

**THE REBECCA
RIOTER: A STORY OF
KILLAY LIFE; VOL. II**

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The Rebecca Rioter: A Story of Killay Life; Vol. II by E. A. Dillwyn

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E. A. DILLWYN

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REBECCA RIOTER

A STORY OF KILLAY LIFE

BY
E. A. DILLWYN

In Two Volumes.

VOL. II



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MACMILLAN AND CO.
1880.

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CHARLES DICKENS AND IVANS,
CRYSTAL PALACE FORMS.

THE REBECCA RIOTER.

CHAPTER I.

ON the afternoon of that Wednesday when we intended to attack the second Pontardulais turnpike, Mr. White, the chief of the Swansea police, was in his office when he was told that a man who would not give his name wanted to speak to him. On being shown in the man seemed excessively confused and nervous, and when asked what his business was would not

speak a word until he had shut the door carefully and been assured that there was no one else within hearing. Then he went close to Mr. White and said in a low voice :

“They do say as you and some of the gentlemen shall be wanting badly to know where to lay hands on Rebecca—be that true, now?”

“Yes, certainly,” returned Mr. White; “can you help us in the matter?”

“Oh, well, no, not in my own self for sure,” answered the man; “but, indeed, I be not sure but what a man I do know may know something about her; and I was think as you would like if I could get him to tell you what he do know maybe.”

“ Well, you had better bring your friend to see me, then,” replied Mr. White.

The man hesitated a minute before answering.

“ For you to know the truth,” said he at last, “ I was think as perhaps he may have given a hand to Rebecca himself at some time or other—mind you, I was not *sure*, but I was *think* so. Well, now, was you willing, if so, to promise as he shall go free for himself for whatever he may have done, if he shall come and speak to you now ?”

“ Yes,” returned Mr. White, “ I am sure I can promise him a free pardon if he gives us trustworthy information about the rioting, and enables us to catch any of the rioters.”

The man still shilly-shallied, and then said he was sure his friend would never be got to say a word unless he were also promised that whatever he said should be kept absolutely and entirely secret. This also Mr. White promised, telling him to go and fetch his friend as quickly as he liked, and to promise him full pardon and entire secrecy.

The man went to the door and opened it, but only to assure himself there was no one listening outside. Then, closing it again, and speaking hardly above his breath, he said :

“ Well, indeed to goodness, and 'tis I myself as do be the man to tell you what you was want to know. Rebecca shall mean to attack the Pontardulais pike to-

night, and she shall take a good lot of men to help her about it—they was be out in scores and fifties there I was think. And amongst them there shall sure to be that Thomas Davies as they was say was rob a house at Neath some-while ago. He was go with Rebecca everywhere now. So now I was tell you all I can; and, indeed, if ever a one of the other men was think I was say a word about it, they was murder me for sure! So never you let them find it out, sir; and now good-morning to you."

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. White, seizing the man's arm. "I can't let you go away till I find out whether you have told me the truth or not. For all I know, your story may be meant to throw us on a