

to Miss Power, daughter of the late Hon. Judge Power, of the Superior Court of Quebec. Mrs. Murphy, who inherits her father's talents and generosity, is the coadjutor of her husband in his works of benevolence, and his sympathetic fellow-worker in his many labors of love. What a noble example for the rising generation have we not in the career so hastily and imperfectly sketched in this paper? Mr. Murphy is identified with the progress and the prosperity of his adopted home. As a successful merchant and banker, his word is as good as his bond in the commercial community. He is the patron of education, the noiseless toiler in scientific pursuit, a sincere and devout Catholic whose name will ever be connected with St. Patrick's Church, its asylums and kindred institutions; he is respected and trusted by his fellow citizens of all origins and creeds as a loyal and devoted son of Canada, and one who has never been afraid or ashamed to struggle with might and main for even handed justice to his fellow-countrymen in the land of his birth.

THE LAST OF THE O'MORES.

A TALE OF THE IRISH "TROUBLES."

CHAPTER I.

IN the March of 1799, the British army had entered the territory of the Sultan; I had received despatches from the rear, which I had delivered, and was again returning to join my regiment in the main army. It was evening when I began to descend the great chain of eastern Ghauts, which separated the Carnatic territory from that of the Mysore. A gentle breeze from the mountains moderated the sun's heat, producing an elasticity of spirits, and satisfaction of situation, only felt in this respect through India in these delightful plains. My mule appeared to feel the pleasing effects of the cool atmosphere, as well as myself; and, as he trotted gaily over the summit of the hill, brought in view, extended before me in the plain beneath, the British army,

which I beheld them, far over the level prairie, till by the twilight now surrounding me, they seemed lost in the distance, appearing much like a migratory nation, with all the appurtenances for colonising some barren realm, than an invading army of modern days. I was so much occupied with the appearance of the army in the distance, that I did not for a time observe a small party about a quarter of a mile in advance: I at once discovered the troop before me to be a party of grain merchants, such as attend all moving armies in India, supplying the contending powers, without an interest in either, save for those from whom they can extort the highest prices for what they have got to dispose of. I was turning my observation again towards the plain, when my eye caught the uniform of a British officer among the group just mentioned. As this had more interest for me, I lost no time in making up to them, and was still further pleased to observe the uniform was that of my own regiment, although the person of the wearer was entirely unknown to me. There was something in the stranger's appearance, which, as I paused to observe him, prevented my accosting him with that familiar greeting, which, as a brother soldier, I had intended; and as he did not for a time take notice of my approach, I had leisure to scan his appearance, which had already interested me in him. His seat in the saddle was easy, and rather that of a sportsman than a soldier; yet, it did not want dignity; his form was rather slight, yet admirably proportioned; his hair, which was of light auburn, had not been fastened in the military fashion, but fell in folds upon his shoulder; his Celtic eyes of deep blue, bore a melancholy expression; and on his regular formed features, a grave sadness rested, which appeared foreign to so youthful a countenance. A narrow part of the road now brought us close to each other, and for the first time he observed me; a bright smile illumined his face, as he recognized on me the uniform of his regiment, and gracefully returned my salute. On the first salutation, I at once recognized in his accent, the sound dearest of all others to one distant from his native land. Whether it be the softest notes touched on sweetest instru-