play the role of freebooter, reflects

somewhat the manners and customs

broom-covered hills of Latnakelly.

in so keen a competitor for public

}

laid in the County Monaghan, Ireland, with its historical notes and all its beautiful details of scenery and attractiveness of incidents, we are confident that its reproduction will be a St. Patrick's Day literary treat for our readers.

deeds of days of other years." -Ossian.

Tassan Lake, or as it is sometimes called, Lough Culligan, lies embosomed among a number of low-lying hills, whose gently-sloping sides borrow their summer charm from the cornfield, the potato patch, the purby the careless passer-by. Half a century ago the waters of the lake covered a much wider area, but the lowering of the bed of the Tassan River (1), to provide sufficient water-power for a neighbouring mill, reduced the lake to its present dimensions of a pond that would scarce serve

"The wild duck's brood to swim." This engineering achievement removed every trace of the picturesque cascade to which the townland, and the river owe their name (2). For the ardent antiquary and for every lover of nature's "gay creation" what fascination lies in this simple memorial. of the older time. This historic land, mark, though now lost for ever, calls: up a thousand associations. What ashes of empire have been scattered! what ever-changing raiment of history has our land been clothed in the dife-time of this little cataract? Long ages before the renowned King Cormac came in state to the great. Feis of Tava, resplendent with embroidered robe and massive brooch of gold of the Hundred Battles drew his richhilted, flame-flashing sword for victory on Moybua's plain, this cascade -a thing of life and beauty-leaped and sparkled in the glorious sunshine! And ere great Daghda's gold-l en harp filled cur romantic "land of strains, the voiceful Tascan waterfall had for ages sung its melody! But now no car may hear the

"Prattling current's merry call." country, upon whose crumbling walls | few of the older generation who re-

AN ANCIENT BRISH CANOE, --In called. the peat morass which constitutes the present lake shore, the writer recently found a very interesting specito a depth of 12 feet in the peat and seem to mark the position of the oars, which were eight or ten in numinches in diameter, having its ends fixed in holes pierced through the sides of the canoe, and close to the prow, may have served the purpose hole, % of an inch wide, in one of the sides, near the stern, and a somewhat larger round hole in the bottom of the boat. The latter hole was plug of willow. In the present condition of the cance, the entire strern and a portion of one of the sides are wanting. The comparative smoothness of the internal and external surfaces of the flat bottom and curved sides bears evidence of the care bestowed upon the construction of this primitive craft. It will, doubtless,

A writer signing J. R.," in the supplement the foregoing description "Irish Weekly," has given a most in- with a few extracts from authors teresting and highly instructive re- who have written upon this subject. miniscent sketch—the scene being Sir James Ware (3), the antiquary and annalist, in a learned disquisition establishing the great antiquity of the Irish skin-covered "coracle," makes mention of the ancient Irish one-piece canoe, "e quercu cavate," as being used on some of the rivers and lakes of Ireland even in his own "A tale of the times of old! The day (1654). Coming to more recent times, we find Robertson, (4) the historian, detailing with what infinite labour the inhabitants of the Scuthern Continent constructed that "masterpiece of art, among the savages of America"—the one-piece canoe. The latest authority on this subject- a Dominican Missionary-in recounting ple heather, and grey rock. Even in his adventures among the savage midwinter. when nature's aspect is tribes of Ecuador, thus describes the bleak and bare, this tiny sheet of modern Indian "dug-out"---" It is water boasts a beauty unsuspected lashioned out of redar wood, hollowed by the Indian's axe, and then covered with a thick coating of asphalt. As it measures fifteen yards in length, against only one in width, I leave its chance of overbalancing to the imagination of the reader." (5). It would seem, therefore, that the resourceful Indian has not been taught by civilization to forsake the rude simplicity of savage life, nor has his acquaintance with the necessary arts of life improved since those primitive days when St. Cormac (6) turned the prow of his rude currach towards the hospitable shores of the

