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### A LOVER'S FANCY.

Do you know to what kingdom my true love belongs,

To the earth or the sky or the sea?  
She belongs to them all—aye, every one—  
For she's all of the world to me.

There are flashes of gold in her hair,  
And her teeth are the pearls of the sea:  
There is heaven's own blue in her eye—  
For she's all of the world to me.

## THE O'DONNELLS

OF

### GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"

"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"

"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle  
for Ireland," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Shemus struck one blow upon the well, which shattered it in pieces. A deep groan resounded from the inside. Shemus staggered back with affright.

"Lord have mercy on me! Shure I didn't do anything, at all, at all?" said the voice from the well.

"Who is it?" "Drag him out!"

"Set fire to him!" shouted the mob.

"It's I," said the voice. "For the love of God, spare me. I didn't do anything. Sure I am here all the time."

"Who are you, man alive? Come out, and let us see your purty face."

"O! don't ye know me? I am your friend, Mr. Baker; that never harmed anybody."

"Ha, ha, ha! You that killed so many of us, to call yourself our friend. Faith, that's a good joke anyway."

"Throw in the fire on top of the ould sinner!"

"Roast him alive." "Let us put it under him, though, and give him time to repent. That's more than he did to the poor men he shot."

"O! good people, spare me, for the love of God. Let me out; I never shot a man in all my life. No; I wouldn't. Sure it is only a way of talking I had. O! holy Joseph, will ye roast me alive?"

Now, in justice to the mob, they had not the least notion of injuring Mr. Baker, for they knew his cowardly, harmless disposition too well; however, they were resolved to enjoy his misery for a time.

Mr. Baker, all this time, lay on his back in the well; his face was turned up, so that he could see the brands of fire moving to and fro, and believing every minute that they would be hurled in on him. He prayed, and cursed, and thick perspiration ran down his body.

"Can't you come out until we see you?"

"Gog, gog! I can't; for the love of heaven pull me out!"

"Put plenty of fire under him, and smoke him out," said a man with an old musket in his hand, and he winked at the others.

"He is fine and fat; it's no harm to take a little of the sap out of him," said a little thin man, leaning on a crutch.

"Och, murther, murther! the savages. O gog, isn't there any one to save me! Gog, gog! but I'll hang every mother soul of the d—d pa—; no, I won't though. Oh! will ye roast me alive?"

"Since you'd hang us, we are better, Mr. Baker."

"Oh! devil take me tongue; sure, I didn't know what I was saying. I swear by the holy Bible, that I won't hang one of you. Give me the Bible, and I'll take my oath on it."

"Here are the police, here are the police!" shouted the women.

"Deuce take them, they should come to spoil our fun; but if they don't go back quicker than they come, nabeklish."

The police, having heard of Mr. Baker's situation, resolved to make an attempt to rescue him.

"We only want to get Mr. Baker," said the sergeant.

"Oh, we will thrate him dacently, if ye let us alone," said the mob.