



**The Time and Witness**  
**CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.**  
**MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1875.** **NO. 37.**

**ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.**  
INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE,  
AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE  
STATION CHURCHES;  
To which is prefixed the Encyclical of  
**His Holiness POPE PIUS IX.**  
AND THE  
PASTORAL LETTER  
OF HIS GRACE THE  
Most Reverend John Joseph Lynch,  
ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.  
Published with the approbation of the  
MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.  
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Montreal.

**TALES OF THE JURY-ROOM.**  
Eamus in Ius.  
PLAUT. Pomilius, Act. v.  
Dogberry. Are you good men, and true?  
Much Ado about Nothing.  
BY GERALD GRIFFIN.  
AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE MONSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

**THE SEVENTH JURYMAN'S TALE.**  
**MCENEERY, THE COVETOUS**  
—What a rare punishment  
Is avarice to itself!  
VOLPONE.  
CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)  
"Very good," said Tom, "let one of ye go now,  
and put down a big pot of water to boil, and when  
'tis bilin' come an' let me know it, an' do ye take  
it into a big spare room, an' let there be a table put  
in the middle of it, an' a grain o' flour upon it, and  
a sharp carvin' knife, an' when all is ready, let the  
great O'Neill come in, an' let us not be disturbed  
till the operation is over."  
All was done according to his directions, and when  
both were in the room together, and the door made  
fast on the inside McEnery addressed the chiefstain  
as follows:  
"Now, you great O'Neill, listen to me. Mind,  
when once ye begin you must not offer to say a  
word, or make any objection to what I please to do  
with you, if you have any taste for beauty."  
"Certainly not," said O'Neill, "but will you tell  
me in the first place, what you are going to do with  
that carvin' knife?"  
"You'll know that by and by," said McEnery,  
"He an' an' do as I bid you."  
O'Neill lay down. Tom whipped the carvin' knife  
across his throat, and with more cutting and  
mauling than could have been agreeable, he succeeded  
in severing the head from the body. He then took  
the head and washed it carefully, after which he  
shook a little flour upon the wound, and placed it  
on the body as it lay lifeless on the table.  
"Rise up, Great O'Neill," said he, slapping the  
chiefstain smartly on the shoulder, "and I wish you  
joy of your fine face and your fine poll of hair."  
It was in vain, however, that he exhorted the  
great O'Neill to arise and admire himself. The body  
still lay stiff upon the table, and the head rolled  
upon the floor, as ugly as ever and not half as useful.  
Tom now began to suspect that he had got  
himself into a quandary, and did not very clearly see  
how he was to get out of it. Repeated experiments  
convinced him that the great O'Neill was come to  
the end of his career, he was as dead as a herring,  
and he had little doubt if the family should lay  
bold of him, that his own was not much farther  
from its close. After much perplexity and several  
cold fits of terror during which the gallow's danced  
many a hornpipe before his mind's eye, he luckily  
brought him of the window. The height was  
considerable, but Tom wisely calculated that the  
chance of a broken leg was preferable to the certainty  
of a dislocated neck, so he let himself drop  
on the green. Finding his limbs whole, he ran  
across the country with all the speed of which he  
was master, towards a forest on which the window  
looked. After some hard running, he reached the  
hill where he had hid his hair, and had long  
been and cry would be quickly raised after him  
through the country, he determined to lie concealed  
till night-fall, and then continue his journey home-  
ward. Accordingly, he crept in amongst the furze  
bushes, and covered himself so completely, that he  
thought it was impossible for the sharpest eye to  
discover him.  
In the mean time, the family of the chiefstain  
were perplexed to think what could be the cause of  
the long delay made by their lord and the professor  
of beauty in the room, which they had locked them-  
selves in. Hearing no noise, they knocked at the  
door, but of course received no answer. At length,  
about midnight, the door was unlocked, and the

their suspicions being awakened, they broke in the door, and their sensations may be imagined on beholding the great O'Neill waltering in his blood, the window open, and no account of the stranger. Their astonishment giving place to grief, and their grief to rage, they dispersed in all directions, seizing whatever weapons they could lay hands on, and breathing vengeance against the murderer.  
