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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

Ye Wadna Bide Wi' Me.

Allie cam' hame in the gloamin',
Hame in the mirk nichtfa';
"Oh, I'm weary, weary o' roamin'
Alane in the aiken shaw.
For wae's the sough o' the win',
An' wae's the sob o' the sea—
Oh, love, my love, I gied ye a'
An' ye wadna bide wi' me."

Allie grat sair in the gloamin',
Sair in the mirk nichtfa';
An' she'll gang nae mair a-roamin'
At e'en in the aiken shaw.
For wae's the sough o' the win',
An' wae's the sob o' thesea—
"Oh, love, my love, I gied ye a'
An' ye wadna bide wi' me."

Allie lay doon in the gloamin',
Doon in the mirk nichtfa';
An' death cam' by a-roamin'
Sayin'—"Blairnie, come awa'."
Oh, wae's the sough o' the win'
An' wae's the sob o' the sea—
"Oh, love, my love, I gied ye a'
An' ye wadna bide wi' me."
—Toronto News.

IRISH MATCH-MAKING.

In the west of Ireland, the feelings the young woman are seldom contented in matters matrimonial. Her father being the best judge of what is for his daughter's advantage, opposition to her part is of very rare occurrence, except where she has taken the precaution of providing herself with a husband beforehand. When a match is made and the bargain concluded, if the girl declines to accept the husband selected, she quickly loses caste, the young man considering that a disobedient daughter must of necessity make an uncomfortable wife.

Still more exceptional is any objection on the part of the young man to the wife selected for him by his father, as he feels quite satisfied that experience enables his parent to judge of the temper and qualifications of a woman much better than he possibly could. Moreover, the father has the advantage of being able to examine her merits with a perfect impartiality, and at the same time fairly critical eye. Interest and inclination alike lead him to make the best selection; he does it only after an infinite amount of cogitation; but when his choice is made, it is unalterable; and he will obstinately contend for his son's interest, without a single thought of the young woman's inclinations, taking it for granted that they will be in accordance with her mother's wishes.

The mother has little to say in the matter on either side. She never goes to match-making, and is not in any way consulted, being only acquainted with the intentions of her husband for their son, when he has made up his mind.

Marriage is a matter of business, and it is like any other bargain, made with the shrewd humorous calculating caution which characterises the Connaught man. Marriage gifts, such as pigs, poultry, a cow, etc., play an important part in the arrangements; and the girl's father has been known to refuse to give her a single penny of fortune until the bridegroom's parent had conceded to her a favorite hatching goose!

The following is a specimen of the way in which matrimonial affairs are managed west of the Shannon.

"Get out my Sunday clothes, Judy," said old Corny O'Byrne, one evening when he returned from his work. "I'm goin' over to Peter Linskey's to-night."

"Musha, Corny, an' what are ye goin' for?" Judy asked, as she unlocked a large deal-chest, painted red, which stood near the fireplace, and carefully took out a blue-frieze tail-coat, with bright metal buttons, a pair of light-

colored cord knee-breeches, ribbon worsted stockings, a pair of strong shoes, and a hillycock hat, which, with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief with a flowered border (which he carried in his hat), and a stout blackthorn shillelah, constituted Corny's Sunday suit.

"Sure, I'm goin' to make a match between our Derihott and Katie Linskey," he said at last in reply to his wife's question. "She's a purty colleen, an' the boy is mighty plased with her, entirely."

"So she is, Corny, a laukie little girl, an' she'll have a snug fortune, maybe. Pether is a dacent, honest man!"

"Faith, Judy, an' he is the same, or it isn't Corny O'Byrne that would 'cut, shuffle or dale' with him or his; an' Dermott tells me that Katie likes him."

"An' why wouldn't she, Corny? There's not as purty a boy in the parish, nor a better," Judy said proudly.

"Thru for ye, ashore; give us out the ould stockin', an' we'll make a match of it this Shrovetide, with the blessin' o' St. Patrick!" Corny replied.

From the farthest corner of the chest, Judy drew out carefully an old worsted stocking, and handed it to her husband, who weighed it in his hand, and then, with a sly wink, buttoned it into one of his pockets.

"This'll do the business, Judy," he said, as he left the house, with many *Banauighth-Laths*—Heaven prosper, or be with you—from his wife.

Peter Linskey was a small farmer living about a quarter of a mile from Corny's cabin. He had several sons, and one daughter, Katie, who was considered the "beauty" of the village of Ballymoyné. Her eldest brother was about to be married, and bring his wife home; and her father considered it would be very advisable to get Katie married and settled down before the arrival of her sister-in-law, and Dermott O'Byrne, a fine, strapping, young fellow, very "steady" and good natured. Old Peter thought he would make a very good husband for his girl (especially as he was an only child), if no better suiter offered.

When Corny O'Byrne reached Peter Linskey's cabin, he put in his head over the half door, and said in Irish:

"God save all here!" the customary form of greeting in that and many other parts of Ireland.

"God save ye kindly, Corny," Peter replied from the chimney-corner; "come in an' take a sate."

Corny entered with both hands behind his back, took his seat on a three-legged stool that Mrs. Linskey had pushed in front of the fire for him.