ANDY BRENNAN'S FIND.-A trustworthy tradition has it that another one-piece cause, in a perfect state of What heroes have passed away, With Lake some sixty years ago. The fortunate finder--one Andy Brennan -has been rather a notable character in the locality for more than half a century. The recent discovery of a second cance in the same lake has revived many a long forgotten remimiscence of this son of the marshes. and gems, and crescent torque of which may not be deemed out of place burnished gold, or the mighty Conn in the present sketch. Andy was born in the townland of Tassan, in those turbulent times, when Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the United Irishmen dreamed their wild dreams of Rebellich and Liberty. Listening to his parents' tale, in their own graphic Gaelic tongue, what they with its soul-enchanting knew of the eventful history of their own time, and hearkening to the gossip as rehearsed by the nightly patrons or his father's friendly fireside. young Andy from his very boyhood no eye may look upon the glistening must have grown familiar with the romantic story of the Irish Volunis gone, and the voice of the singing | teers, and the tragic memories of cascade has long since died away in the men of Ninety-eight." But bethe fitful murmur of the winding | youd the passing enthusiasm which stream that seeks the busy mill! In such sad recitals awakened within one of the surrounding hills are situ- him, he manifested no concern for the ated the rich lodes of the once flour- all-engrossing agitation of the day. ishing Tassan lead mine. Dunumer- He was, besides, no lover of travel. able fragments of lead ore, and por- and as a consequence was unite a tions of the abandoned machinery- stranger to the artful ways and wisonce so busy and bright -- lie among dom which characterise the true man tenacious masses of fallen masonry, of the world. If Andy sowed his the whole constituting a sad ruin, wild oats, it was with sparing hand like so many others throughout our and among his native hills. The very the hand of Time has engraved the member him declare that he passed epitaph of Ireland's byegone prosper- the greater part of his life among ity and departed industries. Viewed the quiet haunts of his childhood. from the roadway, the ruined build-grarely venturing further than the ings, with their arched windows and little church in the valley beyond dismantled gables, bear a close resem- his native Tassan, or joining in the blance to some old castle or roofless simple fireside gossip amongst his neighbours in the "parish of Croghan." as the adjoining townland was

ANDY'S NEW TRADE .-- However. when Andy grew to man's estate, he men of the ancient Irish camee or had acquired a character for daring cott, hollowed out of a huge oak and adventure which seemed quite tree, and measuring, in its present out of harmony with the severe simimperfect state, 20 feet in length, 2 plicity of his early homelife and the feet in depth, with a breadth of beam | unvaried quiet of his surroundings. of 21/2 feet. The boat lay in a slant- He became an adept in the lucrative ing position, with its fractured end art of poteen-making, and even to almost on a level with the surface of | this day some of his old acquaintance the water, while the prow was sunk are loud in their praise of Andy's brewing. The long winter nights insilt. Semi-circular hollows in the variably were spent in cautious disgunwales of the boat, 31/2 feet apart. | tillation in his own house; while during the summer evenings operations were conducted in a secret chamber ber; and a rounded transverse beam which he had constructed in a heathor branch of firtree, about three covered turi bank quite close to the lake. On the latter occasions he was sure to take the necessary precaution to kindle "beitin fires" (7) upon the top of the bank, directly over the of a seat. There is a small square still-house lest the smoke, making its way through the fissured peat roof might lead to the discovery of the primitive distillery. Once, however, Andy failed to elude the vigilance of filled with a closely fitting decayed Captain McPhillips (8) and his revenue subordinates; but tradition has withheld from posterity the interesting particulars of the capture and its consequences. The favourite hidingplace for the "couch of poteen" (9) was a hole specially made under a portion of the bog road lying between the lake and Andy's Bridge.

