

SHOCKING TRAGEDY AT BURNLEY.

(From the Manchester Guardian, Nov. 17.)

The town and neighbourhood of Burnley, in this county, were, on Sunday evening last, thrown into a state of great excitement and confusion, by a report that an officer of the 60th Rifles, a private soldier, and a female servant about the mess house, had all been stabbed in many places, and had died of their wounds. The sensation excited was intense; and it was found that to a great extent the report was true, for none of the three individuals survived beyond an early hour the following day. We yesterday sent a reporter over to make inquiries on the spot, the result of which we now lay before our readers.

The barracks at Burnley, erected in 1821, cover a large area, and are generally occupied by both cavalry and infantry. At present these are stationed there two or three troops of the Queen's Bays, or Second Dragoon Guards, occupying the cavalry part of the barracks; the infantry quarters are tenanted by two companies of the 60th Rifles, under the command of Major Cockburn. The regiment quitted Windsor about two months ago, and its present head quarters are at Bolton, under the command of Col. Sir John Maclean. The recent death of Lieut. Col. the Honourable H. R. Molyneux, of this regiment, must be in the recollection of our readers. The double murder and suicide occurred within the mess-house, a detached building in the barrack yard.

The officers dine in the mess room at 7 o'clock; and on Sunday evening last, they had dined, when the unfortunate officer, Lieutenant O'Grady, quitted the room about eight o'clock, an earlier hour than that at which he generally retired after dinner. About half an hour afterwards, Major Cockburn, and several other officers, being still in the room, they were astounded to see Lieut. O'Grady rush into the room; and, as he staggered towards the hearth, he exclaimed—"Major!—Morris has murdered me." He then fell upon the hearth, apparently exhausted from loss of blood; for his dress was by this time drenched in blood from a large wound on the left side. He was placed upon the hearth; and while the officers were crowding around him, loud screams were heard from the direction of the unfortunate man's apartment, and Major Cockburn rushed from the room, to ascertain the cause of this fresh alarm. He saw the unfortunate young woman, whose life was the second sacrificed by the murderer, in his fury, lying in the lobby. He also saw the murderer, whose name is Robert Morris, brandishing a large carving knife, apparently the weapon with which he had stabbed both the officer and the female.—Major Cockburn, with a view of intercepting what he supposed the flight of the murderer, turned round, and ran out of the front entrance of the mess house, and in front of the building, towards the back door to the lobby, calling as he ran, "Order the Guard out; and, sentry, stop every body that passes." Having reached the back door, Major Cockburn entered the building that way, and then found Morris, the murderer, stretched on his back, and apparently dead, from self-inflicted wounds with the knife, which was lying on the ground at a short distance from his feet. All these bloody deeds must have been perpetrated within about two minutes. It is impossible to describe the scene of horror and confusion, from the moment it was discovered that Lieut. O'Grady had been stabbed. People were rushing to the spot from all parts of the building; for it would seem that the mess woman, the mother of the deceased girl, was in the mess-waiters' room when he stabbed the officer; and her shrieks and cries of murder, followed by those of the unhappy girl herself, and of the persons who arrived in time to witness the flight and suicide of the murderer, spread the alarm throughout the barracks, and the officers' quarters were soon crowded by inquirers.

We now return to Lieut. O'Grady, who, during the latter part of these tragic occurrences, had been placed by his brother officers on the hearth rug, and attended by Mr. Cohen, the assistant surgeon of the regiment; the principal surgeon, Dr. Fraser, being at the head quarters at Bolton. The wounded officer exclaimed to those about him, "Oh! I have long expected this from that villain!" and immediately afterwards, he asked, "is that poor girl dead?" Mr. Cohen told him she was not. Taking an officer's hand, Lieut. O'Grady said to him, with much earnestness and emotion, "Oh, this is a bad way to die. Any way to die but this!" Mr. Cohen then desired him to keep himself quiet; that perhaps all would not be so bad as he anticipated; and he endeavoured, by holding the lips of the wounds together, and compression, to stay the blood which was now pouring from the wound. Mr. O'Grady looked at him, speaking as if in pain, and with difficulty said, "Oh! it is of no use; I shall not live many hours. This is the death of me." He was then placed on a table, conveyed to his own room, and laid upon the bed. By this time, Mr. White, a surgeon, in practice at Burnley (which is distant about a mile from the barracks,) arrived, and, with Mr. Cohen, attended the unfortunate gentleman during the remainder of the night. He lingered till half past ten o'clock on Monday morning, and then expired.

