

SHAUN OF THE TORCH, OR THE PETRIFIED TROOPER. A LEGEND OF BALLINCOLLIG CASTLE.

BY JOHN FITZGERALD.

It was on a wild dark night, in the autumn of 1601, that a strong detachment of mounted troops...

On still on, went the detachment, bent for the present on higher game than harassing the miserable peasant...

"Close up, Gideon Fox; have I not often held forth to the in goodly English on the sinful practice of nodding asleep on your horse during night march...

"There was an old prophecy found in a bog—Lillibulero, bulger an la...

"Silence in the ranks," cried a stern voice from the front. "Sergeant Grimsby, you are at your old tricks again..."

"I stand rebuked Captain; I was only giving a word in season to this confounded ass—I mean Gideon Fox, our brother in the Lord—when..."

"Follow, follow some of you," said the Captain; "it may be some lure of the Bapparees. Follow to the rescue of brave old Grimsby, whom, if ever he comes back, I shall put under arrest for quitting the ranks without leave..."

"I have him," cried the sergeant, from a distance. "He is the captive of my bow and of my spear. The word of the Lord and of Gideon—oh, hang Gideon—and of Habakuk Grimsby. I have captured an uncircumcised Philistine—I mean a Bapparee..."

"O the Bapparees, the Bapparees, They lead a pleasant life On the mountains, in the valley, At the feast and in the strife, When the light is..."

I stand rebuked. A light, Gideon Fox, or this damn—I mean this ungodly Papiash will escape. By this time some of the troopers had got to him, a light was struck, and a torch soon flared on the night wind, revealing the Sergeant struggling with a powerful but unarmed peasant, while the trained troop-horse stood quietly by.

"What is this, Sergeant Grimsby?" said the Captain, riding up as some of the troopers bound the peasant's hands behind his back.

"Who is this man?" "One of the unrighteous, Captain; a man of Belial, a Bapparee. Ha!" he cried as the light fell on the peasant's face. "If it is not that vessel of iniquity, 'Shaun of the Torch,' as the Irish call him. Oh, but I have seen him gliding from house to house like Satan, when that demon of ungodliness, Governor MacGillivuddy, ordered the suburbs of Cork to be fired, and sorely harassed God's chosen people. Oh, but you shall hang as high as Mordecai, while Haman sits in the gate Master 'Shaun of the Torch!'"

"There was an old prophecy found in a bog—Lillibulero bulger an la..."

"Come, come, bring on the prisoner," said the Captain. "Try if you can, Sergeant, to keep from talking; you are more like one of Cromwell's old Ironsides with a cross of the Cavalier, than a simple veteran of his Majesty, King William. Remember we are in the barony of Barrets, and cannot be far from our destination."

A light glimmered in the distance; the bound prisoner seemed to keep his eyes on it sorrowfully though he uttered not a word.

"Is that Barret's stronghold, yonder?" said the Captain, riding up.

The prisoner regarded him gloomily, but made him no answer. "Listen to me. If you guide us faithfully to the Castle of John Barret, I shall give you your freedom and a handful of gold pieces; refuse, and you shall hang like a dog on the first tree we meet."

The prisoner's dark eyes glistened. "Will the Sassenach captain let me go if I guide to the gate?" he said.

"Yes, but no treachery, Master Torchbearer, or that long carcass of yours may be food for the ravens by daybreak."

The prisoner held up his pinioned hands. "Unbind me," he said, "the Sassenach troopers have sharp sabres and deadly pistols; the Irish peasant has but his naked hands. I will guide you to the castle gate; when there we part, and you shift for yourselves."

"Now we part," said the peasant. "I have guided you to the castle of the Barrets: let me go my way." "Not if I can help it, dog of a Bapparee," said the Sergeant, presenting a pistol, which was immediately knocked up by the captain, who said— "For shame, Grimsby; is this the way you would have me keep my promise? You are free; here is your reward," he continued, turning to the prisoner and placing a purse of gold in his hand. "Go; but beware: if we catch you again, you shall assuredly hang."

