

A GLIMPSE AT "MERRIE" ENGLAND.

What I saw in "Merrie" England, 'Twas sad enough to see; The workhouse and the jail appeared Most prominent to me!

O'CONNOR POWER.

HIS LECTURE AT MECHANICS HALL, MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 15th.

"THE POLICY OF IRISH PATRIOTS AT HOME & ABROAD." A LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.

O'Connor Power must have felt complimented in a high degree last night.—In the midst of a blinding storm, which it would be hard to describe, save in the terse phrase of the Limerick watchman, when he had to speak of the elemental combination of snow, sleet, rain and wind.—A queer sort of a night,—men and women pressed forward to Mechanics Hall until not a place in the spacious room was left vacant. And well were they repaid for the sacrifice of comfort and time.

Circumstances to which we need not here advert, had caused some doubts as to the quality of O'Connor Power's political theories, and some hesitation as to the character of his reception: but the disappointment last night was as abundant as it was agreeable. The learned gentleman uttered no phrase which the most ardent of patriots might not adopt as his own, and to which the most cautious of constitutionalists could take reasonable exception.—Ireland's misgovernment in the past—her inalienable natural right and her plundered political privileges in the present—and the prospect of her vindication and amelioration in the future—these were depicted with a mastery of eloquence, and a manifest sincerity of patriot feeling which we have never heard or seen exceeded.

We surrender as much of our space as we can well afford to our abstract of the lecture. The desires are many and earnest that opportunity may be given of hearing here again the eloquent Irish orator. We are afraid to hold out any hopes in that regard. Mr. O'Connor Power returns to Ireland from New York on the 4th March; next week he has engagements in New England which cannot be broken, and we fear this time there would not be opportunity for organizing a second appearance. However he has left his mark on the public mind and the public sentiment. On the platform were His Worship the Mayor, B. Devlin, M.P., the Rev. Father O'Reilly, editor of the "True Witness," Messrs. M. P. Ryan, Stephen J. Meany, J. J. Curran, Edward Murphy, and officers of the Irish Societies.

Mr. M. P. Ryan, President of the St. Patrick's Temperance and Benefit Society, under whose auspices the lecture was given, presided. The Chairman thanked the audience for their appreciation—as shown by their numbers—of the services of the Society, and took occasion to state that during the year it had attached to itself a benefit branch, which might fairly be considered a life insurance agency in which any member who contributed one dollar only his family in case of his death was entitled to receive a dollar for each and every member in the Benefit Branch. He trusted the time was not far distant when the Society would number 3,000 members. He asked for the influence and example of the audience on behalf of the Society, and expressed a hope that the time was not far distant when every man, woman and child, in the Dominion, would be enrolled under the banner of Temperance. Then they could say, that instead of poverty and crime being predominant, the land would enjoy the blessing of peace and plenty. He next introduced Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., whom he characterized as one of the "noblest members of the English Parliament, and one of the most able and patriotic defenders of the cause of civil and religious liberty; and of Home Rule, for Ireland," (loud applause) and believing, as he did, in the justice of the English people, and the ultimate success of moral suasion, he was convinced that the day was not far distant, when England would concede that right to Ireland, and at the same time discover, that instead of Home Rule for Ireland being a source of weakness to her, it would be the very reverse (cheers).

The Lecturer, who was received with deafening cheers, commenced by giving a rapid sketch of Irish history and of the Irish race, how they originally held possession of the land of Ireland, of which they now own but a tenth; how they became alienated from the land and were expatriated; how England refused to acknowledge them as a nation, though the field of freedom for four hundred years was crimsoned with the blood of their best and bravest. Then came a time when the Irish became hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Anglo-Saxon, and English literature and English history threw obstacles in the way of knowledge of Irish history. Up to this very time the stream of falsehood had continued to flow from the same source until the minds of the people of England, of Europe, of America, and of Canada, too, had become poisoned, and through its means the Irish people were regarded as only one degree.