When the poor girl was raised from the ground, it was found that she was bleeding profusely from several wounds inflicted below the shoulder, on the left side and on the back. She was conveyed to one of the rooms of her mother, at the other extremity of the building; and a medical man shortly afterwards attended her. She appeared to suffer much pain; and twice, in paroxysms of agony, she exclaimed, "Oh Morris! Oh Morris!" She survived only till eleven o'clock the same night, about two hours and a half after the fatal deeds.

Robert Morris was almost instantly raised, and carried to his room; he expired in two or three minutes afterwards, having apparently stabbed himself with such desperation as to inflict two or three mortal wounds, besides others of a less serious nature. He never spoke after the fatal acts above described. The sergeant-major picked up the knife, which is about a foot in length—being an old carver, much ground, and so thin, that the back had almost as sharp an edge as the true edge; the point, too, was very sharp. The force with which this deadly weapon had been used, in its too fatal success against three lives, was evident from the blade being quite bent for several inches next the point, and the point being also turned, as if it had come into contact with some hard substance; probably the resistance of a bone.

As to the cause of this three-fold crime, though nothing can be ascertained with certainty until after the inquest on the bodies, we have heard enough to leave little, if any doubt, that Morris was actuated by jealousy. There seems to have been considerable intimacy between Lieutenant O'Grady and the girl; and Morris was jealous of this, and desirous that she should marry himself; strangely enough, for he was aware that she was already married. On Sunday afternoon, Morris and

the girl (for, though married some years ago, she had not completed her twenty first year,) took a walk together towards the town; and it is said, that, during this walk, Morris reproached her with suffering the attentions of Lieut. O'Grady, and threatened that he would be the death of them both. On their return to the barracks, Morris waited at dinner in the mess room as usual; but, when asked by the mess woman, the mother of the deceased girl, to come to supper, as he had been accustomed to do, he replied, "I'll have no supper;" and walked out of the room. It is known that Lieut. O'Grady, on quitting the mess room, at 8 o'clock, went to his own apartment; and it is supposed, that the girl had gone thither to wait for him, and had then told him of the threats of Morris to take his life and her own. It is conjectured, that, upon this intimation, Lieut. O'Grady immediately went into Morris's pantry, (which, as will be seen by the plan, adjoins his own room,) but, whether to demand that Morris should deliver up his sword and rifle, (for he was a private in the regiment,) or to order him into custody, or remonstrate with him, is not known, though it may appear by the evidence of Mrs. Hadden, the mess-woman, who was present at the rencontre, and is the only individual who can throw any light on the commencement of the transaction. Be this as it may, it would seem, that, as soon as Lieut. O'Grady had made known to Morris why he had sought him, the latter, snatching up the carving knife, had commenced the bloody work which has terminated so fatally. After stabbing Lieutenant O'Grady, while in the pantry, Morris seems to have rushed past the wounded officer to his apartment, where he knew or probably suspected the girl to be. She, hearing the alarm given by her mother, was about making her escape, when, as is supposed, she was overtaken by the murderer at the door, where he stabbed her repeatedly in the back and side, a large splash of blood being visible on the wall near the lintel of the door, between the doors of the two rooms. Such, we have no doubt, will prove to be the principal facts of this melancholy catastrophe.

With a few particulars, as to the deceased persons, we must close this account. The unfortunate officer, William Shannon (or as the army list gives the name, William Staoner) O'Grady, was of a large and somewhat distinguished Irish family, being the nephew of the late Lord Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer (Baron O'Grady,) who, in 1831, was raised to the peerage, by the title of Viscount Guillemore, and died in April, 1840. The young officer who has now come to an untimely end, was cousin to the present Lord Guillemore. Mr. O'Grady's father was one of the nine sons of Darby O'Grady, Esq., of Mount Prospect, county Limerick. We believe the deceased's widowed mother at present resides at Dublin or Kingstown; and, if report be correct, this will be the second time she is doomed to mourn over the premature death of a son. A brother of the deceased, we are told, was shot in a duel, some years ago, with a Capt. Smith—an affair which at the time caused considerable sensation in Dublin, where it occurred. Looking at the fate of two fine young men by hostile wounds, there would seem something strikingly remarkable in the family motto, "Vulneratus non victus."—(Wounded, not conquered.) The deceased was formerly a lieutenant in the 16th Lancers, and was with that gallant regiment in India. He appears to have joined the 60th Rifles on the 21st October, 1834, and at the time of his death held the rank of first lieutenant. He was in his 29th or 30th year.

