

Union. His son, Right Hon. Ion Trant Hamilton, who, I believe, married a granddaughter of the great Duke of Wellington, held the same seat after him. James Hans was colleague with Col. Taylor, D'Israeli's whip, and one of the then unbroken Dublin six, all Conservatives, and including George Alexander Hamilton, M. P., for the College. Needless to say, that all went Tory. So strong was the Tory feeling in the old days, that Rev. Mr. Reid, Rector, voting for Dan. O'Connell, knew, as a matter of course, that he must leave forthwith, and the congregation had it arranged that they were to fill up the church, and, just as he began his farewell sermon, to leave in a body. My father persuaded them to give up the scheme. James Hans was mild, amiable and popular, and respected by high and low. To show the deference paid to landlords by their tenants in old times. When I was a boy I was sitting with him in his country mansion, Abbotstown, when a footman came in to say that some tenants from his Carlow estate were at the door to see him. The hall door was open. It was raining briskly, but no sooner had they caught sight of him than every hat was off. He told them to keep them on, but it seemed as if that was impossible for the chief spokesman. He listened patiently to their grievances, gave them a letter of instructions to the agent to remedy, then sent them round for dinner, and they left, invoking multiplex blessings on his head. Ion Trant Hamilton has made some pregnant and pithy speeches in the Conservative interest. Another highly respected parishioner was Alexander Kirkpatrick, of Coolmine House, uncle of the present Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. He was Senior Magistrate and indefatigable in his attendance at Petty Sessions involving much loss of time and worry for the best part of a lifetime, without outward fee or reward other than the high esteem of the community.

THE INQUEST

"Ye maun na gang across," bawled the dark and sinister-looking Highlander, gateman at the Ashtown level crossing of the Midland Railway, near Dublin, a crossing which combined all conceivable elements of danger, being on a steep grade and a sharp curve, in the concavity of which tall willows were planted to blind the outlook of the engine driver.

Senior, relative and namesake of the celebrated Professor and a great Government official, being Secretary to the poor-law Commissioners, was walking home to this country villa. The large gate barred the roadway, but he passed through the turnstile.

"D—n it ye maun na pass," shouted Sandy, roughly collaring him.

The roar of the Express shook the willows. The earth trembled. Black clouds of sulphurous smoke heralded the unseen demon.

Enraged at his presumption, Senior angrily shook him off, thinking he had time to clear the train, but the delay of two seconds was fatal. Had he been completely let alone or completely held prisoner, he would have been alive to-day.

Fragments of hair and bloody bones strewed the track. My father terribly shocked, sent me with a letter of condolence to the widow next morning. Taking a short cut through my uncle's fields to the private drive of my cousin, John Rathborne, J. P., I saw him standing in the middle of the road, talking to a big burly City Police In-