

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

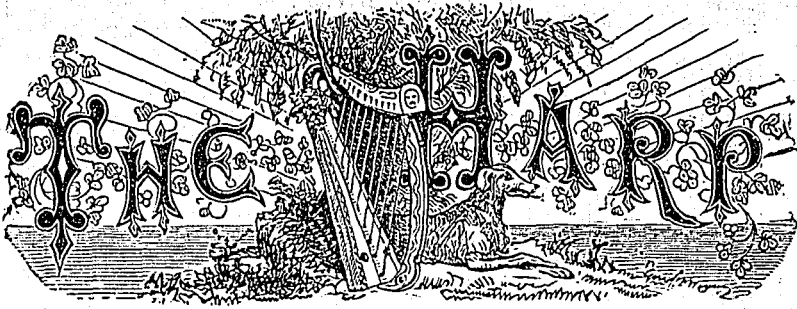
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.



A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. II.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

No. 5.

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

By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"  
"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"  
"Sarsfield; or, The Last Great Struggle  
for Ireland," etc., etc.

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

and Bessy were seated on the sofa near her.

"This is comfortable; ay, comfortable, by Jove," and Mr. Baker looked from the bright fire, over which he held his hands a few seconds, into his glass of sparkling punch; so it was hard to say which he pronounced comfortable; perhaps the two; or perhaps he was taking in the whole in his mind's eye, and thinking what a happy man Mr. O'Donnell was, with his kind wife and four children, as they sat around that cheerful fire, and that table sparkling with glasses and decanters and streaming lights.

Mr. Baker was an old bachelor—and strange things do run in old bachelor's heads; for, when they enter a little Eden of domestic bliss, they wonder why they were born to mope alone through life, without one tendril to keep alive the affections, or one green vine to cling to them for support.

"Heigh ho! Devilish comfortable!" said Mr. Baker, and he rubbed his hands and looked around again.

"Yes," said Mr. O'Donnell; "a bright fire of a chilly evening, a pleasant glass of punch, with your family around you, telling some innocent stories, or singing some pretty little songs, are comfortable things, no doubt, Mr. Baker."

"Devilish comfortable, though!" and Mr. Baker sighed.

"I wonder you never married, Mr. Baker," said Mrs. O'Donnell.

"Never, ma'am, never. Begad, I once thought of it when young; something or another knocked it up—I should tell you, the match was made, ay, made. I was so fond of that pretty little girl. I was devilish fond—I—oh, I see, I am making a fool of myself; and"—here he wiped his eyes and blew his nose very strongly—"that snuff makes a person sneeze so. Well, as I said before, she took the fever—devil take the fever!—God forgive me for cursing—bad luck to it!—What's that I said? Yes, she died, and I never minded marrying since."

After all, there were fine feelings lurking in that blustering rough man's heart.

"Never married, Mrs. O'Donnell; though Lord Clearall, for we are particular friends, says to me, 'Baker, travel where you will, there is no place so pleasant as home.'"

"Well, Mr. Baker," said Frank, "I didn't see you since the races of Cashel; how did you get home?"

"Capitally, boy, capitally. You rode devilish well, though; d—n me, but you did. A pleasant night we had at the hotel; pooh, hah, pooh!" and Mr. Baker leaned back in his chair, and then indulged in a pinch of snuff and a pooh. "That Mr. B— said something to me; didn't he? They know the lion is getting old, Frank, so they do. Pooh!—God be with

the good old times, when, if a man said anything to you, you need but send a friend to him and appoint a nice cosy corner of a field, and there quietly settle the affair. Now the law won't allow that satisfaction. Did you see that little affair between Cooke and myself how it was prevented? The police got the scent and dogged us. I always think that Cooke sold the pass, and sent word of the whole affair; for you know he was a stag, Frank—a stag; and knew well that I'd shoot him."

"The worst of it is, Mr. Baker, Mr. Cooke's friends gave out that it was you who forewarned the police."

"Oh! of course, Frank, of course, trying to shift the blame off themselves; he was a stag, sir, a stag—pooh!" and Mr. Baker proceeded with another glass of punch. "Good spirits this, Mr. O'Donnell; I generally put three glasses to my punch, but only two of yours; for, as Lord Clearall says—you know we are particular friends—well, as he says, 'Baker, never drink weak punch—never drink weak punch; it will sicken you, man; it is as bad as Pope and—' hem, ha, I mean—oh, to hell!—; yet, it's devilish stuff."

"Mr. Baker," said Mr. O'Donnell, who could scarce conceal a smile at the blundering of his guest; "Mr. Baker, I am told our worthy agent is about resigning, as he does not wish to carry out his lordship's orders about clearing the Lisduff property; do you know is it true?"

"Yes, I think he will; devilish good man he was; he and the old lord pulled well together; tender old man that old lord was; never tossed anyone out, but supported widows and orphans, or, as the present lord calls them, idlers and stragglers—ay, faith, that's it. I don't see why he should resign. All poor people on that Lisduff. What loss are their wretched cabins? Besides, his lordship wants to make one sheep-walk of the whole, or to let it to large tenants. Fine farm-houses are more comfortable and tusty than poor cabins; and, as his lordship says, 'Why the devil shouldn't he do as he likes with his own?' And why not, Mr. O'Donnell? Miss Kate, this water is getting cold, I fear. Cold water never makes good punch; hot, sparkling, and plenty of whisky, and there it is for you."

"Is it possible, Mr. Baker," said Frank, "that his lordship means to turn all the small farmers off the Lisduff property? Sure their little farms and cabins are as dear to them as is his palace to his lordship."

"Well, well; that may be, Frank—that may be; but then you know they belong to his lordship, and why not do as he pleases with them?"

"And what will become of the poor people, Mr. Baker?" said Kate.

"Can't say, Miss Kate, can't say; I.

suppose they will go to America, or do the best they can. They are a lot of poor wretches, poor d— P—, hem, hem, ha! poor creature, I mean."

Kate sighed, and Frank held down his head, for he did not wish to argue the matter further with Mr. Baker, knowing his prattling propensities, and fearing that his lordship would feel offended at any strictures on the management of his property from a tenant.

"It is known who will replace him?" said Mr. O'Donnell.

"You see how it is, Mr. O'Donnell; of course I will get a preference, as his lordship and I are particular friends; but then I won't take it, d—n me if I do; I am now getting too old; besides, I don't like hunting out poor devils,—I am d—d if I do; so I suppose Mr. Ellis, our worthy Scotch friend, will come in."

"Now, he has feathered his nest pretty well under his lordship."

"Devilish well; ay, that is it; I will tell—but this is between ourselves, honor bright—as I was saying, he came there a poor steward, let me see, about twenty years ago. He didn't make much hand of the old lord, but he picked up some nice farms for himself and his friends; according as the young lord wanted money, he supplied him with hundreds and thousands; so, when the old man died, he became a right-hand man with the son. He supplies him with money at his calls. His lordship finds him very easy in his terms. He sometimes takes a mortgage upon this farm or that, merely for form's sake, Mr. O'Donnell, but he is sure that it is on some property nearly out of lease; so in order to improve the land, and carry out a system of high farming, he ejects the tenants, builds houses, and improves the land, and then brings over his friends from Scotland, who get the land at about half what the poor popish devils—I beg pardon, Mr. O'Donnell, I mean no offence; as I was saying, they take the land for about half the rent the damned pa— O yes! the old tenants I mean, paid for it, Mr. Ellis taking care to be well paid by the new comers; but all this *sub rosa*, you see, *sub rosa*; so Mr. Ellis is getting rich every day, while his lordship is getting poor; and the poor devils of pa—tenants, I mean, are sent about their business, to beg, or starve, or die, as they please."

"Good God!" cried Willy Shea, "can this be true? Where is that Constitution that boasts of being the protection of the weak against the strong? The slave is fed and cared by his master, he is property; but the Irish slave cannot be bought or sold, therefore he has no value as property; it is true, he is the slave of circumstances, and his master is generally a tyrant that crushes him. Why does not the law protect the weak?"

"Pooh! all nonsense, young man;

pooh! I fancy I know something about the law; don't I, Mr. O'Donnell?"

"Certainly, Mr. Baker."

"Yes, sir, I do. Frank, hand over the decanter while water is hot. So I do know something about it; now, will you tell me who makes the laws? Don't the landlords? a pity they wouldn't make laws against themselves, ay, young man?"

"But haven't we representatives, sir; what are they about?"

"Granted, granted, my young friend; who are your representatives but your landlords or their nominees; all a set of place-hunting schemers, who bamboozle the people and then laugh at them; no wonder, faith."

"God help the poor tenants," said Mr. O'Donnell; they are the worst off."

"To be sure, man, to be sure; between the priests, and landlords, and members, the poor are tossed about like a shuttlecock."

"It is a strange country, indeed," said Willy Shea, "where men cannot live on the fruits of a soil so fertile—a soil literally teeming with milk and honey—a soil blessed by God but cursed by man. What have we gained by our modern civilization?—what by our connexion with England? Why, in the feudal times there was a kind of tie of clanship, and a rough, but social intercourse between the country gentlemen and their tenants, or retainers, that made them feel that they were bound by a kind of family bond; but now the tenants are not needed as a display or protection to the landlord; they are, therefore, retained or dismissed at his whim or option. Is it a wonder, then, with so many and such wholesale evictions staring us in the face, that there should be agrarian discontent too often breaking forth in wild justice of self-defence or banded violence?"

"That is, that they would murder us, is it?" said Mr. Baker; for Mr. Baker always took care to identify himself with the higher class, though on account of his harmless blustering disposition he often, unconsciously, told bitter truths against them."

"That they would murder us, is it? ay, the damned pa— hem, ha! yes, they would if they could; but you see I don't care that about them," and Mr. Baker held up a small teaspoonful of punch for inspection, and then drank it off. "Not that, faith! Hand the decanter down, Frank, my boy; that will do. Why, you are taking nothing. I would recommend it to you; nothing like a good glass of punch to keep up the spirits; I could never have done all I did but for it."

"There is no danger, Mr. Baker, that any one will attack you; you have given them too many wholesome lessons to mind you now," said Kate raising her eyes from the book, and looking smilingly at Mr. Baker.

As I said before, or, as I should have said, if I did not say it, Mr. Baker was a great admirer of the fair sex and though a heavy looking man, never missed acknowledging a compliment from a lady, so he got up to make a bow, but in attempting to do so he upset his glass of punch, and walked on Fid. It happened that Fid and the cat were enjoying themselves most comfortably on the hearth-rug, so when Mr. Baker disturbed their tete-a-tete, Fid protested against it in sundry angry yelps.

"Choke that dog!" said Mr. O'Donnell.

"Poor little Fid; come here, poor thing. Where are you hurt? There now, don't cry, and I'll cure you. Sure, he couldn't help it," said Bessy, and Bessy took Fid to nestle in her mamma's lap with her. Fid felt that he fell into kind hands, for he only whined a little, and then laid his little silky head to rest beside Bessy's.

"No, Miss, no, I couldn't help him—I'm d—d if I could, for I could not; see, I spilt all the punch. I beg your pardon, Miss Kate."

"Don't mind, Mr. Baker, no harm done," and she wiped away the streaming liquid, and placed a clean glass for Mr. Baker.

"I think, Mr. Baker, you were going to tell us about some fellows that attacked you, or something of that kind?"

"Oh, yes; did I ever tell you, Mr.—?" and he nodded at Willy.

"Mr Shea," suggested Willy.

"Well, Mr. Shea—devilish good name, too—where is this I was?"

"Some adventure you were going to relate," said Willy.

"Oh, yes; you see I was coming from Cashel one night, and I had a large sum of money about me. Just as I was coming by the grove I saw two men, and they slunk into the ditch as soon as they saw me. Begad, something struck me, so I out with my pistols. When I came up one of them jumped out and seized the reins. 'Out with your arms and money, or you are a dead man,' he shouted; the other fellow was standing beside me with a gun presented. 'Here,' said I, putting my hand in, as if for them, but before he had time to look about him I out with the pistol and blazed at him. He turned about like a top and fell dead. My horse jumped with the fright and that saved me, for the other fellow missed me with his shot; I turned at him, but he jumped over the ditch. Just as he was going out I picked him behind."

"That was well done," said Willy; "did you bury the dead man?"

"No, the d—d pa—, rascals, I mean, took him away; at least he was never got."

"You had more adventures than that, though," said Frank.

"More! it would keep us till morning to tell you, by jove; but the villains are now so much afraid, they are shunning me. I suppose I shot about a dozen in all!"

"A dozen! really the governm ought to pension you."

"So they ought, boy; so they ought; that's what I do be telling Lord Clearall, for we are particular friends. Shove over the decanter; I hadn't a glass of punch this two hours."

Mr. Baker's measure of time must have been guided by no chronometer but his own, for the hand of Mr. O'Donnell's clock had not revolved over ten minutes since he had filled his last glass.

"I suppose you will not go home to night, Mr. Baker," said Frank.

"Certainly, boy, certainly; why not?"

"It is rather late and the roads are said not to be too honest."

"Ha, ha, ha! no fear of that; they know Jack Baker too well for that; many a one of their skins I tickled."

"Wou't you be afraid, Mr. Baker?" said Kate.

"Afraid! ha, ha, ha, afraid—Jack Baker—afraid! by jove this is a good one! I assure you, Miss Kate, it would not be well for a man that would tax Jack Baker, old as he is, with cowardice; ha, ha, ha! Jack Baker afraid! look at these bull dogs, Frank; need a man be afraid having them?"

Frank took the pistols to the side table, and under pretence of examining them, he extracted the balls, no doubt with the charitable intention of preventing Mr. Baker from committing murder; he then went into the kitchen. While Frank was in the kitchen, Mr. O'Donnell was taking a doze, and Willy being engaged in a cosy chat with Kate and Mrs. O'Donnell, and Bessy, and puss, and Fid, held a council on the sofa, so Mr. Baker thought the best thing he could do was to take a nap; and in order to make his doze comfortable, he first emptied his glass. Certain sonorous sounds emitted from Mr. Baker's nasal organs betokened plainly as words could that he was enjoying rather a heavy doze.

"Come, Bessy, child," said Mrs. O'Donnell, "let us leave Fid and puss. now to sleep for themselves, and say your prayers."

The pretty little thing knelt at her mother's knee and rested her closed hands upon her lap. As she finished her little prayers she naively asked—"Our Father, who art in heaven! what does that mean, mamma? is it that God is our father?"

"Certainly, my dear child. He is the Father of the fatherless, and He has called little children to Him, for of such He says, is the kingdom of heaven." Bessy was silent for some time, then she said;—

"Mamma, is heaven a beautiful place?"

"Yes, my love; no words could paint its beauty, for ears have not heard, nor eyes seen, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory of heaven."

"Mamma, I would like to go to heaven; would you like me to go?"

"Mrs. O'Donnell looked at that quiet, ethereal-looking child, with her pale cheeks and bright eyes, and a pang of anguish struck her heart at these words, and she thought what would she do if she lost her darling child, and a tear trickled and fell on Bessy's little hand.

"What ails you, mamma? sure you would not grudge me to go to heaven; if so, mamma, and if you'd be very sorry, I will pray to the good God not to take me, and I know as He is so good He will not refuse me."

"No, child, no! do not; God will take you in His own wise time; but not now, Bessy; what, darling, would I do after you?" and she pressed her to her bosom.

Bessy remained silent for some time, and then looked up and said—

"Mamma, are Richard and Ellen in heaven; but I know they are?"

"They are, child."

"Why, then, do you be crying for them if they are so happy in such a beautiful place?"

"I don't know, pet; I feel lonesome after them, and yet I know they are with God."

"Our Father who art in Heaven! Oh, how good God is mamma, and how grand heaven is, when it is the kingdom of God's glory and of His angels and saints."

While this conversation was going on between Bessy and her mamma, and while Kate and Willy held an equally interesting conversation at the other side—a conversation which seemed to please them both very much, for they often smiled, and looked at each other and then at the book, for I am sure there was something very interesting in that book, we will take a look into the kitchen to see what Frank was about.

A farmer of the wealthier class must have a large establishment of servants in order to cultivate his farms and to collect his crops. Besides the regular staff he generally hires additional hands, while cutting and saving his corn and hay, and digging his potatoes. Mr. O'Donnell had not all his potatoes dug as yet, and therefore was not able to dispense with his additional hands. When Frank went into the kitchen, most of the servants were collected around a large table playing cards. A few were sitting at the fire enjoying a comfortable shanachus with the housemaids.

"Arrah, sthóp, James Cormack, and don't be going on with your pallavering," said a roguish, funny-eyed damsel to a good-looking young fellow, that seemed

to be making love to her by the process of teasing her as much as possible.

"Sarra a baporth I'm doin' to you, Mary; you are only drammin', achorra."

"Well, sthóp now, and let me doze away; you know how early I was up to-day, or faix if you don't, maybe it's the mistress I will be calling down."

"You'd like it, indeed, Mary," said the other, with a most provoking look. Mary threw her arm carelessly over the back of the chair and leant her head upon it, and closed her two roguish eyes as if to sleep. James had a feather, with which he tickled her face and nose, which, of course, set her sneezing. James turned towards the table and asked, "how is the play going, boys?"

"Och! only middling," said a fellow, who had just turned his hat inside out to bring him luck. "Divil a baporth we are getting; Bill is winning all before him; some of the colleens must have sthuck a comb or needle in his clothes."

"I have the five," said another fellow, hitting a thump upon the table; "that's our game."

"Ye needn't laugh so," said Mary to the company at the fire, who were enjoying her bewilderment.

"Faith it is pleasant," said Shemus-a-Clough. "Begor, Mary, if you were to see the purty faces you were makin' you'd laugh yourself—turning up your nose this way, just like the hounds when they'd get the scent."

Shemus cocked up his big nose, and made some ludicrous faces for Mary's special enlightenment. Mary didn't seem to know well whether she had better laugh or cry at Shemus's rude comparison; however, she compromised the thing by moving up from the fire and placing her apron to her face.

"Ye think I didn't know who did it. That I may never sin, but if I was shure it was you that did it, James Cormack, I never would speak another word to you."