McEnery heard, from his place of concealment the hue and cry that was raised after him, and was ready to die with fear, when, unexpectedly, he felt his legs grasped hard, just above the ankles, by two powerful hands. He uttered a yell of despair, and kicked and plucked with all his might and main, but to no purpose. He was dragged forth from his hiding place, and thought all was over with him when suddenly a well-known voice addressed him in the following words:  
"Well, tell me, what do you deserve from me now, after the manner in which you have acted?"  
At this question Tom ventured to look up, when to his great relief and joy, he beheld his Man standing before him.  
"What do you deserve, I ask you?" said the Man. "I deserve to be pulled saunder between four wild horses," answered Tom, with a look of humility.  
"Very well," said the Man, "since I see you have some sense of your merits, I will protect you this once, although it would be serving you right if I left you to fall into the hands of your pursuers. But rise up now, boldly, and come with me to the Castle."  
"To the Castle!" cried Tom in terror, "is it to be torn in pieces you want me?"  
"Do not fear that," replied the Man, "tell them when you meet them, that you could not finish the operation without my assistance, and leave the rest to me."  
Tom allowed himself to be persuaded, and both went boldly forward towards the Castle. When the multitude beheld McEnery they rushed towards him with horrible outcries, demanding his immediate death.  
"Stop! stop! hear me!" cried Tom.  
"We won't hear you," they exclaimed with one voice, "you murderer, what made you kill the great O'Neill? We'll make small bits of you."  
"Don't," said Tom, "if you do, the great O'Neill will never rise again."  
"No wonder for him, when you cut the head off him."  
"Be quiet," said Tom, "an' I tell ye he'll be as brisk as a kid in half an hour. The operation isn't half done yet, for I couldn't finish it rightly without my man, as he had something belonging to the profession that I couldn't do without."  
"Tis true for my master," said the Man, "let ye fall back, if ye want ever to see the great O'Neill again."  
The people were appeased, and McEnery, with his Man, entered the room in which the body lay. When all was made fast, a strong guard being now set on window and door, the Man took up the head, and shook a little powder on the wound, after which he placed it on the shoulders, and slapping him smartly on the back, said—  
"Rise up, now, Great O'Neill, and I wish you joy of your fine features and your fine poll of hair."  
O'Neill jumped upon the floor, and they led him to the looking glass, but on seeing the beautiful countenance which he now possessed, his transports were so great that he had well nigh broken his bones springing and leaping over tables and chairs, and cutting all kinds of capers in his ecstasy. When the vehemence of his glee had somewhat abated, he unlocked the door and summoned his lady and all the household to witness the change which had been effected. All congratulated him upon it, and all lavished praises and caresses on McEnery and his Man as plentifully as they had done abuse and menaces before. A grand banquet was made, to which all the chiefstains in the neighborhood were invited. The feasting lasted several days, during which McEnery and his Man were treated with all the respect and attention due to noblemen of the highest rank. At length they signified to him their intention of departing, as the duties of their profession would not suffer them to continue longer at his Castle. O'Neill pressed them much to stay longer, but finding them determined, he commanded his herdsmen to fetch forty of the fattest bullocks in his paddock, and while he was doing so, he ordered his groom to bring forward two noble horses, ready bridled and saddled, for the journey. When all was ready he went into one of his own secret apartments, and brought out two pairs of boots, one pair full of gold, and the other of silver. Ten men were summoned to drive home the cattle.  
"Allow me, Mr. McEnery," said the great O'Neill, "to present you with this trifling mark of my esteem. These horses, and this gold and silver and the cattle which you behold, I request you to accept as a very inadequate compensation for the important service you have rendered me."  
They took leave of all in the Castle and departed. When they were passing the furze hill in which McEnery had concealed his harp, he got down off his horse and went to look for it. Finding it safe where he hid it, he brought it out and placed it on the saddle before him, when all resumed their journey. When they had gone two or three miles on the road homeward, the Man called aloud to the cattle drivers and asked them who they were?—They answered that they were labourers belonging to the great O'Neill.  
"What time," said he, "did he allow you to go and come?"  
"He allowed us a fortnight, or a month if necessary," replied one of the men.  
