

either—we'll be bothered entirely, if he comes in on a *sudden*."

"Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me," exclaimed the animated girl—"only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all ye'r *heart*, father—only from the teeth out."

When they re-entered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker dish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins of butter-milk were filled on the dresser, and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

"What's for supper, mother?" enquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

"Plaguy *snipeens*," she replied, "bits o' bog chickens, that you've such a fancy for—Barney Leary kilt them himself."

"So I did," said Barney grinning, "and that stick wid a hook of Morris Donovan's the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down."

"If Morris Donovan's stick touched them they shan't come here," said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow with his clenched hand as made not only it but Mrs Clary, jump.

"And why so, pray," asked the dame.

"Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into the house," replied Clary; "he's not to my liking, any how, and there's na good in his bothering here after what he won't get."

"Excellent!" thought Norah.

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, "what's come to the man?" Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury "birdeens," when to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw dish and its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely for a moment stood aghast. The calm however was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and with blazing face and fiery tongue, thus commenced hostilities: "How dare ye, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate, after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane I say?"

"I mane, that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if catch that girl of mine looking, at the same time, the road he walks on, by the powers! I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!"

"You will! And you dare to say that to my face, to a child o' mine! You will—will ye?—we'll see my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan, *shall* come into this house, and what's more, be master of this house; and that's what ye never had the heart to be yet, ye poor ould snail!" So saying, Mistress Clary endeavoured to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the poor snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother, but Clary, lifting her up somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the

kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs Clary stormed and stamped; and Mr Clary persisted in abusing, not only Morris, but Morris's Uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpmate *swore* ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole;—it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning was clear and frosty, long slender icicles hung from the branches of the wild hawthorn and holly, and even under the light footsteps of Norah, the glazed herbage crackled like feathery glass.—The mountain-hill murmured under a frost-bound covering; and the poor sheep, in their warm fleeces, gazed mournfully on the landscape, beautiful as it was in the healthy morning light, for neither on hill or dale could they discover a mouthful of grass. The chill December breeze rushed unheeded over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary, for "her wise thought" had prospered, and she was hastening to the trysting-tree, where, "by chance," either by morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment that the course of true love runs smooth, it becomes rather uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now only left for me to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tatalizing her intended, (a practice, by the way, which I *strongly* recommend as the best mode of discovering the temper, &c. of the gentleman,) told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love (which I beg my readers clearly to understand, are swifter and stronger in Ireland, than in any other country) to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom) too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about, during the happy Christmas Holydays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course, looked lovely and sheepish; and the bridegroom—But, pshaw! bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprung up, seized a shillelah of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted, "Carry me out! by the powers she's bet! we've won the day!—Ould Ireland for ever! Success boys! she's bet—she's bet!"—The priest too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the goodwife discovered the plot or no I never heard; but of this I am certain that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her "Wise Thought."

hourly be compromised. Let a man go before a magistrate—let him declare on oath that another is indebted to him a certain sum; and, without being held to proof of the debt—without the exhibition of any document or acknowledgment—without the privilege for the adverse party to contest his right, the creditor obtains the warrant of arrest, which is executed by bailiffs undistinguished by any exterior badge of office. Behold the pretended debtor imprisoned, and obliged, if he wishes to obtain his liberty, to find two persons who are to give bail for his appearance, under penalty of paying the sum which he is supposed to owe. Failing to obtain bail, he is locked up in prison till it may suit the creditor (and in this there is generally considerable delay) to justify his action or drop the suit. There is certainly a remedy provided against the creditor, but he often takes precaution to escape the action which may be commenced against him by the adverse party. Often too, looking at the enormity of the expense, and the glorious uncertainty of the law, the latter hesitates to place his money in jeopardy, and puts up with the momentary sacrifice of his liberty.

A magistrate in England never hesitates to pronounce in a case of affiliation, when the woman declares, on oath, that a person whom she names is the father of her child. Moral proof; rebutting testimony; nothing is admitted in favour of the man in a case like this, and a sum, large in proportion to the defendant's worldly means, is awarded to the complainant.—*Great Britain in 1833.*

EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT TEMPERATURES ON THE BODY.—When the air is dry and warm it excites a most agreeable sensation in the lungs and in every part of the body. It increases the power or function of every organ, and health is perfect: this is observed in a dry spring after a cold and moist winter; but when the weather is intensely hot, and persons exposed to the burning sun in the tropics, they often drop dead suddenly from apoplexy: this has happened even in France and Spain during very hot summers. All the functions, as breathing, digestion, &c., are diminished and oppressed. There is danger of mortification, of wounds and ulcers, bowel complaints, fevers, hysteria, epilepsy, &c. Persons labouring under consumption have been advised to live in warm climates; but many physicians suppose that the acceleration of the breathing and pulse caused by the hot air of summer, only hurry the sufferers to a more speedy death. The change of habitation from a cold climate to a warm one in winter is highly advisable, though it is now believed that the southern coasts of this country are as eligible as foreign climes for our consumptive patients. A cold and moist atmosphere produces debilitating effects on man and animals; a cold and dry air is not so injurious: it braces the nerves, and is favourable to health, although it sometimes induces determinations of blood to the head, chest, and abdomen, and causes inflammations in the organs of their cavities.—*Ten Minutes' Advice on Coughs and Colds.*

The *New Monthly Magazine* calls the members of municipal corporations the *bellyocracy!*

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.—In this boasted land of freedom, individual liberty can