"Mary, alanna," said James, "don't blame me, now; that's a good girl; shure I was looking at the card players."

"Get out; maybe I didn't see you," said Mary; giving him a slight kick with her little foot.

"Och, murther, Mary," said he, rubbing his leg, though the kick would not hurt Uncle Toby's fly, "sorra a one but you blackened my leg. If you do be as cross as that when you are married, God help the man that gets you. Och, I am sure when you have a couple of children, there will be no sthanding you."

"There is more of it," said Mary; though from the little laugh she gave, and the slight red that gleamed on her cheek, it was evident she was well pleased.

"Whisper, Mary," said James, after a pause.

Mary held down her little head towards him, and James whispered something into her ear, and in doing so her face came so near to his, that he could not resist the temptation of trying a kiss. Whether it was the kiss or the whisper, I can't say, but Mary blushed up and struck him a slap on the cheek that might frighten a fly, and then bounced away, vowing that "nobody could live near the schemer, at all at all."

James rubbed his face, exclaiming, "See now a body's thanks for telling a purty little girl the truth; and as for the kiss, upon my souckens, if we were in the dark, it is dozens of them she'd give me."

"Sorra a one at all, though; and I hope you will never have the impudence to try another; shure it was only my hand you kissed."

"O never mind, I'll do better the next time."

"Arrah, maybe you'd thry; I'd advise you to look to your ears, then, James, and not be trying your comehether upon me. Shure maybe I didn't see you wid somebody at Mrs. Butler's last Sunday; take that, now, James."

"Phew! Upon my varacity, Mary, I am afeerd you are getting in a little fit of jellness; shure, sorra one was wid me but my own first cousin."

"Ha, ha, James; maybe I didn't know who was in it; if you think it shutable to be in consate wid Miss O'Brien, that's nothing to me," and Mary looked as if it were everything in life to her.

"Oh, wurrar, do hear that; there's no coming up to yez for girls: what differs there be betune the hearts an' tongues of some people, and the way they speaks behind others' backs; shure you know that Miss O'Brien is going to be married, and I was only wishing her joy. Faix I know a nice, plump little girl, with two roguish eyes like two shinin' stars, that's not a hundred miles from me this minute, I'd rather than Miss O'Brien, or any other miss any day or my life."

He looked at Mary with a soft, smiling kind of a look that told as plainly as words—it's your own darling self I mean. Mary blushed again, and found something astray with her apron-string.

"Faith it's pleasant," said Shemus-a-Clough; "ye are like two that wud be courting, going on with ye'r droll ways; ay, my purty little Colleen, it's thrue for me."

This address of Shemus' created a roar of laughter.

"What will they do, Shemus?" said one of the party.

"Faix, they knows themself; my purty Colleen here, with her roguish eyes; aye, alanna, may be ye won't do it."

While these amatory scenes were going on near the fire, the players were not idle either, for they enlivened their games

with snatches, songs, and stories; their leading spirit was Shaun the Rover.

"Mind your play there, and hould your whisht, Shaun, will ye, bad's grant from you, why didn't you stick your king in there?" said one of his partners, towards the end of the game.

"Whisht," said another, "here is Masther Frank coming."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS—MR. BAKER'S EXPLOITS.

Frank found the party in the kitchen in the height of their enjoyment; the laugh and jest, and voice of the players rose from the table, while high above the rest rose Shemus-a-Clough's voice chanting one of his hunting songs. Frank beheld all this from the hall, where he stood a moment to listen to the merry voices of the party.

"Poor souls!" thought he; "one would think that they never knew care nor sorrow, so gay and light-hearted are they. There are some of these poor fellows, now, under notice to quit their happy homes, and yet they can laugh and sing, as if they were secure from landlord power. How would I feel if I were to be turned out of my fine house and place; and, who knows, in this land of uncertainties! Good God! I fear I could not bear it so quietly. Yet it is hard to know them; there is within them a deep current of underfeeling; they could be gay and light-hearted as now, and in an hour again they could band together in the wild spirit of self-revenge. Heigh ho! I pity the poor fellows if they should be turned out; and the Cormacks, my foster-brothers, what would become of them, and of their poor mother, my old nurse, and their fair sister; well, they shun't want while I am alive, anyway." So saying, Frank opened the door, and passed into the kitchen.

"Arrah! welcome, Misther Frank, welcome," was the exclamation that greeted him on his entrance.

"Thank you, boys, thank you, how are you?" said he, shaking hands with the brothers, James and John Cormack.

It is necessary that we should give some account of the relationship, if I may so call it, that existed between Frank and the Cormacks. This might be inferred from Frank's soliloquy at the door.

The tie of fostership is, or at least was, held as sacred as that of natural brothers. We have several instances of foster-brothers exposing, in fact losing their lives in order to protect their wealthier relations.

In some work on '98 I have read a very feeling account of how a young insurgent gentleman was taken prisoner, and brought before the next magistrate; of course his committal was at once made

out, but, it being too late—it was, on account of the disturbed state of the country, and the small force at the magistrate's disposal—thought better to detain him closely guarded, until morning.

The prisoner recognized in the butler his foster-brother. The latter did not pretend to notice him.

"Alas!" thought he, as he stretched in his little prison, "I am forsaken by the world; come, death, I am ready for you!"

He heard singing and revelry going on through the house all night.

"These can laugh and be merry, while they hold revel over a poor wretch that is to die on the gallows," said he to himself.

At length the butler came in with something for him to eat. He looked at him—

"And have you, too, brother, forsaken me?" said he.

The other placed his finger on his lips, in token of silence.

"Slurrp off smart," whispered he; "I have drugged their drink; the guards are all drunk or sleeping; put on my clothes, and act as butler; the hall-door is open, and pass out."

"No," said the other; "it would endanger you; they might make a victim of you."

"Not at all, man; here, I have them off; what would they do with me; they will treat it as a good joke when you are gone. Come, off smart; on wid them; there is not a moment to be lost!"

They exchanged clothes, and as he passed out with the dishes, he wrung the brave fellow's hand, exclaiming:—

"God bless you! I'll reward you well."

"Pooh," said the other, "that will do, pass on now, and don't appear concerned."

He was challenged by the sentinel, and even by the party in the parlor; yet, he stood the test. As soon as the butler heard the hall-door close after him, he breathed freely.

"Thank God! he is safe! I might as well say my prayers now; for I know the men I have to deal with too well to expect mercy; no matter, he's saved!"

When the magistrate discovered the trick that had been played upon him, there was no end to his anger; he at once ordered the poor fellow to execution. When going to the gallows, the magistrate asked him—

"Why did you do it?"

"Sir," said he, "I am his foster-brother!"

His death did not pass unavenged; for, after some years, the young gentleman returned from the continent; he challenged the magistrate to a duel. They had selected a retired part, near a plantation. They took their positions on two mounds. The magistrate was shot through the breast. After falling, the young man

walked over to him, and whispered into his ears—

"You recollect John Mahon,—he was my foster-brother; his grave is now drinking your blood; you murdered him, you did; but he is avenged. I have nursed my vengeance for years; I have practised until I could put a ball where I like; now, I have sweet revenge upon his murderer. And, if there be any one here," looking fiercely around him, "that says he was not murdered, let him take your place, you dog."

Such was the affection existing between foster-brothers. Whether it is so fervid now or not, I cannot say; perhaps, like a good many of our old Irish customs and habits, our very impulsive affections have given way to the cold, soulless philosophy of English innovators.

This was the kind of relationship that existed between Frank and the Cormacks. The Cormacks held a small farm of about ten acres; they never worked for hire, as their little farm gave them sufficient employment; they helped Mr. O'Donnell during his busy season, for which they received more than an equivalent in various ways—such as a plough to till their garden, a present of a cow, a few lambs or pigs, as they wanted them. With all O'Donnell's kindness, it is no wonder that the Cormacks were what is called well-to-do in the world; besides, they were sober, industrious young men.

After some commonplace conversation with those in the kitchen, Frank remarked:

"We have old Mr. Baker above half-drunk. He is as usual killing every one. I was thinking it would be a good joke if two of you would meet him when going home, and take his pistols and money from him; we would have such a good laugh at him."

"I and Neddy Burkem will go," said James Cormack.

"Well, I don't care," said Burkem. "But he does be so often at Mr. Ellis's that he might know me; besides he might fire."

"No danger of that," said Frank; "I have drawn the balls from his pistols; besides, he will be so much frightened I am sure he won't know any one."

"Let another of the boys go with you, James," said Burkem.

"Burkem is afeerd. I'll go, Mither Frank," said another.

"Oh, divil afeerd," said Burkem; "but you know, if he should chance to know me, I was undone."

"A four year old child needn't be afeerd of Slob Baker," said the Rover. "Did you ever hear what they did to him at Mr. Lane's?"

"Shure young Mr. Lane vexed him one night until they got up to fight a duel. Well, becomes Mr. Lane, he loaded his pistol with blood, and put nothing but



powder in Mr. Baker's. They fired across the table. When Baker saw himself all covered with blood, he kicked, and tumbled, and swore he was shot. 'Oh, Lane,' says he, 'you have me murdered. God have mercy on me, a poor sinner.' They all laughed at him. 'Oh! laugh and be damn'd,' said he. 'You can easily laugh at a dead man,' 'Ha! ha! ha! You're not dead at all man,' said Mr. Lane; 'get up, man alive.' 'Dead—as dead as a door nail, man! if I weren't, I'd have you shot for laughing at a poor devil you are after murdering.' 'Ha! ha! ha! Where do you feel the pain?' 'Where do I feel the pain? Shure a man never feels pain after being shot until he's dead. Shure I am all covered with blood—isn't that enuff? You kilt me; for you hadn't any ball in my pistol; for if you had you were shot.' 'No, nor in mine either; there was only blood in it.' 'Do you say so? Gog! maybe I'm not dead ather all.' 'Divil a dead. Get up to a glass of punch.' 'Well, well; did any one ever hear the likes!' 'When I saw the blood I thought I was done for. Down with the decanthur!' They then set him drunk, and rubbed his face with lamp-black; so they took him up to the drawing-room to dance with the ladies. Shure if they didn't laugh at him, nabocklish."

The parlor bell was rung.

"Run, Mary Cahill; and none of your sly ways there with James; and bring them up more water. I know that is what they want. And, Cormack, let you and another of the boys get two peeled cabbage stumps, and meet him at the gate. I'll go up to hurry him off."

When Frank returned to the parlor he found his father and Mr. Baker taking a parting glass.

"Come, Frank, boy, take a *doch a durrin*."

"You don't mean to go home, Mr. Baker? it is rather late and not too safe to travel."

"Safe! boy, safe! That's what makes me go, to show you and the damned pa—, robbers, I mean, that I'm not afraid; order my horse, order my horse."

"Mary," said Frank to Mary Cahill, who had brought in the hot water, "Mary, tell one of the boys to bring out Mr. Baker's horse."

"Yes, sir."

As Mr. Baker rode from the house he held the following bit of conversation with himself:

"I think I was a deuce of a fool, an ass, to say the least of it, to leave to-night; but then they'd say I was afraid; ay, afraid, and that wouldn't do, Mr. Baker. Afraid! who said I was afraid; who dare say it, I want to know? God protect me! what the devil is that though? Oh! only an ass—ha! out of my way. Well, if I meet any fellows, will I shoot them? Sure they'd shoot me, but then I'd be a

deuce of a fool to lose my life on account of two pistols and a few pounds. No, I am at the gate now, I—"

"Deliver your arms and money or you're a dead man!" was shouted from behind the piers, and two wicked looking things, guns no doubt, looked out at him as if they would take great pleasure in cracking at him.

"Ye-ye-yes! gentlemen, fo-fo-for the love of God, don't shoot me! here they are," and he handed out his pistols and money.

"Ride back again now."

"Ye-ye-yes! gentlemen; Lord spare your lives for sparing me."

Mr. Baker thundered up to the hall door, and knocked fiercely; Frank made his appearance.

"O, Frank, Frank, for the love of God, hurry! Call out the men! I was robbed; about twenty men attacked me. I shot two, anyway; I think three; two for certain; then they overpowered me, but I made my escape from the damned pa—, robbers, I mean, robbers, Frank, robbers. There are four shot, anyway; four of the bloody pa—, robbers, I mean. The government will hear all this in the morning. I will have them taken like the bloody pa—, robbers, I mean, I shot coming from Cashel."

"Right, Mr. Baker," said Frank, "I am sur- you will get a pension; come in, anyway; you won't go home to-night, now?"

"No, Frank, no, boy!"

"Come in, sir."

"What the devil are these?" said Mr. Baker, as he saw his purse and pistols on the parlor table.

"I think you ought to know them," said Frank. "Ha, ha, ha, two of the boys got cabbage stumps, it appears, and robbed you, ha! ha! ha!"

"Gog! I have my purse and pistols anyway; you think I didn't know them Frank, right well; a good joke, by Jove; ha! ha! ha! I'd like to shoot your servants, wouldn't I; catch me at that, boy; ha! ha! ha! well for them it wasn't any one else was in it; ha! ha! ha! here, get up the decanter, and some hot water; ring the bell, Frank!"

Mary Cahill made her appearance.

"More hot water, Mary," said Frank.

"See, Mary, try is there any cold meat for a snack," said Mr. Baker. "Ha! ha! ha! faith it was a good joke. Give me the hand, Frank, they may thank being your servants for having whole skins; that's a good girl, Mary; is that hot? it is; now, Mary, what about the meat?"

"I fear there is none done, sir."

"No matter, get a chop—devilish fine mutton! Nothing makes a man drink but to eat enough; 'eat, drink and be merry,' as his lordship says; you know, Frank, we are particular friends."

Perhaps we have devoted too much of

our space to Mr. Baker; moreover, as he belonged to a class, now nearly, if not altogether, extinct. Many of my readers, will, no doubt, feel surprised that the craft of his profession did not, like magic tricks, change his very nature, and make something of him; all I can say to this is, that he was not fit for his profession, nor his profession for him.

Like most, I might say nearly all, of my characters, Mr. Baker is no ideal being, created to heighten the plot; no, I give him in *propria persona*.

"I think, Kate," said Frank, at the breakfast table next morning, "as we had some rain last night, we must give up our little pic-nic to Glenbowrie!"

"I fear so," said Kate, looking disappointed.

"I will tell you what we will do; Willy and I will go shooting until dinner-time, and then we will spend the evening in the summer-house."

"Very well," said Kate.

So Frank and Willy set out, with their dogs and guns.

"I must pass by Ballybruff, to see my poor nurse, Willy," said Frank,

Mrs. Cormack's house was a nice clean one. It was surrounded with larch and poplar trees. The walls were rough-cast, and three real glass windows gave light and air to the interior. The yard was gravelled, and free from sink holes, or any nuisance of the kind. Nelly Cormack was very busy in the yard, feeding a whole regiment of poultry, that clattered and cackled about her.

"Good morning, Mary," said Frank; "old nurse doesn't see me yet, she is so busy at her stocking. How are you?" said he, coming up, and blocking up the door near her. Mrs. Cormack raised her head, and pulled her specks over her nose:—

"Arrah! is this Mistor Frank?"

"It is, ma'am; and this is my young friend, Mr. Shea."

"Shure ye're welcome; sit down, gentlemen; Mary, get them chairs."

Mary dusted two saggawn-bottomed chairs, and placed them near the fire. Willy cast his eyes about the clean, tidy kitchen, with its rows of tins, and plates, and noggins, all as bright and clean as sand could make them.

"This is a comfortable house you have, Mrs. Cormack," said Willy.

"It is, indeed, sir," said she; "but what good is that; shure we are served wid an ejection," and Mrs. Cormack sighed, and wiped her eyes.

"Do you owe much rent?" said he.

"Only a year's, and I have it all barrin' three pounds; but what good is that; I fear they won't take it; it is said that they mean to throw us all out, for to make large farms, as they did to the Croghlawn tenants."

"I hope not," said Frank; "they can-

not be so cruel as that, to toss out a poor widow that pays her rent."

"I hope not, sir, I hope not; but they have done as bad. If they were to throw me out I would not live long; murrone, it would be the heart-break, where my father and mother, and my poor man all died, if I don't be allowed to close my eyes there."

Mrs. Cormack wiped her eyes, for a mournful tear rose from the heart to them, and from them along her withered cheeks.

"Oh! offer them the rent nurse," said Frank; "I will see if I can do anything for you; they cannot refuse it."

"I will, abanna, as soon as we sell the slip of a pig, to make up the three pounds, and may God soften their hearts to take it."

"Don't sell your pig, Mrs. Cormack," said Frank; "I will be your creditor, until you get richer," and he placed three pounds in her lap.

"I won't take it, Mistor Frank; it is too good you are."

"No, now, you must keep it; it is my Christmas present to my old nurse; and God knows, Mrs. Cormack, I would not have a happy Christmas if you were disturbed."

"God bless you! Mistor Frank; it's you have the good heart; God will reward you, Frank, for happy are they who feel for the widow and the orphan."

"Well, Mary," said Frank, in order to change the conversation, "I hope you don't be courting the boys yet!"

(To be continued.)

Douglas Jerrold had known the misery there is under the sun. He had worked his own way. He had been a sailor; he had been a printer; he had eaten the bread of adversity. He had educated himself. He knew the enormous odds at which poverty fought. He knew how heavily genius is weighted unless genius has money at his banker's. He had seen men whipped at the yard-arm. He had seen poverty crouch on the friendless doorstep and die. No wonder he was against wealth and power, against placemen and professional politicians. No wonder he pointed from the modern bishops to the apostles of old, and drew the moral of the contrast with words of bitter reproach. He was an enthusiast; but the lightning of his eloquence was backed by legitimate thunder. His storms were not sham tempests. They were justified by a sultry atmosphere and the unwholesome vapors of political jobbery and aristocratic tyranny. How much may we not be indebted to Douglas Jerrold for the change which has come over society! For a time his language may have widened the gulf between the upper and lower classes; but the descriptive grace and tenderness of Dickens brought Mayfair to the fireside of St. Giles's.