HID IN A CAIRN.—The following . ANDY'S NAME STILL LIVES. -

est season they manufactured a large of stones which stood close to Cassihad occasion to go to the cairn during the night, but, to his utter consternation, he found it dismantled, and the huge keg stolen. At once suspicion fell upon Andy; and Caraher, the junior partner in the Latnakelly Distillery Company, having been apprised of the daring theft, soon devised a simple but effective plan of recovery. He arranged that some of his friends, during the following night, should pay a visit to Andy's house, ostensibly to purchase a few bottles of poteen, while Caraher and Cassidy would be in ambush close to the scene to await developments. At voices was heard, followed immediately by a gentle tapping at the winno time in ascertaining the business of his visitors, and admitting them. After a brief introductory gossip, Andy paid a hurried visit- unobserved as he thought-to the garden plot at the gable of the house, and in a few moments rejoined his visitors. Caraher, seeing his opportunity. cautiously quitted his hiding place. and entered the garden. After a hasty investigation he came upon a heap of preservation, was found in Tassau clay on straw, in which he discoverled the missing keg surreptitiously its selourn in Tassan. About this period in the history of our hero. during a season of exceptional drought, a very perfect bog oak cott was found in Tassan lake. Andy deemed this discovery a piece of unusual good luck for him, and, with the assistance of some thirty or forty neighbours, he secured the long-buried relic. Being now able literally to 'paddle his own canoe,' he availed himself of sc favorable an opportunity to hide many a keg of the precious mountain dew in the peat beds of Inushcuilligan, a small wooded island in the centre of the lake, forming a picturesque feature in the qujet landscape. Among his patrons Andy reckoned not merely his immediate neighbours, but the many shebeen houses which carried on their nefarious traine at the various crossroads and even mine host of the village inn It must not be inferred, however, that all his time was spent in poteen-making, "and every dark pursuit allied," for he devoted his leisare hours in the early summer to the less hazardous occupation of angling; and many a time the youthful waltons, who waited for the fish which never came, would look on with envious eye as their more fortunate rival hauled an cel or pike over the gunwale of his boat. Andy's pleasure trips upon the lake, and his frequent expeditions to the cache in the island, made him so proud and careful of his craft that he would not permit the use of it to anyone. There had been a credited tradition (10) amongst the people that two persons were to be drowned in the canoe, and with a view to averting as far as possible such a catastrophe he kept the boat moored near the island, and reached it or returned from it by swimming. ÁNDY'S DECLINE AND FALL, -

Although Andy never was, in the strict sense of the term, a farmer, nevertheless he owned a small farm of some twenty acres, embracing the tract of unproductive moorland which extends from Lough Cuilligan to the now dried-up Lough Warragh. The farm and the little homestead thereon were sadly neglected; and this deplorable circumstance, together with other misfortunes which invariably pursue the luckless poteen-maker, eventually brought Andy into the direst poverty. He suffered eviction more than once at the hands of the sheriff for the non-payment of longaccumulated arrears of rack-rent. Finally the untilled acres were parcelled out among the more industrious neighbours, and the miserable, thatched cabin-the scene of many a midnight revel-was razed to the ground by the agent's orders. Even the venerable old cott was disposed of for the nominal sum of one pound to a Tynan farmer, who showed his contempt for antiquities by converting the cance into a feeding trough for his cattle. "O tempore! O mores!" These trials were a fitting prelude to the terrible privations of the famine year when

"Pestilence and Death through the land.'

prove of interest to the reader to story, in which Andy is made to Andy was now an old man, houseless for months to come.

and friendless, and as a last resource became an exile. With tear-dimmed which obtained in our Northern pro- eyes he surveyed the ruined homevince in the opening years of this stead, "empty, cold, and grey," century. Prior to the memorable around which were laid the scenes of days of "Black Forty-seven," two wayward youth and manhood's checkfamcus distillers, Thomas Cassidy cred years. He emigrated to America, and James Caraher, lived among the and settled among some friends in Staten Island. But a lengthened so-Their skilful manipulation of "still journ in the New World could not and worm" secured for their poteen alter the finer traits of his Celtic a notoriety and patronage well cal- character. His thoughts were ever culated to arouse feelings of jealousy on his old home, and his heart in the old land still. He had seen no sight support as Andy Brennan. One harv- | more pleasing to him than his wild and ridgy lake shore far away; nor quantity of the Irish liqueur, and, for heard he in exile music sweeter than greater security, secreted it in a cairn the familiar song of the old cascade or the croon of Tassan river! We dy's dwelling. In response to a visit will leave it to the imagination of from a few of his customers, Cassidy the sympathetic reader to conjure up what spells of longing came to him when he recalled, with all the vividness of a home-sick exile, the scenes, the pleasures, the memories of that far-off humble Irish home, where

