

crowded. Rows and groups of human beings, with the warm sunlight falling on them, were standing or sitting, engaged in various occupations. Some were boot-making, some were rope-making, some were sewing soldiers' trousers. They were of all ages, from the age of grey hairs to boyhood; and the chief effect they produced on me, as I watched them quietly at their work, was wonder that such harmless-looking people should be in prison at all.

I lost no time in enquiring what were their offences. As to four men and two youths in succession, I received the same answer, 'Sheep-stealing.' That was just as it should be. It was a pastoral and picturesque offence; and I was glad to think that they were expiating it here in the sunlight, instead of in their cells, whose dark, grated apertures were gaping just behind them like the cages of wild animals.

We had advanced some way, and I had been standing still for a moment to watch a wistful-eyed boy—a little fellow of fourteen—who was working diligently with a sewing-machine, when, turning to continue our progress, I saw something move in the gloom of the cell close to me. I looked in through the bars; but in a second I withdrew my eyes, for they had encountered those of a miserable human being. I called to Captain O'Flanagan, who was in the middle of an Irish witticism, as, with another of our party, he was peering into the cell adjoining, and asked him of what the man I had just