## AN EXILE'S DREAM.

I will go to holy Ireland,  
The land of saint and sage,  
Where the pulse of boyhood is leaping,  
In the shrunken form of Age;  
Where the shadow of giant hopes  
For evermore is east,  
And the wraiths of mighty chieftains  
Are looming through the Past,  
From the cold land of the stranger  
I will take my joyous flight,  
To sit by my slumbering country,  
And watch her through the night:  
When the Spring is in the sky,  
And the flowers are on the land,  
I will go to ancient Ireland,  
Of the open heart and hand.

I will go where the Galtees  
Are rising bare and high,  
With their haggard foreheads fronting  
The scowl of the clouded sky:  
I will gaze down on the valleys,  
And bless the tooming sod,  
And commune with the mountains—  
"The Armours of God!"  
I will list to the marvellous song  
Which is rising from the river,  
Which flows, crooning to the ocean,  
Forever and forever:  
When the May-month is come,  
When the year is fresh and young,  
I will go to the home of my fathers—  
The land of sword and song.

I will go where Killarney  
Is sleeping in peaceful rest,  
Unmoved save when a falling leaf  
Ripples its placid breast;  
Where the branches of oak and arbutus  
Are waving in pleasant screen,  
And the sunshine breaks in diamonds  
Through its tracery of green;  
Where the mists like fantastic spectres  
Forever rise and fall,  
And the rainbow of the Covenant  
Is spanning the mountains tall:  
When the wind blows from the West,  
Across the deep sea,  
I will sail to my Innisfall,  
To the "Isle of destiny."

I will go to beautiful Wicklow,  
The haunted outlaw's rest,  
Which the tread of rebel and rapparee  
In many a struggle prest;  
I will go to the lonely graveyard,  
Near the pleasant fields of Kildare,  
And pray for my chief and my hero,  
Young Tone, who is sleeping there:  
I will go to the gloomy Thomas street,  
Where gallant Robert died,  
And to the green St. Michael's,  
Where "the brothers" lie side by side:  
I will go to where the heroes  
Of the Celts are laid,  
And chant a Miserere  
For the souls of the mighty dead.

I will seize my pilgrim staff,  
And cheerfully wander forth  
From the smiling face of the South  
To the black frown of the North;  
And in some hour of twilight,  
I will mount the tall Slieve-Bloom,  
And weave me a picture-vision  
In the evening's pleasant gloom:  
I will call up the buried leaders  
Of the ancient Celtic race,  
And gaze with blind fondness  
On each sternly noble face,—  
The masters of the mind,  
And the chieftains of the steel  
Young Carolan and Grattan,  
The McNaura and O'Neill:  
I will learn from their voices,  
With a student's love and pride,  
To live as they have lived,  
And to die as they have died.  
Oh, I will sail from the West,  
And nevermore will part  
From the ancient home of my people—  
The land of the loving heart.

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

HANGED FOR "CONSISTENCY'S" SAKE.

I see that a Life of the late Right Hon. F. Blackburne, Lord Chancellor and Master of the Rolls in Ireland, has recently been published by his son. The fact has brought to my mind an incident in the criminal annals of Ireland with which Blackburne was connected as judge, and which I think from the reviews I have seen of the work (and I have only seen reviews) has not been noticed in his Life.

Comyn, who was a magistrate of the County of Clare, was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death by Blackburne, then Mr. Serjeant Blackburne, and temporarily doing duty as judge on the Munster circuit. Comyn's offence was burning down his own house, and he was the first and last person tried under an Act carried only a year before the trial by the late Sir Robert Peel. This was about forty-five years ago; and the remarkable nature and circumstances of the case are fastened in my mind all the more tenaciously from my having heard the trial and seen the convict hung.

It was also very curious as illustrating a phase of Irish life and character that has now nearly disappeared.

Peter Comyn was a member of an old family, though not one of large possessions, in the west of Clare. He was in the commission of the peace, but perhaps had the Lord Chancellor known of half his vagaries and wild practical jokes he would not have continued a J.P. as long as he did. He lived in a queer old house, looking out on the broad Atlantic, and a few miles south of the bay of Galway. From it could be seen the grey ghostly group of the Isles of Arran, and in bleak and stormy weather a more desolate residence, so far as external appearances went, could not be met with. But Peter kept the interior warm enough whatever the weather might be. Whisky punch and card playing, and rough hospitality and still rougher horse-play, were the habits of the house; and the few simple and poor fishermen, whose huts were huddled together on the adjacent beach, told stories about the queer tricks and drinkings that were always going on in "the big house above there" with a tone of disapproval which was also dashed with something of admiration of the outrageous humor of some of Peter's performances. One favorite practical joke of his was to make a guest very drunk—and in those deep-drinking days, when whisky was cheap and abundant, this was not a very difficult operation—and then to have a couple of fellows ready with a canoe or coracle, in which, while it was still dark, the besotted victim was placed and rowed over to the Isles of Arran, which were at a

distance of about eight or nine miles. While still under the soporific influence of drink the man was laid on the shore, above high water mark, and the canoe and its crew returned to the mainland. The Arran Isles were then (and for aught I know to the contrary are now) very wild, and the people, all fishermen, are dressed in a peculiar-coloured flannel, and wear untanned horse-skin buskins or boots; so that to a person suddenly waking up they seemed an outlandish people, and not a few of Comyn's victims thought in the confusion of first consciousness that they were in Juan Fernandez or some other remote island which they had read of. The poor fishermen did all they could to make amends for "Peter's tricks," as they called them, by in each case ferrying the unfortunate subject back to the mainland.

Once or twice Comyn was near being shot for "his larkings," but generally people did not care to expose their own part in the affair by making a row. A neighbouring parish priest—for the Western *sogarts* were some half century ago generally a very thirsty race—was one morning found fast asleep but securely fastened on his horse, with his face, however, turned to the animal's tail, just the plight in which he had been despatched by the incorrigible Peter from his house after a heavy night of it. The peasants who found the priest in this unpriestly condition, conveyed him tenderly home, but did not quite keep the secret; and when afterwards Comyn was hung, they shook their heads, and, remembering his treatment of the good father, declared it a judgment on him for "making fun" of the clergy.

Comyn's Irish frolicsomeness was not tempered by Irish kindness and generosity in sufficient quantity to make him universally popular amongst a people, who are indulgent enough even to the roughest drollery, so long as there is good nature in the background. He, therefore, made some enemies, and, having made them, he still further exasperated them by every means of annoyance within his reach. He was proud of his own old family, and his usual designation for more prosperous and prudent people was "upstarts" and "mushrooms." One of his favourite antipathies was a Mr. C., land-agent of a Mr. Scott, a gentleman of large property—owning quite a territory along the coast, and head landlord of the soil on which Comyn's house stood.

The agent was an awkward person to quarrel with, especially for Peter, who owed huge arrears of rent, which his household extravagance and wild mode of life rendered it in time impossible for him to pay. Accordingly, after years of forbearance, proceedings were taken against him, and he was about being ejected from the "home of his race"—a home built by

his grandfather on Mr. Scott's land. Instead, however, of quietly surrendering the place when he could no longer legally keep possession, he determined to burn it down, believing that the agent wanted it for himself. So one night the fishermen in the little islands he was so fond of making the scene of his rough jokes saw a flame spring up into the sky and light the sea between. Next morning "Comyn Castle," as the queer old house was called, was only a few blackened walls, enclosing a pile of charred rafters.

Perhaps the act might have passed unnoticed as one of Peter's pranks, but that his vindictiveness prompted him to try and raise suspicion against the agent and another person obnoxious to him, of having caused the house to be maliciously set on fire. To clear themselves and punish him, they soon produced proofs which turned the tables on their accuser, who was arrested, brought before a bench of brother magistrates, and committed to Ennis Gaol for trial. Unfortunately for Comyn, Peel's Act—of which he doubtless knew nothing, or he would not play with fire in this fashion—passed, as I said, only about twelvemont' before. It was a Draconian law to make hanging the penalty of such an offence: for though the deaths of innocent persons, besides the destruction of property, might be the consequences of a crime of the kind committed in a town—where persons to get the insurance money have burned their own houses—with a solitary country tenement like this, the mischief would begin and end. It was built, too, by Comyn's own family, and the soil on which it stood, and which belonged to another, was not injured.

Young as I was at the time, I sat out the whole of that curious and interesting trial, and the scene and surroundings are even now clearly imprinted on my mind. Comyn was a fine man, of rather full habit. He had a well-bred face, but a little more flushed than even the fresh breezes of the Atlantic might be supposed to account for. I expect it was a courtesy extended to him as a magistrate, but he was not required to stand in the dock. He sat under it, between two prison warders. It was past eight o'clock at night when Blackburne closed his charge to the jury. The court was crowded, and the wretched tallow candles, which were all the illuminating power employed in such places in those days—only sufficed to shed "a sickly glare" on the tiers of eager, anxious faces all turned towards the judge and jury. Blackburne was clear and distinct in his statement of the evidence, but he wore all through a stony and almost stern expression of countenance. The jury were not more than half-an-hour deliberating, and the hush was awful as they returned into court, and the foreman delivered the verdict of *Gilty*.

Comyn, who suffered somewhat from deafness, and manifestly did not hear what was said, turned to his warders as if to ask them, when the clerk of arraigns put the question usual under the circumstances, "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?" Then Comyn, rising, spoke fully half-an-hour, firmly and energetically, and with some degree of acumen, but with still more passion, in vindication of his innocence. He declared he did not burn his house, and that he could have no object in doing so but to be revenged on Mr. Scott for evicting him. "But I have no enmity to Mr. Scott (he said), for it was not his act but the act of his agent, who was a scullion in his master's kitchen when I was a guest at his master's table. Besides, had I a quarrel with Mr. Scott, or cause of quarrel, it is not in this fashion I should have tried to right myself. Of an older family than his though not of so wide possessions, I should have demanded from him that satisfaction which he could not have refused me and held his position in society." From vindicating himself, he turned upon the persons who chiefly promoted the prosecution, in a style of personal vituperation I have seldom heard equaled. They were chiefly people who had recently risen in the world, and he traced their genealogy for them in a way that was apparently more relished by the audience than by the objects of his notice.

When he finished and sat down once more between his warders, wiping his forehead after this exertion of oratory, Blackburne, in a voice singularly in contrast with that of the prisoner's, from its cold, distinct, unimpassioned character, severely rebuked him for the unbecoming and offensive spirit and nature of his remarks, and then directly addressed him on the nature and gravity of the crime, closing with these words—"You will go from the place where you now stand to the gaol, and thence (on such a day) be conveyed to the common place of execution, there to hang by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

It was plain from the sudden look of surprise, and the manner in which Comyn leaned forward with his hand behind his ear, as these words were spoken, asking at the same time with strange earnestness, "What did you say, my lord?" that he never dreamt the extreme sentence would be passed upon him. The judge repeated deliberately and slowly the awful words; hearing which the prisoner exclaimed, "Good God, my lord!—You can't mean it!" and sat down once more between his guards. The wicks of the tallow candles were now nearly two inches long—even the attendants being too absorbed in the scene to snuff them—and the court was half shrouded in darkness

as Blackburne rose and quitted the Bench.

The day named for the execution was "a long day," and two respites, while still further deferring it, added to its final cruelty. These postponements were caused by several influentially signed memorials being forwarded to the King to spare the unhappy man's life. Indeed it appeared monstrous to the public that death should be the penalty of such a crime, and they could not believe it would be inflicted. But inflicted it was, and as I saw Peter tried so I saw him hanged.

Quite a gloom hung over the town on the day—though it was a bright summer's one—on which the execution took place; for the horror of his impending fate caused the wild life and pranks of Peter to be forgotten, if not forgiven, in the sorrow for one about to suffer so terrible a sentence for what was considered not much more than a trifling crime. The gaol, in front of which was the permanent "drop" from which executions took place, adjoined the town, and from early morning all the places that commanded even a distant view of the scene were crowded by thousands, though "hanging matches" (as they were called) were then only too frequent. Still, up to the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon—which was the time fixed for the execution—it was thought a reprieve would arrive, and all eyes were turned from time to time in the direction of the Limerick road, by which a Government courier, if one came, must arrive. At length, and just as the convict, dressed in mourning and looking every inch a fine and even a high-bred gentleman, appeared, accompanied by a Roman Catholic priest, at the wide doorway opening on to the "drop," while a deep, low murmured prayer, "The Lord have mercy on his soul," rose from the vast multitude, some stir and commotion amongst the crowd in the direction of the Limerick road were noticed, and then a horseman was seen galloping along the dusty highway. "A reprieve! a reprieve!" was shouted, and Comyn looked for a moment in the direction in which all eyes were turned. It was, however, no message of grace, but some person eager to be in time to witness the execution, and hastening on horseback for that purpose. In a few moments more the rope was round the convict's neck, and the drop fell, when, after a struggle or two, the spirit of the wild, rollicking, reckless, passionate, unprincipled Irish "gentleman," had passed from the body.

Comyn was in a great measure a victim to "consistency." He suffered, I suspect, because it was thought "inconsistent" that the first offender under the new Act should escape. There was, I believe, no second capital conviction according to that law.

## THE WANDERER.

Long years ago I wandered here,  
In the mid-summer of the year—  
Life's summer too;  
A score of horsemen here we rode,  
The mountain world its glories showed,  
All fair to view.

These scenes, in glowing colors drest,  
Mirrored the life within my breast,  
Its world of hope;  
The whispering woods and fragrant breeze  
That stirred the grass in verdant seas  
On billowy slope—

And glistening crag in sunlit sky,  
'Mid snowy clouds piled mountains high,  
Were joys to me;  
My path was o'er the prairie wide,  
Or here on grander mountain-side,  
To choose, all free.

The rose that waved in morning air,  
And spread its dewy fragrance there  
In careless bloom,  
Gave to my heart its ruddiest hue,  
O'er my glad life its color threw  
And sweet perfume.

Now changed the scene and changed the  
eyes  
That here once looked on glowing skies,  
Where summer smiled;  
These river trees and wind-swept plain  
Now show the winter's dread domain,  
Its fury wild.

The rocks rise black from storm-packed  
snow,  
All checked the river's pleasant flow,  
Vanished the bloom;  
These dreary wastes of frozen plain  
Reflect my bosom's life again,  
Now lonesome gloom.

The buoyant hopes and busy life  
Have ended all in hateful strife  
And thwarted aim.  
The world's rude contact killed the rose;  
No more its radiant color shows  
False roads to fame.

Backward, amid the twilight glow  
Some lingering spots yet brightly show  
On hard roads won,  
Where still some grand peaks mark the way  
Touched by the light of parting day  
And memory's sun.

But here thick clouds the mountains hide,  
The dim horizon, bleak and wide,  
No pathway shows.  
And rising gusts, and darkening sky,  
Tell of "the night that cometh," nigh  
The brief day's close.

It is seldom easy to see the hidden beneficence in that which is an apparent affliction. A boy who was "confounding" the mosquito was told by his pastor that "doubtless the insects are made with a good end in view," when the young scamp replied, "I can't see it, whether it is in view or not. At any rate, I don't like the end I feel."

Avoid idleness, and fill up all the space of thy time with severe and useful employment, for lust easily creeps in at those emptinesses where the soul is unemployed and the body is at ease, for no easy, healthful, idle person was ever chaste if he could be tempted; but of all employments bodily labor is the most useful, and of the most benefit for driving away the evil.

## RUINED BY DRINK.

## THE VILLAGE ALE-HOUSE.

The air was full of the scent of the new-mown grass, mingled with the delicate perfume of the dog-roses, which shone like stars among their bright green leaves in the hedges round Farmer Giles' meadow. The grass lay in rows down the long field, turning into hay under one's very eyes. It was a glorious June day, just the day for hay-making, but how hot it was! The bees seemed to like it, though; they buzzed about and, early as it was, were so laden with honey they could hardly crawl in and out of the inviting roses. Luckily for them, it was not foxglove time, or they would have certainly stuck fast in the foxglove bells!

The heat grew more and more intense as the day went on; the little brook that usually babbled by the side of the meadow now ran silently without a word to say, and the flowers and grass that grew at the edge seemed sleepy, and nodded as in dreams. The bulrushes were the only things that looked cool—their roots far down among the soft, damp earth; and their placid green heads, not yet bronzed by the heat of the summer, contrasted prettily with the purple, translucent wings of the slender dragon flies, as they darted to and fro among them. The hay-makers were working harder even than usual, for to-day was Saturday, and at the head of them all—encouraging them by his example, and working harder than any of them—was Farmer Giles himself.

A prosperous man was Farmer Giles, although still a young one; his father had been a careful man, and had brought up his son to look well after his own business, and not be above taking his turn at any of the work that had to be done. No one could drive a furrow so straight as Thomas Giles; and his side-board (for he had a side-board) in the best room was already adorned with many a silver cup and tankard, the prize for a show heifer or a fat pig. He and his had lived for years, universally respected, in the same pretty, thatched farm-house, surrounded by its various outbuildings, all securely nestling under the shadow of the fine old Norman church of the quiet country village. Further along down the straggling street stood the blacksmith's forge, and farther still, past the barber's shop, stood the village ale-house. It was a building of modest pretensions, overshadowed by the branches of a spreading chestnut-tree, underneath which swung the time-worn sign: "The Brown Jug;" and lower down the board were the words: "Good entertainment for man and beast;" and in the corner: "Seth Amos."

The artist was evidently on terms of intimate friendship with the subject it

had been his task to delineate, for it was painted, if without much finish and delicacy of touch, with such a life-like power that one might very easily suppose, the mere sight of the jug—familiarily known as a "toby"—filled with foaming ale far above the brim was enough to make anyone thirsty on a hot day.

Under this chestnut tree, the village politicians were wont to meet and smoke and drink. Why not? Smoking makes every man thirsty, and so do politics. Hither Farmer Giles and other worthies betook themselves regularly on Saturday nights, to smoke their pipe, drink their friendly glass, and hear and discuss all the news of the week.

