

Moore of the Melodies.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A PATRIOT POET.

In view of the fact that the centenary of Tom Moore will occur on the 28th of next May, the Dublin Freeman offered a prize for the best poem on the poet. The following was selected from a large number of contributions. Its author is Mr. J. W. Musgrave, Bonlea Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees:

Wake, Erin, wake the strain of melody again;
Wake all thy wondrous tones of smiles and tears,
The song by angels given, thy melodies of heaven,
Thy music-treasure of historic years;
And let the mighty sea
That pulses round thy shore
Hear ancient melodies
Enchant their waves once more—
The grand Mílesian melodies of old!
As when from splendid Spain
Came Heron and his host,
Like a sunburst o'er the main,
And from clashing spears red with gold
Music-hymns of joyous triumph throbbing rolled,
Till the lark rose from the sky,
And the linnets left the may,
And the thrush the ash top high,
And each singing his own strain,
To hearken the wild cadence of the bard,
As he sang of years long quest
For the sacred Island,
For the brightest and the best
Jewel island of the world,
For the true heart in the breast
Of the ocean wide and gray—
As he sang of rich reward
Richly guarding their soil,
When the lordly god of day,
Bursting fire crowned from the deep,
Lift the green old hills that keep
Watch around
The island history past—
The native land of saints—
Dear Erin's holy ground!
Load the minstrel's chanted pleasure,
Chanted ocean deep and low,
Wild birds fill the happy measure
With their voices golden flow,
And all Erin thrilled with the day
When our brave patriotic fathers first had sway.

Now awake these strains once more,
Till the Irish earth and sky,
From the centre to the shore,
Fill with Irish melody,
Bring the sad songs from the glen,
And the mournful wail of the sea,
And the lullaby of the nurse,
That in the valleys dwell—
One and all—
Let us weave a wreath of Irish song to-day,
While we live,
At the feet of our sweet singer, and we sing,
"Take, O Bard! this homage meet
From the old Mílesian race;
We are bending at thy feet—
In our hearts we give thee place,
We are rich in love for friends, for brethren poor,
And we give thee all our love,
And with one united voice
We rejoice
In the tribute that we pour,
Ere we die—
For the wreath harmonious weave
Round our dearest by thy melody, O Moore!
For when our hour is hushed,
And all save the dagger sleep,
When the death-doom darkly hovered o'er our song
Then light from heaven rushed
O'er thy spirit, and it swept
Thro' the strings, and thence a quivering long
And thy ballads fired our souls
As the shrill of trumpet rolls
O'er the valiant hosts of the brave of the fray,
And the number thrilled our foes
With the anguish of our woes,
And the fetters from our altar fell away.

O Minstrel of our race! too still shall praise thy name,
And pay to thee the tribute poets prize;
Within our hearts we build a temple to thy fame—
The love of truth, the love of right,
And, while our music thrills the symphonies of earth,
O Master! men will love thy lays;
Thy Celtic sweetness fills our songs of woe and mirth,
And battle-cries of old heroic days.

FROM THE HOMES BY MEMORIED TARA COMES A PEOPLE'S
praise resounding,
From the sweet Vale of Avoca, from the heath of
Glennaree,
From the isles of Holy Ara, where the ocean waves are
bounding,
Come thy praises from old Erin's merry sons and
daughters pure,
Thou fount of all our praises, North, South, East, and
West are sounding;
From the Shannon to the Liffey, from Lough Swilly
to the Suir,
Live, O Minstrel! by our firesides, foe and traitor still
confounded,
While the heart of Erin shines thee, her own Bard of
Bards.

—TOM MOORE!

IRISH NEWS.

FROM OUR IRISH EXCHANGES.

TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN DROWNED AT HOWTH.

An accident of the most distressing nature took place on Monday afternoon at Howth, resulting in the death of two youths of great amability and promise—Messrs. Charles Woods (son of Dr. Woods, principal of Beccive College), and Willie Todd (eldest son of Andrew Todd, Esq., Sutton & Todd's Mill, Jones Road), also a pupil of Beccive College. Being Patrick's day, the two schoolfellows went for a holiday boating excursion, but during the day the boat capsized, it is supposed in the breakers of Ireland's Eye. The body of Mr. Todd, drenched of coat and boots, as if he had purposed swimming, was washed ashore at Howth, and the boat was picked up with a handkerchief marked "Charles Woods" stuffed into a crevice of it. No tidings of Mr. Woods' body has been received, and it is just possible that he may have reached Ireland's Eye or some of the rocks adjoining it. Both boys were preparing to enter Trinity College, and possessed considerable talent. The deepest sympathy will be felt for his bereaved friends.