The man gazed at the purse in his hand, by the light of the single torch, with an air of utter scorn, then flung it fiercely away, when it fell at the feet of the horse of Gilmahy, who dismounted and picked it up.

"My heart's bitter curse go with the yellow dross of the Sassenach," the peasant said; "may it be the means of a miserable death to whoever retains it, and brings him and his to sorrow and degradation."

He disappeared round an angle of the wall, and presently a wild, prolonged whistle rang out on the night air, the light from the loop-hole disappeared and all was dark. "Dismount, and picket your horses," commanded the Captain. "Now keep together. Trumpeter, advance, and follow me."

The postern gate made but a feeble resistance, and the troopers followed their captain to the foot of the keep, and stood close under it, without a shot being fired, without a sound to break the stillness but the rush of the autumn, night wind through the battlements of the castle, and the subdued tramp of the troopers.

A muttered order, and the sudden glare of a trumpet, awoke the echoes far and wide, flinging its brazen summons to the highest battlement and as suddenly dying away: then a voice spoke—

In the name of their most potent majesties, King William and Queen Mary, of England, Scotland and Ireland, I, George Wilton, Captain in their majesties Cavalry, do hereby summons John Barret, of Barret's Castle, to surrender to me the same castle and barony, on their Majesty's warrant the same being lawfully forfeited to the Crown, for your support and adherence to the cause of James Stuart, falsely styling himself James II. Said castle to be disposed of according to their Majesty's will and pleasure; you, Colonel John Barret, overholding the same at your risk and peril."

He ceased, and waited for an answer, but no answer was returned; and all remained dark and desolate as before.

"Light up the torches. Come forward with your hammer, master smith. Now John Barret, I give you five minutes to surrender; the consequence be on your own head."

A dozen torches soon flared in the hands of the troopers, and flung their wild and ghostly light on the faces of the veterans, the grey walls of the keep with its small iron studded door—and high over all the grey battlements of the still silent castle, where as yet no sound was heard, though some thought they caught occasional glimpses of a wild face, that one moment seemed to peep through an embrasure, again was seen at a loop hole, and again disappeared altogether.

"Break me down that door! Let the rebels look to themselves."

A gigantic trooper advanced, and taking off his buff coat, he hired his brawny arms, with sinews like an Hercules; then swinging a ponderous hammer round his head, he brought it down with a bang against the iron-studded door. It scarcely vibrated the might as well have struck the solid rock on which it to c-s-ule was built. A rain of blows succeeded, but without effect, till the giant flung away his enormous hammer completely exhausted.

Darkness and silence; the night wind flickered the torches, and drag mournful dirges through the deserted battlements, but no human face met their fierce gaze, no human voice fell on their ears.

"Bring on that petrid," cried the now excited Captain. "We shall see if gunpowder will smoke this wolf of the Barretts from his lair. You, Grimsby, and the smith, fix it in its place, and when the door gives way, storm the den of rebellion. Cut down all who oppose you, but give quarter to those who ask it. Forward!"

The men scattered themselves round the angles of the building to avoid the danger, the sergeant and the giant advanced and fixed an odd-looking engine against the door; then setting fire to a slow match they retreated round the keep, as if to give them time to retreat.

In less than a minute there was a blinding glare followed by a loud explosion and the fall of some masonry, the men rushed up and beheld the door rent from its hinges, and a breach in the keep, revealing part of the narrow spiral staircase.

"Forward! A purse of gold to the first man that mounts the battlements. Sergeant Grimsby, will you not strike a blow for his majesty? You shall win that purse you hold before you keep it."

The Sergeant seized a torch and sprang over the rubbish and up the spiral stairs, made dangerous by the breach, followed by many of the troopers, with the captain at their head, to the rooms above;—deserted! Up again to the battlement;—deserted still! No one opposed them, neither chieftain or restrainer; nothing but the wild night sky.