As evening approached, the hay-makers redoubled their efforts, which had so well seconded the heat of the sun, that the rows of grass were replaced by the long, symmetrical lines of hay all down the field, and some had even been already made into cocks. All this, Farmer Giles assisted at and superintended. Then, with one parting look at his field and at the sun sinking to peaceful rest behind the tall elms, and with many a devout hope that the weather would last fine over Sunday, he wended his way to "The Brown Jug." On the road thither, he passed his home. There at the gate stood his wife, the youngest child—a girl—in her arms, holding her up higher as the father came near, that she might catch the first glimpse of him. The eldest boy, proud of his superior height, looked over the wall, and the younger, not to be behindhand, climbed upon the gate.

How calm and peaceful the farmhouse looked on that sweet summer evening! The small panes of the window shining in the sun's last rays, like the jewel whose shape they bore; and the roses climbing the white walls and even peeping in at the lattice! A shout of "father!" burst from the expectant group as Farmer Giles came in sight, to which he replied by waving his hand, and pointing in the direction of the ale-house; while Pincher cocked his ears wistfully and wagged all the tail he had left to wag, but evidently considered it his duty to resist the allurements of home, and follow his master wherever he went. The wife heaved a sigh of disappointment, and the children looked blank as the farmer went past the gate, for although it was his custom on Saturday evenings to go to the ale-house, his wife and children hoped with every succeeding Saturday that father would come straight home that evening. The wife, too, knew he did not always come back the loving father and husband he usually was, and she would remember how, when they were first married, Thomas had never spent an evening without her, and how he had promised never to spend one at the ale-house.

Farmer Giles continued on his way

without any unpleasant reminders of this sort, and without any interruption beyond the salutations of friends and neighbours, who all seemed eager to greet the prosperous young farmer. He arrived at the ale-house, where his cronies welcomed him with even greater heartiness than usual, as he was looked upon as a great authority in all village matters, and an important topic had just been started by the barber. The best seat was at once given up to him, a "churchwarden" was handed to him, and a foaming pot of nut-brown ale was placed before him by the willing hands of the hostess herself. Pipe in mouth and pot in hand, Farmer Giles listened with an air of importance to the piece of news, which had formed the subject of conversation before his arrival, and on which all were anxious to have his opinion.

The news was nothing less than that a large house—which had long been undergoing mysterious repair and alteration, to the absorbing curiosity of the whole neighbourhood,—was about to be opened as a public-house or gin-palace, or whatever "they Lunnoners" called it, on a scale of great magnificence.

Farmer Giles received the news with great gravity, and, as the speaker concluded he removed his pipe from his mouth, and brought his left hand down upon the board with a thump that made the glasses ring. He then proceeded to give vent to his indignation in words. He reminded the party that they had always met every week at the ale-house to express their opinions freely, to take a friendly glass together, and above all, to uphold their good friend and neighbour, Seth Amos. Should they allow an opposition shop to be set up? Certainly not. In Farmer Giles' opinion it was nothing less than an "underminding" of Seth Amos, and he wished to propose that, instead of meeting as they had hitherto done once a week they should for the future come there every evening, and show the intruders that if they wanted to drink they should drink the good malt liquor to be obtained at "The Brown Jug," where, as the old familiar sign-board truly said, there was "good entertainment for man and beast."

These sentiments were received with uproarious applause, more especially by Mr. Amos, and, when Farmer Giles proceeded to order "glasses round," the hilarity knew no bounds, and the company did not separate until a much later hour than was usual.

By degrees the meetings, begun under the cover of a friendly motive, turned out for the ruin of nearly everyone concerned. To none more than to Farmer Giles. It was not long before the effects of the daily meetings were visible in him. His strength—the glory of a young man—was taken from him. The hand that once had

guided the plough so straight, now shook so much that it could hardly lift a glass to his lips without spilling its contents. There were no more silver tankards, no more prizes at cattle-shows now. The side-board had been reft of even its past glories, which, indeed, now figured in the best parlour of the new gin-palace, to wipe out a long score against Thomas Giles' name. For, after a time, the enthusiasm evoked in behalf of Seth Amos died away, and Giles might often be seen slinking in at the tap-room of the "Sun in Splendour." A change, indeed, had come over his old haunts; his seat under the chestnut-tree was gone, and the sign of the foaming "Brown Jug" was replaced by a flaming picture. For Seth Amos had made the money that others lost, and had set up a gin-palace as grand as that of his rival.

And Farmer Giles was reduced to beggary. The trim farm-house was in the possession of another, his wife and children were no longer smiling and happy. If it had not been for the hard-working mother, the children would have starved; as it was, her earnings too often were taken to swell the ill-gotten gains of the publican. What could be the end of such a life as Farmer Giles now led? A miserable death, the pauper's grave. *And then?*

#### AN EXILE'S LAST GLIMPSE OF HOME.

Instances have occurred where the finest descendants of the most distinguished houses have labored from day to day for precarious support on the lands over which their ancestors exercised unlimited sovereignty. A pathetic incident connected with the MacCarthys has such claims on the feelings that I will not conclude this narrative of their fortunes without the mention of it. A considerable part of the forfeited estates of that family, in the county Cork, was held by Mr. S—, about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne, he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and, upon approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S— inquired the cause, and was answered: "Forgive me, sir; my grief is idle, but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humbled spirit. I am a MacCarthy, once the possessor of that castle now in ruins, and of this ground;—this tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile, and an outlaw since the Revolution. I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the place of my birth, and the home of my forefathers.

#### THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

The Cedars of Lebanon, once the glory of the earth, have become like a history of the past. Time was when their wide-spread branches, each forming a grand plateau one above the other, flourished in all their luxuriance and beauty on the famed mountain of Lebanon. That was the time when the monarch of Tyre—a city then the queen of nations—sent thousands of his workmen to fell cedars for the construction of the temple of Jerusalem. Those who would view the cedars of Lebanon now must be somewhat affected by the fewness of their number, and their decay and desolation. A little remnant is left, and the traveller gazes upon them with a feeling that has in it a touch of sadness. All through the Middle Ages a visit to the cedars of Lebanon was regarded by many persons in the light of a pilgrimage. Some of the trees were thought to have been planted by King Solomon himself, and were looked upon as sacred relics. Indeed, the visitors took away so many pieces of wood from the bark, of which to make crosses and other articles, that it was feared the trees would be destroyed. The once magnificent grove is but a speck on the mountain side. Many persons have taken it in the distance for a wood of fir trees; but on approaching nearer and taking a closer view, the trees resume somewhat of their ancient majesty. The space they cover is not more than half a mile; but once amidst them, the beautiful fan-like branches overhead, the exquisite green of the younger trees, and the colossal size of the older ones, fill the mind with interest and admiration. The trees are fast disappearing from the face of the earth. Each succeeding traveler finds them fewer in number than his predecessor. There are now but seven of the cedars remaining which, from their age and experience, indicate that they had an existence in Bible days.

The Pope has conferred upon the first American Cardinal the titular jurisdiction over a particular Roman Church which always accompanies that exalted rank. The Archbishop of New York is now Cardinal of the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, one of the most interesting, and since its recent restoration by Pius IX., one of the most beautiful of the countless churches of the Eternal City. It occupies the site of an ancient temple of Minerva, and has been closely connected in more modern days with the history of literature through the noble Casatensian Library which is housed in the adjoining convent. A curious water-gauge also on the facade of the church is well known to travellers, which records the height reached by the Tiber in the greatest inundations of the last four centuries.



# THE HARP.

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

\$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Communications to be addressed to CALLAHAN & MEANY, Printers and Publishers, 608 & 700 Craig Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

## THE ETHICS OF JOURNALISM.

It is complained that within a few years the character of the newspaper press has been rapidly depraved in the matter of disregard for the proprieties and decencies of private life; that the laws which govern gentlemen have no authority with members of the editorial fraternity, who can avenge a personal grief or point a paragraph, by invading the most sacred confidences of men whose names are so familiar to the public as to render allusions to them acceptable to those who read for pleasure or for excitement. There is much truth in such complaints, though the alleged abuse of editorial opportunities is confined for the most part to those who have been pitched into the profession by accident, and in many cases is a consequence of ignorance rather than of any intentional addiction to immorality.

Every man or woman coming before the public voluntarily—especially every man or woman taking prominent part as a public teacher—submits so much of his or her being and character to a general criticism. It is crime to make public use of private conversation; it is crime in most cases to disclose the secret of anonymous authorship; it is crime in all cases to invade any privacy, or comment on any purely personal matter, that has not by the interested party been offered for the world's examination. If any one publish a work of pure Art, it is entirely inexcusable to suggest any illustrations of it from his life or condition, unless by his own express or implied permission. The extent to which this law may be applied is easily understood. To a gentleman the law itself is an instinct. Personal rights are

frequently violated by praise as well as censure; and sometimes applause is not in any degree less offensive than denunciation, though commonly men will forgive even the most unskilful and injudicious commendation. In both ways the writers on this continent are apt to err.

While we agree with the most fastidious in asserting the inviolability of one's individuality, not by himself submitted for public observation, we contend for the right and duty of the utmost freedom in the dissection of what is thus submitted. Public speech, public action, public character, are adventures upon the sea of public opinion, and they must brave its winds, or be sunk and wrecked by them—the person, so far as he is involved, meanwhile safely watching from the shore for results. In the most careful application of this principle it is inevitable that wrong is done sometimes; but when the wrong is not personal it is for the most part susceptible of remedy. The author may challenge investigation of his book, the editor of his journal, the artist of his picture, the officer of his administration. If there has been unfair severity of criticism, they are likely to gain by it in the end, for every critic must justify upon challenge.

There is a distinction in cases of the dead. The world in an especial manner becomes the heir of a life which is abandoned by its master. This has been held by the wise in all ages and all states of society. The justice of the distinction is very apparent. An invasion of the individualism of the living destroys, or to a greater or less extent affects, the freedom, and so the right or wrong of his conduct, while the secrets of the dead are to the living only as logic.

There are but few men who are not more willing to praise than to blame. The better portion of men prefer to hear the praises even of strangers. Therefore, censors are held to stricter account than eulogists. But a natural love of justice is continually at war with feelings of personal kindness. It is impossible, particularly, to see insolent and vulgar pretension in noisy triumph, while real and unobtrusive merit is neglected. When a creature is strutting in laurels that have been won by another, human nature,

much as it has been abused, prompts us to grasp them from undeserving brows and place them where they will have a natural grace. For trite example who would not rather elect Columbus than Americus to the place of Name-giver to this continent.

The true value of every sort of journalism, and of discussion also, is in its integrity much more than in its ability. Integrity is violated as much by the suppression of truth as the suggestion of falsehood; but this is in regard to affairs general: of matters personal every one has a right to decide how much of his life, his reputation, his self, he submits to public criticism. Doubtless, if men become candidates for offices of trust, it will be asked if they are capable and honest; they yield a freedom of inquisition into their character in these particulars by accepting nominations for the public suffrage; but we can think of no other circumstances which entitle a writer for the press to make an allusion to any person which he believes will be in the least degree offensive to him; and the law should enable any man absolutely to prohibit, under very severe penalties, any offensive reference to him so long as he chooses to occupy a private station. Some who have suffered under the existing law of libel have urged radical alterations of that law, or its entire abolition. We cannot agree with them. Regard being had to the circumstances we have stated, it should be made far more particular, comprehensive and stringent. We shall return to this subject.

#### HOW TO PROCURE SLEEP.

The best natural narcotic, and the only medicine for the cure of sleeplessness, is ozone. Inhale it; seek it along the mountain's brow; seek it along the sea shore, far from town and turmoil, far from care and trouble. How the mountain air rejuvenates the system; how the breezes that blow from off the blue water calm and soothe the nerves! "It is a delicious moment," says an old book, "that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you will drop gently to sleep. The limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful. The labor of the day is over. A gentle failure of the perception comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow

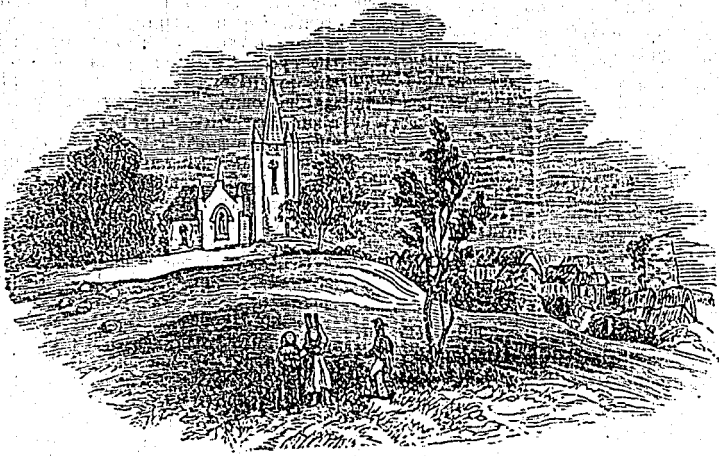
degrees, like a mother taking her hand from a sleeping infant. The mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye. 'Tis closing—'tis closed; and the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds." I don't know, however, about the spirit's "airy rounds." I rather suspect the spirit remains between the sheets; but during this gentle slumber the brain has renewed its power, the capillaries their contractability, and the body at length awakens refreshed, buoyant and happy, and ready to resume the labors of the day with pleasure, just as you used to awake, reader, when a boy. Contrast this with the condition of a man suffering from insomnia. He needs rest, oh! so much. His mind needs it; his weary frame needs it; but his over-stretched brain capillaries fail to contract; so he tosses about on his bed in vain. Hour after hour goes by, and still he sleeps not; while troublesome, firing thoughts chase each other through his burning brain, until—perhaps towards morning—nature exhausted at last, his busy thoughts resolve themselves into harassing dreams, and he sinks for a while into insensibility (we cannot call it sleep) to rise from his couch more tired an unrefreshed than when he lay down.—*Cassel's Family Magazine.*

#### HOW TO MAKE GOOD SERVANTS.

The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, in her recently published volume, says: "If we want really good servants, we must make them such. We must bring them up, even as we bring up our children, with the same care and patience, making allowance for the nice distinctions of character in every human being, and, above all, having the same sense of responsibility, though in a lesser degree, that we have concerning our own family. To this end, it is advisable to take young servants, which most people object to. They prefer domestics ready made—that is, made by other people, who have had all the trouble of training them. But these can never suit us so well, or have the same personal attachment for us, as those we have trained ourselves. For I hold—strange doctrine nowadays—that personal attachment is the real pivot upon which all domestic service turns. It may sound very ridiculous that a lady should try to win the hearts of her cooks and housemaids, and a gentleman trouble himself as to whether his coachman or gardener had a respectful regard for 'master.' Yet otherwise little real good is effected on either side."

Everything costs to one who obeys only with reluctance.

He that wills a thing succeeds in it; but the most difficult thing in the world is to will.



THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

### THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

The battle of Aughrim was fought on Sunday, the 12th of July, 1691, between the forces of William of Orange, known in history as King William III., and those of his father-in-law, James II. The English force under Ginkle consisted of about 25,000 men, aided by a formidable artillery, while the Irish army only amounted to about 15,000 men, assisted by nine field-pieces. The great brunt of the encounter took place on and around the hill of Kilcommadan, of which we give a view, and which is now topped by a modern church. Here St. Ruth, commander-in-chief of the Irish army, was killed, his head being taken off by a cannon ball; and with his fall, the battle was lost, as from a spirit of pique and overweening confidence in his own judgment, he had kept all his subordinate generals in ignorance of his plan of battle; consequently Sarsfield, who succeeded him in command, was unable to unravel the confusion which the death of St. Ruth had caused; and the field of Aughrim was lost.

### MODERN DRESS AND MANNERS.

It is a bad sign when men cease to respect women of their own or, indeed, of any class, but the women themselves are to blame for the intolerably flippant and impertinent tone pervading young society. We do not want to go back to the formalities of Sir Charles Grandison, and there is a winning charm in naturalness not to be had from the most perfected artificiality. Nevertheless, a slight return to Old World forms of courtesy, a little dash of that stately reverence of speech and demeanor which our forefathers exaggerated into pedantry, would be a gain in times when the young men give, as their

greatest praise of a girl, "There is no nonsense about her," meaning no bashfulness, no reserve, no girlish shrinking modesty; while the girls justify the compliment by calling the young men "dear boys" and sometimes when they have less nonsense even than usual, and desire a closer assimilation of style, "old men."

This is the "form" which is taught and held up for admiration in the ladies' novels of the day, and it is impossible to exaggerate the degree in which these writings have tended to corrupt and degrade the sex who chiefly write and read them. All these things are patent. Patent, too, is the inference that when a woman, from no fault of her own, falls into trouble, she suffers for the mistakes and follies of her class and the time. Personally she may be wholly blameless; but with all these lines of demarcation blurred, these distinctive characteristics confused, it is almost inevitable that there should be mistakes. Until we come to a more ethereal condition of existence, the burden of self-protection must, we fear, lie on the women themselves. That burden is not very heavy, and the penance it includes not very bitter. It is only that modest women must show what they are by a series of negatives, and take care not to expose themselves to misconstruction by an attractiveness of out-of-door dress, a doubtful manner of speech, and a Bohemian *bonhomie* of behavior to strangers which shift the labels, mislead their companions, and end in the confusion of a mistaken affinity, by which they themselves are the greatest sufferers in the end.

Duty is every moment the brother's sacrifice.

Ignorance is no excuse when we have neglected to learn what we were obliged to know.

## O'CONNELL.

## THE ROOM IN WHICH THE LIBERATOR DIED.

The well-informed Roman correspondent of the Boston *Pilot* writes:—

I had heard before leaving Rome that it was in the Hotel Feder, in Genoa, that O'Connell died. I naturally concluded that this was the best hotel to which I could go. On inquiry, however, nobody seemed to know anything about the fact. I was recommended to a *servitore della piazza* who gives all sorts of information to innocent travellers; but I have had sad experience of the worthlessness of such individuals' knowledge to trust one of them. They tell you what you desire, and if you ask is a certain picture by Raphael, by Raphael it shall be immediately; thus your vanity is flattered, and the *servitore* rises in your estimation accordingly. I went to the Church of the Consolazione, and entering the sacristy, asked a priest if he knew anything about

## DANIEL O'CONNELL'S VISIT TO GENOA

and his death here. It took a long time to bring the name to his mind, I informing him meanwhile he was a celebrated man, an Irishman, and so on. He finally remembered the funeral, and recognized O'Connell's greatness by saying: "*Dinmine; si, era un uomo celebre; si, si.*" Which I may thus translate: "*Surely; yes, he was a celebrated man; yes, yes.*" After a long time, during which the priest was hunting up some one who knew more about it than himself, he returned radiant, and told me to go to the Church of *St. Maria delle vigne* in the parish of which O'Connell died.

