

Muckles, the McSnorers, and the McHaiverals "yont the Tweed."

It is certain at all events that the "long felt wants" of the Sacred Isle have been attended to in this respect, for we have before us a copy of "Irish Pedigrees, or the Origin and Stem of the Irish Nation, by John O'Hart, Q.U.I.," etc.

Of the work in question the *Dublin Medical Press* says, "Mr. O'Hart's genealogical deductions are by no means mere speculations, but rather the records of facts, of which there exists good evidence," and the *Northern Whig* declares that "The author actually traces the genealogy of the Irish race from the creation of man—from Adam to the present day."

We have not room to make many extracts, and though the following quotation is only a foot-note on page 199, still it is enough to show the labor and research expended on the work.

"The Stem of the Hoolahan Family. *O'h-Ualla-chain*: After this family was dispossessed of their territory in Hy-Maine, in Connaught, branches of them settled in Dublin, Galway, Kildare, Kilkenny, King's County, Mayo, Meath, and Westmeath, and assumed one or other of the following surnames: Colaghan, Coolacan, Coolaghan, Halahan, Halegan, Halligan, Holahan, Holhane, Holhgane, Holighan, Holland, Holligan, Hoolaghan, Hoolahan, Houlaghan, Houlighane, Houlahan, Howlegan, Hulegan, Huolaghane, Olehan, Oulahan, Oullaghan, Oullahan, Woolahan, and Merry, Merrie, FitzMerry, MacMerry, Nolan (of Connaught), Noland (in England), Proud, Proude, Soople, Suple, Supple, Vain, Vane, Whilton and Wilton.

Further investigation preparatory to the issue of a new edition will no doubt yield Howlagain, Howlonecmore, Howlathirdtime, Keeponhowling, Howforever, Howlandforever, Howlandformayorforever, Howlandformayorforeverandadaylonger, O'Bejoyful, O'Makemerry, Mick O'Murray, Bravo, Brave, Strong, Strung, String, O'Donovan Rossa, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and Smith.

Impecunious individuals bearing either or any of these cognomens should keep the weather-eyes open for lapsed properties in the line of the Hoolyhans. Apply at this office for certificates of identity.

AIRLIE AS A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

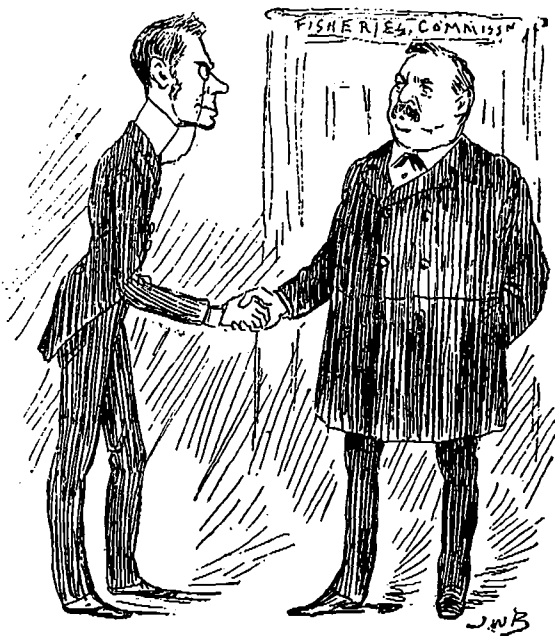
DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Whaever taks in hand tae deny that man is the victim o' circumstances, just you set him doon as a cuif—a muckle senseless fit-ba', wha gets kicket aboot here an' there, an' up an' doon the world by invisible pooers, noo divine an' noo infernal—an' yet sae fu' o' self-conceit as tae think the hale propellin' pooer lies within himsel'—the puir helpless bag o' wind that he is. Noo, for instance, wad you, Maister Grip—(wad I—or ony ither sensible man) gang deliberately, an' wi' malice aforethocht, ram yer head intill a muckle bason o' aipple jeely? Wad *you* wilfully drook yer haffits in a dollar's worth o' melted sugar at fifteen pund tae the dollar, an' hae the jeely a' rinnin' doon yer back till yer inner duds stuck tae ye like a wafer, an' yer beard presented the appearance o' a bunch o' rats' tails dreepin' seerup, as gin ye were anither Aaron wi' the ointment rinnin' doon? Of coorse, no! An' yet, here's me, a man o' mair than ordinary common sense, was landed by unforeseen circumstances intae that very predicament without ever speerin' ma leave.

Ye see, at breakfast time, Mistress Airlie, she says tae me, says she, "I think I'll go an' see ma mither the day,

an' maybe I micht bide ower nicht for fear the wean micht get cauld; an' I was thinkin' I micht just hand ye in the key at the warehooose on ma way tae the station."

"Very weel," says I, cheerfully, "come hame when ye like, stay a day or twa if yer mither wants ye."

Noo, here I want tae remark hoo the force o' circumstances made me a hypocrite. Sae far frae cheerfully grantin' ma wife's request, the fack is I hated the thocht o' her gaun awa', but since the choice lay atween her gaun awa', an' her mither comin' tae visit her, wi' that quick adaptation tae circumstances that I've aye been remarkable for, I at ance chose the lesser evil, an' as I had tae dae it, I did it cheerfully, as I said afore. Kennin' weel that if ma wife stayed a nicht wi' her mither I wad be sure to sleep in next mornin'. I thocht I wad tak time by the forelock an' soop up the warehooose, so I wad hae a thing ticht an' tidy in case I did get doon a wee late, an' consequently it was naur aicht o'clock afore I got hame tae ma ain hooose. It was gayen dark, an' as I set ma fit on the doorstap a cauld sweat brak oot a'



CHAMBERLAIN'S ARRIVAL.

Cleveland—We receive you, Mr. Chamberlain, with all the respect due to your Queen and Empire. If your mission ends in a dead failure you know just where the responsibility rests.

ower me. I had forgotten the key! What I said audibly an' inaudibly I winna here say, for the very gude reason that ye wadna print it, an' gin ye were tae represent ma words in the usual ——— I wad decidedly object, for I think that somehow taks a' the pith oot o' a gude honest swear.

Tae tramp back twa mile tae the warehooose was oot o' the question; but after a' I was in great luck, for Mistress Airlie I fund had been thochtless enouch tae forget tae lock the dinin' room window sash, an' sae wi' a feelin' o' great delight I clamb up an' jamp inside. Jamp inside, Maister Grip, richt on the oot edge o' a rockin' chair, that landed me on ma back wi' ma head in a basin o' aipple jeely! I thocht I was drooned, een an' nose an' mooth bein' clean filled wi' the juice; an' when I pat up