

and both anticipated great felicity in a future life together. The parents of the young lady, however, objected to the marriage upon the grounds of Mr. Johnson's youth (he was yet in his minor years) and lack of means. Upon hearing this, Mr. Johnson sought an interview with the young lady, told her of the decision of her parents, and of the course he himself had resolved upon. With his native high principle, he said there was nothing left to them but to part and forget what they had been to each other. The lady felt otherwise, and frankly told him that she would go with him wherever he might lead, and that she would not hesitate to trust her life and its keeping into his hands. The strong pride and love of fair dealing of Mr. Johnson could not permit this, and notwithstanding his love, he denied the proposition and left the place, only returning long years after, when the lady was married and the mother of a family. Thus, it will be understood, that the lady did not prove faithless and cause any wounded feelings to the subject of this sketch.

#### A DANBURY DOG STORY.

The other day a two-cent dog, that is, a dog that scents or sniffs two ways, sprang from an alley, closely followed by a five-cent brick. Rounding the corner at right angles, he came in contact with the feet of a Dutchwoman, who was carrying a jug of molasses in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. The sudden collision of the dog with her lower extremities threw her from her feet, and she sat down upon the basket of eggs, at the same time breaking the jug of molasses upon the pavement. A young gentleman, carpet-bag in hand, anxious to catch the train, was running close behind, and stepping on the fragments of the jug and its contents, sat down on the chest of the Dutchwoman, who said, "Mine God!" The young man said something about "mad dog," but in the excitement said it backwards. In the meantime the dog ran against the feet of a team of horses attached to a load of potatoes, and they, taking fright, started for home. The ending-board falling out, they unloaded the potatoes along the streets as they went. Crossing the railway-track, the wagon caught in the rails and tore one of them from its place. A freight-train coming along a few moments later was thrown from the track, smashing a dozen cars and killing thirty or forty hogs. The horses, on reaching home, ran through a barn-yard and

overturned a milk-pail and contents, which another two-cent dog licked up. One of the horses, having broken his leg, was killed that morning, and the other is crippled for life. It is now a mooted question whether the man who threw the brick at the two-cent dog or the man who owns it is responsible for the chapter of accidents which followed.

#### MEMORIES OF IRELAND.

But whether the serious or the humorous, I feel that in speaking of Ireland, as I knew it, I am speaking of the *past*. I feel, too, that I speak in the *spirit of the past*. Others may have a "Young Ireland;" to me, Ireland is, and must be, "Old Ireland." I see her through the mists of memory; I see her with the mists of ocean resting on her hills, with mists of time resting on her towers; I hear, as afar off, the eternal music of the waves around her coast; I hear in her valleys and her caves the songs of the winds soft as the sounds of harps; I recall her in many a vision of lonely beauty, brightened by the sunshine on the river, lake and dell; in many a vision too of sombre glory in the battle of the tempests against her mountain summits and rock-bound shores. I bring her *national* life back to my mind in heroic story, in saintly legend, in tales passionate and wild, in the grand old poetry of the supernatural and solemn imagination which people love, to whose spirits the soul of the immortal whispers, on whose ears there linger the voices of the mighty *past*. I bring her *domestic* life back to my heart in her gracious old affections which so sweeten earthly care, in her gracious old phrases into which these old affections breathe; for never did fondness deepen into richer melody of love than in "cuishla machree;" and never did the welcome of hospitality sound in more generous eloquence than in that of "cead mille failthe." All these come back to me through the spaces of years, and my heart answers to them with "Erin mavourneen." If I forget thee, Ireland! let my right hand forget its cunning; if I do not speak of thee lovingly and reverently, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

It is sweet for friends to bear their burdens mutually, and to be able to say to one another, Give me what is wanting to me, and I will give you in return what you require; when I am weak, you will give me a helping hand; and when I see you ready to fall, I will hold out mine to you.