"Ha, the ways of the unjust are dark and full of troubles," said Grimsby, pointing to a rope fastened to the battlements, and falling downwards; "the damned, I mean the ungodly Papiashes, have gone down by that Jacob's ladder; let us follow." They hastily descended and searched every nook and corner without avail; not an opponent met them. Every thing of value had been removed, and enraged troopers indulged in very intemperate language on the Bapparees and Papiashes, and 'Shaun of the Torch' in particular.

"Shall I cast a burning brand into this den of the unholty? Or, Captain, shall I exterminate them, root and branch, and let the raven crouch on their desolate walls, the jackal howl in their lonely dwellings?"

"Hush old braw! would you fire the property of the Crown? As for croaking, no raven or jackal can equal yourself, Trumpeter sound 'boot and saddle; we must return to Cork. I shall affix the King's mark to this den of treason, and woe to whoever dares to efface it."

He nailed a parchment bearing the great seal to a bench in the keep as he spoke, and followed by his growling troopers, rode away.

"Extinguish the torches; let us not be a mark for the rebels. Sergeant Grimsby, Gideon Fox, are you on the alert?"

Neither of the men answered to their names. The captain rode back and called them aloud but they had disappeared, and the march was resumed without them. As the troop was some distance from the castle, and in a wild part of the road the night growing decidedly worse the captain deemed it imprudent to wait. Suddenly from the side of the road came a deafening yell, and a number of dark forms sprung on the surprised troopers. Some were instantly dragged from the horses, while the Irish skinned drank their life-blood. Other fought madly but struck at random, while others put spurs to their horses and fled; but of all the troopers who left the "Mitre" on that eventful Autumn night, scarcely half a score of weary and bespattered men and their captain were admitted through the "South Gate" at break of day.

"Hearken to words of wisdom, Gideon Fox. Though we bring neither shekels of gold nor shekels of silver as spoils of the enemy, yet is my purse well lined with gold of the Philistines—I mean Captain Wilton—and when we reach the "Mitre" thou shalt revel in the flesh pots and thy heart shall be made drunk with wine, but all man of the cunning name in gravity and moderation."

"Verily, Sergeant Grimsby, a little of the wine..."

you speak of would refresh the inner man, or even some cold meat would do for a man's breakfast; but have you nothing left in the flask?" "A murrain on this prying pate, seeking after forbidden things. Did I not tell thee—ho!"

A heavy stone struck the speaker at the back of the head and cut short his speech. Another was aimed at Gideon Fox, but missed his mark while a form bearing a torch in one hand appeared and disappeared between some trees.

"Fire and purple," cried the half-brained trooper; "it is that prowling devil, 'Shaun of the Torch.'" Both men fired their pieces, but a mocking laugh told them that he of the torch was untouched. They galloped wildly after, back towards the castle, calling on the others to follow, but they were too distant, or occupied in saving themselves.

The old trooper was at the heels of the fugitive, when they reached the foot of the castle, and raised his heavy sabre to strike him down, but Shaun sprung into a sort of cave, and with another mocking laugh disappeared.

The old soldier sprang from his saddle and gave chase, calling on his comrades to follow, which he undauntedly did as fast as possible.

"Come on, Gideon Fox; the brand of the Amle- kite shall light us to his destruction. This way; stoop; I'd have broken my skull only for my motion. On for King William and revenge; underneath the rebel evel from the bowles of the earth!"

They followed the retreating figure whatever way it led; guided by the rays of his torch, unheeding which way they went, in the blind desire to over- take and slay. Gideon Fox held an extinguished torch in one hand and his sabre in the other, keep- ing as well as he could his companion in view, till he stumbled and fell, and when he recovered his feet he was in darkness; the other had disappeared.

"Sergeant, sergeant, where are you? What way am I to take?"