After wandering through a host of narrow streets in which I lost my way, I appealed to a kindly looking man; he very amiably piloted me to the church and told me the names of the surrounding streets. Here I found a priest in the sacristy who was present at

## O'CONNELL'S DEATH.

He began to recite some excellent verses written by a Genoese poet—their greatest at the time—but of which he only recollected six lines. I was very anxious to have this memorial, but he knew nothing about where it was to be had, nor if it were ever published; nothing but the six lines, which were admirable in their way. He took me then through a dismantled cloister, up a narrow staircase, and into a small room, one side of which was filled with old parchment-bound books—the records of the parish. After hunting through an index a few minutes, he drew down a volume of printed forms with spaces for entries, entitled, "*Atti de Morte,*" the register of deaths. I asked his permission to copy

the entry *in toto*, which I think he would have given, but another priest who was present interfered, saying that such permission could not be granted. I was only able to note these facts, which may be of use to other searchers, that the record of O'Connell's death is No. 52 for the year 1847, that it took place on the 15th of May, at half-past nine in the evening, at the Hotel Feder, that the witnesses were Canon Giovanni, (John) Miley of Dublin, and Antoine Lacour, *Docteur en medecin*, who signed the entry in the register. This, indeed, is the chief information conveyed in the entry, but I would have been better satisfied to have had the whole.

On the third floor of the

## HOTEL FEDER, IN GENOA.

the two rooms numbered 39 and 40 were those occupied by O'Connell in the May of 1847, and in the former of these, the bed-room, he breathed his last. Light, airy, elegantly-furnished, the walls painted in pale colors relieved by delicate gilding, the bed-room presents a cheerful appearance. The disposition of the furniture remains the same as on the occasion of his death. "It is a long time ago since O'Connell died," said the clerk who showed me the rooms, "but," he added, "the furniture and decorations are the same." The foot of the bed faces one of the two windows in the room, and they look into a courtyard. The buildings opposite have open stone balustrades, which give an air of richness to the view. The saloon is a noble hall, with slightly vaulted ceiling, gilded in fine scroll work and painted light ochre. Four large windows have yellow damask hangings and rich muslin curtains. Panels around the walls contain crayon cartoons of mythological figures, which give an air of splendor to the apartment, and the frames of these panels are formed of bas-relief figures of fauns solidly gilt. When it is remembered that this hotel was formerly the Palace of the Admiralty, the splendor and grandeur of the apartments will be easily understood. Unfortunately no record, but that in men's memories, marks the place where O'Connell died. Wherever Garibaldi passed a night in a hotel the landlord, or some friends of the General, had the fact recorded by the placing a marble slab bearing an appropriate inscription in the wall of the apartment. Such a perpetual record might be placed here; the cost would not be great in this land of marble, and Irishmen would have the satisfaction of knowing that the last place where the great Liberator rested, and gave up his soul to God, was not without its memorial of his name.

Avoid all that you would not say or do before witnesses—this is the principal rule, and with it you will keep yourself in the path of duty and of peace.

## MICE AND MATCHES.

A French paper states that quite an alarming proportion of the number of private houses burned down is to be traced to the thefts of mice. Every one knows that candles form one of their favorite articles of food, but people would be slow to realize that they are equally fond of wax matches. The difference is that the candle is eaten on the spot, while the match can be carried away by the mouse. The match becomes, in fact, a kind of muscipular sandwich that need not be consumed on the premises. It will be remembered that some time ago great agitation was made about the danger of allowing little boys to sell fuses in the streets. We were told that the safety of London was jeopardized by the practice, and that they had stores of these combustibles at home, and that a fire might at any moment break out through their instrumentality. There was a certain amount of cause for the caution, though we may calculate the amount from the fact that no such fire has ever yet been recorded. A great deal, at all events, was said on the subject at the time, though very little was done. That was not much to be wondered at, as it is our way to say a great deal before we do anything. But what would our timid London householder have said if he knew that under his own roof he was harboring a collector of stolen combustibles much more dangerous than the dreadful street Arab? The mouse, nibbling away, comes upon a box of matches. What are the means of light to others are so much food to him, and he drags away match by match to his subterranean hold. He is more dangerous than the street Arab. The Arab may be negligent, but the mouse does the mischief almost murderously and of purpose aforesought. He has assembled all his lucifers into his hold under the boards, and then some day, or most probably some night, he commences his meal. He eats on at the wax till he comes in contact with the phosphorus, and a single nibble may ignite the whole box-full. Unfortunately, the ingenious method of discovering fire by telegraphic communication, patented by a French inventor, and to be adopted at the Paris theatres, is useless in this case. The fire breaks out under the boards, and spreads where it is not expected and cannot be reached.

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Swiftly glide our years; they follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the scenes in which we once were actors; they appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gayety of his soul; the wheels of time cannot roll too rapidly for him; the light of hope

dances in his eye; the smile of expectation plays upon his lip; he looks forward to long years of joy to come; his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds; he wants to be a man; he longs to mount the hill of ambition—to tread the path of honor—to hear the shout of applause. Look at him again. He is now in the meridian of life; care has stamped wrinkles upon his brow; disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye; sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance; he looks back to the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futility; each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers that the season of youth, when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the only season of enjoyment.

Who is he of the aged locks? His form is bent and totters, his footsteps move more rapidly towards the tomb, he looks back upon the past, his days appear to have been few and he confesses that they were evil—the magnificence of the great is to him vanity, the hilarity of youth folly; considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one, and disappointment end the other; the world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him; still, however, he would lengthen out his days; though of "beauty's bloom," of "fancy's flash," of "music's breath," he is forced to exclaim, "I have no pleasure in them." A few years of infirmity, inanity, and pain must consign him to idiocy or the grave; yet this was the gay, the generous, the high-souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewn with flowers without a thorn. Such is human life, but such cannot be the ultimate destiny of man.

## PROMISED LAND FOR WOMEN.

Olive Harper writes of domestic life in Greece, that in one respect it is the promised land for women; for the husbands, in devotion to their wives, are themselves their only parallel. She says:—

A Greek man is only content when he can lavish upon his wife all the luxuries in the way of dress the female heart can desire. He is only happy when, in company with his wife in the house, in the garden or on the promenade, she is the best dressed of all the fair. With the Greek husband there is no grumbling consent to bestow upon you enough to buy a pair of boots, while he spends ten times that amount with his friends in champagne suppers; no long-drawn visage as he doles out a stingy sum, while delivering a solemn lecture as to female extravagance. Not a bit of it. On the contrary, the Greek husband does not lead his wife through by-streets for fear of dry goods stores when she wishes to go out for a little walk. He leads her, on the contrary,

past the most fashionable stores, and observes with the eye of a critic, all the new styles, and is really, ladies, really and truly willing to spend his money for his own wife. Even for fear she should not be considered so lovely as some one else, he goes to a perfumer's, he buys cold cream, rice powder, delicate pinks for cheeks a little blanched by the stern realities of motherhood; he buys a little black for eyelashes, to brighten eyes that have become somewhat dimmed by tears, perhaps, or vigils over sickly babies, and he not only gives his full and free consent to their use, but he himself will artistically apply them, and afterward compliment his wife upon her beauty till her heart swells with love that he knows so well how to retain, fresh as when the first vows were plighted. Yes, of a verity, the Greeks are bad men, but good husbands and tender fathers.

### THE DANGERS OF TAINTED ATMOSPHERES.

While we know, thus far, comparatively little of the exact causes of disease, our knowledge at least points to certain perfectly well-established truths. One of these is that man cannot live in an atmosphere that is tainted by exhalations from putrefying organic matter, without danger of being made sick—sick unto death. It is true that not all of those who live in such an atmosphere either fall sick or die from its effects; but it is also true that not all who go into battle are shot down. In both cases they expose themselves to dangers from which their escape is a matter of good fortune. Fewer would be shot if none went into battle, and fewer would die of disease if none were exposed to poisoned air. Our adaptability is great, and we accustom ourselves to withstand the attacks of an infected atmosphere wonderfully well; but for all that, we are constantly in the presence of the danger, and though insensibly resisting, are too often insensibly yielding to it. Some, with less power to resist, or exposed to a stronger poison, or finally weakened by long exposure, fall sick with typhoid fever or some similar disease, that springs directly from putrid infection. Of these, a portion die; the community loses their services, and it sympathizes with their friends in mourning that, "in the wisdom of a kind but inscrutable Providence, it has been found necessary to remove them from our midst."

In this way we blandly impose upon Divine Providence the responsibility of our own shortcomings. The victims of typhoid fever die, not by the act of God, but by the act of man; they are poisoned to death by infections that are due to man's ignorance or neglect.

### O'CONNELL'S MONUMENT IN ROME.

The Roman correspondent of the *Times* furnishes some particulars of interest respecting O'Connell's Monument in the Eternal City:—

The Catholics in Italy have found a new watch-word—the name of O'Connell. It is in their mouths every hour of the day, fills the greater part of their journals, and delights them like a new plaything. His life, his labours, and his devotion to the Papacy have formed a continuous subject for the leading Catholic papers—the *Voce della Verità*, the *Osservatore*, and the *Unita Cattolica*—for the last three weeks especially. When O'Connell died at Genoa on the 15th of May, 1847, he bequeathed his soul to God, his body to Ireland, and his heart to Rome. His last wishes were carried into effect, and in the church of St. Agatha, where his heart now reposes, a grand service was performed yesterday in honour of the centenary of his birth. St. Agatha of the Goths, or, as it is called, "in Suburra," is a very ancient little church, or rather Basilica—for it preserves that form unaltered—attached to the Irish College. No one knows when it was built; but inasmuch as somewhere about the year 460 the apse was ornamented with mosaic—alas! no longer existing—the Basilica must have been erected during the earliest period of church building. It is called "of the Goths" for the reason that from the time of the Gothic occupation it was served by their priests, who, being Arians, were, however, finally dispossessed by St. Gregory. Beyond these historical recollections and a curious Greek inscription to the memory of John Lascaris, one of the descendants of the last Emperors of the East, there is nothing of interest either in or connected with the church excepting the monument to Daniel O'Connell, and the fact that it was the title given to Cardinal Antonelli when he was elevated to the purple, that his mother and sister are buried here, and that here also it is understood he will one day be laid. O'Connell's monument is on the wall of the left aisle. It is in Carrara marble, divided into two compartments. In the upper is a seated female figure wearing a mural crown and holding a vase. By her side are a harp and a greyhound, whence, I presume, she is meant to represent Ireland. She is looking upwards at an angel floating above her and pointing to the skies. In the lower compartment O'Connell is represented at the Bar of the House of Commons. He holds in his hand the formula of the oath, while the Clerk stands before him with the Bible. In the background is Mr. Speaker in his chair, and on each side are ranged the members in triple rows. The inscription between the compartments explains the subject, and runs thus:—

"This monument contains the heart of O'Connell, who, dying at Genoa, on his way to the Eternal City, bequeathed his soul to God, his body to Ireland, and his heart to Rome. He is represented at the British House of Commons in 1829, when he refused to take the Anti-Catholic declaration in these remarkable words: 'I at once reject this declaration; part of it I believe to be untrue, and the rest I know to be false.' He was born VI. (sic) August MDCCLXXVI. (sic); died XV. May, MDCCCXLVII. Erected by Charles Bianconi, Esq., the faithful friend of the immortal Liberator."

The church was sumptuously decorated in honor of the occasion, with a degree of taste reflecting great credit on the estimable Rector, Monsignore Kirby, and the students of the Irish College. Over the main entrance was the inscription, painted in black letters as follows:—

Nonis Avgvst, A.R.S. MDCCLXXV.  
Aedem Agathæ Adeventæ Qvirites.  
Ad Aram Virginis Dei parentis Mariæ.  
Christianarvm Gentivm Tvtelæ  
In Saecvlaribvs Natalitiis  
DANIELS O'CONNELL,  
Qvo Vindice Catholica Hibernia  
Sacro svo Ivri a. MDCCCXXIX. redempta,  
Heic vbi Cor Hominis Invictissimi  
Rei Catholicæ stvdio adhvc vsqve micat,  
Grates et Vota.

Over the lateral entrance, which faces over the more public thoroughfare of the Via Panispoma, there was another of great size, with an inscription in Italian to the following effect:—

"Citizens of Apostolic Rome—To-day your brethren in Ireland exult with patriotic joy in commemoration of the fortunate birth on the 6th of August, 1775, of Daniel O'Connell, their magnanimous representative, who conquered in patiently asserting for them their just religious rights. Come, and here, where his noble heart is still almost palpitating, pay a tribute of gratitude to Mary—his help, strength, and comfort."

This inscription was a great source of attraction to the people passing along the street; almost every one stopping to read it.

#### DRESSING AS A FINE ART.

Women should either adopt a uniform as men have done, or else dressmaking should be elevated into the position of a fine art, and treated as such. It should be undertaken by people of culture and refinement in the same way that cookery has been. There ought to be a school of art dressmaking. Perhaps a royal princess would patronize it. Certainly, portrait painters would be only too glad to know of a place at which their sitters could be becomingly got up. It is melancholy to see the bad millinery which is perpetuated

in pictures, and which will be an eyesore to future generations. The walls of the Royal Academy are every year hung with portraits which look like enlarged copies from *Le Follet* or the *Queen* newspaper. Ladies can never see ugliness in a dress so long as it is made in the height of the reigning fashion. They have their portraits taken, if possible, in "the last new thing," and then, when another style appears, wonder they could ever have made such frights of themselves. If there were some recognized rules about dressing, as there are about almost every other kind of decoration, in time they would be followed, to the great relief of people of taste, and to the comfort of people with no taste at all. There are always a large number of ladies who say they have got no work to do. Here is an opening for them. Their first step ought to be to petition her Majesty not to insist upon ladies who are delicate or spare in figure wearing low dresses at morning drawing-rooms. Their second one ought to be to abolish the word "fashionable" in its present sense, and to substitute for it the word "becoming," which would indicate both economy where it is necessary and magnificence where it is suitable.

#### THE DEPTH OF THE GREAT LAKES.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but Lake Ontario, which is 500 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottom of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now as the discharge through the River Detroit, after allowing all the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lake without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

Of all the vices avarice is the most generally detested; it is the effect of an avidity common to all men; it is because they hate those from whom they can expect nothing. The greedy misers rail at sordid misers.

## CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.—CONTINUED.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Reign of Richard the Second.*

Q. Did King Richard the Second visit Ireland?

A. He did, in the hope of quelling the disturbances.

Q. How was he received on his arrival?

A. The Irish chiefs and the Anglo-Irish lords hastened to pay him their homage and allegiance. Richard made a royal progress through the kingdom, with great parade, and at profuse expense.

Q. What treaty did Richard make with Mac Murrough, prince of Leinster?

A. He stipulated that Mac Murrough and all his followers should quit Leinster by a certain day, having surrendered all their territories there to his majesty, his heirs and successors.

Q. What compensation did King Richard give Mac Murrough for this vast surrender?

A. His majesty gave full licence and encouragement to Mac Murrough to seize upon all such territories belonging to the Irish sept in any other part of the realm, as he could grasp by violence. He also undertook to pay Mac Murrough an annual pension of eighty marks.

Q. Did Richard hold a parliament in Ireland?

A. He did; in 1355.

Q. What measures did he take while in the kingdom?

A. Wiser and more just ones than his extraordinary treaty with Mac Murrough could lead us to expect. He provided learned and upright judges for the courts of law; and he tried to conciliate the four chief Irish princes, by conferring on them the order of knighthood, and entertaining them at a banquet at his own table. It appears from a letter which he wrote from Dublin to his English council, that he saw the advantages which might result from a milder mode of dealing with the ancient clans, than had been used by any previous monarch.

Q. Whom did Richard appoint as lord lieutenant?

A. His kinsman, the young earl of March.

Q. Did March find the Irish obedient?

A. No; as soon as Richard quitted Ireland, several clans broke out in revolt.

Q. Did Mac Murrough evacuate Leinster according to his treaty?

A. No; and when required to do so, he took up arms against the lord lieutenant, who was slain in an engagement with the O'Byrnes and Kavanaghs.

Q. When this news reached Richard, what steps did he take?

A. He proceeded once more to Ireland,

in order to chastise Mac Murrough and the confederated clans.

Q. Did Richard succeed?

A. No; Mac Murrough was safe in his mountain fastnesses, and could not be brought to an open engagement. Richard's forces were unable to dislodge the clans from their rocky glens and dense forests; and as the country had been greatly wasted, provisions were almost unattainable; so that numbers of the English army perished from famine.

Q. What was Richard's next measure?

A. Finding himself obliged to retreat from his harassing enemy, he proposed to enter on a new treaty with Mac Murrough.

Q. How did Mac Murrough receive this proposal?

A. With scornful defiance.

Q. What then happened Richard?

A. He was obliged to return to England to oppose Henry of Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, who, during the king's absence from the country, had landed there to claim the crown. Richard was betrayed into the power of Lancaster, and thrown into prison, where he shortly afterwards died.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Reigns of Henry IV., V., and VI.*

Q. What events occurred in Ireland in the reign of Henry the Fourth?

A. The Irish chiefs greatly enlarged their power.

Q. Did the Irish lords of English descent become more national than they had previously been?

A. Yes; they began to feel that they were Irishmen. They, in fact, became Irish chieftains; and they intermarried frequently with the old Milesian families.

Q. Was there not a law forbidding such marriages?

A. Yes; but that law was now no longer observed.

Q. On what terms did the barons stand with the chiefs of native lineage?

A. Many of them paid to the chiefs a fixed tribute (equivalent to Scotch *black-mail*), and received their protection in return.

