

prevailed upon him to take his place at table as usual, but he could not eat. Neither could he rest. His mind was oppressed, his spirit crushed, his heart all but broken.

On the day of removal, he took no heed of nor interest in what was passing around him. Whilst all were busy, all in motion, he sat with his face buried in his hands, and every now and then giving way to the grief that overwhelmed him. Sometimes rocking himself to and fro in silent agony—sometimes giving utterance to his sorrow in a strain of the most fervid and impassioned eloquence. His grief had inspired him, and his lamentations often rose to the dignity and elevation of poetry. He apostrophised in language the most plaintive and affecting the woods, the waters, the hills, nay every rock and rivulet, around his beloved residence; naming them all, and dwelling fondly on their various features and characteristics.

It was not without great difficulty that we got the old man to leave the house. He would not quit it; nor could he be got to do so until the last article it contained had been removed. His two sons then sought him, and, with gentle violence led him weeping forth.

Some weeks after the old man had been removed to his new-dwelling place, he was one day absent for so great a length of time as to cause some uneasiness to his family. When he returned, he was met by his eldest son, who asked him where he had been. "I have been bathing in the Urr, James," he said, "and it has done me much good; for I thought while I was in the river that these waters had not long since passed through the farm of Morveeny." Such was the case then. The old man had gone a distance of four miles to bathe in the river Urr, and this solely because that river, twenty miles further up, ran through the ground on which he had been born, and on which he had spent the greater portion of his after life. He did not long survive the "Removal."

Art thou poor?—Show thyself active and industrious, peaceable and content. Art thou wealthy?—Show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending, and humane.

## O'CONNELL'S BAR ANECDOTES.

SOME of the stories told by as well as of O'Connell, throw a flood of light upon the manners and customs now rapidly passing away. Those who wish to obtain a full idea of what O'Connell had to say will consult his interesting life, by Mr. O'Neill Daunt, that faithful veteran of the Repeal army.

Here, however, we may be permitted to quote one or two for those who may never have that opportunity. And first, one which focusses an attorney who should have stood in the dock along with his client. He was, however, a clever rascal:

"The cleverest attorney that ever I heard of," said O'Connell, "was one Checkley, familiarly known by the name of Checkley-be-d—d. Checkley was agent once at the Cork assizes for a fellow accused of burglary and aggravated assault committed at Bantry. The noted Jerry Keller was counsel for the prisoner, against whom the charge was made out by the clearest circumstantial evidence—so clearly that it seemed quite impossible to doubt his guilt. When the case for the prosecution closed, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence."

"'Yes, my lord,' said Jerry Keller, 'I have three briefed to me.'"

"'Call them,' said the judge."

"Checkley immediately bustled out of court, and returned at once, leading in a very respectable farmer-like man with a blue coat and gilt buttons, scratch wig, corduroy tights and gaiters."

"'This is a witness to character, my lord,' said Checkley."

"Jerry Keller (the counsel) forthwith began to examine the witness."

"After asking his name and residence."

"'You know the prisoner in the docks,' said Keller."

"'Yes, your honor, ever since he was a gossoon.'"

"'And what is his general character?'"

"'Ogh! the devil a worse.'"

"'Why, what sort of a witness is this you've brought?' cried Keller, passionately flinging down his brief, and look