These close rocks flung the words back into his throat, but no answer was returned.

A wild fear came over the heart of Gideon Fox; he stooped and groped over the floor of the cave for his extinguished torch, which striking his head several times against the rock, he recovered—but it was useless—the sergeant alone had the power to strike a light. He called wildly to his companion to return, and in desperation groped blindly through the subterranean passages, reckless whither they led.

"Come back! come back! oh, give me the means of striking a light, and do not let me perish in this fearful darkness. Come back, and let us grope our way from this accursed place! Come back! come back!"

No answer came from the half-maddened trooper, who stopped panting and exhausted in the cave. Surely he must have been there for hours; perhaps he shall soon see the autumn sunlight peeping through some of the passages; or, perhaps he shall never see the blessed light of day again! Oh! war, war, why did he ever leave his mother's peaceful home in merry England, with the rose twining round the porch and the stream rippling past the door, that often sang him to sleep with its sweet lullaby! Is he getting mad, or is it the rippling of the stream he hears? Yes it is water, water enough, and flowing onward; he groops along; perhaps if he follows its course it will lead him to daylight and freedom. Thank God! he can dip his hand in its icy wavelets and feel which way it runs. He drinks eagerly and follows, groping on its course, sometimes shouting for his companion. Good God! what a cold thrill of horror runs through the veins; the stream has suddenly disappeared from the earth! He was in darkness, helpless and alone, with no human aid to save him, with a frightful, lingering death as his doom! No wonder the strong trooper uttered a cry of agony, and fell senseless to the ground.

How long Gideon Fox remained on the floor of the cave he could never tell in after years. When at last his senses returned, he lay on the bare earth, with his heart, and blood and limbs apparently as cold and as hard as the rocks around him. He sat up at last with what difficulty, and rubbed his eyes. Oh! was it possible he had lost his sight!

"Sergeant, sergeant! help for an old comrade! help, for I am blind!"

Blind! no, no; he remembered all; the cave, Shaun of the Torch; and the rest. Is this madness? his feet are turning into stone—into solid ice. Hark! was that the yell of a fiend that rang through the cave, or the howl of a beast of prey? Gideon Fox, in his unutterable agony, listened—

"Help! help! Gideon Fox, if you are human, save me! I am congealing into ice."

"Sergeant Grimsby, can it be possible you are here? I have the torch, have you the flint and steel?"

"Yes, they are in my pouch. I cannot move, I am dying."

Gideon Fox groped in the dark for the flint and steel, and after many weary attempts succeeded in lighting the damp torch. Oh! what a sight met his gaze.

The Sergeant sat on a fragment of stalagmite that the droppings of ages had formed in the cave, his hand extended, holding the captain's purse, as if in the act of offering it to some unknown figure; his eyes, fixed and glassy, gazing on a passage in the cave, as if some one had gone recently through it;—but, horror! all the lower part of his body seemed to be turning into stone.

"Come, Sergeant, be a man; stand up and let us fly from this accursed place. Come I'll help you."

As well might he try to move the roof of the "Come Grimsby, look at me, man; we shall fight side by side again. Have you lost your senses?"

No answer came from the dead or dying sergeant. Gideon Fox stooped and looked in his face and met but that glassy stare forever fixed on that passage in the cave. Gideon Fox uttered a maniac cry, and fled still holding the torch through the cave.

At day-break a few mornings after, a party of Williamite soldiers, scouring the country, found a starving and crazy trooper at the entrance to a range of limestone caves, at a place called "The Ovens," southwest of Cork. They restored him to his comrades, but he was unfit for service, and was sent home to his native place a maniac. Sergeant Grimsby was never seen more.