Q. Did the English parliament look upon the Anglo-Irish families with enmity?

A. Yes; that parliament classed them together with the rest of the Irish people, in a statute whereby it forbade "all Irish adventurers whatsoever" to come into England; at the same time ordering all who had already come to depart thence without delay.

Q. Did this law extend to all the Irish without any exception?

A. Yes; it even included the sons of the Irish nobility who were then studying in the English inns of court and universities.



Q. What effect did this act of banishment produce on those who were the objects of it?

A. The Irish nobility and gentry, stung with the affront, returned home to their own country, and used all the means in their power to annoy the government.

Q. Were measures then changed?

A. Yes; the king (Henry VI.) appointed the earl of Ormond lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Q. Was that a politic appointment?

A. In some respects it was. He produced peace at first by his wise measures; but after some time he became embroiled with the earl of Desmond, who mustered sufficient force to give him battle, and after a tedious campaign, a truce was agreed to by both parties.

Q. Did Ormond long continue lord lieutenant?

A. No; his rivals had interest enough to prevail on the king to remove him; and Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, was appointed in his place.

Q. Who succeeded Shrewsbury, in the year 1449?

A. Richard, duke of York.

Q. Was he a good viceroy?

A. One of the very best who ever ruled Ireland. He observed strict good faith in his treaties with the Irish chiefs; he felt for the wrongs of the peasantry, and tried to improve their condition.

Q. What circumstance called the duke of York from Ireland?

A. He went to England in order to defend himself against a false charge that had been made; namely, that he had encouraged the rebellion of a man named Jack Cade and his party.

Q. What occurred in England?

A. There was a rebellion against Henry the Sixth, who was thrown into prison, and the royal power was transferred to the duke of York.

Q. How long did the duke retain it?

A. Not long. Queen Margaret assembled the friends of her imprisoned husband, and gained a victory over the Yorkists at Blou Heath.

Q. What was the duke's next step?

A. He fled for safety to Ireland.

Q. How was he received there?

A. With the greatest joy. The Irish parliament passed an act attaching the guilt of high treason to any attempt that should be made to molest or disturb the duke or his followers, under pretext of writs from England; for the English parliament had previously attainted him.

Q. Was the Irish act for his protection violated?

A. It was, by a follower of the earl of Ormond: the delinquent was forthwith executed.

Q. What was the duke's ultimate fate?

A. He returned to England with a numerous following of his Irish adherents,

to strike a blow for the crown; but was slain, and his army routed by superior numbers, at the battle of Wakefield.

Q. What declaration did the Irish parliament make in the 38th year of the reign of Henry VI?

A. The Irish parliament in that year declared its own independence of England.

Q. In what terms?

A. The two houses declared that "Ireland is, and always has been, incorporated within itself by ancient laws and customs; and is *only* to be governed by such laws as by the lords and commons of the land, in parliament assembled, have been advised, accepted, affirmed and proclaimed." They also declared that "by custom, privilege, and franchise, there has ever been a royal seal peculiar to Ireland, to which *alone* the king's subjects are to pay obedience."

Q. What was the final result of the civil war in England?

A. Notwithstanding the exertions of Queen Margaret, her husband's power was utterly destroyed and the throne was usurped by Edward of York, fourth king of that name, in the year 1461.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### *Reigns of Edward IV. and V. and Richard III.*

Q. What was the condition of Ireland in the reign of Edward the Fourth?

A. At that time the Irish people—thereby meaning not only the Milesian clans, but also the descendants of the Norman invaders, who had become thoroughly Irish in their language, names, manners, and sentiments—were so strong, as compared with the small English colony of occupation, that they could with the utmost ease have acquired for themselves the supreme government of the kingdom.

Q. And what prevented them from doing so?

A. Their old sin of mutual discord, mutual enmity, mutual distrust. They would not combine with each other for a common and general purpose.

Q. Had many of the Anglo-Norman families then adopted the Irish name and nation?

A. Yes; very many; and to them, as also to the Irish chiefs inhabiting the border of the English pale or district, did the English inhabitants continue in this reign to pay the blackmail or tribute, for protection from the lawless violence of freebooters.

Q. How did the English government at this time use such influence as it possessed?

A. Its influence was used, as was generally the case, to insult and oppress the Irish people; which it could not have done, if it were not for the weakness aris-

ing from the divisions of the people themselves.

Q. What oppressive measures were enacted?

A. In the year 1463, a parliament held at Trim by Fitz-Enstace, Lord Portlester, made a law, "that anybody may kill thieves or robbers, or any person going to rob or steal, having no faithful men of good name and in the English dress in their company."

Q. What were the results of this law?

A. It gave a great facility to the English inhabitants to murder their Irish neighbours, since it was sufficient justification for the crime to allege, "that the deceased had been going to rob or steal."

Q. What other enactment was made by that parliament?

A. It was enacted, on pain of forfeiture of goods, that all the Irish who inhabited the English district, should take English names, wear the English dress and swear allegiance.

Q. What other act was passed against the people in this reign?

A. In a parliament over which the English bishop of Meath, William Sherwood, presided, it was enacted that any Englishman injured by any Irishman beyond the pale, might avenge himself on the entire clan to which the aggressor belonged.

Q. What circumstance prevented all the inhabitants of Ireland from making common cause with each other, and blending together in one great national mass?

A. We have seen already that the unhappy disposition of the people to quarrel among themselves fatally weakened them. But there was another cause.

Q. What was that?

A. The nature of the government, which was almost always opposed to the people, and regarded them not as friends and subjects, but as enemies. This adverse power was sustained, not only by the mutual jealousies which it fomented among the people, but also by fresh streams of English adventurers, who continually poured into the country, bringing with them a perpetual supply of hatred to the natives.

Q. What lesson do we learn from this?

A. That we—the Irish people—must cast aside all jealousies of every sect whatsoever, of race, of creed, and of party, and stand firmly (but peaceably) together; otherwise we can never obtain for our country the first of all political blessings—self-government.

Q. Does not the conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans destroy the right of the Irish people to a resident Irish parliament?

A. No more than the conquest of England by the Normans, destroyed the right of the English people to a resident Eng-

lish parliament. Our right is as ancient as theirs, and we never by any act of ours surrendered it.

Q. What was the fate, in this reign, of the Earl of Ormond?

A. King Edward beheaded him for having favoured the late monarch, Henry the Sixth.

Q. Did the old clan-feud between the Butlers and Geraldines still continue?

A. Yes; and the former were freshly exasperated by the attainder and execution of the earl, their chieftain.

Q. What were at this time the war-cries of the several clans?

A. "Croom-aboo!" was the war-shout of the Geraldines; literally meaning, "Hurrah for Croom!" from the castle of that name in the county Limerick, belonging to the earl of Kildare. In like manner, Butler-aboo!" was the war-ery of the followers of Ormond; "Shannut-aboo!" was that of the Geraldines of Desmond, from the castle of Shannat, where their chief, the great earl, held a rude court.

(To be continued.)

### SLEEPLESSNESS.

To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of probable headache, or of nervous and other derangements, the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than he should lie down after a very full dinner; the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, or cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and so restore the tone of the system—is all that is necessary.

We have known persons, habitual sufferers from restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by a very light luncheon before bed-time. In place of tossing about for two or three hours as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not awake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomnia has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the perscription has generally been attended with happy results.

There are many good intentions, many generous inspirations, few resolutions, still less perseverance. I see many intellects exercised, rightly disposed wills, but very few decided characters. I speak of people who are virtuous.

## THE WATER WITCH.

In the vicinity of the ferry, which is near a mile across between Youghal and the County Waterford, lived an old woman, whose tottering gait and wrinkled visage, joined to habits of seclusion and loneliness, had procured for her the appellation of "The Witch." Though her hut joined other houses, chiefly belonging to boatmen, yet few had the hardihood, after nightfall, to loiter near her domicile, where she sat in the chimney corner before the glimmering light of a few dried sticks or faggots which she picked up in her rambles. Not only her own immediate neighbors, but many others also, even to the most remote part of the town, had their remarks to pass about Gummer Sampson. When she came in among them they could not exactly tell; but she could be no good body certainly, for she had no occupation that they could see—and how did she contrive to live? And then she was all alone; she never visited and she never asked a soul to darken her doors. Curiosity and conjecture were busy upon all these points, but the only conclusion they could come to was—she must be a witch! This point once settled, there were not wanting dark and frightful stories of her midnight incantations and the company she entertained when the rest of the neighbors were asleep. In the wildest and most tempestuous weather it was said she took the greatest delight; but, not like others of her dreaded sisterhood, to ride away through the angry clouds on a broomstick; no, the water, the foaming waves of the sea, was her element, and her pleasure-yacht no other than a cockle-shell. She knew when a storm was approaching, and putting down a pot of eggs, the old hag would sit watching it, and according as they would break and mount to the top, she would say with a devilish grin: "There's one!—that's another gone!—Hark! poor wretches, how they shriek!—in vain—down, down they sink into their yawning grave!"

Jack Linehan and Bill Carty were as light-hearted and laughter-loving souls as ever cracked a joke, or sang a good song over the flowing can, or merrily footed it to the joyous sound of the bagpipes; and, withal, they were set down by the old fishermen as being two of the most expert and steady fellows that ever handled an oar or trimmed a sail. Fearless and fond of fun, they would watch old Gummer Sampson as she hobbled out in search of her daily food and firing, and they would laugh at her and ask her when she intended to have company next, that they might be of the party, or when she would go cruising in her cockle-shell, that they might have a sail with her. Sometimes they would nail up her door in her absence, and feel de-

lighted at her distress; while she, shaking her thin gray locks, would mutter between her teeth, and the more serious people would advise them not to meddle with the old woman, or they might rue the consequences. Jack Linehan and Bill Carty were, therefore, it may be presumed, no favorites with Gummer Sampson.

One night that they were returning home late, with a few more, from a christening, their laughter loud and long, and their eyes dancing in their heads from the exhilarating effects of the bottle, they proposed paying a visit to the old witch. As they approached her hut, those that had set out with them dropped off one by one, their natural desire for prying melting away, like brass in the furnace, before the soul-harrowing image of the wrinkled hag at her midnight orgies; and as they stood before her door they were alone. What they saw and heard then was never known; but they did not appear to be the same persons after, so completely were they changed. When rallied by their friends as to their visit that night, and what they saw, they strove to laugh it off, but the sound of their own heartless voices startled even themselves, and seemed more like the hollow mockery of the echoing charnel-house than the clear-toned merriment of former days.

On the evening after this occurrence, Jack Linehan and his mother were sitting at their little fire, repairing a fishing net, and she trying, at the same time, with all the ingenuity of an adept in the art of fishing for secrets, to get Jack's out of his bosom by hook or by crook, but all in vain; there it lay, as deep as if it were at the bottom of the ocean; and he at last silenced all further inquiries by saying, in a solemn tone, while his cheek turned to an ashy hue, "For the love of God, mother, don't ask me any more about it; I cannot tell you what I saw and heard; perhaps when I return home to-morrow evening I may; but you must promise (and he lowered his voice) never, while the breath is in your body, to repeat it again to a living soul!"

The first gray dawn of the morning had scarcely begun to dim the lustre of the twinkling stars when Jack and Bill were seen hastening down to the quay, and were soon busily engaged getting in their nets and trimming the sails of their fishing-smack, of which they were joint owners. There was one young boy with them who generally accompanied them. The anchor was in, the rope coiled, they got clear of the boats around them, which were also preparing to start, and dipping their oars into the water, dropped quietly out, the first that left the quay wall. The other fishermen remarked that they never saw "The Sisters" creep away from them so silently before; they missed the joyous shout and the hearty salute that were wont to greet their ears and heard not the merry

glees borne back upon the wind as they stood out to sea.

The day was fine, and as "The Sisters" cut her swift way through the waters, the spirits of Jack Linchan and Bill Curty revived once more; and they appeared to forget that awful night's adventure the more they left the scene of it behind. But as evening set in, dark clouds were seen gathering, the wind sang in fitful moanings through the cordage; and then the old and more experienced fishermen, as they steered their boats homeward through the swelling brine, fore-told a stormy night. The last of the fishing smacks had long passed "The Sisters" before her owners commenced hauling in their nets; and when Jack took the helm and cried out to his companion to "stand by," the breeze, which had been every moment freshening, had increased to a tremendous gale of wind. Now lifted upon a mountainy wave, then plunging into the yawning gulf, it required all the art and steadiness that the young fishermen were possessed of to keep their little boat from perishing. The words they exchanged were but few; it was no time, and they were in no mood, for conversation. Jack, with his hand firmly grasped on the tiller, was intently looking out ahead; Bill was minding the sails; and the boy with trembling haste was bailing out the water, when suddenly Jack sung out—his head bent forward, and his eyes starting from their sockets—"Look out a-head!" They did so, and right before them, riding upon the waves, they perceived something, but could not plainly distinguish what, apparently approaching them. At last Bill exclaimed: "Holy Queen of Heaven! it is the Witch!" And the next moment Gummer Sampson was at their side, seated in her cockle-shell. A fiendish grin lit up her shrivelled features, as her croaking voice was heard above the roaring of the tempest. "Ha! ye persecuting dogs, are ye there? Ye wished to meet me on the waters, and ye have your wish. Where is your insulting laugh now? Ye were merry with the poor helpless old woman on the dry land, but it is my turn now to laugh at ye upon the stormy ocean. Ha! ha! ha! ha!" And her devilish voice rose upon the wind, and seemed to penetrate through all the chambers of the deep. While it was yet ringing in the ears of the hapless, horror-stricken fishermen, Jack's powerless hand dropped from the tiller—a wave struck the boat and she filled instantly. A shriek of despair burst from them—the old hag laugh'd still louder. "Ye will tell what ye saw and heard that night, won't ye?—ay, to the fishes. Ha! ha! ha!" And the waves closed above "The Sisters" and her little crew. One rose—it was the boy; and while he closed his eyes at the horrible vision before him, he still gasped and struggled for life. "You

never injured me nor mine," said the old woman, in a subdued tone. "The innocent may not perish with the guilty. Cling to that oar firmly. Fear not, but hold on for your life." And the boy grasped at the oar which was floating at his side. When he looked again the hag was gone—the sea was calmer, and he felt himself borne along at a swift rate.

On the following morning, as a few people were hurrying along the strand, near Clay Castle, on their way to town, they perceived something lying extended, which, on a nearer approach, they found to be a shipwrecked sailor, an oar held firmly in his grasp. They thought him dead at first, but on raising him the signs of life were visible, and they conveyed him to the nearest dwelling. When he recovered they could not collect from him where he came from, or what ship he belonged to; the only answer he could make to their inquiries was a laugh; and pointing forward, he would cry out: "There she is! There she is!" "Poor boy," said they, "his brain is turned through grief and fright. It was a fearful night, and perhaps he saw all his friends perishing before his eyes."

The loss of "The Sisters" soon spread around and cast a gloom over the little town. The people who first saw the shipwrecked boy mentioned the circumstance, and his friends immediately hurried out and brought him home, but he never came to his senses rightly again. One thing the neighbours thought very extraordinary, and it was with many a solemn shrug and shake of the head they remarked it to each other—old Gummer Sampson did not make her appearance after the night of "The Sisters" being lost. The fishermen, calling a council, came to the determination of pulling down her hut, which they soon accomplished, and burned and destroyed every article in it.

It was many days after this when the poor brain-cracked boy recovered sufficiently to relate the awful and soul-sickening occurrences of that long-remembered night; it made a deep impression upon the minds of the good people of Youghal, but they never laid their eyes upon the wrinkled visage and stooping figure of "The Water Witch."

### THE CRUCIFIX OF THE DEVIL.

The *Crucifix of the Devil* is preserved at Rome in the Convent of the Capuchin Friars of Monte Pincio (*Piazza Barberini*). It is a painting upon wood, thrilling in appearance, and impossible, once seen, ever to be forgotten. Visiting four years since the studio of a painter on glass, whose merit is only equalled by his modesty, a true artist, an austere and fervent Christian, one of those who tell their

bonds, but rarely make their fortune, my eye was attracted by a strange painting, copied from an old picture not unknown to me, and which has a curious and touching legend.

Long ages past there dwelt in Rome a young man of noble birth, who had invested his entire patrimony in the wildest debauchery. Utterly ruined in money and in credit, he had recourse, like so many others, to that famous usurer, to that cunning and experienced tempter who, showing one day to the Son of Man all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, had said to Him: "All this I will give to Thee, if falling down Thou wilt adore me."

At the first summons of his young client the devil entered without any of his customary attributes, in simple citizen's dress, and uncommonly like one of those unlicensed bankers who are so numerous in our own day. The bargain was quickly made. In exchange for his soul, duly guaranteed by a document properly signed and deliverable, after death, at the requisition of the lender, the prodigal was to receive more money than was necessary to re-establish his fortune, and to enjoy, until the dissolution of his mortal body, all that earth could give—delight of the senses, consideration, influence, the intoxication of power, in short, all that was purchasable with gold in those far distant and barbarous times.

However, ere the affair was concluded the borrower bethought himself of the necessity of requiring some material proof in attestation of the quality of the lender, and to guarantee, in so far as might be possible, the fulfillment of his promises. Therefore, doubtless by the inspiration of his good angel, he addressed the fallen Son of the Morning;

"Since you are Satan," said he, "you have long haunted the world."

"Since that day, wherever, for my own benefit, I brought about the fall of the first woman, Eve."

"Then you must have surely encountered, during the course of His mortal life Him whom we style Christ?"

"I followed Him step by step, and rendered to Him, to the best of my power, all the evil which He wrought me."

"You consequently saw Him suffer upon the cross—you witnessed His death and agony?"

"I was the delighted spectator of His passion, as I was the cause and instrument thereof. Through the kiss of Judas I betrayed Him, and I delivered Him into the hands of Pilate; through the medium of His servants I smote Him; by the hands of the executioners I crucified Him, having previously scourged him with rods. I have insulted Him by the lips of the Pharisees, and sorrowed Him through the abandonment of His friends. It was who tendered Him the sponge dipped in gall, and I

pierced His heart with the lance of the Centurion."