Robert Morris, whose age we are told by one person, was 28 or 29, and by another 24 or 25, was a Scotchman, a native of Aberdeen, a private in the regiment, but also employed, as we have stated, as mess-waiter. We believe he had been about eleven years in the regiment. He was considered a good, steady, trust-worthy man; and nothing had been alleged against him, except some former quarrels with the girl, to whom he appeared devotedly attached. It is said that Lieut. O'Grady once ordered him into confinement for some neglect of duty, or act of insubordination; but what that was we could not ascertain.

Isabella Hadden, as she was generally called, only completed her twentieth year on the 21st April last. We learn that this wretched girl, the fatal cause of all this crime, had long been of indifferent character. When only sixteen years of age, she married a man named Patrick Territ, a private in the 79th regiment, then stationed at Burnley barracks. She has for four or five years lived separate from her husband, who, we believe, is now with his regiment in Malta or Corfu; and she was employed by her mother, about the kitchen, assisting in cooking, &c. She has left an infant, a daughter, about two years old; this child was placed out at nurse in Burnley or the neighbourhood.

THE CAUSE OF CANNING'S DEATH.

The extract below, from *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1823, will be read with deep and melancholy interest, especially by those who remember the brilliant Minister, whose genius adorned the country and his age. Canning died just after the close of the Parliamentary Session of 1827; and though there are few who will believe that his death was the result of mere *chagrin*, this graphic account of the influence of Lord Grey's philippic will let the reader into a sad comprehension of the *pains of greatness*.

"It was not out of the quiver of the ex-Ministers that the shaft was taken, which was hurled with such calm and deadly strength against the new Premier, CANNING. Had the memorable speech, which held up Mr. Canning to such cold and bitter scorn, come from one of the Tories, it might have been imputed to anger, to vexation, and a desire for revenge; but the blow came from a quarter where no such artifice could be used to parry it. The new Premier had suffered the common fate of those who trust to intrigue and dexterity, rather than to bold and manly sincerity; he had no real friends—no one to throw their shield over him in his hour of need, and save him from the stern vengeance of his haughty enemy; Lord Grey saw his opportunity, and smote him to the earth. The newspapers of the day gave no adequate idea of the wonderful effect of Lord Grey's speech on the 11th of May. While he was speaking, and pouring forth invectives, which fell like a torrent of bitter water, full upon Canning's devoted head, the House of Peers, which was extremely crowded, hung with breathless attention upon his words; and when he had concluded, no man rose up to gainsay what he had spoken. Mr. Canning's party stood aghast at the fearful castigation of their leader—and the Tories felt that anything more would be superfluous. In a few minutes the House was empty—men's minds were too full of what they had heard to allow them to address themselves to the ordinary business of the House, and it adjourned almost immediately, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour. The news fled about as swift as the wind, that Lord Grey had destroyed Mr. Canning in the House of Lords, and it soon reached the Premier

himself. The iron entered his soul—he found he had climbed a pinnacle, only to be the more conspicuous to scorn; but he was not a man to sit down and weep under his mortification. His bitter thoughts lashed him into fury:

"'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism that from that hour
Passos held o'er him."

He became fierce and almost savage in his language and deportment. He could not command his temper even while he addressed the house. The heat of his chafed blood preyed upon his health, while his noble tormentor, far from relenting, lost no opportunity of repeating the blow he had given, and throwing the superiority of "his order" into the teeth of the ill-fated votary of popularity whose elevation he opposed.

"It is said that Mr. Canning intended to have closed the session with a furious explosion of his wrath against the House of Lords; an intention which all the entreaties of his friends would hardly have prevented him carrying into effect, had not the accident which happened to the speaker at the critical moment rendered it impossible for him to occupy the chair during a lengthened speech. The session, therefore, closed without this opportunity of venting his burning heart; but his frame could not bear the agitation which he suffered—he sank down exhausted. His old friends were gone, for he had forfeited their esteem; those who called themselves his new friends he knew he could not confide in, and, in this unhappy condition, George Canning died—the last of the rhetoricians."

There may be some poetry in this, but it is a passage of power, and might have been all true. It is true to nature. Many a great man has been goaded to death, and few of them sleep soundly.

The writer of these lines received a letter from a member of congress, a few years ago, just after he took his seat for the first time as a member. "If," said he, "I could reconcile it with my views of duty, I should resign at once and come home to the bosom of those I love." But he remained at his post, and the turmoils of party broke him down, and he came home for a visit of a week, and died in the bosom of those he loved.

