

North Carolina Argus.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV—NO. 1.]

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1863.

[WHOLE NO. 214.]

HALLORAN THE PEDLAR.

AN IRISH STORY.

By the writer of the "Diary of an Emupee."

(CONCLUSION.)

of Cork, jewel, and troth I'm almost spent, and I've a bad cowl, and a cough on me, as ye may hear," and he coughed vehemently. Cathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman stretching out a great bony hand, seized her gown. Still Cathleen did not quail. "Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor old woman," said the monster, in a whining, snuffling tone. "Nothing have I in this wide world," said Cathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. "Sure its only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I hadn't met with charity from others I'd have starved by the way side by this time."

"Och! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potato and a cup of cowl water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?"

Cathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. "Sure they're good, honest people, though poor enough, God help them," she continued, "and I wish ye mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat ye to a supper, aye, and a breakfast too; there it is, ye may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, just forment ye; and so God speed ye!"

Cathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke, expecting to be again seized with a strong and murderous grasp; but her enemy, secure in his disguise, and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

Another half mile brought her to the top of a rising ground, within sight of the high road; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Cathleen did not then know it, the first day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the high road from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide fields still separated her from it; but with the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards: and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of new born hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when, suddenly two men burst through the fence at the farther side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it was her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God went on her way. They proved to be her husband and a friend; to whom she related all that she had undergone. They hastened on to Cork, where information of the murder was given. The country was instantly up; the most active search after the murderers was made by the police, assisted by all the neighboring peasantry; and before 12 o'clock the following night, the three Hogans, father, mother, and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime the coroner's inquest having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the Judges were then at Cork, the trial came on immediately; and from its extraordinary

circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house, were a pair of shoes and a cap which Cathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly refused to answer. His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son confessed that she was the person who had robbed Cathleen in the former part of the day, that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support; and finding Cathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it to contain food; and did not recognise her as the same person she had robbed, till Cathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death;—that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body: the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension; but the principal witness was Cathleen. She appeared, leaning on her husband, her face as ashy pale, and her limbs too weak for support; yet she however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heart-felt eloquence that the whole court was affected; and, when she described her rencontre at the stile there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense; and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive; and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict, guilty—Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the usual form, if they had any thing to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute—the younger Hogan answered sullenly, "nothing;" the old woman staring wildly on her son, tried to speak; her lips moved, but without a sound—and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Cathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman, "Mercy, my lord judge!" she exclaimed. "Gentlemen, your honours, have mercy on her. She had mercy on me! She only did their bidding. As for the bundle and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it's no robbery. The grip of hunger's hard to bear; and if she hadn't taken it then, where would I have been now? Sure they would have killed me for the watch, and I would have been a corpse before your honours this moment. O mercy! mercy for her! or never will I sleep easy on this side of the grave!"

The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners; but the woman was reprieved, and afterwards transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight hours after their conviction, on the Gallows Green. They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indifference. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which afterwards furnished ample matter for wonder and speculation among the superstitious populace. It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on

the estate of a nobleman in the neighbourhood; but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for the want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with housebreakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck, a shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd, "Barry Hogan! do ye mind Grace Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye?" there was a general movement and confusion; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tiptoe, gazed wildly round upon the multitude: but he said nothing; and in a few minutes he was no more.

[From the Fayetteville Observer.]

CAMP WHITING, near Wilmington, Jan. 3.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The conduct of the 31st regiment in the late fight at White Hall having been pretty severely and unadvised upon in certain high as well as low circles, and feeling myself mostly responsible for what seems to have drawn forth these criticisms, I take the earliest practicable moment to state the facts of the case, and assume publicly my entire share of the responsibility. Early in the action the 31st was ordered, by Gen. Robertson, to a point on the road about 150 yards in the rear of our forces then engaged—they being protected by the gunboat in process of construction and the timbers thrown along the river bank.