On Tuesday at four o'clock Dr. Davys, county coroner, held an inquest at Warren House, Sutton, the residence of Mr. Andrew Todd, on the bodies of Mr. Charles Woods, aged nineteen (son of Dr. Woods, principal of Beccive College), and Mr. William Todd, aged nineteen, (son of Mr. Andrew Todd). Both young gentlemen were drowned while out on a boating excursion on Monday. From enquiries made, and from the evidence given at the inquest, it appears that at half-past eleven o'clock on the forenoon of Monday the deceased put out in a boat from the strand immediately under the railway station at Sutton. The boat was an open one capable of being fitted up with sails, and is about twelve feet long, by four feet beam. They put up a small sail, and steered in the direction of Ireland's Eye. A sailor who was watching them going out says that when some distance away from the shore, and beyond the strand known as the Velvet Strand, they appeared to grow somewhat afraid. This he judged from the way they managed the boat. Whether this surmise be true or not it is impossible to say, as the boat shortly passed behind the Velvet Strand, and so was lost sight of by any observer at Sutton. How the accident actually occurred it is impossible to say, but the explanation given at the inquest by Mr. William Todd, a coast-guard officer, seems the most probable. The body of Mr. Todd was found at twenty minutes to one o'clock. His coat and shoes were off, and his hands were in a position that would indicate that he had been grasping something. Later on the boat was thrown up on a point about a half a mile further down towards Mr. Jamieson's property, which is known as Portmarnock. At half past nine o'clock the body of Mr. Woods was washed ashore on the Velvet Strand. The bodies remained in a tarra house near the scene of the accident until half-past ten o'clock yesterday when, at the request of Mr. Todd and Dr. Wyse, they were removed to Warren House, where the inquest was held. Constable Henry, of Sutton and Sergeant Adams, of Malahide, were present at the inquest, as having had the direction of the search that was made after the bodies.

The jury found that death was caused by accident.

THE LATE OUTRAGE IN DERRY.

Derry, March 24, 1879.

Up to a late hour to-night no clue has been found which would lead to the detection of the miscreant who flung the explosive missile into Davis's rooms on St. Patrick's night. Every effort has been made by the constabulary, but without success—the general belief being that all their well-intentioned endeavors will prove unavailing. A reward of £100 has been offered by the Mayor, and placards have been posted through the city to the following effect:—

"REWARD."

"We, whose names are hereunto annexed, do hereby offer a reward of £100, in proportion to the sums attacked to our names, to any person or persons who shall, within six months from this date, give such public information as will lead to the conviction of the perpetrator or perpetrators of the outrage which was committed in the Assembly Rooms in Bishop street, Londonderry, on the night of the 17th March, 1879; or £50 for such private information as will lead to the conviction of the guilty party or parties, the said information to be given either to the Mayor or the Sub-Inspector of constabulary at Londonderry Police Office.

"Londonderry, March 20, 1879.

"Henry Darcus, J. P., Mayor of Derry."

(Here follow the different signatures and sums attached.)

Besides the above, a copy similarly worded has been left at the News Rooms, at Castle street, for signature, and already a sum of five hundred pounds and upwards has been subscribed by the citizens. All denominations are represented on the list, showing in an unmistakable manner the general feeling of the citizens on the subject.