It may spoil the effect of Blackwood's account of the cause of Canning's death, but as facts are better than fiction, it is well to add the following from history:

"Fourteen days before Mr. Canning's death, Mr. Gallatin spent six hours with him, two before dinner, talking about political affairs and much of Mr. Canning's own situation amid conflicting parties. Mr. Gallatin told him he could not live amid so much business; to be Secretary for Foreign Affairs in fact, First Lord of the Treasury in fact and name, and not only prime Minister, but sole Minister. Mr. Canning explained that Lord Dudley only took the place of Secretary for Foreign Affairs to oblige him, and *pro tempore*; but that he had been induced to come out of that office, with all the details of which he was acquainted, and to take the Treasury, by having received a letter from an ancient friend of Mr. Fox, who told him that Mr. Fox always regretted he had not taken that, as there lies the patronage; and," said Mr. Canning, "although I might have put a friend there, it is very different to my asking a favour or a favour being asked of me; and I am determined," said he, moving his hand with a most emphatic gesture of ambition, "to hold the reins while I live." He lived fourteen days. He told Mr. Gallatin he had not been free from great pain since the Duke of York's funeral, when they kept him in the cold damp vault two hours, nor slept a whole night since Lord Liverpool's illness. Such is worldly honour, and the best thing the world's possession does for us!"

THE ROYAL CASTLES OF SCOTLAND.

(From Tytler's History of Scotland.)

On the Borders were the castles of Jedburgh, Roxburgh, and Berwick; those of Dumfries, Kircudbright, Wigtown, Ayr, Tarbet, Dumbarton, and Stirling, formed a semicircle of fortresses which commanded the important districts of Annandale, Galloway, Carrick, Kyle, Lanark, and the country round Stirling, containing the passes into the Highlands. Between Stirling, Perth, and the Tay, there was no royal Castle till we reach Dundee, where Fitz-Allan commanded; after which the castles of Forfar, Kincardine, and Aberdeen, protected and kept under the counties of Perth, Angus, Kincardine, and Aberdeen; and travelling still farther north, we find the castles of Cromarty or Crumbarthyn, Dingwall, Inverness, Nairn, Forres, Elgin, and Banff, which, when well garrisoned, were deemed sufficient to maintain the royal authority in those remote and unsettled districts. Such were the royal castles of Scotland previous to the war of Liberty; but it was the policy of Bruce, as we have seen, to raze the fortresses of the kingdom, wherever they fell under his power; whilst, on the other hand, Edward, in his various campaigns, found it necessary to follow the same plan which had been so successful in Wales, and either to construct additional fortresses, for the purpose of overawing the country, or to strengthen, by new fortifications, such baronial castles as he imagined best suited for his designs. In this manner the architecture of the strong Norman Castles, which had already been partially introduced by Scoto-Norman barons, was more effectually taught by their formidable enemy to the Scots, who profited by the lesson, and turned it against himself.

It not unfrequently happened that the siege of a baronial castle detained the whole English army for weeks, and even months before it; and although feebly garrisoned, the simple strength of its walls resisted and sometimes defied the efforts of Edward's strongest machines and the most skilful engineers. To enumerate or to point out the situation of the baronial castles which at this early period formed the residences of the feudal nobility and their vassals, would be almost impossible. They raised their formidable towers in every part of the kingdom, on its coasts and in its islands, on its peninsulas, and in its lakes, upon the banks of its rivers, and on the crests of its mountains; and many of those inhabited by the higher nobility rivalled, and in their strength and extent sometimes surpassed, the fortresses belonging to the king. In the year 1309, when the military talents of Bruce had wrested from England nearly the whole of the royal castles, we find Edward the Second writing earnestly to his principal officers in Scotland, directing them to maintain their ground to the last extremity against the enemy; and it is singular that, with the exception of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumfries and Jedburgh, the posts which they held, and which are enumerated in his order, are all of them private baronial castles, whose proprietors had either been compelled by superior force, or induced by selfish considerations, to embrace the English interest.

In his letters are mentioned the castle of Kirkintulloch, between Dumbarton and Stirling; Dalswinton in Galloway, a principal seat of the Comyns; Caerlaverock, belonging to the Maxwells; Thrieve Castle, also in Gal-

loway; Lochmaben, in Annandale, the seat of the Bruces; Butel, the property of the steward; Dunbar, a castle of great strength and extent, one of the keys of the kingdom, by which the Earls of March commanded so much influence in an age of war and invasion; Dirlleton, also of great extent, and possessed by the Norman race of the De Vaux; Selkirk, at that time in the hands of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke; and Bothwell, a castle at various times the property of the Olfards, Morays, and Douglasses. Innumerable other castles, and smaller strengths, from the seats of the highest earls, whose power was almost kingly, down to the single towers of the retainer or vassal, with the low ribbed door and loop-holed windows, were scattered over every district in Scotland; and even in the present day, the traveller cannot explore the most unfrequented scenes, and the remotest glens of the country, without meeting with some grey relic of other days, reminding him that the chain of feudal despotism had there planted one of its thousand links, and around which there often linger those fine traditions, where fiction has lent her romantic colours to history.