It was only when such names as Fontenoy (cheers),

were mentioned in European history, and when Antietam thrilled the hearts of the great American Republic that foreigners were startled into admiration and astonishment at the bravery of such a nation. It is only this bravery and this indistructible love of nationality that has preserved Ireland since the days of Strongbow. The time had at length arrived when the Irish race would rise above humiliation, and take the true position which is theirs by inalienable right (great cheers). If, in glancing at the condition of Ireland brought about by the Imperial policy which it was their duty to oppose, he should be met with the same protest as the Imperial conspirators used who destroyed the Irish Parliament, "It is necessary in the first place to secure the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and it is necessary in the second place to secure the integrity of the British Empire," he would answer, "we have tried your policy seventy years ago, and it has neither secured the peace of Ireland nor the integrity of the Empire" (applause). Three years had scarcely elapsed after the Union when the blood of a gallant young Irish patriot sprinkled the pavement of Thomas street, Dublin. Who were they who have stamped their names on the brightest page of Irish history? They were the men who stood on the scaffold and trod the deck of the emigrant ship, because God had endowed them with the glorious spirit which dwells not in the hearts of slaves (applause). John Bright declares the system has not succeeded, for whenever an Irishman has planted his foot on a foreign shore there was at once an avowed enemy to the

INTEGRITY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. (a bouquet was here thrown upon the stage, and the orator was enthusiastically cheered.) They were to-day face to face with the political problem which not only concerned Ireland, but the life and integrity of the British Empire. (Applause.) There was never a period when the love of nationality was so rooted in the Irish heart as at present, not even in 1782 when Grattan had 40,000 volunteers at his back with their swords and artillery, for then the Catholics were excluded from all share in the Government, not in '48 when the genius of the Young Ireland Party (turning to Mr. Meany amid great cheering) kindled anew the sacred fires of nationality, for then the love of country had passed from the Protestant to the Catholic. The patriots of 1876 knew no national creed or class. Their policy was to collect in the ranks of their organization for Ireland's regeneration the courage and intellect of Ireland, (applause), and in their struggle against Imperial power to bring about the grand and glorious union which the poets and orators of by-gone days sighed for in vain, which has already brought the sun peeping above the horizon, which will one day burst in the noonday of glory into the blaze of liberty. (Loud cheers.) Ireland's national rights are precisely the same as those of England, Scotland, or Canada, the same as those of the people the world over; God given, self-dependent, self-defending, without consulting any party outside the

FOUR SHORES OF IRELAND, (cheers.) If England did not meet Ireland's advances and offers of conciliation and reconciliation he would say he was sorry for England, for Ireland will never recede from her position (applause). He had been told that the attitude of the Home Rulers was too moderate, but he would answer, Ireland's policy during the past five years was as bold as she could maintain. Just let them forget their petty jealousies and sectional differences, and separate the English masses from the English oligarchy, and they need never recede until Ireland speaks through her representatives on the floor of an Irish house of Parliament. There has taken place in Ireland within the last two years a constitutional revolution. It took place in February, 1874, when the electors for the first time voted according to their conscience under protection of the ballot, and what was the result? Why that in one hour of free voting power was forever

WRESTED FROM THE HANDS of an Irish oligarchy, and placed in those of men like himself, who sprang from the people, and while life lasted he would be true to the trust then reposed in him. (Loud cheers.) Never till then had England dared to submit their destiny to the people of Ireland on a question of Imperial policy, and Ireland took advantage of the occasion by electing sixty men to use their influence in defeating every Imperial party which denied them legislative independence. At one time voting was a deliberate farce, but the ballot allowed the elector, notwithstanding the pressure of the land law, to revenge his conscience, and vote for the candidate of his choice. There were those who took a mere revolutionary stand as regards Irish politics than he had charged him with being too moderate, while others styled him a radical Revolutionist. Although he was addressing the citizens of one of the most loyal cities (laughter) in her Majesty's Dominions he was not afraid of the term radical Revolutionist. George Washington was called a radical Revolutionist by that Imperial party which drove America out of the Empire, and would have driven Canada as well were it not for good statesmanship. Well, that same Imperial party was about to send a deputation to the Philadelphia Centennial to bow down before