"Ah," said the Man, "go home, my poor fellows, and till your gardens during that time, and we will drive these cattle home ourselves."  
Saying this he put his hand into one of his boots and gave each of them a handful of gold, and another of silver; and sent them away filled with gratitude, and leaving abundance of praise and blessing behind them.  
When they were out of sight, McEnery said, after proceeding for some time in silence:  
"How very liberal you made yourself in sharing my gold and silver."  
"Make yourself easy now," said the Man, "I did not, I am sure, altogether give one bootful out of the four, and we shall have more in the remainder than we can spend for the rest of our lives."  
"That won't do," said McEnery, "you should have borne in mind that I was the master, and that the whole was given to me."  
"Remember," said the Man, "that what we have was very easily acquired, and, therefore, we ought to share with the poor; for what we have ourselves does not belong to us altogether, especially when we have obtained it without much trouble. And as to your part, I am sure if I was to leave you where you were hid in the bush the other morning, you would be thinking of something else besides bootfuls of gold and silver before now."  
McEnery said nothing, and they continued their journey in silence, until they reached the foot of Knock Fierna.  
"Now," said the Man, "we are on the spot where we first met, and as I suppose we must part, let me see how you'll behave yourself, and I hope not as you did on a former occasion."  
"Very well," replied Tom, "I am here now, at home and among my own neighbors, and those that know me, and will you let me have the sharing of what we got?"  
"Let us hear what division you intend to make of it, first," said the Man.  
"There are forty bullocks here," said McEnery, "and if you are willing to take five of them I'll be content with the remainder. There are also four bootfuls of gold and silver, with the exception of what you made away with on the road, and I am satisfied you should take a proportionable share of them as of the cattle."  
"And do you imagine," said the Man, "that any one would be satisfied with such a division? I'll leave it to that woman behind you, with the can in her hand, whether I ought to consent to it."  
"What woman?" asked McEnery, looking around. He saw no woman, and turning again, neither cattle, nor man, nor boots, nor horses were visible. At this second disappointment, McEnery began to roar and bawl at such a rate, that it was a wonder he had not the whole neighborhood in commotion. His lamentations were interrupted by the approach of a horseman very genteelly dressed, and with rather a simple expression of countenance, who accosted him civilly and inquired the occasion of his grief. Tom evaded the question, not feeling very proud of what had taken place, and the stranger, observing a harp in his hand, requested him to play a little, and that if he liked his music he would give him a piece of money. Tom complied, but did not produce altogether such ravishing strains as when at the Castle of Seaghan an Fhiona.  
"Indeed," said the stranger, "I can't flatter you on your proficiency in music; but, however, as I know something of the art myself, I will give you this horse, bridle and saddle, as he stands for your harp."  
"Never say it again," said Tom, "it is a bargain," thinking in his own mind that he could make something of the horse by selling it.  
The stranger alighted and Tom got up in his place, but he soon found cause to repent of his bargain. He was no sooner fixed on the saddle, than the horse stretched himself at full length, and shot like an arrow along the hill side, and, taking the direction of the Cove of Cork, flew over hedges and ditches, walls, houses, churches, towns and villages with such rapidity, that Tom felt as if his life had been left half a mile behind him. When he reached the Cove, the horse suddenly turned, and keeping his head to the sea, galloped or rather glided, all round Ireland, and never stopped until he returned to Knock Fierna, where the stranger was still standing with the harp.  
"Well, how do you like your purchase?" he asked with a smile, as McEnery gasping for breath sat clinging to the saddle bow, his features pale, his eyes almost starting from his head, and his hair blown backward in such a manner that he looked more like a maniac than a rational being.  
"Oh, take me down, an' the heavens bless you," said Tom, with difficulty. "I'm stuck to the saddle myself, an' I can't stir. Make haste, or I'm in dread he'll be for the road again."  
The stranger complied, and Tom alighted from the horse.  
"You may take your horse, now," said Tom, "and much good may it do you."  
"No," said the stranger, "I can't do that, for what I once give I never take back again. But I'll buy him from you, if you are willing to sell him."  
"What will you give me for him?" asked Tom.  