"To the wrongs of fate half recon-Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild.'

We can well imagine, too, how those feelings were intensified as he felt life's pensive twilight deepen. Grief for quitting the old home, remorse for his squandered patrimony, and regret that he could never return, accentuated by a poignancy the appointed hour a low murmur of that only religion can supply, hastened the end. When the end came, he was laid to rest among his dow of Andy's cabin. Brennan lost friends, in a nameless grave in Calvary Cemetery, where

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps

far away from the purple slopes of Mixey's Brae, that overlooked his home; and far away from his old time friends whose bones are dust today in Annayalla. But the memory of old Andy Brennan lives on in his native valley; his spirit seems to haunt the green hills and rocky slopes of quiet Tassan; and bridge bonded, and but little the worse for and brae still bear his name. Oftentimes the characteristic episodes in Andy's life are rehearsed, the stirring tales retold, and many a merry scene recalled in the long summer evenings, when the old neighbours meet to gossip in the "Pass," which skirts the haunted "Baouen," or throng around the "Giants' Graves" in Croghan-ard-a-vally. (12.)

NOTES.

1. This scheme was carried out in 1833 by Lord Templetown and Edward Lucas, the landlords of the adjoining estates.

2. Tassan (t-assan), the assan, or little cataract.

3. "Antiquitates Hibernicae," 2nd

edition, p. 100. 4. "History of South America,"

bk. 4, cap. 6.

5. "The Irish Rosary," Feb., 1899, pp. 115-116.

6. Adamnan's "Vita S. Colum-

bae," book 2, cap. 29.

7. "Beitin Fires," or, as they are sometimes called, "sod fires," are heaps of large clay clods with the grass upon them, which the peasants in some parts of the country burn. using the residue as top-dressing for their land, "Beitin" is an Irish word, meaning "the scorched or withed grass from the hills."

8. This revenue officer lived at Cootchill, and was a member of the Cavan branch of the Anglo-Norman De Bargos, who originally settled in Connaught, and adopted the Irish surname of MacPhilip. He was succeeded by Captain Quill, who had his headquarters at Monaghan.

9. "Couch" (French "couche," a layer), strictly speaking, applies on- put up stepping-stones so as to make ly to the layer of barley prepared for malting; but amongst the peasantry the term is often used to express the full quantity of poteen distilled.

10. From this it may be inferred that the presence of the cance in the lake had been known to the people through tradition long prior to the discovery.

11. "Baouen" is a phonetic rendering of the local pronunciation of the Irish word "badhun," an enclosure or fortress for cows-Anglicised bawn.

12. "Cruackan-ard-a-bhaile," the high little hill of the town. This hill is a singular spot, containing quite | MacCould should pursue him. and a number of flag-lined groves and other stone structures, supposed Druidical remains.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

1st. Every day of the 40 days in Lent is a fast day. There is neither fast nor abstinence on any Sunday in Lent.

2nd. Flesh meat is allowed at the principal meal on Monday, Tuesday. Thursday and Saturday; the only exceptions to this rule are Holy Saturday, the Saturday of Ember week and Holy Thursday, when no flesh meat is allowed.

3rd. It is never allowed at any time in Lent to use flesh and fish at the same meal.

"Safe bind, safe fund." Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now; and be sure of good health

A STUDY OF ERSE LEGENDS.

