the scaffold.—Some were there, who often held the object of their curiosity, in cheerful, friendly conversation. Some had shaken his hand with fervour, at fairs, at markets, on the turf, at the cockpit, and other public meetings, or pledged his health at the convivial board. Not a few who had partaken of his domestic hospitality, who had experienced the affability and kind reception of his wife, and who had caressed his children on their knees, waited his appearance with tear-filled eyes and aching hearts.—Women who, in his more youthful days, when high in blood, and elevated with spirits and with health, had tripped with him in the mazy dance, looked forward, sighing with wild anxiety, and bosoms heaving with grief.

The process of dreadful preparation for death, having terminated, Grant and his two companions came forward on the board prepared for their reception.

A hollow groan, pregnant with sounds of grief, issued from the multitude, and each individual started, as if affected by an electrical shock. It pervaded from bosom to bosom; and all instantaneously turned their eyes toward Heaven, while they mentally prayed.

Grant stood before them—with manly firmness, and calm countenance.—He bowed, and smiled.

A moan, inflicting terrific sound, heaved from every breast ; and died away on the floating breeze. Grant remained complacent ; no moan, no sigh, issued from his bosom. His soul was calm—his mind made up to die—but

what is death?—a friend had told him, and he had faith—'tis this——

“ We go to sleep, and wake with God !”

Fear marked not his countenance. The victim of the law appeared with serene features—no distortion of muscle—no *trait* of mental agony—the soul was prepared to resign the body to the earth—his eyes elevated to Heaven, looking for emancipation from earthly trammels, from a corporeal prison to eternal freedom, and eternal bliss, through the mercy of the Son of God, who suffered death upon the cross, to expiate the sins of mankind.

Some times his eye wandered from object to object, and then would rest on some friend. He intimated a wish to speak, but the murmur of the multitude was so loud, he could not obtain a hearing; and his arms being pinioned, he was restrained from making any motion that could convey his intention.

He loudly spoke out—“ My friends, be silent.”—The call of silence, among the multitude, encreased the clamours.

He addressed the Sheriff—“ Mr. Sheriff, such is the noise the people make, they cannot hear what I intend to say.”

After some time, silence being obtained, Grant proceeded—and with an audible, clear, and unembarrassed voice, delivered himself as follows:

“ It is customary, and indeed expected, that on an awful occasion like the present, the convict about to be delivered, by the sentence of the law, to the hands of the executioner, should

express something in vindication of his innocence, or in acknowledgment of his guilt.— Before I address you, I crave your prayers, that almighty God may extend his mercy to my soul, that in a few moments must appear before his Divine presence.—[A dead silence for a few moments.]—

“ I cannot, with ease to my mind, leave this world, without making a last public declaration in your presence. I have not in this county a single relation ; notwithstanding which, I have many friends. I have often been told, the gentlemen of the Queen’s county were blood-thirsty, rigorous, and vindictive, and that a Queen’s-county jury had neither tenderness nor compassion. In respect to those circumstances, I declare, before my God, I don’t believe any man had a more fair, cool, or impartial trial than I had. I had no money, and for some time was apprehensive I should want the aid of lawyers ; but I have been as ably defended as if I possessed the riches of a kingdom. I have been found guilty, on the clearest evidence, by an honest jury of my country. The Judge who presided, acted to me as an upright and humane man. As to the gentlemen of the county, may God, in his mercy, preserve them from injury ; they have visited me in my affliction, and relieved me in my distress. I have in particular to bequeath my blessings on Mr. Thomas Parnell. If ever a sanctified man walked on the earth, he is a saint, and will yet rest in the arms of his Creator. I regret much that I have lived to cause to him so much suffering in his mind—that a wretch such as I am, should, by bad example, and infamous conduct, hurt the delicate feelings of that amiable gentleman,

the religious friend to mankind. He will, however, do justice to my character, since I have been a convert, when my precious soul shall be wasted to another place—a place of happiness, I hope.”—Here he stopped for a moment—and a few murmuring whispers pervaded the spectators;—when he resumed his affecting address :

“ May God bless Mr. Bell of Abbeyleix, and Mr. Horan of Woodville. I cannot mention Mr. Horan, without declaring of him, and his amiable family, that I, with my fellow sufferer, Carrol Whelan, was at his house, and robbed him. His house was very badly used ; I am heartily sorry for it ; he little deserved it from me. I went to his house with Whelan, and two other men ; found him with his step-daughter, Miss Flood, returning from his stable—I secured and made a prisoner of him. I observed him somewhat agitated, and desired him not to be alarmed. He said, I am in your power, but not alarmed—I am a soldier, and expect you will treat me with honor. I assured him he should not be deceived ; and, I trust, he will so far be just to say I kept my word ; as to personal injury, he received none. I collected all the valuable articles in the house, and when put together, I considered, and I proposed to him, whether I should take away his plate, or that he should pass his word to me for fifty pounds ; well aware, had he given his word of honor, he would, as a soldier, fulfil his promise. I carried away this honorable gentleman’s property. I would have returned it, on receiving the fifty pounds—and I fervently wish to God, with a repenting mind, it was in my power now to restore his property :

but after I had conveyed it for safety to a distant part of the neighbourhood, it was taken from my possession by some of my accomplices.