"I have a razor here," said he, "and it is endowed with a property, so that let a man's clothes be ever so bad, if you give them the least scar with it, he will have a perfectly new suit in an instant."  
"I declare then," said Tom, "a little touch of that razor would be very much wanting to myself at this moment, for my own are nothing the better for the wear."  
The bargain was struck again, and Tom was so eager to be well dressed that he heaped the razor on the instant, and cut a small piece off the tail of his coat. No sooner had he done so, than he found himself attired from head to foot in the plebeian and uniform of a professed fool, perfectly new, but bearing a greater number of colours than he cared for.  
"Well," said the stranger, "are you satisfied with your new suit?"  
"I'm made a real fool at last," replied Tom, "but tell me what is your reason for playing these tricks on me?"  
"You may well ask that," said the stranger. "All that you have suffered is the fruit of your own covetousness. You were extravagant in your days of prosperity, and poverty did not teach you compulsion."  
"I own it," said Tom, with a sorrowful look, "I blame myself now very much that I didn't take the fair half I was offered both times, since I see you know all about it—or that I did not content myself with even a part of that same."  
"Still," said the stranger, "it is your covetousness makes you express that regret, and not a dis-sense of your error. And now do you wish to know who I am?"  
"I would, indeed, be glad to hear it," said Tom.  
"I am Don Firine," replied the stranger, "of whom I dare say you have often heard, and I reside in this mountain."

At the sound of this famous name, McEnery started back in astonishment.  
"I heard of your distress," continued Don Firine "and came to relieve you when you first left home with your harp, but you were so covetous that I could do nothing for you, although I made several trials, thinking that one or two severe lessons might be sufficient to open your eyes and your heart but you would not be taught. I would have made you rich and prosperous for the remainder of your life; but now, that fate's coat you wear shall be the only one you shall ever be able to purchase."  
Saying these words, he disappeared, and McEnery returned to his home poorer than when he left it. His wife and daughter received him kindly, until he told them how he fared since they parted, and the cause of his re-appearing amongst them in his present ridiculous dress. When they had heard his story, they all joined in blaming him, and though they shared his disappointment, could not but acknowledge that he had brought it on himself.  
"And now, gentlemen," said the Seventh Juror, "comes a difficulty which was hardly contemplated in the regulations of our institution. You all, I suppose, expect either a song or a shilling from me at this very moment. I acknowledge my culpability in not having confessed my infirmity at the time when our rules were made, but I'm not the only person in the world who has allowed himself to be placed in a prominent position without reflecting that he wanted some necessary quality, until the moment comes for exercising it. I never turned a tune in the whole course of my life."  
At this announcement there was a murmur of dissatisfaction amongst the Jury.  
"And I, gentlemen," said another Juror, "am in exactly the same predicament. I think it better to tell you so before it comes to my turn, lest you may accuse me of having any longer deluded you with false expectations. It will be impossible to make me sing, inasmuch as Nature denied me the capability, and it would be unjust to fine me for it, as my will is wholly blameless in the affair."  
"I fear, gentleman, observed the Foreman, "if this be allowed we shall have neither songs nor fines. For my own part," he continued, "with a look of increasing determination, "I am fully resolved to enforce the conditions agreed upon at the commencement of the night's entertainment, so long as I am supported by my respected brethren who have placed me in the chair."  
The fine—the fine—the fine resounded from all parts of the room, at the conclusion of this address, and ceased only when the defaulting Jurymen had deposited a shilling in the snuff tray. He protested however, that, when offering his inability to sing as an excuse, he had no desire to evade the penalty. This unexpected difficulty being arranged, the Jurymen next in succession commenced his tale, as follows:  
**THE EIGHTH JURYMAN'S TALE.**  
**MR. TIBBOT O'LEARY, THE CURIOUS.**  
They use commonly to send up and down to know news, and if any meet with another, his second word is—what news? Inasmuch that hereof is told a prattling tale of a Frenchman, who, having been sometimes in Ireland, where he remarked their great inquiries for news, and meeting afterwards in France at Irishman whom he knew in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwards said thus merrily, "O Sir, I pray you tell me of curtesia, have you heard anything of the news, that you so much inquired for in your country?"  
SPENCER.  
