

convict cell, and the humiliations and heart-breaking of convict discipline. These may be hard of belief; but those only who spend twenty-three out of every twenty-four hours "cabin'd, cubbed, confined" in cold and cheerless cells—nine feet by six, and have to endure in the cells and out of them the insults of "authority," can be accepted as competent judges of the choice.

There, friend O'Shea, you have what you desired of me—rough notes of my recollections of two St. Patrick's Days spent in prison. Pray lick them into shape!

Lick them into shape! Not I, if faith, I leave them as they are, in the familiar but most impressive form in which they came into my hands, and only hope they may as generously affect the reader as they did me towards those earnest political prisoners.

Well then, on March 17th, date of happy omen, the letter of pardon arrived for Fenian convict No. 3, 498, with the condition that he should leave the United Kingdom in thirty days, and not return thereto. He naturally concluded that those thirty days would be at his disposal to visit his family and friends. Vain hope! He applied to the Secretary of State for permission to go to Ireland to see his mother and sister—the one aged and infirm, the other a cloistered nun (on neither of whom he had laid eyes for thirteen years), and added a request to be allowed a conversation with his daughter, a *religieuse* in England. The answer was, *on no account* would he be allowed to visit Ireland; but that, accompanied by prison officers, he might visit the convent in which his daughter resided! Cruel are the tender mercies of the wicked. On Saturday morning, 21st of March, he shook hands with Burke and Stack, waved adieus to Kiekham, Mulcahy, Roantree, Brian Dillon, and Pagan O'Leary; and the father, restored to a restricted freedom, availed himself of the hour's grace of speaking with his child in her London convent-home, two jail-warders at hand. These drove with him to the Victoria Docks subsequently, saw him on board the William Penn steamer, raised the gangway to the steamer with him, crossed the Channel with him, and it was only when the bluffs of Havre were in sight the late Fenian convict No. 3, 498 was handed his parchment certificate of pardon and release. This document is really so good that I must give it in full. But let me not do the prison authorities an injustice. Superadded to the money gift were two loaves of bread and two pieces of cheese, given—*generously* given—to

sustain the released convict until he should have reached his ship, and thus obviate the necessity of entering any house for refreshment on the way.



[No. 407.]

"INVALID CONVICT PRISON, WORKING.

"I hereby certify that I have this day discharged from custody Stephen Joseph Meany (described on the back of this certificate) in consequence of his having received her Majesty's conditional Pardon."

Amount paid the Bearer
on discharge.Given under my hand and
Seal, this 21st day of March
1868.

	£	s.	d.
Gratuities	..	0	0
Private Cash	..	0	0
Total			
	0	0	0

[Seal] W. D. J. BRAMLEY,
Governor.

*If the pardon is conditional, the condition on which it is granted is to be distinctly stated on the back of this certificate.

"Conduct while under Sentence.

Mountjoy Prison, Ireland—Not stated.

Millbank Prison, London—Good.

Woking Prison, Surrey—Good.

"N.B.—If a favorable report of conduct cannot be made, this part of the certificate is to be cut off at the black line.

"Condition of Pardon, if any.

Pardoned—On condition that he do quit the United Kingdom within thirty days after this date, and that he do not return thereto.

(Signed)

"GATHORN HARDY,
10th day of March, 1868.

"True Extract from Royal
Pardon.
W. J. D. BRAMLEY,
Governor."

TAMING THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says that the humming-bird has been tamed, and writes as follows: "I succeeded in securing an uninjured captive, which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby-throated species, the most splendid and diminutive that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts of loaf-sugar with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to prepare it I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing 'possum'—feigning to be dead most skilfully. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes to peep