Tempting though the above reward may seem to be, still it is likely that some name or names of the parties will never be discovered to what we are obliged to term the authorities. "Apprentice Boys" and Orangemen of Derry concoct their schemes too cleverly, and have their numerous plans too systematically laid to be open to detection. The Roman Catholic citizens of Derry have too long lain under the heel of Orange ruffians; and until they assert their authority, and punish the unwashed second-rate who glory in the name of "Apprentice Boys," there will be no peace. It is monstrous that a whole community should be obliged to pass unnoticed the crimes which the Orangemen of Derry have perpetrated these last few years. The crimes, however, which Orangemen commit are passed over too lightly; whereas the least trivial offence which a Roman Catholic commits is visited by a punishment which, contrasted with that committed by his petted and more favored townsman, is unnecessarily severe. In a Catholic city like Derry it is absurd to have only one Roman Catholic on the magistracy bench; while violent partisans are allowed to dispense justice, and, as in a recent case, even have the effrontery to hold the Commission of the Peace, after being convicted by the jury of having committed a public-house after the prohibited hour with an "Apprentice Boy," whom he was just after releasing out of prison on a deposit. The contempt entertained by the citizens for such persons is not to be wondered at, and it is scarcely fair that they could be expected to believe that justice is fairly and even-handedly administered.

ULSTER.

It has been stated that the following gentlemen are about to receive the Commission of the Peace for the borough of Belfast—Mr. William John Johnson, Mr. Robert Atkinson, Mr. David Little, Mr. James Bruce, Dr. Cumming, and Mr. Arthur Hamill. Of these seven gentlemen only two are Catholics.

Sergeant Robinson resumed the business of the assizes in the Crown Court, Belfast, on March 20th. Patrick's Day, horse-whipped Mr. Rea's clerk while the latter was heading a disorderly crowd. Mr. Porter, Q.C., in wig and gown, gave evidence for the defence, and the clergyman was acquitted, the judge complimented him on his conduct in assisting the authorities.

Messrs. Webb, who claimed £2,000 compensation for malicious burning of their mills at Randalstown, were awarded £1,916.

The Rev. Peter Maguire, P.P., Maguire-bridge, died on March 22nd, at his residence near Lisnaskea, county Fermanagh, diocese of Cloyne. The deceased venerable priest, who died in the 75th year of his age, and in the 48th of his missionary career, had been suffering from a severe and lingering illness, which he bore with true Christian patience.

On March 19th, the house of John O'Hanlon, near Magheralin, was attacked by an organized mob. The windows were broken and some webs in the house destroyed. O'Hanlon is a Catholic, living in a Protestant locality, and the St. Patrick's Day celebrations account for the outrage.

A serious fire broke out on March 21st, in the damask premises of Mr. John Little master weaver, near Warrington. The premises contained some half-score damask looms, and all, with the webs in them, were burned down except two. The neighbors, and Warrington constabulary tried to subdue the flames, but were not able to succeed until from £600 to £700 worth of property was consumed. The damages are partly covered by insurance.

LEINSTER.

On March 22nd, the dock laborers' strike at Dundalk terminated. Negotiations had been in progress during the week. Messrs. Murphy and Coleman, two local justices, had been requested to use their good offices between the men on strike and the directors of the Steam Packet Company. Mr. Murphy cordially entered into the matter, but Mr. Coleman declined to interfere. At a conference between Mr. Murphy and the directors, the result was that all the men on strike are to be taken back into the employment on the same wages of 7s. 6d. per week, which will still leave the wages at 18s. 6d. per week. The men did not suffer much, as they were paid 12s. per week by the Laborers' Society, each member of which contributed one shilling a week while the strike lasted, the aggregate contributions being about £40, as the society numbers nearly 800 members. One result of the strike has been the formation of an Employers' Association, of which the heads of nearly all the principal firms are members. The operations of the Laborers' Society seem to have thoroughly alarmed the local employers of labor, so that in a short time it is supposed that being a member of the Laborers' Society will be a bar to employment.

employment. The extra force of 100 constabulary has not yet been withdrawn.

On March 26th, John Corcoran, Esq., coroner for the southern district of the King's County, held an inquest on the body of an old woman named Bridget McNamara, who was killed on the previous day. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was seated with her husband in their hut at Clongowry, when the ideal wall gave way, and the woman's spine was broken, death ensuing shortly afterwards. The house was held free of all rent, so that no person was to blame for its wretched condition but the occupiers. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Godfrey Lovelace Taylor, Esq., resident agent on the Marquis of Ely's property in the county of Wexford, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the county of Wexford.