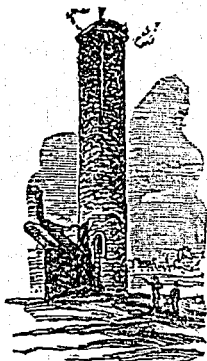
"You could, therefore, paint His portrait such as He was at His last moment, when He exclaimed: 'All is consummated,' and that darkness enveloped the earth?"

"Undoubtedly, I could readily do it, and it would be perfectly true to nature."

"Well then, do it, I pray you, ere my soul be irrevocably secured to you."

Forthwith, by two strokes of masterly brush, stood out upon an ebony background the image of the crucified Saviour, so true to life, and so heart-rending in its reality, that the prodigal, sinking to his knees, could not refrain from making the sign of the cross; by that happy accident the devil immediately disappeared, leaving in the hands of his intended victim both the compact and the painting.

### ROUND TOWERS.



Round Tower at Roscrea.

Round Towers, of about eighteen feet in external diameter, and varying in height between 60 and 115 feet, are frequently found in connection with the earlier monastic establishments of Ireland. The question of their origin and uses has long occupied much antiquarian attention. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they had been regarded by our antiquarians as the work of the Danes; but towards the close of the last century, General Vallancey propounded various theories, which assumed them to be of Phœnician or Indo-Scythic origin, and to have contained the sacred fire from whence all the fires in the kingdom were annually rekindled. But Vallancey was very unsteady in his opinions, and his successors multiplied their theories till they became almost as numerous as the towers themselves; and each succeeding writer, instead of elucidating, appeared to involve the subject in deeper mystery than ever—mystery that was proverbial, till dissolved completely and forever by Dr. Petrie, in his late beautiful and splendid work, which has justly been judged "the most learned, the most exact, and the most important ever published upon the antiquities of the ancient Irish nation."

The following are Dr. Petrie's conclusions:

I. That the towers are of Christian and

ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries.

II. That they were designed to answer, at least, a two-fold use, namely: to serve as bellries, and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security, in cases of sudden attack.

III. That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.

That these conclusions were arrived at after a long and patient investigation, not only of the architectural peculiarities of the numerous Round Towers, but also of the ecclesiastical structures usually found in connection with them, is sufficiently shown by many references to, and illustrations of examples scattered over the whole island. But Dr. Petrie, also, with the assistance of the best Celtic scholars in Ireland, sought in our annals and in our ancient MSS. (fortunately not a few) for references to such buildings as it was the custom of the Irish to erect; and from this hitherto neglected source of information, much of the light which he has thrown upon the subject of ancient Irish ecclesiology has been derived. The third and remaining portion of Dr. Petrie's work, it is to be hoped, will soon appear. But to our subject. There is but little variety to be observed in the construction or details of the Round Towers.

#### PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Weekly Advertiser*, noticing in his last letter the presence of Monsignore Capel at all the aristocratic gatherings in London, goes on to say:—

That Roman Catholicism is spreading among the higher classes of this country is a fact of which any one may obtain evidence for himself by visiting certain of the Roman Catholic churches in London. Let him take three—say, the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, the Oratory at South Kensington, and the Jesuit headquarters in Farm street. If there be a "function," or even an ordinary holiday service, he will find a line of splendid equipages outside the entrance to any one of these churches, and an array of powdered footmen about the doors. Let him enter and look at the congregation, and he will see among them numbers of many of the greatest families in England. If no "function" or other service be going on, let him look up the names on the seats, and if he is not already acquainted with Roman Catholic statistics, he will not be a little surprised at the titles borne by some of the pew renters. Very gross exaggeration on these points are indulged

in by those who are always trying to make out that Mr. Gladstone and one-half our public men are "Jesuits in disguise;" but all exaggerations being set aside, there certainly is enough going on all around us to show that the aristocratic ban has been taken off Roman Catholicism in this country, and that it is not unfashionable to worship with Dr. Manning and the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. Many Roman Catholics thought it was a mistake of the authorities at Rome to make Dr. Manning Archbishop of Westminster. Those persons now admit their mistake. He has given their religion an influence in English society such as they had not hoped to attain in their lifetime. He is a leading man everywhere, whether on the same platform with the prelates of the Church of England, or as a guest of the Conservative Lord Mayor of London. When he is present at a debate in the House of Lords he stands close to the Episcopal benches, and the right reverend prelates converse with him before the "Lords Spiritual and Temporal in the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland assembled."

#### DOMESTIC SERVANTS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

What would servants in the present day say to such a code of rules and regulations as was adopted three hundred years ago in the household of Sir J. Harrington, the translator of Ariosto? A servant absent from prayers to be fined five cents; for uttering an oath, three cents, and the same sum for leaving a door open; a fine of five cents from Ladyday to Michaelmas for all who are in bed after seven, or out after nine; a fine of three cents for any beds unmade, fire built, or candle-box uncleaned after eight; a fine of ten cents for any man detected teaching the children obscene words; a fine of three cents for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent at a meal; for any one breaking any of the butler's glass, twenty-five cents; a fine of five cents for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by 10:30 or the supper by 6; a fine of ten cents for any one absent a day without leave; for any man striking another, a fine of three cents; for any follower visiting the cook, three cents; a fine of three cents for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet; a fine of three cents for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed; a fine of three cents if the hall be not cleansed by 8 in winter and 7 in summer; the porter to be fined three cents if the court gate be not shut during meals; a fine of ten cents if the stairs be not cleansed every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

## FIRST PRINCIPLES.

This is what we call an enlightened age; we are to have large views of things; everything is to be put on a philosophical basis; reason is to rule; the world is to begin again; a new and transporting set of views is about to be exhibited to the great human family. Well and good; have them, preach them, enjoy them, but deign to recollect the while, that there have been views in the world before you; that the world has not been going on up to this day without any principles whatever; that the Old Religion was based on principles, and that it is not enough to flourish about your "new lamps," if you would make us give up our "old" ones. Catholicism, I say, had its First Principles before you were born; you say they are false; very well, prove them to be so; they are false, indeed, if yours are true; but not false merely because yours are yours. While yours are yours it is self-evident, indeed, to you, that ours are false; but it is not the common way of carrying on business in the world, to value English goods by French measures, or to pay a debt in paper which was contracted in gold. Catholicism has its First Principles. Overthrow them, if you can; endure them, if you cannot. It is not enough to call them false, because they are old; or antiquated, because they are ancient. It is not enough to look into our Churches and cry, "It is all a form, because divine favor cannot depend on external observances;" or, "It is all a bondage because there is no such thing as sin;" or, "a blasphemy, because the Supreme Being cannot be present in ceremonies;" or, a "mummery, because prayer cannot move Him;" or, a "tyranny, because vows are unnatural;" or, "hypocrisy, because rational man can credit it at all." I say here is endless assumption, unmitigated hypothesis, reckless assertion. Prove your "because," "because," "because;" prove your First Principles, and if you cannot, learn philosophic moderation. Why may not my First Principles contest the prize with yours? they have been longer in the world, they have lasted longer, they have done harder work, they have seen rougher service! You sit in your easy-chairs, you dogmatize in your lecture-rooms, you wield your pens; it all looks well on paper: you write exceedingly well; there never was an age in which there was better writing, logical, nervous, eloquent and pure,—go and carry it all out in the world. Take your First Principles, of which you are so proud, into the crowded streets of our cities, into the formidable classes which make up the bulk of our population; try to work society by them. You think you can; I say you cannot—at least you have not as yet; it is to be seen if you can. "Let not him that putteth on his armor boast as he who

taketh it off." Do not take it for granted that is certain which is waiting the test of reason and experiment. Be modest until you are victorious. My principles, which I believe to be eternal, have at least lasted eighteen hundred years; let yours live as many months. That man can sin, that he has duties, that the Divine Being hears prayer, that He gives his favors through visible ordinances that He is really present in the midst of them—these principles have been the life of nations; they have shown they could be carried out; let any single nation carry out yours, and you will have better claim to speak contemptuously of Catholic rites, of Catholic devotions, of Catholic belief.—*Dr. Newman.*

## HOUSEKEEPING 200 YEARS AGO.

The following portrait of an English housewife 200 years ago will lead our lady readers to be thankful they were born in the nineteenth century.—It was held that a woman had no right to enter the estate of matrimony unless possessed of a good knowledge of cookery. To be perfect in the art she must know in which quarter of the moon to plant and gather all kinds of salads and herbs throughout the year. She must be "skilled in physick, surgery, cookery, extraction of oyles, banqueting stuffes, ordering of great feasts, preserving of wines, distillations, perfumes; have a knowledge of the dairy, and understand baking, brewing, and all other things belonging to the household." For an ordinary feast with which any good man might entertain his guests about sixteen dishes were considered a suitable supply for the first course, and the mistress of the house was expected to attend to their preparation. This included such substantial articles as a shield of brawn, with mustard, a boiled capon, a piece of boiled beef, a neat's tongue roasted, a roasted goose, a turkey, a haunch of venison, a venison pasty, a couple of capons and custards. Besides these, the housewife added as many light dishes, salads and fricasees, as made thirty-two dishes, which were considered as many as it was polite to put upon the table for a first course. She was also expected to superintend the dairy personally and the bake-house, and see to the making up of the various kinds of bread, both for the family and the servants. By way of relaxation to these serious duties, which with the necessary supervision of the dressing and spinning of wool, hemp and flax, must have kept the good dame pretty busy, she prescribed for any of her household that were indisposed, compounded her own remedies and made stores of scented bags to lay away among her linen, manufactured rosemary and violet water, herb water for weak eyes, and plasters and lotions and ointments of all kinds.

## MYLES SWEENEY.

A ROMANTIC HISTORY OF ONE OF LORD CLARE'S  
YELLOW DRAGOONS.

Carrigaholt Castle was the splendid sea-beaten residence and stronghold of the famous Daniel O'Brien. Lord Clare, whose dragoon buidh (yellow dragoons) fought so bravely in many a hard contested field, at the Boyne, at Aughrim, at Limerick, and who, following the fortunes of their noble commander at home and abroad, competed for the laurels of victory at Landen, Fontenoy, Dettingen, and in other memorable engagements. In the service of Lord Clare, when in the heyday of his power, was a lad named Myles Sweeney, the son of a gate-keeper, whose wife survived him, and who lived close by the stronghold of her master. Sweeney was held in favor by the lordly owner of Carrigaholt and of the immense territory which he was soon afterwards destined to forfeit on the defeat of James II., and the signing of the Treaty of Limerick; and the boy's life was the tenure on which leases were held by many of the feudatories and tenants on the estates of the great Lord Clare. The O'Keans or O'Kahans, a family long settled and long and favorably known in the West of Clare, held large tracts of land from Lord Clare; and one of the family, Francis O'Kean, Esq., of Ross, was one of the most extensive tenants on the estate, and his lease depended too on the life of Myles Sweeney, who, young as he was, was raised to the rank of Sergeant-Major in his lord's dragoons.

On the sale of the estates in 1701, to Burton Westby, McDonnell and Amory, the interests of several of the tenants were preserved; their leases were exhibited in Court where the sales were made, and the tenure of the holders became a matter of record.

Time went on; Carrigaholt Castle became the property of the Burtons; no more was heard on the esplanade in front of the castle the heavy tramp of the famous cavalry regiment in which the gallant lord had taken an honorable pride; no more was seen any one of those veterans who used to crowd about the enclosures, and who were the true types of Irish soldiers. They were scattered and gone, like "wild geese." The shrill note of the bugle no longer awoke the echoes along the shores of Moyarta; and the very name of the chief of an ancient and honored race, who was deservedly popular at home and in foreign lands, was fading almost from memory.

Mr. Westby, who purchased the lands which O'Kean held, had an eye to business at all times, and he began to think that Myles Sweeney, whose name was in Francis O'Kean's lease, could not be so long in the land of the living; he (Sweeney) had not been seen in the neighborhood

since Lord Clare had left his home; it was certain that he could not be then alive—this was in 1744—at least in the estimation of Mr. Westby who brought an ejectment against Francis O'Kean, who had no positive defence, and who was compelled to abandon his property to the grasp of the new owner.

As Francis O'Kean was one day walking abroad in the neighborhood of his romantic dwelling near the celebrated bridge of Ross, viewing the lands his lord had forfeited, and the tract of country which he was obliged to surrender to Mr. Westby, and indulging in dreams of the past, an old, decrepit, withered looking man, leaning on a staff, hobbled up to him and besought his alms. O'Kean was dressed in the style of a gentleman of the period; his silver buttons, the mark of rank in those days, shone in the sunlight; and with instinctive hospitality he welcomed the old man to his ocean-girt dwelling, having, in the first instance, inquired his name.

"My name, good master," said the old man, whose face was furrowed with age, and bronzed with the heat of foreign suns, "is Myles Sweeney, and it is a long time since I have been here. I remember the Castle of Carrigaholt yonder, and my noble master, the famous Daniel O'Brien, Lord Clare."

"Myles Sweeney?" inquired O'Kean.

"Yes, sir, that is my name. Alas! how changed is all about me since I was here in my youthful prime; and all I have wandered, and all I have seen, from that day to this!"

"And who, or what are you, or whence do you come?" asked O'Kean.

"I was the favorite 'gillie,' replied he, "of the noble Lord. When a mere child he always had me about him; when a stripling he made me his constant attendant; he gave me a position of trust in his regiment before I knew the sword exercise; when he was at Limerick I was by his side on the ramparts with Sarsfield, and at the crossing of the Shannon; and before that I was near him at the Boyne and Aughrim; and here I am now come home, after my wanderings throughout Europe, to die."

"Not so soon," said O'Kean: "you are the man I have been a long time in search of; and you must become part and parcel of my household for the remainder of your days."

The old man, overjoyed at the reception he met, was led by Mr. O'Kean to his warm house, was entertained and told to make himself happy as long as he lived.

And so he did.

Mr. O'Kean lost no time in preparing his case against Westby; he filed his plea for the restitution of his tenure; and the case was tried in Dublin.

The notes of the learned Judge who presided at the trial are in existence, they



contain a summary of the evidence of two old men, named Mahoney and Behan, who recognized the strong likeness between the old man and Rose Sweeney, his mother, who had lived at the Castle gate. "I think I see her form and features in the yellow little man before me," said Mahoney, who had been a pilot on the Shannon.

Myles Sweeney was sworn: He stated that he was born at Carrigaholt; that he was the son of Rose Sweeney; that he was a gillie or page and attendant of Lord Clare; that he fought with him everywhere, and that he followed him to France and to Flanders, and was at the action at Landen, where General Patrick Sarsfield was slain; that he fought at Fontenoy, and elsewhere; and that when the King of France no longer wanted the services of his corps, he volunteered into the service of Charles XII., King of Sweden; that he was taken prisoner by the Russians, and sent to Siberia, where he spent many years, and that he was released from exile by a London merchant, who occasionally visited those regions to purchase furs, and who claimed him as a British subject.

This happened after what Byron calls,

"Pattowa's bloody day,

When fortune left the Royal Swede."

Westby was defeated; he had to make restitution to Francis O'Kean and, for years afterwards, Myles Sweeney, who was always sent the choicest cuts from the dinner-table, lived on until old Parson Vandeleur, of Kiltrush, in his occasional visits to his friend, O'Kean, of Ross, was accustomed to say that Myles Sweeney was destined to live a longer time *after death* than he had lived *when he was alive!*

### AN EVICTION.

"Mary, Mary! do you hear what the neighbors say—that we're all going to be evicted?" cried Denis Connor, entering his cabin one evening towards the end of October, and sitting down dejectedly; while Mary, his wife, looked up from her work in blank dismay.

"What do you mean, Denis?" she asked. "Sure, we don't owe a penny of rent, and if the Lord spares us our health, we'll remain so."

"It's too true, I'm afraid. O Molly, it'll break my heart to leave the old place! and what'll you and Oona do?" and the old man rocked himself to and fro, and moaned bitterly.

"Whist, Denis dear," Mary said, gently placing her hand on her husband's shoulder; "there's some mistake, ye may be certain. His Honour could not mean to turn us out, for sure there's no decenter poor people on all the property than the neighbors. It isn't like as if we were living entirely on the land, and couldn't

pay the rent. His Honour couldn't mean to evict us, Denis!"

But his honor did mean to evict them, as they learned formally a few days after; the entire village of Cloonabeg was to be swept away.

It was a wild, bleak spot on the west coast of Ireland, not many miles from the ancient "Cille of the Tribes." The village consisted of a long, straggling row of cabins, on the edge of a common, and within a stone's-throw of the sea. The inhabitants of Cloonabeg were fishermen, poor, simple, honest, hard-working people, who had been born in the cabins they dwelt in, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, and knew little of the world beyond. They all had the right of the common—on the other side of which stood the village of Cloonamore, a much more important place, which boasted the possession of a police barrack, a chapel, and a national school. There was little intimacy between the inhabitants of the two villages. The Cloonamore people were farmers, comfortable as farmers go in the west of Ireland, where they have to toil, and toil continually, to make the wretched land produce anything. They were very jealous of their neighbors down by the seaside, who paid far less rent, and on the whole seemed not only to work less, but to be more comfortable.

The fishermen were quiet, proud, reserved people, who lived entirely to themselves, helping each other in difficulty, consoling each other in trouble, and taking little interest in anything save the coming and going of the shoals of fish.

They spent their evenings, when not out on the bay, with their wives; and it was pleasant to see them sitting outside their cabin doors, smoking their pipes, or mending their nets and sails—the men in their rough home-knit blue guernseys, the women in their scarlet jackets. They were very poor, but then their wants were few, and they were contented and happy in their simple way.

Denis Connor was considered the most comfortable man in Cloonabeg. He had a son in America, who often sent him money; and a daughter married to a fishmonger in Galway, who was considered almost a merchant. One other child he had, Oona, a pretty, golden-haired girl, the pet of the whole village.