Here, for two hours, we lay exposed to the enemy's fire of shot, ball and shell. A line drawn from the exact point at which we subsequently ascertained a field battery of twelve pieces was posted, to the centre of the right wing of our regiment (my position) would pass directly over the gunboat frame and adjacent piles of lumber. The fire was terrific and our men were suffering severely; yet not allowed to advance nor fire a shot. I could not see the necessity of thus exposing men, and called repeatedly on Colonel Jordan, who was some twenty paces in advance, at the head of the regiment, to know if I might move back a short distance, leaving the first two companies, which were not so directly in range of the enemy's guns and more protected by trees, logs, &c., thus causing a short gap in our line; but owing to the incessant roar of musketry and artillery, I could not be heard. Most probably this was not in strict keeping with the ideas of some military men, but to my humble view it seemed better than the causeless murder of the gallant and brave men around me. At last, when two men had been killed at my side, and eight or ten wounded; when shot and shell were flying thickly among us and the limbs and trees crashing all around, I gave the order to fall back, as above. Call this "running," "scattering to the woods like a legion of devils was after us," (as elegantly expressed by one of our friends,) or any thing else, I most readily take all the blame that may attach to it. I am glad I gave the order—always shall be—and would do it a thousand times over under similar circumstances. But it may be surprising to some as it was agreeable to me to hear that the highest military authority present at Goldsborough, on our arrival there, endorsed and approved, most emphatically, my order. This was done in the presence of a distinguished gentleman and soldier of our state and myself.

I am fully aware of the fact, that the officers and men on the left of our regiment, unable to hear an order, and seeing the movement, took it for granted that the whole regiment was falling back, and that some few did not heedly; but it is of the regiment and the order I gave that I speak. With the assistance of Capt. Cain (acting Major) Knight and other officers as brave and true as ever drew blade, I soon restored order and had the eight companies which I had caused to withdraw, in readiness to move back to the scene of action. True, we had moved further back than was proper or than was intended; but this was on account of the slight confusion following the

causes just mentioned. A few men may have "taken to the woods," not to return; if so, I hope they may persist in that latter determination.

When afterwards ordered to the scene of action, the companies with me obeyed most cheerfully and readily, and those carried into the fight—the rifle companies—fought well and gallantly.

On the two days succeeding the fight, the four companies left under my command as a picket guard, frequently exchanged shots with the enemy's pickets, killing two certainly, and probably more.

On the third day a detachment of my men was sent over to bury the yankee dead. They obtained sixty superior rifles and a large number of overcoats, cartridges, rubber cloths, &c., &c.; buried nine men; saw many graves, dead horses and signs of terrible havoc by our artillery (which was not before thought by us to have done much damage) and musketry. Two wounded men, of 24th Massachusetts regiment, were also brought and cared for. They were bitter in their denunciations of Lincoln, profuse in expressions of gratitude to us for saving their lives when deserted by their comrades, and apparently most anxious for peace.

But this is not what I set out to write about and I conclude as I commenced by saying, that the 31st did not, in my opinion, act badly, and if it did, I am responsible and alone to blame.

Most respectfully, E. R. LILES.

Lt. Col. 31st N. C. T.

From the Standard.

CAMP WHITING, JAN. 5, 1863.

MR. HOLDEN:—Were all the statements of "Capt. C. S. Brown, company D, 11th (Bethel)" &c., &c., published in your issue of the 2d inst., possessed of the characteristics as those which refer to the 31st regiment, then his own epithets, "imperfect, unjust and untrue," might with propriety be applied to him and his communication. This, it gives me pleasure to say, is not the case. The 11th (Bethel) did fight and act, throughout, most gallantly—far be it from me, if in my power to detract one iota from the merits of that noble regiment, or remove one leaf from the laurel crown so gallantly won by its brave and accomplished Colonel. But to set "Capt. C. S. Brown, company D, 11th Bethel, (?) &c., &c., right, and relieve his fears as to the errors in which the "future historian" may fall, I must be allowed to say that the 31st regiment was not ordered "to the river bank." Had such an order been given, it would probably have been as readily obeyed as was the order to lie down in that road to be shot at, and there remain two or three hours without being allowed to fire a gun. Most likely Capt. Brown is right in saying that "some other forces should have been engaged;" but that the 31st was not engaged was owing to no fault of its commanding officer, so far as my knowledge extends. To whom or what can the Captain refer when he speaks of somebody claiming "bravery due to others?" Surely not to us—or at least I have heard of no such claim being made. If any one has claimed or "taken credit" for such "bravery," I do not know that he or they can be more culpable than if the claim was for the name of another.

Respectfully, E. R. LILES,

Lt. Col. 31st N. C. T.

Gen. Buckner arrived at Montgomery last Thursday night from Mobile.

The mail train on the N. C. Railroad now leaves Charlotte at four o'clock, instead of 5 as heretofore.

The Bristol Southern Advocate says that Judge Everett, of Ky., died in that place, of Delirium Tremens, on the 3d inst.

WELL DONE MISSOURI.—We are glad to learn that Missouri has recently contributed fifteen additional regiments to the Confederate army. Several of these regiments participated in the recent battle in Arkansas.

It is stated that the powerful new steam ship Estancia, which recently commenced to run between the Tyne and Edinburgh, has been procured for the Confederate Government in America.