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. (Applause.) Forty independent States would come to do the same. Bloodletting was only a question of expedience or not, according to the state of the patient's health (laughter). He was not afraid of Revolution. Some Revolutions were bad, and deserved to be, while the actors in others would for all time influence the opinions of mankind. A mere party cannot effect a permanent revolution. France did not succeed permanently in 1793 because it was a party that inaugurated it, and Oliver Cromwell's republic lasted but three years for the same reason. When he passed away the republic which he had created by the force of his genius and with his strong right arm, and carried in the hollow of his hand passed with him. He would welcome independence whether it came with the golden links of a crown, or in the garb of republicanism. Irish patriots abroad should look to those at home and help them to produce a Union which would be instrumental in altering Imperial policy. He saw no

HOPE IN ENTHUSIASM. He saw, so far as he was concerned, his hopes dashed to the ground, and nothing but defeat and disaster attending enthusiasm. The strength of a cause is not in the number of its representatives, but in its justice. Daniel O'Connell was in 1829 in the English Parliament one against 657, but he triumphed, and they (the House Rulers) would triumph, though they were only 70 against 500. He was hopeful of the future, and his hopes were based on the Union of the Irish people, and the people were the true source of political power. No prison walls could enclose a whole nation. He believed the assertion of Republican principles would guide France to bright destiny, and he believed that Ireland, which understood national brotherhood, deserved to have its children free and equal. She had committed no crime to deprive her of liberty.

For oh, it were a glorious deed To show before mankind, How every class and every creed Should be by love combined. Should be combined—but not forgot The fountains whence they rose, As swelled by many a rivulet The stately Shannon flows. There yet lived a spirit in their country which lifts her far above common influences and leaves

her heart still filled with national aspirations. Protestant and Catholics were united, and though aware they could not agree on all points, he was sure they could all unite in this sincere love for the dear old land, and a wish to place her in the position she deserved.

The eloquent lecturer concluded amidst the deafening cheers of his audience, again and again repeated, after which a vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Edward Murphy, and seconded by Mr. J. J. Curran, was carried unanimously. Mr. O'Connor Power returned thanks in graceful terms, and concluded by proposing a vote of thanks seconded by Mr. Meany, to the Chairman of the evening, which was adopted by acclamation.

Vociferous calls amidst cheers for The Sun were made for Mr. Meany and Mr. Devlin respectively. After some time, Mr. Meany rose, amidst renewed cheers, and said; I present myself, simply in courtesy to your call—for I have nothing to say—have not been left anything to say, by my old time and eloquent friend, O'Connor Power. Besides I suppose you already know all I could or would say to you (cheers). But I could not help feeling, as he eloquently descanted on the misgovernment of Ireland by her Imperial task-masters that the time had come when no Irishman could be indifferent to any effort that aimed at a remedial action, (hear, hear); and when he spoke of the altered sentiment in respect of treasonable practices evidenced by England sending out from amongst her best men representatives to the Centennial to do homage to the achievement of American Independence, I could not help feeling that, as "time at length makes all things even," the day might come when representatives from that nation too would give sanction to the accomplishment of Irish liberty. (Prolonged cheering.) I agree with all that has been so eloquently said by my eloquent friend. Will he pardon me if I say—"and a little more along with it?"—(Cheers and laughter.) I believe in constitutional effort, but I do not pin my faith to it as a finality—for I hold that every wrong redressed is a limb unbound—and every limb unbound can be made effective for the attainment of further right. (Cheers.) When Sir, (turning to O'Connor Power,) you spoke of the liberty wrested from England by the Revolutionary Colonies, and the self-government conceded by England to Canada, I began to think, what should be the English policy for Ireland. Does England fear to communicate to Ireland the liberties she has given to this Dominion, or does she seek in Ireland's supposed weakness a security for her subjection (cheers). Here, in the full right of citizenship, England has dissolved the association of dependency and antagonistic interests, and obliterated the bitter recollections of misgovernment: For Ireland the taste so depraved or so exhausted that to enjoy the political banquet England must be stimulated by the prospect of contrasted suffering? (Cheers.) Oh, sir, I repeat, I am for constitutional amelioration so far as it goes (hear, hear), or will be permitted by constitutionalists to go (cheers), I could hope in my heart of hearts that better counsels should prevail and that England would yield to Ireland her just demands while she can yet do it with becoming dignity and grace; that she should concede to Ireland what she has given to Canada, before the affectionate instincts of the Irish character be replaced by the antagonism of an associated feeling—the deliberate sense of wrong which treasures up its hatred and waits its opportunity. (Vehement cheering.)