On a wild, cold, stormy night in one of the dreadful famine years, a peasant, once a small farmer—turned adrift on the wild world from his little holding—crawled for shelter from the bitter blast into a grim cave, accompanied by two half-famished children. Their mother lay happy, at rest, though coffinless, in the grave yard not far off. She, at least felt not the bitter pangs of hunger. He laid the children down on a wisp of straw he had brought with him and cried—

"Rest, avourment machree, an' ye'll see the fine fire I'll be makin' bimbye. I'll be back in a minkit."

When he did come back, the children slept—thank God! not the sleep of death. He carried a large bundle of fuzes fat into the cave, and soon had a fierce fire burning against an odd-looking lump that stood up in the floor of the cave, with a piece standing straight out from it like the arm of a sign post. Then he brought the sleeping children and laid them quietly by the fire; they'd wake too soon to hunger and misery, God help them. Flee on more faggots. Look! look! there is his green little farm in the fire, which his cruel landlord took from him, and left him the rotting potatoes. Look! there is his Noreah milking the cow, and the children playing at her side. More fire! There is his golden crop of wheat, one ear of which he never tasted. Fire! fire! See how it snaps and crackles round

that odd-looking, projecting lump of stone. Heavens it breaks, revealing a skeleton hand, and letting fall a shower of gold pieces. The peasant gazed a moment in horror. Then, seizing his sleeping children, he rushed from the cave into the howling night blast.

One month after, a gallant steamer sailed from Liverpool to the land of the "Stars and Stripes." It contained among its passengers, a comfortable-looking, but melancholy, man and two well-dressed, but delicate children. The man was civil and kind to all about him, but no one knew from whence he came, though many remarked that before he started he exchanged for gold dollars a number of ancient-looking coins of gold, bearing the effigies of William and Mary, and dated 1689.

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

REMARKABLE REPORT FROM CALIFORNIA SENATORS.

A address to the p-o-p-a of the United States upon the evils of Chinese immigration has been prepared by a Committee of the Senate of the State of California the opening passages of which are given below. On the third of April, 1876, in the Senate of the State of California, the Hon. Creed Haymond offered resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, authorizing a Senatorial Committee to investigate the Chinese question. The report says:—

To the investigation with which we were charged—quasi-judicial in its character, and in the unsettled state of the country of the highest importance—we addressed ourselves, having but one object in view, the ascertainment of truth. The facts herein stated are found from evidence adduced before us by all parties in interest. The results in the memorial to the Congress of the United States and this paper stated are the solemn convictions that have been forced upon our minds.

NUMBER OF CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

There are in the State of California over 100,000 subjects of the Empire of China. Of this number, all but about 3,000 are male adults, and that 3,000 are females held in slavery by their own people for the basest purpose. The male adult Chinese population in this State very nearly equals the number of voters in the State. The influence upon our interests are much more serious than it would be if this population was made up of families. Then, according to the accepted ratio, it would only represent a male adult population of about 20,000. This is a view of the situation not fairly presented as yet to the citizens of our sister States.

THE EFFECT OF THE PRESENCE OF THE CHINESE UPON THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITION OF THE STATE.

It has often been said that the State of California is the "Child of the Union." It is certainly true that her citizens are the representatives of Society as it exists in the other States. They brought with them to this State that love of law and order which is part of the traditions of our race, and far from Eastern civilization have founded upon the Pacific Coast a State Government and municipal governments which for a quarter of a century and more have compared favorably with any known to civilization. The laws have been enforced, financial obligations have been met with religious fidelity, and in all things governmental we have been worthy—we urge it with a just pride—of that exalted station which the States of this Union have taken in the world's empire. We call the attention of the Representatives in Congress from our sister States to these facts, that when they come to the consideration of the grave problem forced upon this State, and upon the Union, they may not attribute the evils which have resulted in this State from Chinese immigration to anything peculiar to the people or government of this State, or to any lack of willingness or ability upon the part of either to grapple with the question. The accident of locality brought the evil to our door, as it might have brought it, or some other, to yours.