In St. Peter's Magazine, that now lows: King O'Toole had a goose well-known publication of the Bol- which he prized very much, ands, Mr. Arthur J. Ireland has a would not lose for anything. with the Erse branch of Irish folklore. The writer lays no claim to historical exactness; he merely rethem. A few samples from his collection may amuse our friends and serve as profitable St. Patrick's Day

-One of those which brings the belief that is held in superhuman interposition most clearly before the mind ered many stories. This legend is rewith a romance that proves it was highly respected, probably on account of its age, even at that time. It dein the valley now filled by the largest lake in the British Isles, and how orrah did in Biblical narration. And for their evil-doing, so was the city the lake's shores. There was in the ed at St. Kevin's feet. valley a sacred well to which the their allegiance after they had left off goose by making her fly round the doing wisely. Direct warnings were valley every day to take down the sent from on high to try whether any would repent, and in each of these was suffering from-which was killthe well was directly cited as the ing her, instead of dosing her. agent which should cause their ruin if they persisted in their vicious living. The people were deaf to the warnings as far as reformation was district to the wily Saint. King concerned; but they were sufficiently imbued with superstitious fears to feeling of being, what he considered. take every precaution to keep the well under control; and so stringent | called his six sons together and told rules were laid down which made it them what had happened. They were a punishable offense to leave the all very wrath, too, and egged their month of the well open after water father on to accompany them to the had been drawn for use. Thus they continued, sunk in vice and caten up At first he refused, but at last he with their own conceit, because they yielded to counsel which coincided considered themselves—perfectly safe, with his own wishes, and so they until the day of retribution was upon all set out. St. Kevin, who expected them. The signs and wonders which something of the kind, was not taken occurred before the destruction had unawares; and, as soon as he saw failed to influence them, and all their precautions proved vain in the he threw some water over them, and day of the vengeance of the Lord. The day in which the calamity actu- into the Seven Churches, which stand ally happened was this: A woman went to draw water from the well his day, and took her little boy with her to keep her company. She had filled the shows clearly that what we should pitcher and was just about to roll call diplomacy has developed between back the stone over the opening when the time of Finn MacCoul and St. Keshe heard the child cry as if in pain. Turning to ascertain the cause of his trouble, she saw a flerce dog rushing to bite him. Her fears were aroused and, without thinking of the well she ran to save him. Hardly had she taken a step in this direction. when the water burst forth with a laughing sound that flooded the whole valley in an incredibly short ime, utterly destroying the city, inhabitants, and every memorial of their vice. The waters of the lake possess strong petrifying qualities, a fact which has given rise to many superstitions, and it is said that, when the waters are clear, the dim outline of the vanished city may still be seen in their limited depths. But I should add, the lake is very seldom sufficiently smooth to permit of this strange sight.

LEGEND OF THE GIANTS' CAUSE-WAY.—Another legend of Northern Ireland is that of the Giants' Causeway, which, essentially of human construction, had a curious origin. There was once a celebrated giant named Finn MacCoul, who was always on the look-out for someone to fight, from the conquest of whom fresh glory might be won. Hearing that there was in Scotland a giant of valorous report, Finn MacCoul sent a polite message, asking him to come over and see which of them was the better man, and offering to the crossing as easy as possible for his antagonist. The Scotchman accepted the challenge, and, as soon as the stepping was fixed by Finn Mac-Coul, he set out. Benandonner,—the Scottish champion, got as far as Slieve Ban, in the Mourne Mountains, before Finn MacCoul, who lived on the southern shore of Carlingford Lough, in the mountains, caught sight of him. So delighted was the Irish warrior to see a man worthy of his metal, that he seized a stone and threw it towards his foe. This display of power so terrified Benandonner, although he was no coward, that he turned and went home as fast as he could. The further he went the more nervous he became, lest Finn when he reached the Causeway he started to run, and was in such haste that he kicked the stones down as he went; and that is why the Giant's Causeway does not now reach the whole way to Scotland, as it did when the hospitable Irishman constructed it for the use of his adver-