“ Mr Horan’s servant I must clear ; he did not assist us in the robbery ; on the contrary, he strove, as much as possible, to preserve his master’s property, and to conceal it from us ; and I commend him for his honesty. And I think it just to state, on the word of a dying man, his innocence ; as I have been given to understand it was reported he was concerned in the plot. I again declare, he was not.

“ I mentioned at Mr. Horan’s, that I made my escape from the gaol of Maryborough, by the means of Mr. Thomas Clerke, the Gaoler’s son. I said so ; but it was not true.

“ The unfortunate Michael Fanning, who now suffers death with me, was never complicated in any of our (including Whelan) nefarious acts of depredation.—Michael Fanning was not in the robbery with us.” (*Very loud.*)

Here Fanning would have spoken, but Grant prevented him.

“ I never saw the gentleman who was accused, and tried with us for being concerned in the robbery, until I saw him in the prison, after I was brought to Maryborough ; he had no concern with us whatever.

“ Many persons knew what was going forward. We flew from the neighbourhood of Balinakill ; having judged, and I believe rightly, that four or five persons who knew of the robberies, and received part of the booty, would set, and betray us. I have now to declare, that after all the perils and dangers I have undergone, I had not as much left as would bury me.

" Mr. George Steele, whom it was often asserted was my utter enemy, has given me the means of procuring a coffin. He was an active magistrate, doing his duty; I, the leader of a banditti, offending the law. We were often opposed to each other; at times had some sharp shooting—(here he smiled) but a mutual forgiveness has taken place—he condescended to shake me by the hand. I never bore malice to any man—never lay down in my bed, with a wish for revenge. I forgive the world—and hope the world will forgive me.—May Almighty God pardon my sins !

" I had a dispute with a county Tipperary gentleman (his landlord) and a law-suit ; and was angry with him for a time—but I long since forgave the injuries he did me. He is dead ; and I wish it was in my power to restore to his family, some papers that were taken from his house ; they are buried in the ground, and I understand they are of material consequence to his heir."

Here he concluded—and the executioner performed his office.—The board did not fall suddenly from under the feet of the convicts, but kept a slanting position, so that they slipped down—but, though there was no shock, Grant died without struggle, seemingly without pain. They hung for three quarters of an hour, and their bodies were enclosed in coffins, and delivered to their friends for interment.

Thus terminated the mortal existence of Jeremiah Grant, whose name was long a terror to the country ; but though he lived a robber he died a repenting sinner;—though his life

had been turbulent, in death he was mild, forgiving, and resigned. His offences were manifold, but his depredations were never marked by any action of cruelty; on the contrary, he often prevented the exercise of savage ferocity in others. The crime for which he suffered was burglary; the most heinous, no doubt, that can be committed against society, except murder; for it often leads to the commission of that offence, which God has prohibited in the Decalogue, by these words, "Thou shalt do no murder;" and afterwards promulges his divine will thus—"He who sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and had the banditti of midnight ruffians, which Grant led to the houses of honest people, met with resistance, homicide on one part or the other, or perhaps on both, must have been the consequence: he therefore fell a victim to justice: he had broken the law repeatedly; his confession, and the faithful narrative of his life, show the enormity and the number of his crimes; and he had not the slightest grounds to presume, nor did he presume, to expect pardon from the executive Power. The object of his application was merely for a few days' respite, to enable him, as far as possible, to make restitution to those he had plundered.

Many offences were imputed to Grant, of which he was innocent. At the last Summer assizes held at Athy, in the county of Kildare, a man, named Gorman, was capitally convicted of a burglary in the dwelling-house of the Rev. Arthur Murphy, Parish Priest of Kilcock; and shortly previous to his execution observed, that many of the daring robberies he had committed, at the risk of his life, were given to Captain

Grant; and regretted exceedingly that he should have been deprived of the honor he was entitled to.

On the trial, the identity of Carrol Whelan, as one of the robbers at Mr. Stubber's, was proved beyond a doubt. Fanning was convicted on circumstantial evidence; it being proved, that part of the plate was found on him, and that he was going to America.

Grant was attended in gaol by the Reverend Mr. O'Neil, parish priest of Maryborough, the Reverend Mr. Kelly, and the Reverend Mr. Connor, a Roman Catholic clergyman. The former gentleman found a Bible in his possession, and would have substituted a large book, entitled a Preparation for Death, in its place—but Grant refused to part with the Bible, and observed, that "the Preparation for Death" would require a month to read, when he had but three days to live. Mr. O'Connor's attention to his religious duties, in comforting the unfortunate man, was unremitting, marked with charitable tenderness, and a divine benevolence, highly honorable to him, as a servant to God. Grant received the rites of the Catholic church, administered by that gentleman.

Grant was not unacquainted with points of religious controversies; he had two near relatives, one a Minister in the Protestant Church, the other a Priest, of the Roman Catholic profession, and he had often been present at their disputations.

Finis.