All must admit that the safety of our institutions depends upon the homogeneity, culture, and moral character of our people. It is true that the Republic has invited the people of foreign countries to our borders, but the invitation was given with the well-founded hope that they would, in time, by association with our people, and through the influence of our public schools, become assimilated to our native population.

The Chinese came without any special invitation. They came before we had time to consider the propriety of their admission to our country. If anyone ever hoped they would assimilate with our people, that hope has long since been dispelled. The Chinese have now lived among us, in considerable numbers, for a quarter of a century, and yet they remain separate, distinct from, and antagonistic to our people in thinking, mode of life, in tastes and principles, and are as far from assimilation as when they first arrived.

They fail to comprehend our system of government; they perform no duties of citizenship; they are not available as jurymen; cannot be called upon as a posse comitatus to preserve order, nor to be relied upon as soldiers.

They do not comprehend or appreciate our social ideas, and they contribute but little to the support of any of our institutions, public or private. They bring no children with them, and there is, therefore, no possibility of influencing them by our ordinary educational appliances.

There is, indeed, no point of contact between the Chinese and our people through which we can Americanize them. The rigidity which characterizes these people forbids the hope of any essential change in their relations to our own people or our government.

We respectfully submit the admitted proposition that no nation, much less a republic, can safely permit the presence of a large and increasing element among its people which cannot be assimilated or made to comprehend the responsibilities of citizenship.

The great mass of Chinese residents of California are not amenable to our laws. It is almost impossible to procure the conviction of Chinese criminals, and we are never sure that a conviction, even when obtained, is in accordance with justice.

This difficulty arises out of our ignorance of the Chinese language, and the fact that their moral ideas are wholly distinct from our own. They do not recognize the sanctity of an oath, and utterly fail to comprehend the crime of perjury. Bribery, intimidation, and other methods of baffling judicial action, are considered by them as perfectly legitimate. It is an established fact that the administration of justice among the Chinese is almost impossible, and we are, therefore, unable to protect them or punish them for offences against our own people. This anomalous condition in which the authority of law is so generally vacated, imperils the existence of our republican institutions to a degree hitherto unknown among us.

This mass of aliens are not only not amenable to law, but they are governed by secret tribunals unrecognized and unauthorized by law. The records of these tribunals have been discovered, and are found to be antagonistic to our legal system. These tribunals are formed by the several Chinese companies or guilds, and are recognized as legitimate authorities by the Chinese population. They levy taxes, command masses of men, intimidate interpreters and witnesses, enforce perjury, regulate

trade, punish the refractory, remove witnesses beyond the reach of our Courts, control liberty of action, and prevent the return of Chinese to their homes in China without their consent. In short, they exercise a despotic sway over one-seventh of the population of the State of California.

They invoke the processes of law only to punish the independent action of their subjects; and it is claimed that they execute the death penalty upon those who refuse obedience to their decrees.

We are disposed to acquit these companies and secret tribunals of the charge of deliberate intent to supersede the authority of the State. The system is inherent, and part of the fibre of the Chinese mind, and exists because the Chinese are thoroughly and permanently alien to us in language and interests. It is nevertheless a fact that these companies or tribunals do nullify and supersede the State and National authorities.

Their government in the main may be just, but is subject to the terrible abuse which always belongs to irresponsible personal government. But whether just or unjust, the fact remains that they constitute a foreign government within the boundaries of the Republic.

That we have not overstated the facts, we beg to refer briefly to some of the testimony of reputable witnesses, given under the sanction of an oath, before this Committee.

A REMARKABLE DOCUMENT.

THE SECOND LORD LEITRIM'S WILL.