Mr. Devlin, M.P., then presented himself, after repeated demands, and amidst loud cheering he made a few eloquent and witty remarks, in which he congratulated the lecturer for his splendid discourse and prided himself not only on being an Irishman, but a Connachtman at that. He hoped that the legislative independence which Ireland had struggled for so long was at last within their reach, and that before long she would enjoy the blessing of self-government. Mr. Devlin concluded amidst renewed cheers and the vast assemblage separated, full of the question of "Ireland for the Irish."

THE ROUND TOWERS. The Round Towers of Ireland have been a puzzle for our archaeologists. When, by whom, and for what purpose they were built, are questions which have given rise almost to as many theories as there are structures of this class remaining. On the one hand, very able men have contended for their Christian origin; and on the other, not the main argument in support of this view is derived from the fact that a great number of them are found in connection with leading ecclesiastical establishments. But this might reasonably enough be accounted for without destroying the theory which assigns their erection to the Pagan period, by keeping in mind the principle which is alleged to have guided St. Patrick in relation to them. We have read somewhere that it was the custom of the Apostles of Ireland to plant a Christian church on the spot where Pagan rites were celebrated, and to indicate the change by inscribing a cross on some of the upright stones existing in connection with the worship of our heathen ancestors. He made a clean sweep of the books, the faith, the ceremonial, and all connected with Paganism in Ireland. The Round Towers, however, were too many for him. He could not burn them, as he burned the books or writings; but he made the best use of them. They were good enough as keeps of the sacred vessels; and, though not exactly suitable, they might have accommodated bells; while, as "times and seasons" were of importance to the early Irish Christians, they may have contributed to astronomical observation—one that we know, in a lovely, "lonely isle" has the cardinal points distinctly defined. A Pagan origin and Christian usage do not, therefore, militate so much against those who hold the former opinion.

The theory that they are of Danish origin is just as sound as that the Danes were the builders of the great raths in our country, such as Rath-Keltair, at Downpatrick, which was the stronghold of an Irish Pagan King, raised by his own people, and is an abiding evidence of their energy, industry, and perseverance. The Danes had something more interesting to them on hands than the building of towers. They came to Ireland for plunder, and the Four Masters have told us how well they succeeded in their unholy mission. They never made any general settlement in Ireland; and in those places wherein they did settle they had quite enough to do to defend themselves. As has been so pertinently observed by the Very Rev. U. J. Canon Bourke, President of St. Jarlath's College, in his learned work on "The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language," "If the Danes were so fond of building towers, why did they not erect round towers in England, where they once had regal power? Why did they not build them in Normandy and Belgium? Why not in their own land, in Jutland, or Denmark, or Scandinavia? And why not in the countries they made their own in Ireland, in which are found a few of those relics of the remote past? The towers may be of Pagan or of Christian origin; but nothing could be clearer than that the Danes were not the builders.