In the vicinity of these strongholds, in which the Scottish barons of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries held their residences, there was cleared from wood as much ground as was necessary for the support of that numerous train of vassals and retainers, which formed what was termed the "following" of their lord, and who were supported in a style of rude and abundant hospitality. The produce of his fields and forests, his huge herds of swine, his flocks of cattle, his granaries, and breweries, his mills and malting houses, his dovecotes, gardens, orchards, and "infield and outfield" wealth, all lent their riches to maintain these formidable bands of warlike knights and vassals, who were ready on every summons to surround the banner of their lord. Around these castles, also, were placed the rude habitations and cottages belonging to the servants and inferior dependants of the baron, to his armourers, tailors, wrights, masons, falconers, forest-keepers, and many others, who ministered to his necessities, his comforts or his pleasures. It happened, too, not unfrequently, that ambitious of the security which the vicinity of a feudal castle insured, the free farmers or opulent tradesmen of those remote times requested permission to build their habitations and booths near its wall, which, for payment of a small rent, was willingly allowed; and to this practice we perhaps owe the origin of towns and royal burghs in Scotland.

FONDNESS OF FARM STOCK FOR SALT.

(From an English Paper.)

In this country a small portion only of the agricultural community have tried the efficacy of salt upon farm stock. In America, on the contrary, even in the remote and newly-settled districts, every one that owns a cow or two and a few sheep, who is at all mindful of his own interests, is in the regular habit of giving them salt, if it can be possibly spared after supplying household use. I mention this, because in some sections of the interior of that country salt is still rather scarce, and consequently dear, and cannot, therefore, always be spared for "salting the cattle," among the poorer classes of the settlers; but since the late and most unlimited progress of internal improvements (railroads, &c.,) the facilities for procuring this invaluable article have been greatly increased, so that in the most distant settlements you find the custom of giving salt to farm-stock almost universally prevailing. The avidity with which it is devoured by both cattle and sheep, and even by horses, is astonishing; while the influence gained over them through their eagerness to obtain it is equally surprising. A flock of sheep or drove of cattle may instantly be brought together, as if by magic, from every corner of an extensive pasture, provided they can hear the voice or see the person of him who comes prepared with a small quantity of salt; for on getting a hint that there is salt about to be distributed, they come bounding and scampering along as fast as their legs can carry them, though the common practice is to deposit the salt in small rude troughs, or upon planks of wood or flat stones, yet so anxious are these creatures to get at the salt that scarcely the shyest of them will refuse it from the hand of the person that supplies it. It is an interesting sight to witness two or three hundred sheep come at the farmer's call, bleating and frolicking, and somewhat inconveniently hemming him in by their pressure on all sides. With regard to cattle, it is hardly safe to venture into an open field with salt in your possession; for so eager are they to obtain it, that they do not even allow time for your depositing of it upon the places intended for it, or even upon the ground, if nothing else be at hand. Huge oxen, with long formidable horns, are rather rough companions when they press closely around you; and it sometimes happens that you experience much difficulty in getting your formidable friends satisfied. Horses are under a similar influence, although they seldom exhibit their partiality in so striking a manner. During some years I owned a fine and noble animal, but when I first purchased him he was somewhat shy and intractable. In the summer season he, along with two or three others, was turned out to grass, and notwithstanding the gentleness and tameness of his companions, it was with the greatest difficulty that he was haltered when thus running at large. Oats, Indian corn, and other tempting things were offered him in vain; but when he once had tasted salt, he forthwith became the slave of his passions; his talismanic power was wonderful, for from that day any individual about the farm could at any time take him captive provided half an ounce of salt was offered as a bribe. Indeed it was not necessary to coax him to suffer himself to be taken; on the contrary he would come voluntarily to his enslaver, and endeavour to coax him out of his salt.

ONE WAY TO GET RUM.—A rummer, who occasionally used to be short of change, had recourse to the following expedient to "raise the wind." He got two pint bottles exactly alike, one in each pocket; he entered the grocery, and called for a pint of gin; the bottle was filled and handed to him, when he put it in his pocket, at the same time telling the landlord he had no money. "Then I won't trust you; so give me back my gin," said the landlord. "If you won't, there's no harm done," added the other, reluctantly pulling a bottle of water from his pocket, and handing it over; it was quickly emptied into the cask. There was no much harm done to the landlord, that's a fact; for though rummer had got his bottle of gin, the same number of pints were drawn from the cask.—*New York Observer.*