

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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SHEMUS O'BRIEN: A TALE OF '98.

As related by an Irish Peasant.

LEFANU.

Just after the war, in the year Ninety-Eight, As soon as the boys were all scattered and late, 'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got, To hang him by trial-barrin' such as was shot.

There was a trial by jury goin' on by day-light, And the martial law hangin' the livin' by night.

It's them was hard times for an honest peasant; If he missed in the judges he'd meet a dragoon; And whether the soldiers or judges gave sentence, The devil a much time they allowed for repentance.

An' the many a fine boy was then on his keepin', With small share of restin' or sittin' or sleepin'; An' because they loved Brinn, and scorned to sell it, A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet, He was hanged by night and untried by day.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild And teachery prey on the blood of the best; An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side, In darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now Shemus look back on the beautiful moon, For the door of the prison must close on you An' take your last look at her dim, misty light, That falls on the mountain and valley to-night.

One look at the village, one look at the flood, An' the man's great danger is in his head; Farwell to the forest, farwell to the hill, An' farwell to the friends that will think of you no more.

Farwell to the pattern, the burlin, an' wake, An' farwell to the girl that would die for your sake; An' twelve soldiers brought him to Maryborough town, An' the iron bars secured him, refusin' all ball.

The fleet limbs were chained an' the strong hands were bound, An' he lay down his length on the cold prison floor; An' the sweet voice of his childhood came over his chin As he gazed an' soft as the sweet summer air;

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago a young priest, fresh from the seminary, was appointed to his first pastoral charge in a small village of the diocese of Lyons. We shall not give his name just yet. In fact, if his parishioners had then been asked it, they would have felt quite at a loss what to say.

Well, then, in this village lived Monsieur le Cure, who was the kindest and best of men. Revered by his whole flock, he sympathized with them in their trials, assisted them by his counsels, and shared with them his small income.

His motives of action were an ardent love of God, and, for His sake, a tender charity to man. We are not to imagine, however, that this good priest, kind as he was, lacked firmness when it was required.

On the contrary, he had frequently shown that gentleness of disposition and manner is by no means incompatible with inflexible strength of purpose and will. More than once he had to defend the interests of his parish against the encroachments of the village authorities, and, contending most energetically for his rights, he succeeded in upholding them.

At the same time he was so conciliatory to his opponents that no breach of charity occurred. Thus the young pastor won golden opinions from all his little world. Even those who, perhaps, would be slow to appreciate his goodness, applauded his prudence; so that scarcely any one of his congregation would begin an undertaking, great or small, without first seeking the opinion of Monsieur le Cure.

He was the general lawyer, notary, architect, doctor, and even public letter writer. In his last capacity he managed almost the whole correspondence of his small kingdom, which is not strange, considering that the most learned of his subjects could scarcely spell the Gospel of the day, even when printed in the largest type.

One morning, toward the end of February, the village was aroused at daybreak by the continued peal of the one ten bell which the church still possessed. The winter had been an unusually severe one. The hills were covered with snow, and even the plains retained their white covering, and hindered the farmer's labors.

So the poor peasants whenever they met their priest in his daily walks, they urged the one request: "Pray for us, Monsieur le Cure, and for our fields. If the thaw comes not soon, the sowing time will be past; then how shall we get bread for our little ones?"

And Monsieur le Cure would give his invariable answer: "I have confidence, my children; fear nothing. Whatever Almighty God does, He does well."

A SAD STORY.

Many years ago, a picturesque spot, about six miles northwest of Lockport, N. Y., was the location of a handsome and comfortable homestead. The family which resided there was respected alike for its wealth and worth, and from that parental roof went forth to homes of their own a goodly number of lovely daughters and noble sons.

One of these, more ambitious than the rest, thought to better his already prosperous fortune by accepting the golden promises California, at that time, so temptingly held forth. While there, he met and loved a young girl who was filling the honorable position of nursemaid, in a rich man's family. She was uneducated and of humble birth, but amiable and remarkably beautiful. He placed her in a boarding-school, where she remained for several years, until her education was completed, when he married her.

He was then a very wealthy man, and he decided to return with his young wife to his native State. At San Francisco they took passage in a sailing vessel for New York, which, when within two hundred miles of the latter port, sprung leak and rapidly filled with water.