A fire broke out in the confectionery establishment of Mr. Foy, South street, New Ross, on March 27th, which raged furiously until next morning, completely gutting the establishment and doing considerable damage to the adjoining house. The loss is estimated at £1,500, and is partially covered by insurance.

The Model Schools in Ireland are doomed. The Government has been obliged to sacrifice them to expediency, though they would never willingly abolish them on the ground of principle. In order to improve the condition of the national teachers—a matter of crying necessity—retrenchment must take place in some other department, and as the Chief Secretary informed Mr. Erington, the Model Schools have been chosen for reduction and reform. As the pruning hook is being applied sharply it is likely that they will be cut away altogether.

Mr. Henry O'Neill, of Lower Gardiner-st., Dublin, is about to undertake, provided he get sufficient encouragement to justify him, the issue of an engraving of the famous Irish work of art known as the Cross of Cong. This beautiful piece of mediæval metal work is in possession of the Royal Irish Academy, and is one of the most treasured relics. It was executed under the direction of Flanagan O'Duffy, Bishop of Connaught, the artist's name being Madeline MacBradden O'Dellam, its date being about the middle of the twelfth century. The cross is composed of various metals, gold, silver, enamel and niello, and is inlaid with various designs in colored glass. The ornamentation is of a very intricate and beautiful pattern, and in perfect harmony with the bold and graceful outline of the figure itself. Mr. O'Neill intends reproducing it exactly in its present size, colors, decorations, and all. The enterprise will be a costly one, and the price he has fixed for copies is four guineas.

In the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool on March 25th, the Irish horse, "Liberator" (Mr. G. Moore) came in first. "Liberator" won by ten lengths.

MUNSTER.

The town of Carrick-on-Suir has been thrown into a state of excitement owing to the fact that it has been discovered that for some years the deputy-collector of the county cess, a man named Hogan, has been in the habit of charging in a systematic manner a higher rate of postage than the legal one. It seems that the last presentation at the Grand Jury sittings was for 9d. in the pound, but he has charged and received 1s. from nine out of every ten of the ratepayers. It is alleged that he had double receipt books, one for any person who seemed to question the charge made, and the other for the gullible ones; and this is a very serious matter, as it is a violation of the law under the latter designation. Hogan has been arrested and lodged in Clonmel jail, where he awaits the course of the law.

Sir John Craven, Carden, Bart., of the Priory, Templemore, Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the county Tipperary, died suddenly at his residence, The Priory, Templemore, on March 23rd. Sir John was after taking a customary walk, and had just arrived in the hall when he dropped dead. He is succeeded by his son. The deceased was an excellent gentleman, a good landlord, and very popular in his county.

A herdman named Jeremiah Carroll was knocked down on March 23rd, by the train on the West Cork Railway, and had his leg cut off. He was in charge of cows which had strayed on the line, and he was the man who risked his own life. One of the cows was killed.

Clonality races which were inaugurated last year, and which were attended with a success that might be credited to more important events, are announced to take place over the Kilgariff course on the 15th of May.

The action brought by Miss Hayes of Cork against the Cork & Macroom Railway Co., for injuries sustained in the late accident on the company's line, was heard on March 25th before Justice Fitzgerald, and a special jury. She claimed £5,000 damages, and the jury awarded her £1,400. In the case of Thomas Burke, son of Mr. Richard Burke, of Coachford, who was in company with Miss Hayes on the occasion of the accident, the jury awarded £200 damages. There was £200 lodged in Court, and the plaintiff claimed £2,000. In the case of John Murphy, a tailor, living in Cork, who sought to recover from the company £1,500 compensation for the loss occasioned to him by the death of his son, a little boy, aged 15, who was killed in the accident, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff with £150 damages.

The half-score tenants on the Ballinacree property, of Mrs. Castles, St. Mary's, near Bartlemey, Rathmore, were recently notified by Mr. John Smith, of Lota View, Blackrock, the agent, that a reduction of 25 per cent. would be made on the half-gale which fell due on the 29th of September last. This is the third time that this lady who resides in England, has considered the poor Irish tenants, who suffer from the effects of successive unfavorable harvests.