"Fine weather for the crops, Corny," Peter said, poking up the fire with his shoe. "An' Mary, throw on a couple o' sods o' dry turf, an' sweep up the hearth, will ye?"

Mary did as her husband desired; and then going to a recess in the wall by the fireplace, took out from thence a new clay pipe and a piece of tobacco.

"Will ye light the pipe, Corny?" she said, handing them to the old man, who took them with a nod and "thankee kindly," and filled slowly, kindled with a coal from the hearth, blew a few whiffs in a grave, dignified silence, and then handed it to Peter, who in equal silence smoked it for a few moments, and then handed it back to Corny and proceeded to light his own pipe.

They smoked steadily for a time, then Mrs. Linskey pulled a small table between them, produced from her chest a stone jar of potheen, and a couple of cracked glasses, which she set on the table with a noggin of cold water; and taking up her pail, proceeded to the barn to milk the cows.

"That's a purty colleen of yours, Pether!" Corny said after a long silence.

"Thru for ye; an' a good, sensible little girl into the bargain; it's happy the man that'll get her," Peter replied, after due consideration.

"That's what I said myself; an' I come over to see if we can't make a match between my Dermott an' herself!" O'Byrne said after another interval.

"He's a likely boy," pursued Peter reflectively.

"Ye may well say that Pether; an' he'll make a good husband, no doubt, for he's a good son. What do ye say to it?" Corny asked leaning forward on his stool.

"I'm plased—"
"God save all here!" said a harsh, grating voice, and a head appeared in the doorway; "Good evening to ye, Peter!"

"Good evenin, kindly," Peter returned. "Come in and take a sate, Tom."

The new comer entered, and took a stool, and casting a questioning glance at Corny O'Byrne, proceeded to light his pipe, and smoke for some minutes. He was a stout, harsh-featured man, with a loud voice. He was not much of a favorite in the village—and especially disliked by Corny O'Byrne—who never lost an opportunity of annoying Tom Dillon. He was a comfortable farmer, and one of his sons had been "making" up to Katie Linskey some time before.

After a silence, during which the three old men smoked energetically, Dillon cleared his throat two or three times, and then said abruptly:

"Pether, I want to make a match between your little girl and my Martin; have ye anything to say agin it?"

"Sorry one word, Tom, only me neighbor Corny O'Byrne an' myself were speaking o' the same thing when ye come in!" Peter replied, with a shrewd glance at them both.

(To be Continued.)

LETTING THE DEVIL OUT.

Strang Performances of a Bewitched Family.

Philadelphia Telegram.

In a little farming house, four and one-half miles west of Mount Morris, Mich., lives a family of sixteen persons, all being huddled together in apartments not large enough for four. Some time ago a child died in the family, and since then several members of the household have been impressed with the belief that everything around the premises was bewitched—people, stock and the very air and water all being controlled by evil spirits. A Mrs. Summer, who is and has for some time been ill, was afflicted with this hallucination to a marked degree, and, while not pretending to prescribe for her mental trouble, Dr. Luman L. Fuller, of Clio, has been trying to minister to her physical ailments. He called at the

house, and when he attempted to get to her room he was met by a Mrs. Livingston, another member of the strange family, who had a razor in one hand and a knife in the other. In her frenzied efforts to induce him not to interfere with a case already being handled by the witches, she attacked and cut him savagely in the breast, inflicting a bad wound. She has been arrested, and a young man named Whitney, a brother of Mrs. Livingston, is also in custody. Other members of the family may be arrested. The neighborhood is full of stories of the hallucinations of the occupants. Some things they have done are worthy of the old witchcraft days of Massachusetts. The pigs and cows have had little nicks cut in their ears to let the devil out.

An Honest Man.

San Francisco Post.

There is a cheap clothing dealer on Kearny near California, whose confidence in mankind has received a severe set-back. The other day an honest-looking countryman walked into the store and said:

"You remember that second-hand overcoat I bought here for eight dollars yesterday?"

"Never dakes pak anyting ven vonce solt, my frent," said the hand-me-downer.

"Oh! that's all right. I just wanted to say that I found this five hundred dollar bill sewed up in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it."

"Of gorse he vill—he has call already, my tear frent," exclaimed the dealer, eagerly capturing the money. "You ish any honish man. Here, I gif you feefty dollar ash a revard. Dot vill pe all right."

When the honest customer got around the corner he murmured softly: "I guess I'd better take this fifty and skip up to Portland before that Sheeny tumbles to that counterfeit. It's getting mighty hard to shove the 'queer' round these parts, and that's a fact."

Why She Didn't Holler.

Merchant Traveler.

A young lady from the country was suing her ex-sweetheart for breach of promise, and the lawyers were, as usual, making all sorts of inquisitive interrogatories.

"You say," remarked one, "that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, with a hectic flush.

"How close?"

"Close enough, so's one cheer was all the sittin' room we needed."

"And you say he put his arm around you?"

"No, I didn't."

"What did you say, then?"

"I said he put both around me."

"Then what?"

"He hugged me."

"Very hard?"

"Yes he did. So darn hard that I come purty near hollerin' right out."

"Why didn't you 'holler'?"

"Cause."

"That's no reason. Be explicit, please, because what."

"Cause I was afraid he'd stop."

The court fell off the bench and had to be carried out and put under the hydrant on purpose of resuscitation.