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MY SWAN-SONG.

Sing?—How should I sing,
Maiden, for thy pleasure?
My harp hath many a broken string,
And few that keep the measure.

Of its olden tones
Should some faint chords linger,
Waking, ghostlike, in response
To a straying finger,—

Blest, like sun and shower
In false April weather,
Forth at once would pour
Tears and song together.

Defter hands fit lay
For thine ear must borrow;
Mine are weak and chill to-day,
And will be cold to-morrow.

THE O'DONNELLS
OF
GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND

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CHAPTER X

MR. BAKER'S NOBLE EXPLOITS.—MR.
O'DONNELL'S FAMILY.

It is fit that we should return to our friend, Mr. Baker, who by this time had finished his little snack. Mr. Baker was an attorney of very limited practice indeed. He preferred getting his living by pundering to the tastes of Lord Clearall, and other gentlemen, than by perseverance in a lucrative profession. He was a man of very poor abilities, and although he was looked upon as Lord Clearall's law-agent, still, any cases of importance or difficulty were handed over to men better versed in their business. In fact, he was merely tolerated as a kind of family dependent or lumber, that could not be well thrown away. His humorous eccentricities gained him a ready introduction to the tables of the neighboring gentry. Besides, it being known that he was the guest and law-

agent to Lord Clearall, was another strong letter of recommendation. We are all fond of basking in the shade of nobility. There are few disciples of Diogenes now in existence, and so our friend found. Mr. Baker was naturally indolent and a sensualist, and therefore he thought it much easier and pleasanter to eat a good dinner with his neighbor, than to go to the trouble of providing one himself. Mr. Baker seldom condescended to dine with farmers; so, after dining with Lord Clearall and Sir — and Mr. —, he could not infringe so far on his dignity; however, he relaxed a little on behalf of Mr. O'Donnell, for, as he said, Mr. O'Donnell had the right blood in him, and was a respectable man; the truth is, Mr. O'Donnell kept a good table, and gave him some legal employment connected with his bank, that added to his slender income.

As I have remarked, Mr. Baker had peculiarities and eccentricities; though a noted coward, still, he would keep his hearers in roars with all his encounters with robbers and murderers. He had a powerful constitution, or rather appetite, for he was able to eat and drink as much as four moderate men. He possessed a good deal of the narrow-minded bigotry of the old school, and it was laughable to witness his endeavors at trying not to damn the papists or send the Pope to hell, when in company with Catholics. Not if he had the power would he do one or other, for I really think, if Saint Peter gave him the keys of heaven, and that the Pope sought admittance, Mr. Baker would, after regaling him with a few good curses, let him in unknown to his friends; for, on the whole, this Mr. Baker was not a bad kind of man; he was, in fact, more a fool than a knave.

Mr. Baker had finished his little lunch, and then carefully drew his seat near the fire, and mixed his punch, taking care to put two glasses of whisky into each tumbler, for he vowed that weak punch never agreed with him.

Frank and Willy Shea joined the party at the table. Kate O'Donnell sat in an easy chair reading a book, and her mother