LEGEND OF ST. KEVIN .-- St. Kevin, as many know, was a most pious man who came to live in the country of King O'Toole in the sixth century. The King allowed the holy man to live at peace, but stoutly refused to give him any land upon which to erect a center of learning, although St. Kevin repeatedly made the request. At last it so happened that the Saint was enabled to place the King under an obligation which he did not know how to reward. It seems a trifling matter to us, but, evidently, to King O'Toole it was a valuable service, for he told the Saint to ask for what he wished. The way in which St. Kevin won the ascendency over the King was as fol-

goose, fortunately for St. Kevin, fell most attractive article on "Keltic ill and was like to die, so the King Legends." He deals more especially carried her to the Saint's cell and asked him if he could cure her, since he knew so many remedies. "I can," replied St. Kevin, "but you must leave her to me for a month,, as this lates the stories as he had heard is a case for careful treatment, and do not come near this place until the time expires." The King obeyed; and at the end of the month he came to hear the result of the Saint's physicking. He was overloyed to find THE LEGEND OF LOUGH NEAGH, his goose quite restored to health, and asked St. Kevin what reward he wanted. "Well," said the Saint, "I have often asked you for a bit of is connected with the formation of land to build a school on, and you Lough Neagh, around which are clust- refused. But now all I will ask for curing the goose is that you give me counted by the chroniclers of the all the ground she covers in one twelfth century, and is then told flight." The King was very much amused at this, and laughed long at the queer request. "Indeed," he said, "that will be little enough; and I tails at some length how, in the old-solemnly promise to give what you en time, there was a flourishing city ask, but not an inch over." "Verywell," replied the Saint, "give me that and I shall be content." "Fly the goose, "Fly the goose, that city wandered from the right then," said King O'Toole, "but not paths and embraced the ways of an inch more than she covers shall wickedness even as Sodom and Com- you have. And perhaps, you will not be offended if I say I think you ans these two cities were punished very strange man." St. Kevin said nothing, but only smiled as he took which lies nameless beneath the up the goose in his hands, for he waters of Lough Neagh. The story of knew what he was about. He threw now the vengeance was wreaked up- her into the air, when, to the utter on the wicked people is told with astonishment of the King. she flew great solemnity by the peasants on around the entire valley, and alightthen had the laugh, and explained to inhabitants of the city transferred King O'Toole how he had cured the

> The King was very angry; but he had plighted his royal word, and he kept his promise by giving the whole O'Toole, however, did not like the cheated, so when he went home he valley to kill the treacherous Saint. the King and his six sons coming. they were immediately transformed --or rather some ruins remain- to

> superfluous fat—the only thing she

The astate reasoning of this story vin, and that the Saint was a master of the art.

UNLUCKY.

Wife-My father used to say I was the brightest jewel he possessed. Husband (growlingly) - Opal he must have meant, for you've brought

me bad luck ever since I ve had you. __Fun.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from no fewer than sixteen different countries, employing forty-five different hands.



If a medal were awarded for the most perfect temperance medicine prepared for family use it would undoubtedly be given to Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine which is entirely non-alcoholic and nonnarcotic, produces actual strength, instead

of the simulated strength which results from the use of '' whiskey medicines," or nerve numbing narco-

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use of "Golden Medical Discovery prove the soundness of Dr. Pierce's theory that in these days of haste and hurry the stomach is the common breeding place of disease. These cures also prove the soundness of Dr. Pierce's reasoning that "diseases which originate in the stomach must be cured through the stomach." The "Discovery" is a medicine for the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. stomach is healthy the blood made in the stomach is healthy, and sufficient in quantity to nourish the nerves and strengthen the system to resist or throw off disease. Nature develops life, sustains life and preserves life by nourishment. Vital failure comes when the body is starved either from lack of food or the inability of the digestive and nutritive organs to extract the nourishment from the food taken into the stomach. 'Golden Medical Discovery" takes the obstacles from Nature's way so that she can sustain life by her own methods.

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