As to their Christian origin, the late Dr. Petrie is the great authority, and his views are adopted by eminent ecclesiastical, Protestant and Roman Catholic; but Canon Bourke contends that Dr. Petrie's proofs in support of the thesis "that the round towers were erected at various periods between the fifth and the thirteenth centuries," have no convincing force, "because, in reality, it was simply an impossibility that such works of architectural art could have been built by the Christian population of Ireland, from the years A. D. 432 to 1172, when Henry the Second landed on the coast of Wexford." Dr. Petrie himself admits that towers of

such architectural excellence could not have been erected from the days of St. Patrick to the time of St. Eugene; of Gaidhe; they could not have been erected while the Danes were cruising along the Irish coast, making descents on churches here and there, or settling themselves on certain parts of the island. "The only conclusion," therefore, at which Canon Bourke could arrive is, that the towers are of Pagan origin, which is the opinion of Vallancey, Lanigan, O'Connor, O'Brien, and others, including Giraldu, who found them in Ireland when he came with King John.

The opinion of Dr. Lanigan is "that it can scarcely be doubted that the original models, according to which the towers were constructed, belong to the times of Paganism, and that the singular style of architecture which we observe in them was brought from the East." In other words, that they were built by the immigrants of the Aryan race who settled in Ireland, and who erected in their new home pillar-towers similar to those found in India, of whose origin the present inhabitants do not seem to know anything positively.

If it were possible to connect the building of these "old majestic temples of our own dear isle" with the Christian period, no one would be more willing to do so than Canon Bourke, who is a distinguished archaeologist, and evidently anxious to bring all he can into the service of his own Church, at the same time that he writes in a liberal spirit which has given us much pleasure; but he cannot make them Christian in their origin. His study of the science of comparative philology has enabled him to identify the early Irish with the Aryan race, which he proves was possessed of sufficient skill and power to erect these towers. In this respect his argument is very interesting. It is briefly, that "sameness of architectural features points to identity of origin," and this sameness in the slanting doorway, the style of arch, the material used, the cement, the shape and size of the stones, and the manner in which they are laid, is nowhere to be found except in the Cyclopean buildings of the East, in Persopolis, Ecbatana, in Babylon as far as can be known, in Thebes, and in the Pyramids along the Nile. The palaces of Macha, at Emmanis, of Madbh, at Cruachan, and of Ailceach, in Derry, as well as the architectural piles at Tara, were, admittedly, of Pagan origin; and Canon Bourke's contention is that the men who built the palaces and the House of Tara were sufficiently skilled to build the towers. They may have been constructed from the motive which actuated the builders of Babel, or they may have been used as keeps for hostages, or as places of refuge, which last-named is Sir William Wilde's idea; but these considerations do not affect the question at issue, as to the period when, and the people by whom, they were built.

Canon Bourke has given the subject much attention, and he says—"It is certain . . . that the Round Towers had been the work of men skilled in the art of building; and we have seen that mankind possessed greater knowledge some two thousand years before the Christian era than they possessed at a later period. The Round Towers must, therefore have been built at the time when men were best skilled in science and in the art of building. The records in stone in Egypt, in Syria, and in Persia, tell us that this was the earliest period after the Deluge, when men were Co-opian, if not in stature at least in power of mind. Comparative philology proves this truth; and it is quite in accord with all that civil and sacred history testifies."

Such is Mr. Bourke's conclusion, and he has urged it out learnedly and logically. We refer to the matter in the hope of exciting a taste for the study of Irish antiquities. Of course, in a worldly point of view there is nothing to be made of it; but life is poorly spent if worldly gain be its only object. The more Irishmen know of the real history of Ireland the less they will be disposed to think of the baubles too often produced under that name, with the view of exciting animosity to England or any other country. Canon Bourke, a Roman Catholic priest, says we are all children of the great Aryan family, be our modern name what it may; and this fact of common brotherhood between the people of the United Kingdom ought to make it more easy to reconcile these peoples and induce them to work harmoniously for the promotion of our common good.—Belfast News Letter.

WESTERN SCENES.

ROMANO'S REVENGE.

It was during a stay of some weeks in New Mexico, during the summer of 1873.