**CHAPTER I.**  
In that exceedingly romantic, but lonesome tract of country which extends along the Upper Lake of Killarney, there stood, within my own recollection, one of those antique mansions, which are to be found in different stages of decay in many parts of the country. It was easy to see from the style of building, that the hands by which it was raised, had given up business for more than a century at least.  
In this house, somewhat less than fifty years since, there dwelt a gentleman of very ancient family indeed. He was one of those persons whose faces ought to be turned behind them, in order to correspond with the prevailing bias of their intellects, for he seemed to think of nothing but the past, and was infinitely more familiar with the days of Moses and Zoroaster, than with his own. As to the future, he saw and desired to see no more of it than a man beholds of those objects which stand in a right line behind him. His tastes, if not so entirely sentimental as those of Sterne, who could find more satisfaction in communing with a dead man than with a living christian, appeared yet sufficiently fantastic in their way, to that very limited number of persons who had the honour of being scattered in his neighbourhood. A mouldy Irish manuscript, a Danish rath or fort, a crazy ruin of an Abbey or Castle, which had survived the very memory of their possessors, were to him more welcome, or lonely Druid stone, were to him more welcome company any day in the year, than the wisest or most sociable amongst his living friends. As to the ladies; if Cleopatra herself, were to arise from the grave, unless her great antiquity might awaken some interest for her, she would find her charms and talents as entirely wasted on the insipid mind of Mr. Tibbot O'Leary, as they were in her natural lifetime on that very ill-bred gentleman whom Mr. Wall Octavianus Caesar. Although habits of retirement and absence of mind had made him very unobservant of the manners of his own time, and he was apt to make awkward mistakes occasionally, both at his own table, and at those of others yet he could hardly be taxed with a want of breeding, for he would have known to a nicety how to conduct himself at the tables of Lucullus or Mecenas, when those who laughed at him for his ignorance would have looked like fools or clodpoles by his side.  
But the darling object of his affections, was a young woman. What especially charmed him about these singular buildings was, that nobody in the world could tell how they were raised, and he was so sure of it, that he would not be taken in by any impostor who should pretend to show him the secret.  
He was, indeed, very curious in his tastes, and he was so sure of it, that he would not be taken in by any impostor who should pretend to show him the secret.

world could tell for what possible use they were intended. Volumes on volumes had been written, all proving the great learning and acuteness of the different writers, yet the subject still remained as much a mystery as ever. What in the world could they be for? That was the question which constantly recurred to his mind, alone or in company, silent or conversing, sleeping or awake. There they were, round, lofty edifices; as cylindrical inside and outside as the barrel of a gun, exact in all their proportions, and admirable in their masonry, yet of no possible use that anybody could divine—no steps—no way of getting up to the top either inside or outside, no apartment underneath, nothing but its small doorway, and the tall circular wall, as if the sole object of the founder had been to show how high it was possible to build a round wall, which could not be of any earthly use to himself or to anybody else. They could scarcely have been watch-towers, seeing that some (as at Glendoch) were at the bottom of a valley, and surrounded by hills, any one of which would give a better view than the top of the round tower. Nor could they have been Stylite columns, since that was acknowledged to be almost exclusively an Oriental institution. Nor could he see that resemblance in structure, which others professed to discover between them and the Pyramids of the Forstian Gaur, which are still to be seen in the East, for those last were at least habitable and accessible. What on earth could they be for? There was no knowing, and that was the very circumstance which fascinated his mind, and kept his intellectual powers for ever on the stretch.  
Absorbed by such pursuits, he felt not for a long time the loneliness of his position, living in a dilapidated house, with no other company than that of his man, Tom Nash, and a moving antique in the shape of an old woman who took care of his housekeeping. Tom felt no great interest for ruins either old or new, and had a much keener taste for a corned round of beef, or cheek of pork and greens, than for all the round towers between Scattery Island and the Persian Gulf. However, he always listened or seemed to listen attentively, while his master spoke; and as the latter, in their rambles from place to place, unfolded to his mind's eye the most recedite learning of past ages, he was careful to mark at the same time his attention, and his astonishment, at every new piece of information, by such intelligent observations as, "See that!" "Murder murder!" "Well, well, there is nothing can surpass the art of man!"  