A pool of bells, nine in number, for the new spire of the parish church of Limerick, was blessed on March 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. The blessing was conferred by the Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick. The proceedings commenced at half-past 10 o'clock and the occasion is described as one without parallel in Limerick. High Mass—*Coram Episcopo*—commenced at 10 o'clock, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Very Rev. Joseph Bourke, President diocesan College. The Mayor, (Mr. Michael O'Gorman) and the Catholic members of the corporation were present in their official capacity. The bells, after being blessed, were placed in position in the handsome tower, and he built the new tower at his own expense, and has built the grand altar, and otherwise made extensive benefactions to the same church. Every one of the nine bells has cast on it the name of the saint and the name of the founder in relieved Roman letters, and the Irish harp, and other national emblems.

The National Bank has agreed to lend the Limerick corporation £200,000 on personal security of six members in order to take over the works of the United General Gas Company, sold to the corporation for £54,000. This will enable the corporation to make immediate terms with the United General Gas Company, and the remaining details can be subsequently settled.

The constitutional question raised by the election of Sir Bryan O'Loughlin for Clare, and his neglect to take his seat, is apparently becoming more complicated with the progress of the investigation of it by the select Committee of the House of Commons. At the meeting of the Committee, on March 25th, the witnesses examined included Mr. Berry the Prime Minister of Victoria; and Sir Thomas Eslingham, the Clerk of the House of Commons; and from their combined evidence it appears that Sir

Bryan O'Loughlin did not vacate his seat by accepting his present office, that he could not have resigned it without having first taken possession of it, and that if he had first taken possession of it, he would have resigned his office in Australia. If all this be good law, the only conclusion must be that the constituency of Clare must wait till a dissolution of the old man of the sea it brought on its back two years ago.

Perhaps there is not a town in Munster in which the number of poor so vastly predominates over the number of those who may be considered "well-to-do" as the good old town of Thurles. Nor is there a town in Munster, or in Ireland, in which the "well-to-do" contribute more generously towards the support of their poor brethren. During the past exceptionally severe winter, nearly £300 were collected for the poor, and administered in "relief-in-kind" by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. By this means almost two hundred families were kept from "breaking up house," and going into the workhouse. On St. Patrick's Day one of the priests of the parish got up a raffle for the laudable purpose of clothing the ragged children, so as to enable them to go to school; and it realized £100.

CONNAUGHT.

Father Faly, C. C. Clifden, attended Galway Assizes and succeeded in opposing two claims made upon the plea of malicious injury, or rather saved the poor, over-taxed villagers of two townlands in Connemara £20. The saving to these poor, primitive people in such a case is the greatest charity. The difficulty may be measured when we mention that in one case the promoters were the proselytizers, whose greed is not easily appeased.

The committee of the Abbey Dispensary Union met on March 24th at the Dispensary-house, Abbey, to elect a medical officer for the district. There were two candidates, Dr. Lyden and Dr. Lambert. Dr. Lyden was elected by a majority of two votes.

The Rev. Malachy Hanley, P. P., of Spiddal, died on March 27th, after suffering from consumption for several months. The deceased gentleman was a pious, hard-working priest, patriotic, and devoted to his sacred calling. His early death is universally lamented. He was only 35 years of age.

At the meeting of the Galway Board of Guardians on March 25th, Pierce Joyce, Esq., D. L., was unanimously re-elected chairman of the board; George Morris, Esq., M. P., was unanimously re-elected vice-chairman; and James Campbell, Esq., J. P., deputy chairman for the ensuing year. A letter was read from the Local Government Board, sanctioning the increase of £90 a year voted by the guardians to the nuns in charge of the hospital. A letter was also read from the Local Government Board announcing that Dr. Brodie, Local Government Medical Inspector, had been transferred to Cork, and that Mr. Addison Power had taken charge of the district.

A man named McHale, who was stabbed at Ballycastle on St. Patrick's night, died on March 21st from the effects of the wound which he received in the abdomen. Robert Mostyn, Esq., coroner, has held an inquest, at which full details of the affair were brought out. It appeared that the deceased, and the prisoner Carden, met at the public-house of a man named McDonnell, in Ballycastle, where they had some wine, the deceased impeaching Carden with having poisoned his dog, and stating he would have revenge on the coming fair day. At this juncture the public-house-keeper asked Carden for the loan of his knife to cut some tobacco, and after having done so he handed it back again to the prisoner, and was attacked by the deceased before he had time to put it up. In the struggle which ensued the deceased was stabbed, whether by accident or otherwise there was no evidence to show. Carden confessed to the constable who arrested him that he had stabbed McHale. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner.