When the captain saw that his vessel was sinking, he let down the boats and into them lowered the female passengers. When this poor young wife learned that her husband was not going, she implored them to allow her to stay and die with him. But the captain was inexorable, and she was torn from his arms and lowered into the boat, which hurriedly made for land.

What an agonizing farewell! The wife looked back and saw that loved husband for the last time, clinging to the mast of the vessel as it sank into the pitiless sea. The poor girl reached the home of her husband's parents in safety, and a few months after her arrival became the mother of a bright little boy. A few years later she visited a Southern State, taking her child with her.

From that fatal tour she returned childless, and the remains of her darling boy lay in a Southern grave. By her child's death the last tie which bound her to her husband's kindred was broken, and she came back to Lockport, grieving over the manifold sorrows which had befallen her in a stranger State.

Wentry of her lonely life, she at last listened to the protestations of an ardent suitor and married him; and to him she entrusted her property, which was considerable, although \$80,000 in gold went down with that ill-fated vessel.

This second husband proved to be a gambler and worse; and, after squandering the larger portion of her wealth, leaving her with two children, penniless and homeless. And now, in an obscure dwelling a few miles outside of the city, this sad wreck of a once lovely and beloved woman subsists by the charity of a single friend.

THE INDIAN'S DREAM.—When the Indian went to see the white man, he said with him all night. In the morning he says to the white man: "Me have dream last night." "Ah, what was it?" "Me dream you gave me your gray mare, and that you gave me rifle; that you gave me much powder—much ball, much shot."

"Did you indeed? What a dream!" "Yes, me dream it all." "Well, that's bad, for my wife always rides the gray mare, and she thinks she cannot ride any other horse; but if you dream it, why I suppose you must have it." "Me dream you gave me your gray mare, and that you gave me rifle; that you gave me much powder—much ball, much shot."

A MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Last Saturday evening a marriage was to have taken place between an employee of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company and a "maiden faire" employed at one of our hotels.

The landlord, getting wind of the affair, interposed his authority, and confined "ye maiden" to a room in the upper story of the hotel. When ye gallant groom arrived upon the scene, fully arrayed in gorgeous habiliments, ye stern landlord denied him admittance, and swore by ye great "Maboun" that ye lady should not wed.

Nothing daunted, our hero retired for meditation, when the plaintive wail of ye hapless maiden attracted his attention. Casting his large eye aloft, he took in the situation at a glance, and, resolving with the courage of a "Bayard," to rescue her or perish in the attempt, he, with the assistance of some bystanders, procured a ladder, and, mounting to the expectant fair one, clasped her in his arms and descended amid the plaudits of the crowd.

A procession was formed, headed by "ye noble pair," who took up the line of march for the parson's where, in an evil hour, ye unfortunate man said the words which made him free no more.—*Evening Express.*

WHEN women are in arms they never oppose the liberty of the press.

THE DOG AND THE RAT.

THE following anecdote furnishes another instance of the occasional confidence of animals in others which they are supposed to regard generally as their natural enemies.

Some years since I lived in the village of Ickleton, in Cambridgeshire. After my shooting excursions the dogs were fed in their kennels, the food being placed in a long trough. To this duty I generally attended myself. Upon one occasion, after feeding the dogs, I looked into the kennel through a hole in the door, and was somewhat astonished, not at perceiving a number of rats there, but to see them in the trough, quietly and fearlessly partaking of bread and milk with the dogs, who seemed to pay no attention to such small deer.

I do not remember to have seen such a position, that a gun pointed thro' the hole, would rake it from one end to the other. At the usual hour the food was placed as a lure—but the dogs were kept out—in vain. I could see the head of a suspicious old rat peering out at more than one hole, and from under the manger, for the purpose of reconnoitering; but none descended. Having waited half an hour to no purpose, I left in the dogs, and in a few minutes they were again feeding cheek by jaw. Had I not ascertained this, I might have supposed that altering the position of the trough, or some other trifling disarrangement of the economy of the kennel, had aroused the suspicions of the little creatures. They seemed, however, to be aware that their safety was connected with the presence of the dogs."

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