About a camp fire at the bottom of a deep canon, or gorge, in the heart of the Sierra Madre, were seated four persons. Their attire was rough, and the various implements scattered around showed them to be miners.

The red light, flashing out full upon their swarthy skin, coal black hair and eyes, gave testimony that three of them, at least, were Spaniards by descent, and, doubtless, Mexicans by birth, while the fourth gave unmistakable evidence of his being from England.

He looked strange near that Mexican trio; he was like a stray sheep in the flock, and I wondered how he came to be among them. It could not be by choice he was there sharing their camp fire, their piece of *carnera* and their *tortillas*. And it was not, indeed, by choice.

A week before, he had appeared there sick and wan, hungry and lame, from a fall he had received, he said, in the mountains, crossing on foot the Sierra Madre. He begged the favor of staying with them until such time as he would go on his way.

They at once granted his request, although with a great deal of reluctance. The reason for this was twofold: the Mexican is generally on his guard with strangers, and of late they had met with considerable good luck in their diggings for silver, and their *placer* commenced to attract attention, and several *gringos*, as they call strangers, had been seen of late lurking in their neighborhood. No wonder then that they did not wish to confide their secret to anyone, and less still to a *gringo*. However, none of the three had the heart to turn him away to see him perish before he could reach another shelter.

Romano Fernandez, usually the most suspicious one of the trio, had been the first to welcome him. From the first sight Romano had got of him, he seemed to be attracted towards him in the most wonderful manner. His two companions could not account for it. It seemed strange to them that he should be thus taken by the stranger, he the most suspicious among suspicious Mexicans.

shoulders and answered not. Soon we forgot all about the Mexicans and their guest, and slept soundly. In the morning, we got up before daylight—our horses were brought, saddled, and mounting them we went fifteen miles further, to another place in the neighborhood of Gallisco. There we took our breakfast, and starting off again, we forgot all about the silver miners and their strange guest. Things went on with Romano and his companions as they had gone on for a week. The stranger was now getting better, and it was time for him to go on his way, wherever this might be, for the Mexicans had not asked him, and he had not thought proper to tell. But on the second night after our departure, things took another turn, and thus were the facts related to me, by a man who had learned all the particulars.

The four were seated around the camp fire when Romano cast his eyes upon the Englishman. "You know I was once in business with a partner, *hambres*," said he, addressing his two Mexican friends, rather than the one on whom he cast his glance.

Both nodded their assent to this fact, which they had often heard him mention before. "It was before I went into partnership with you, *hambres*, as you know. It is now over a year since I lost him. You have heard me tell that he was murdered by a *gringo*, and that we lost all we had. But I don't know that you ever heard me tell the particulars.

"They had not. "Then I will tell you to-night; we have lots of time; and, *hambres*; don't lose a word of what I say."

"Two years ago, I went into partnership with Guadalupe Romero, whom, for short, we called Lupe. He was from Sonora, the same State I was born in, and we made a bargain to stand by one another as long as we should stay in New Mexico. We got our outfit together, and then started for the San Juan mine, then but very little known, with our minds made up not to return to Sonora until we had made our pile. As good luck would have it, we hit upon rich diggings, and for a couple of months we worked very hard. It was a lovely spot. We had no neighbors; only now and then the Ute Indians on whose lands we were, would visit us, threatening sometimes to kill us, but a little tobacco or some trifles would quiet them, and we were happy. We did not see any other man's face but Indians, until a couple of months after our arrival. During that time we had worked well, and had amassed much. We, then, had a visitor."