Small-pox broken out at Castlerena. A man named Thomas Masters, night railway porter at Castlerena, died on March 27th at the Castlerena Union from small-pox. The case was so virulent that the body was buried the same day.

In the Westport Union the electoral division of Allenmore was contested by Mr. Walter McEvilly and Mr. John McEvilly, and Mr. Jeremiah McEvilly. The latter was elected by a majority of nineteen. There were three candidates for the electoral division of Enagh. Mr. Wm. P. MacNamara, a Nationalist, was elected by a Majority of two over the former Guardian, Mr. Michael McHale, a Home Ruler. Lord Sligo's nominee—Mr. Thomas Prendergast—polls seven votes—six of these being the landlords, and the seventh Mr. Hugh Willingham. Will the electors of the other divisions take a lesson from their Enagh friends?

The recent death is announced of Mrs. Sarah O'Connor, relict of the late Michael O'Connor, Esq., of Warren, Anaghmore, and mother of Messrs. Hugh and Michael O'Connor, Sligo. This estimable lady had attained to her 76th year. Her remains were interred on March 23rd in the family burying ground of Ballisodare, and the funeral cortege was the largest ever seen in the locality. More than eighty vehicles were in the procession, and the numerous attendance—both clerical and lay—was a merited tribute to departed virtue and worth.

An accident, which resulted in the death of a young man named McLoughlin, from the neighborhood of Boyle, occurred near Ballynate on March 25. Deceased had been attending a funeral, and rode a young horse, which by some means became restive, flinging his rider heavily to the ground, and dragging him along until his skull was fractured in several places. Dr. O'Farrell, of Boyle, was sent for, but he pronounced the case hopeless. The unfortunate young man died next day.

A BOY WITH A HEART.

The other day a bit of a boy called at the side door of a good-looking farm residence and told such a sorrowful story that the lady was not stingy in throwing provisions into his basket. Happening to look into the front yard after a few minutes, she saw the strange boy mixed up with her three or four children and she called out:

"Boy what are you doing there?"

"Feed'n these half starved children!" he promptly replied.

"But those are my children!" she indignantly exclaimed.

"Makes no difference to me!" he said, as he broke off another piece of cake. "When I find a young un crying for bread, and ready to swear that he hadn't pie for over a year, I'm going to stop my business and brace him up! Haven't you got a clean waist which I could put on this dirty little boy?"

She looked up and down to see if any canvassers for the poor heathens were in sight, and then she grabbed the broom and ran that sympathetic boy out of the yard. —New York Graphic.

Dr. Newman, the new English Cardinal, plays on the violin and violoncello with exquisite taste and skill. The symphonies of Beethoven are his evening's delight. On being challenged by an eminent Methodist divine to discuss the merits of their faiths in the Birmingham Town Hall, he declined, but said he would "play the violin against him." —N. Y. Sun.

A BRUTAL RUSSIAN PUNISHMENT FOR AN EDITOR.

A recent libel suit was tried in Moscow, in which the author of a quarto volume was subjected to a most ignominious punishment. The facts in the case referred to are as follows:—

In the above-named city a goodly-sized book was published in vindication of the rights of the people. The work contained stinging sarcasms aimed at the venality of the officials, with many satirical and humorous allusions to bribe-taking and other iniquities. Even the Czar himself was handled without gloves, his acts were fearlessly denounced, and a powerful argument was adduced in behalf of the rights of his subjects. The maladministration of law was set forth in strong, plain language.

The book attracted general notice, but this was bad for the author. He was arrested and thrown into prison. After a short and summary trial, his production was pronounced a libel, and he was condemned to "eat his own words," or suffer the punishment of the knout. This terrible instrument of torture is in the shape of a long whip, or scourge, and is composed of many tough thongs of thick, hard skin, plaited together, and interwoven with strands of stout wire. The criminal is stripped, and is firmly bound to two stakes, which are sufficiently wide apart to admit the free motion of the head. The blows are laid upon the bare back, every stroke cutting like a knife, and the victim of the scourge is a shapeless mass of blood and flesh. One hundred blows are equivalent to a death sentence. This was the alternative of the unhappy author.