In this complacency he found his account. An attentive or patient pair of ears, was an article which his master valued in proportion to its rarity, and as amongst the few which flourished in his vicinity, still fewer were at his service as often as he could wish, his esteem for those which adorned the head of Tom Nash, made him liberal to their owner. And if ever any piece of neglect or awkwardness occurred to diminish the cordiality with which his master always treated him, Tom had it always in his power to restore himself to favor, by taking the first opportunity to ask, as if from a reverie, "Why then, I wonder, master, what in the sixthly universe could them old round towers be built for?"  
This was certain to bring back good humor, and in the learned disquisition which followed, all traces of displeasure were sure to be forgotten.  
I have already said that Mr. O'Leary lived almost alone, nor, though yet young, did he seem to have any idea of (as the phrase is) "changing his condition." Rumour said, indeed, for rumour will find its way even into a wilderness, that it had not always been so, and that a disappointment of a nature which least of all could be suggested by his present character and pursuits, had much to do with his present retirement and his studies. It was whispered, however, moreover, that he owed it all to an unreasonable exercise of the same spirit of restless and fidgetty curiosity, which had been a leading feature in his character from childhood, and many thought his present occupations were no more than a new direction taken by the ruling passion. The manner in which he first met with his man Nash, furnished a proof that he had been afflicted with it long before it took its present turn.  
Mr. Tibbot O'Leary was left early in possession of his property; so early that he was compelled to become a man of business almost before he was a man at all. Even at this period, however, and indeed long before, he was the same busy, systematic, prying, inquisitive, untiring burthen to himself, and plague to his neighbours that he was all his life, until his river of curiosity happily emptied itself into the boundless ocean of antiquarian research.—There was scarce a sentence left his lips, or a thought passed through his mind, which might not have a note of interrogation placed at the end of it.  
One of his numerous daily practices was to walk down as far as the gate of his own avenue, which opened on the mail coach road, at half-past nine o'clock every morning, and at a quarter to four every evening; these being the two diurnal periods at which the coach passed, or ought to pass on its way, to and from the county town. And if he were too early for the coach (he never was too late), he would wait patiently, with his back against the pier of his gate, until the "convenience" made its appearance; and at the very instant it was pausing his own gate, he would draw out his silver hunting watch and mark the time, and then leisurely walk home and compare his watch with the dial, and then compare the dial with the almanac, making allowance to the fourth place of decimals for difference of longitude, and thus discover exactly how many minutes, or fractions of minutes, the coach had been "behind time" in its progress for that day. Now, was he a job discontented by observing, (indeed he did not observe it at all) that in progress of time the automaton-like regularity of his appearance and of his movements; the punctual apparition of his figure seen afar off leaning against the pier; the motion of the hand to the watch fob as the coach drew nigh; the production of the time piece; and the glance at the coach to observe the precise moment when they were in a direct line opposite the gate; all became matter of undivided attention to the coachman and his passengers, who might be seen looking back with laughing countenances, as he put up his watch with the air of a philosopher, and walked up the avenue to complete the troublesome process which he had imposed on himself as a morning and evening recreation.—(From the works of Mr. Wall Octavianus Caesar.)

world could tell for what possible use they were intended. Volumes on volumes had been written, all proving the great learning and acuteness of the different writers, yet the subject still remained as much a mystery as ever. What in the world could they be for? That was the question which constantly recurred to his mind, alone or in company, silent or conversing, sleeping or awake. There they were, round, lofty edifices; as cylindrical inside and outside as the barrel of a gun, exact in all their proportions, and admirable in their masonry, yet of no possible use that anybody could divine—no steps—no way of getting up to the top either inside or outside, no apartment underneath, nothing but its small doorway, and the tall circular wall, as if the sole object of the founder had been to show how high it was possible to build a round wall, which could not be of any earthly use to himself or to anybody else. They could scarcely have been watch-towers, seeing that some (as at Glendoch) were at the bottom of a valley, and surrounded by hills, any one of which would give a better view than the top of the round tower. Nor could they have been Stylite columns, since that was acknowledged to be almost exclusively an Oriental institution. Nor could he see that resemblance in structure, which others professed to discover between them and the Pyramids of the Forstian Gaur, which are still to be seen in the East, for those last were at least habitable and accessible. What on earth could they be for? There was no knowing, and that was the very circumstance which fascinated his mind, and kept his intellectual powers for ever on the stretch.  