Here the Englishman gave a start, which drew all eyes upon him. He muttered something like feeling a sharp pain in his side, and Romano, without losing sight of him, went on:

"He was an Englishman," he said, and from the first I did not like his looks. He said he was ill, and begged to stay with us until he should be better. He did not look well. However, I should not have received him but for Lupe. I protested in vain. He said I was a hard hearted man, and we should give him a welcome. And so I gave in, and he had his own way. Poor Lupe! Poor fellow! He little knew what he was doing. One day I went into the mine alone; Lupe was unwell, and said he would stay in our little hut until he was better. The Englishman went with me, but after a little while started back for the camp. At noon, I left work and went for my dinner. As I came in sight of the hut, I heard no sound, nor saw any sign of life about it. I hurried on; thousand thoughts rushed on my mind; I soon reached the door, and pushed it open. My blood chilled to my heart! There lay the lifeless body of Lupe, wettering in its blood. A dagger thrust, dealt by a hand strong and true, had reached his heart. *Hambres*, believe me for a moment all seemed dark around me, and I felt so faint that I had to lean against the wall, but, by a mighty effort, I recovered myself and entered. All was gone, the Englishman and our savings. It was he, the craven coward, who had struck the blow; it was he who had killed poor, sick Lupe, and fled with our all. *Hambres!* there and then I vowed vengeance.

"The villain hid his trail well; for months I sought him to avenge Lupe, but all in vain. I went to work with you, but kept my eyes open for Lupe's murderer, and have not watched in vain. "Black-hearted villain," he screamed, through his set teeth, and piercing the Englishman with his fierce glance, "where have you got the knife I saw in your hands? It was the knife of Lupe Romero. Where did you get it, infernal villain? I know you, you are Lupe's murderer."

Romano sprang to his feet as he uttered those words, and stood confronting the *gringo*, who had also risen up, with a look of livid fear upon his countenance, and each of the started group could read there, as plainly as in so many words, the guilt of the accused. For a moment, the villain stood as one turned into a stone. The next, he drew a pistol from beneath his outer garment, and discharged it at the heart of his accuser.

The ball pierced the clothes and tore some of the flesh in the side of the miner, but this served only to excite him into fury. As a wounded lion, he rushed on his enemy. The whole group uttered a cry of vengeance. Seeing he had failed, the villain started on a run, and, unmindful of his late sickness, fled over the rocks into the wilderness.

But too long had Romano sought for vengeance to be foiled now. In a minute's time he had caught up and grappled with the *gringo*. For a moment the struggle was a fierce one, and then the miner triumphed. Down upon the rocks he threw the murderer, with a force like that of a giant.

"Mercy," cried the villain. "What mercy had you for Lupe? Die!"

The blow he dealt was as true as it was strong, and the life of the Englishman, as well as his deeds of blood, were at an end.

In a narrow valley, at the lower end of the canon of the Apaches, not far from the Rio Pecos, is a mound of rocks which the trio heaped upon him, where he fell, and this was all the burial they gave him.

All three felt that narrow had been their escape, for they doubted not but that his errand had been to rob, and, perhaps, murder them, not knowing that there he should find Romano Fernandez, who had sworn to avenge the death of his friend, Lupe Romero.

They were safe, and, although forgetful of their Christian duties, hearily was their prayer that night in thanksgiving for their escape.

A MOUSE CATCHING INFANT.—A singular phenomenon is creating quite a sensation a few miles from Erie Pennsylvania, in the shape of a mouse-catching infant, surpassing in expertness the agility of the best cat, or even the mouse in the country. The little girl in question is about a year old and can just begin to run about. The moment she wakes and gets out of her crib she goes to the old kitchen fireplace, which is infested with a species of small house mice, and sits down by a hole in the corner very much like a cat, with her eyes intently fixed on the burrow. She sometimes occupies this position for an hour without moving, till a mouse makes its appearance when by a sudden start apparently without any effort she seizes her victim by the neck. As soon as her prize is secured she seems to be electrified with joy, and trembles from head to foot uttering a kind of wild murmur or growl resembling the half-suppressed snarl of a wild cat. It seems as if the mouse, when once out of its hole becomes charmed or magnetized, and has no power, or at least shows no disposition, to escape, until caught, when it is too late. If any one approaches the child to take the mouse away from her, she will utter a shrill scream and then try to conceal her prize by putting it into her mouth.