The day fixed for carrying the sentence of the court into execution arrived. A platform was erected in one of the public squares of the city. Round hand and foot, the victim of despotic power was seated in the centre of the platform. An immense concourse of people had gathered to witness the strange spectacle. The imperial provost, the magistrates, the physician, and the surgeon of the Czar were in attendance. The obnoxious book had been separated from his binding, and as an act of grace the margin had been cut off. The leaves were then rolled up, not unlike cigar lighters. And there they were—a basketful. Now the meal began. Amid roars of laughter from the ignorant and degraded populace, the provost served the author, leaf by leaf, with his own production, putting the rolls of paper one by one into his mouth. He slowly chewed and swallowed one-third of the book, when the medical gentleman concluded he had received into his stomach as much of the innumerable material as was compatible with safety. He was then re-conducted to his cell to digest his meal. The two following days the same scene was enacted, until every leaf was swallowed, and, as a matter of fact, he was compelled to literally eat his own words, and feast on his own fun.

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relatives? Because they are slightly connected.

Paradoxical as it may seem, people who are inclined to be fat are often the least inclined to be so. "Whatever promises a man may make before marriage," said Jerrold, "the license is as a receipt in full."

When the contribution box comes round, if you don't give a cent you should nod, and nodding is assent.

The orthographical difference between a sick girl and a brickbat is that one is a missile and the other is a miss ill.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients? Because when he goes to bed somebody is sure to *map* him up.

An old miser, having listened to a powerful discourse on charity, said, "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of almsgiving, that—I've almost a mind to beg."

A musician, George Sharp, had his name on his door thus, "G. Sharp." A wag of a painter, who knew something of music, early one morning made the following addition:—"Is A flat."

Lord Byron's valet grievously excited his master's ire by observing, while Byron was examining the ruins of Athens, "La nos, my Lord, what capital manpieces that marble would make in England."

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is always away from his family and never sends me a farthing? Call that kindness?" "Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

"It is a settled principle, your honor," said a lawyer, "that causes always produce effects." "They always do for the attorney," blandly responded the judge; "but I have sometimes known a single cause to deprive a client of all his effects."

The pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen, closed with the following passage of Scripture:—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "That may be," soliloquized Sambo, "but when that man died the Lord didn't owe him a red cent."

When the landlady sends home your washing, your shirt bosom and cuffs may be as limber as an old handkerchief, but when you come to a ragged reddest collar you will find it starched stiff enough to saw your head off if it don't lose hold of the button.

Lawyer—"How do you identify this handkerchief?" Witness—"It is my general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it." Lawyer—"That's no proof, for I have one just like it in my pocket." Witness—"I don't doubt it. I had more than one stolen."

"Fellow citizens," said a local candidate, "there are three topics that now agitate the State—greenbacks, taxes and the penitentiary. I shall pass over the first two very briefly, as my sentiments are well-known, and come to the penitentiary, where I will dwell for some time."

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Dover to Calais when a storm arose, and the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. "That," observed the wit, "will suit your genius; as for me, you know, I only skim the surface of things."

Said Lord John Russell to Hume at a social dinner, "What do you consider the object of legislation?" The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one, my lord," was the commoner's prompt reply.

A pleasant story is told of a conversation between two sailors who saw the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain climbing up the side of his yacht in a natty jacket and trousers. "I think, Jack," said the sailor, as he turned a knowing look on his associate, "this is the first time one ever saw a short Chancellor suit."

A person applied to Quin, as manager, to be admitted on the stage. As a specimen of his dramatic powers he began the soliloquy of Hamlet—"To be or not to be? that is the question." Quin, indignant at the man's absurd presumption, exclaimed very decisively, "No question, sir, upon my honor! Not to be, most certainly."

A company of scapegraces meeting a pious old man named Sampson, one of them exclaimed, "Ah! now we are safe. We'll take Sampson along with us, and then, should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll say them all." "My young friend," quietly responded the old man, "to do that I should have to borrow your jaw-bone."