In the next cabin to Denis Connor's lived a very old woman, named Merrick; poor Judy she was called, for she had had many troubles in her lifetime. Her husband and only son were drowned twenty years before, trying to save the crew of a brig which struck on "Marguerite's Rock." Young Merrick left a wife, who died a few months after, and one sickly little boy. Poor Judy took the child, and managed to bring him up and keep a roof overhead by constant hard work. She assisted the neighbors in their housework,

who paid her in kind; and made and mended nets for any of the men who could afford to pay her a trifle just sufficient to pay the rent. For fifteen years Judy toiled late and early, and then her grandson Willie was old enough to take his father's boat and nets and earn his living, and support his grandmother. A fine, handsome, manly lad was Willie Merrick, full-chested, clear-eyed and supple, sinewed like the majority of the hardy sons of the sea-coast.

In the market, every one liked to buy his mackerel and haddocks, not only because they could depend on whatever he offered for sale being genuinely good and moderate in price, but they liked the look of his honest face and clear hazel eyes, and the sound of his hearty voice.

Mrs. Merrick was proud of her grandson, and not without some reason, for he was a universal favorite, and deserved to be.

A few evenings after Denis Connor had told his wife of the threatened eviction, Oona, his daughter, was sitting with Willie Merrick on the stone seat outside old Judy's cabin. There was no "take," and the men were all about the beach attending to the drying of the nets, or watching a little boat which was making for the quay against wind and tide.

"She'll never get in, Oona, if they don't tack more to the eastward," Willie said. "Oh, if I had a boat like her, wouldn't I be happy!"

"Aren't ye happy as ye are, Willie?" Oona asked. "Ye told me the other night that ye was the happiest boy in Cloonabeg, or Cloonamore either."

"So I am, darlin'," Willie said, looking tenderly at the fair, saucy face beside him; "but I'll be happier when yer my own intirely. When is it to be?"

"Whenever ye like, Willie; father and mother are willing, and yer granny is teasing me every day. Sure we're all as one as married, aren't we, Willie?"

"Yes, darlin'; but I want the priest to spake the words, and put this on yer *necesshy* little finger;" and young Merrick pulled from his pocket a canvas bag, from the farthest corner of which he pulled a wedding-ring.

"This Shrovetide, then, Willie," Oona whispered with a blush. "Now, I must go in, as mother'll be wanting me. Is that the agent gone into Martin Gill's, Willie? I didn't think it was rent-day yet."

"Yes, faix, it is, Oona, and it wants a week yet to the half-year;" and Oona went into the house, while Willie went to see what the people were gathering into groups for, and talking so mysteriously about. A few words served to explain the object of the agent's visit. He had come, accompanied by the bailiff, to serve "notice to quit" on every house. "His Honor the landlord wanted the place

cleared down," was all the reason he gave. It was a sad thing to walk through the village of Cloonabeg that evening, and go from house to house with the agent. Everywhere he said the same thing: "Ye must clear out; His Honor wants the place. I'll forgive ye half this half-year's rent all round, and give ye till the 1st of January to get away. But remember, the men'll be here on New-Year's day to pull down these dens."

By the time they had reached Denis Connor's the whole village—men, women, and children—were after them, crying bitterly, and Judy Merrick came to ask what the matter was.

"It's evicted we are—served with notice to quit, Judy," Mary Connor said quietly. "It isn't easy to leave the place ye were bred and born in, and go out on the world. But God's good; cheer up, Denis awic."

"What does she mean, Denis Connor?" Judy cried. "Is it that they're goin' to dispossess ye—to turn ye out of the cabin ye were born in, and yer father and grandfather before ye?"

"Yes, ma'am; that's exactly what we mean," the bailiff said. "I'm going to serve you next."

"Serve me! evict me! turn me, an old woman of threecore and ten, out on the roadside!" Judy screamed. "No! I was born in that cabin; my father lived and died in it; my ancestors were the first that ever raised a stone of Cloonabeg. Gid Judy, poor Judy, Judy Merrick, ye may call me, but I'm Julia O'Brien, and in the cabin I've lived in, there I'll die."

"We'll see about that," the bailiff sneered, and Judy rushed out, and knelt down at her door-step. "The first one of ye that crosses here will have to walk over me," she shrieked; but the bailiff advanced, and laying his hand on her shoulder, gave her a printed form, and said jeeringly:

"You're served, Mrs. Merrick; and I'd ake it easier, if I were you.—Come on, ir," he added, turning to the agent, who was examining the condition of the house.

Judy Merrick stood up, and looked at the notice in her hand, and then advanced to the agent's side. "Mr. Hayes, sir," she said slowly, "I'm to be out of this cabin on the 1st of January, amn't I?"

"Yes; and see that you are," Mr. Hayes replied.

"Where am I to go to, sir?"

"My good woman, that's nothing whatever to me," he said, shrugging his shoulders; "go wherever you like."

"You know, sir, that in Cloonamore one of us can't get bit, nor sup, nor lodging, for love or money, even if we had that same. Where'll we go to, Mr. Hayes, sir; will ye ask His Honor that?"

"That's nothing whatever to His

Honor; he wants his houses, and I suppose he has a right to them. It's not every landlord would treat ye so well as to forgive ye a quarter's rent, and then give ye two months' notice and nothing to pay," the agent said.

"It's not every tenant that treats a landlord as we did. In my memory—and that's more than threescore years—he never lost a penny on one of these cabins, and one of us was never a day behind with sixpence o' rent. Can Cloonabeg say that, Mr. Hayes, sir? Go back to the big house, and tell His Honor that Judy Merrick is going to die in the cabin she lived in, or on the heap of stones ye level it to."

"Come, come; that's all nonsense. See that you are out, bag and baggage, before the first of January," the bailiff said, roughly laying his hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"Don't touch me, ye miserable creature!" she cried, shrinking back. "Don't lay yer dirty hand on me, ye black-hearted villain. Look at him, neighbors, mark him, the evictor! It's all his doin's, and his"—pointing to the agent. "Mark them, Willie! Don't forget their evil faces!"

"I'll not forget them, granny," Willie Merrick said sternly, with quivering lips and flashing eyes; "and if I ever have a chance, God help them both."

"Och!" Judy cried, lifting up her hands, "may God forget them at their greatest need, and forgive them like as I do now," and she went in and sat rocking herself for hours over the fire.

The 1st of January, 1857, was a bleak, wild day, with a fierce east wind, driving a cutting, bitter sleet before it. The sea and sky, of a gray leaden hue, seemed to meet; you could scarcely distinguish one from the other; and the storm raged along the desolate coast.

The village of Cloonabeg presented a very pitiful sight that New Year's day—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten—a sight which impressed itself on the memory with burning intensity, the sight of an eviction! All words are inadequate to describe the scene—it is something one must look on to thoroughly comprehend. That morning, on the common, wherever a stunted shrub offered the faintest shelter from the bitter east wind, the people were sitting huddled together or lying on their poor beds to keep themselves warm, waiting for the demolition of their cabins; women weeping bitterly, children shivering, and men with folded arms, set teeth, and blanched faces, men poor, ignorant, homeless, yet exercising a self-control wonderful and touching. The lane leading to the village was also lined on each side by the unfortunate people; and as the bailiffs came with picks to begin their work, the women greeted them with a terrible cry.

The men were silent, calmly, grandly silent. They could have easily beaten off the intruders—they could have chased them into the sea, or dashed their brains out against the rocks; but what would it avail? others would come and take their places, for Cloonabeg was doomed. The men looked passively on as they saw their homes levelled to the earth, as they saw cabin after cabin fall in.

Opposite their door, Denis Connor and his wife and daughter sat waiting for the end before starting for Galway. In vain they entreated Judy Merrick to accompany them; she would not leave her cabin. Grim and resolute she sat on her bed, and declared solemnly that out she would not go. And her grandson, Willie? Poor fellow, he was in Galway jail on a charge of attempted murder. Mr. Hayes, the agent, had been fired at, and without any hesitation he accused Willie Merrick, and the bailiff swore he heard the young man threaten him; so he was committed to stand his trial at the spring assizes.

When the men came to Mrs. Merrick's house, and found her still inside, they paused in dismay, but the head bailiff's order came sharp and decisive: "Go on!" and a shower of dust and stones about poor Judy's ears, showed that they were going on without any mistake. Then Denis Connor rushed in, and seizing the woman in his arms, carried her out, just as the roof gave way; but he might as well have left her in her dearly loved cabin, for Judy Merrick was dead! The first desecrating blow struck to the roof which had so long sheltered her, had stilled her heart forever.

All through that dreary winter-day the people sat shivering by the wayside, mourning over their ruined, desolated homes, and at night some few of them were sheltered in barns and out-houses, while others lay under the hedges or on the fallen cabins. The next morning, vans came and took the very old and sick to the workhouse, and those who were able to walk and work went hither and thither in search of employment.

All this time His Honor the landlord was enjoying his honeymoon on the shores of Lake Leman, and knew no more about the fearful scene enacted in Cloonabeg than his somewhat tenants knew about his locality. The agent thought the little village in the way; the common would, he fancied, make a valuable piece of pasture-land; and so he wrote to his master, and said the houses were only dilapidated dens; declared the tenants never did, or could, or would pay any rent; and that the best thing for all parties was to pull the cabins down, as the people would then emigrate to America. And so Mr. Hayes evicted the people and razed their homes to the earth! Such things have been common, and are still not unknown in the west of Ireland.

Months passed, and Willie Merrick still lay in jail awaiting his trial. At the assizes, there was not a shadow of proof against him, and one of the gamekeepers on an adjoining estate confessed that it was he fired the shot which wounded the agent; so Merrick was acquitted; and a few kind-hearted people subscribed enough money to pay his passage to America.

"You'll come out to me, Oona darling, won't you?" he said, holding his promised wife in his arms as he said good-bye. "You aren't ashamed of me, are you?"

"No, Willie; but I'll not follow you to America," Oona said sadly. "I'm going a longer journey. O Willie, Willie, my heart is broken. You'll never look on the face of Oona O'Connor again! Good-bye, and may Heaven forever bless you!"

Willie was pushed into the train which was to take him to Cork, and Oona fell fainting into her father's arms.

Three months after, there was a quiet funeral in the old graveyard of Cloonabeg, an old man and an old woman the only mourners.

Oona Connor was dead, and her last wish had been to sleep beside her brothers and sisters in the little country graveyard she had played in as a child. There she sleeps, with no cross at her head or stone at her feet; but her grave is well known, and the memory of the events which caused her death green. No one in the west of Ireland has forgotten the Cloonabeg eviction.

**ODD PLEAS.**—Brougham, defending a rogue charged with stealing a pair of boots, unable to gainsay his client's guilt, demurred to his conviction because the articles appropriated were half-boots, and half-boots were no more boots than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. The objection was overruled by Lord Estgrove, who, with befitting solemnity, said: "I am of opinion that boot is a nomen-generale comprehending a half-boot; the distinction is between a half-boot and half a boot; the moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half moon." Had Brougham proved the boots to be old ones, his man would probably have come off as triumphantly as a tramp tried at Warwick for stealing four live fowls. The fowls had been "lifted" in Staffordshire; still the indictment was declared good, it being held that a man committed felony in every county through which he carried stolen property; but when it came out in evidence that the fowls were dead when the thief was taken, he was at once set free, on the ground that he could not be charged with stealing four live fowls in Warwickshire.—*All the Year Round.*

Principles strengthen because they enlighten; when principle is wanting, what remains to support the will?

## COMMON-SENSE VENTILATION.

The best practical statement I have met about ventilation was contained in the remark of a mining engineer in Pennsylvania: "Air is like a rope; you can pull it better than you can push it." All mechanical appliances for pushing air into a room or a house are disappointing. What we need to do is to pull out the vitiated air already in the room; the fresh supply will take care of itself if means for its admission are provided.

It has been usual to withdraw the air through openings near the ceiling, that is, to carry off the warmer and therefore lighter portions, leaving the colder strata at the bottom of the room, with their gradual accumulation of cooled carbonic acid undisturbed. Much the better plan would be to draw this lower air out from a point near the floor, allowing the upper and warmer portions to descend and take its place.

An open fire, with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room; the one-half or two-thirds of the heat carried up the chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease; and large though this seems from its daily draft on the wood-pile or coal-bin, it is trifling when compared with doctors' bills and with the loss of strength and efficiency that invariably result from living in unventilated apartments.—*Col. G. E. Waring, Jr., in the October Atlantic.*

## ANSWERING LETTERS.

A great many people in this country are shamefully negligent about answering letters. Nothing is more annoying. In European countries it is regarded as the height of ill-breeding to allow a letter which needs a reply to go unanswered, and so it ought to be considered here. This is a point on which parents should lay great stress on their children. They should be taught to consider it as rude not to reply to a letter which needs attention as to hand a fork with the prong end. The busiest people are generally those who are the most exact in this respect. The late Duke of Wellington, who, it will be admitted, had a good deal on his hands at different times of his life, replied to every letter, no matter how humble a source. Once a clergyman, who lived in a distant part of the kingdom, wrote his Grace, on whom neither he nor his parish had a shadow of claim, to beg for a subscription to rebuild a church. By return of mail came back a letter from the Duke to the effect that he really could not see why in the world he should have been applied to for such an object; but the parson sold the letter as an autograph for £5, and put the Duke down for that amount among the subscribers.

## Answers to Correspondents.

- "H. L. M."—The origin of the word "candidate" is from *candidatus*, clothed in white, and refers to the color of the toga which the old Romans used to prescribe for aspirants to office.
- "A. B."—Montreal was surrendered to the English by the French in 1760. It was taken by the Provincials in the American War of Independence, Nov. 12, 1775, and was retaken by the British June 15, 1776. The Church, Jesuits' College, Prison, and many public buildings were burnt down June 6, 1803.
- "IERNE."—It is quite true that it was in Ulster the last stamp of Irish Chiefdom was made. Hugh O'Neill, Maguire, and O'Doherty were amongst the last of its upholders. Of Hugh O'Neill's character as a military leader of the highest rank there can be no doubt. Henry the Fourth of France held him to be one of the four best generals of Europe. The hero of Ivry placed himself first of the four, and O'Neill as third.
- "A TRAVELLER."—The law is different in many States of the Union: what it is here you had better learn from a lawyer. The most recent decision we know is one given in the Supreme Court of Michigan, where the judges held that an innkeeper is not liable for the loss of his guest's goods unless it be by his negligence. An innkeeper is held to guarantee the good conduct of his servants and all other persons in his house. Hence, when the goods of a guest are stolen or otherwise disappear in an unexplained way, the loss is presumed to be in consequence of the innkeeper's negligence. But when the loss happens by an accidental fire or other casualty coming from without, and of such a nature as to negate his negligence, he is not liable.
- "H. L. B." (Three Rivers), requests us to give him answer, "for divers reasons," as to the depth a person can dive below the surface of the water, and if it is possible to reach a depth of one hundred feet. The N. Y. *Sunday Times* gives answer to a question nearly similar, in this manner: "It is not possible to penetrate water to a depth of one hundred feet by diving, for the reason that the specific gravity of the body does not, nor can it acquire the force sufficient to penetrate the solidity of the water at that depth. The buoyancy of the water is such that the body would be thrown upward or held suspended temporarily at the point where the force ceases; particularly as it is more or less filled with air. In all submarine apparatus, the descent of the body is aided by dead-weight and the expulsion of air."
- "F. MCC." (Mount Royal).—The information you seek and other facts in addition will be found in the following paragraph clipped from an Irish paper just to hand: "There are about 3,061 languages spoken in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7 years, one-half before reaching 17, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half of the human species. To every 1,000 persons, only 1 reaches 100 years of life; to every 100, only 1 reach the age of 65, and not more than 1 in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,821 every day, 3,370 every hour, and 60 every minute, or 1 every second."

"CATHOLICUS."—Yes; the Dr. Marshall whose death has just been announced was a distinguished convert to the Catholic Church. Rev. Dr. H. J. Marshall, the deceased, was educated at Oxford, and for five years was a clergyman of the English Church, during part of which time he was curate under the late Bishop Wilberforce, but gave up the cure to join the Catholic Church.

"TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE."—"P. B."—This oft quoted phrase is to be found in verses written by John Byron on a professional feud between the musical composers Handel and Bononcini. The passage runs thus:

Some say compared to Bononcini  
That Myndoor Handel's but a ninny,  
Others aver that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle;  
Strange all this difference should be  
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

"NIMROD."—We dislike exceedingly to give answer to any question the decision on which involves a wager, and we have more than once stated so. However, the point on which you inquire is one of general interest, unhappily. Recently, in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, in England, it was held by the judges that a stakeholder who takes no part in the arrangement for a fight with fists, and is not present at the fight, and does nothing more than hold the money, and pay it over to the winner, is not an accessory before the fact to the manslaughter of one of the combatants, who is mortally injured in the fight.

"A FRENCH CANADIAN."—There are Irish Saints whose festivals are kept more conspicuously in foreign lands than even in Ireland, and your motherland gives some instances. Thus, for instance, on each 30th of August, the coachmen of Paris celebrate the anniversary of their patron, St. Flacore, who, we are told, was born in Ireland about the year 690, went to France on a visit to the Bishop of Meaux, and there founded an hospital for the relief of pilgrims, travellers, and poor people. The first vehicles which were used to carry travellers to the hospital were called after the name of the saint, and the word has since become the general name for public carriages. St. Flacore is also the patron of gardeners, being reputed to have been a great botanist and to have surrounded his hermitage with flowers.

"THOMSON."—We have no need to refer to friendly authorities in support of the suggestion contained in your letter. Even the enemy admits that some good can come out of Ireland! If the following words were written by O'Connell or Mitchell or Father Burke, they would be received by persons ignorant of Irish history with a polite shrug; but coming from the pen of James Anthony Froude (*Hist. of Ireland*, vol. 2), they will demand attention. He writes:—"The Irishman of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own unhappy country. In the Seven Years' War Austria's best generals were Irishmen. Brown was an Irishman, Lacy was an Irishman, O'Donnell's name speaks for him, and Lally Tollendal, who punished England at Fontenoy, was O'Mullally of Tollenally. Strike the names of Irishmen out of our public service, and we lose the heroes of our proudest exploits—we lose the Wellesleys, the Pallisers, the Moores, the Eyres, the Cootes, the Napiers; we lose half the officers and half the privates who conquered India for us and fought our battles in the Peninsula. What the Irish could do as enemies we were about to learn when the Ulster exiles crowded to the standard of Washington."