We (Dublin Freeman) publish below several extracts from a very remarkable document which has passed into our hands, a copy of the will and sixteen codicils of Nathaniel, the second Earl of Leitrim, and father of the late unhappy Earl of Leitrim. The Earl, who lived to the age of nearly ninety years, was universally beloved by all who came in contact with him. The great number of codicils to his will were caused by the fact that, as times changed, he from time to time altered the disposition of his property. In the passages we quote, the Earl's piety, love of his tenants and dependants, and kindness of heart, shine out conspicuously. The first passage we quote is the advice given by the deceased Earl to whichever of his sons succeeded him. How little it was regarded events show: "I hereby appoint him (Lord Leitrim) my residuary legatee, and (as much as all the property which he will inherit is situated in Ireland, as he was himself born in Ireland, and that his family and nearest connections are all Irish, I trust that he will ever consider himself an Irishman, and that he will not adapt the very contemptible modern fashion of looking down upon his country. Attachment to Ireland and attachment to England are perfectly compatible, without either renouncing the former or feeling jealousy of the latter. I hope he will always feel a strong attachment to both countries, for upon the mutual attachment of the inhabitants of each to the other their united strength and happiness must depend; but he should recollect that he never can be of consequence or even respectable in England unless he is respectable in Ireland, for which purpose I trust that he will esteem it both his interest and his duty to have, at least, his country residence in Ireland, to visit his estates as often as he conveniently can, to attend to the wants and interests of his tenantry, and to cultivate their attachment and good opinion. Should he ever attain a seat in either House of Parliament, let him regard it as his most essential duty

TO WATCH OVER THE INTERESTS OF IRELAND

a duty now peculiarly incumbent on every one connected with that country since the Parliament of Ireland has merged in that of England. Whatever objects of ambition he may have, I trust that he will never pursue them by any but honorable means, and that if he attaches himself to a party he will connect himself with men of strict constitutional principles, of liberal, enlightened, and disinterested views, but, above all, with men that are friends to Ireland. There are merely loose hints, upon which I have no doubt that his dear mother will enlarge more fully, and request that she will inculcate upon whoever has the care of his, as well as my other sons, education, the advantage and necessity in this corrupt age of instilling early into their minds firm constitutional principles, high sentiments of honor and disinterestedness, and, above all, strict moral and religious principles, which are the only safe foundations of political virtue of any good quality whatever. To all my dear children I leave my blessing. I trust that when they are grown up they will continue to be united in interest and affection, as they have ever hitherto been; that they will in every instance mutually assist and support each other, and, above all, that they will have the greatest respect and deference for the wishes and opinion of their beloved mother."

A FAITH AND REASONABLE RENT

is reserved in every lease so made, such as a solvent tenant would be willing to pay, but not a rack rent."

"I cannot venture to assert that I may not possibly have erred in some of the bequests that I have made, or with respect to others which, perhaps, it may be thought that I ought to have made; but human minds are differently constituted, and there is scarcely any subject upon which a difference of opinion may not take place. I can only declare most conscientiously that it has been my most anxious wish to divest myself of any partiality in the little I have in my power to dispose of. Again, I say God bless you all, and I humbly pray that through the intercession of our Blessed Saviour, the Almighty may forgive us all our sins, for we all have sinned, and that we may all, including those that we have lost, meet again in a better and happier world."

"I fully acknowledge the opinion therein expressed as to the duty of a father abstractedly towards his eldest son, but that principle, like many others, is liable to be influenced by circumstances, and I should not be carried to an extreme. I think I am justified in endeavoring to make some little compensation to my dear son, Charles, for the disappointment he has experienced in having lost his election for the county of Leitrim, and having thus also lost his occupation of Parliamentary business, in which he took so much interest and pleasure. Upon the cause of that disappointment I shall not express any opinion. After much deliberation on this subject I think I cannot act wrong if I imitate the conduct of my respected father, who left the small estate of Bohey, in the County of Leitrim, to his youngest son, my dear brother, from whom I inherited it. I, therefore, now declare that I give and bequeath the above-mentioned estate of Bohey to my dear son, Charles Skeffington Clements, entailing it upon his heirs male, lawfully begotten; and in default of issue male, to revert to his elder brother and his heirs, male."