Absorbed by such pursuits, he felt not for a long time the loneliness of his position, living in a dilapidated house, with no other company than that of his man, Tom Nash, and a moving antique in the shape of an old woman who took care of his housekeeping. Tom felt no great interest for ruins either old or new, and had a much keener taste for a corned round of beef, or cheek of pork and greens, than for all the round towers between Scattery Island and the Persian Gulf. However, he always listened or seemed to listen attentively, while his master spoke; and as the latter, in their rambles from place to place, unfolded to his mind's eye the most recedite learning of past ages, he was careful to mark at the same time his attention, and his astonishment, at every new piece of information, by such intelligent observations as, "See that!" "Murder murder!" "Well, well, there is nothing can surpass the art of man!"  
In this complacency he found his account. An attentive or patient pair of ears, was an article which his master valued in proportion to its rarity, and as amongst the few which flourished in his vicinity, still fewer were at his service as often as he could wish, his esteem for those which adorned the head of Tom Nash, made him liberal to their owner. And if ever any piece of neglect or awkwardness occurred to diminish the cordiality with which his master always treated him, Tom had it always in his power to restore himself to favor, by taking the first opportunity to ask, as if from a reverie, "Why then, I wonder, master, what in the sixthly universe could them old round towers be built for?"  
This was certain to bring back good humor, and in the learned disquisition which followed, all traces of displeasure were sure to be forgotten.  
I have already said that Mr. O'Leary lived almost alone, nor, though yet young, did he seem to have any idea of (as the phrase is) "changing his condition." Rumour said, indeed, for rumour will find its way even into a wilderness, that it had not always been so, and that a disappointment of a nature which least of all could be suggested by his present character and pursuits, had much to do with his present retirement and his studies. It was whispered, however, moreover, that he owed it all to an unreasonable exercise of the same spirit of restless and fidgetty curiosity, which had been a leading feature in his character from childhood, and many thought his present occupations were no more than a new direction taken by the ruling passion. The manner in which he first met with his man Nash, furnished a proof that he had been afflicted with it long before it took its present turn.  
Mr. Tibbot O'Leary was left early in possession of his property; so early that he was compelled to become a man of business almost before he was a man at all. Even at this period, however, and indeed long before, he was the same busy, systematic, prying, inquisitive, untiring burthen to himself, and plague to his neighbours that he was all his life, until his river of curiosity happily emptied itself into the boundless ocean of antiquarian research.—There was scarce a sentence left his lips, or a thought passed through his mind, which might not have a note of interrogation placed at the end of it.  
One of his numerous daily practices was to walk down as far as the gate of his own avenue, which opened on the mail coach road, at half-past nine o'clock every morning, and at a quarter to four every evening; these being the two diurnal periods at which the coach passed, or ought to pass on its way, to and from the county town. And if he were too early for the coach (he never was too late), he would wait patiently, with his back against the pier of his gate, until the "convenience" made its appearance; and at the very instant it was pausing his own gate, he would draw out his silver hunting watch and mark the time, and then leisurely walk home and compare his watch with the dial, and then compare the dial with the almanac, making allowance to the fourth place of decimals for difference of longitude, and thus discover exactly how many minutes, or fractions of minutes, the coach had been "behind time" in its progress for that day. Now, was he a job discontented by observing, (indeed he did not observe it at all) that in progress of time the automaton-like regularity of his appearance and of his movements; the punctual apparition of his figure seen afar off leaning against the pier; the motion of the hand to the watch fob as the coach drew nigh; the production of the time piece; and the glance at the coach to observe the precise moment when they were in a direct line opposite the gate; all became matter of undivided attention to the coachman and his passengers, who might be seen looking back with laughing countenances, as he put up his watch with the air of a philosopher, and walked up the avenue to complete the troublesome process which he had imposed on himself as a morning and evening recreation.—(From the works of Mr. Wall Octavianus Caesar.)