

## SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

I WILL now advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who certainly was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining antiquarian in the Irish Parliament. I knew him intimately. He was of a very respectable Irish family, and, in point of appearance, a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman. He had numerous good qualities; and having been long in the army, his ideas were full of honor and bravery. He had a claim to the title of Fermoy, which, however, he never pursued; and was brother to the famous Tiger Roche, who fought some desperate duels abroad, and was near being hanged for it. Sir Boyle was perfectly well-bred in all his habits; had been appointed gentleman-usher at the Irish court, and executed the duties of that office to the day of his death with the utmost satisfaction to himself as well as to every one in connection with him. He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a *bas bleu*, prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity, it was said, by forcing him to read Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," whereas he was so cruelly puzzled, without being in the least amused, that in his cups he often stigmatized the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what no one could make either head or tail of!

His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his eldest daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying: "Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still he would have given her to you." Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

This baronet had certainly one great advantage over all bull and blunder makers; he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish House of Commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parrell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burdensome for many years to come, it was observed in reply that the House had no just right to load posterity with a weight of debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle, eager to defend the measures of the Government, immediately rose, and in a few words put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and this *still more* honorable House, why we should put ourselves out of the way to do anything for posterity; for what has posterity done for us?"

Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the House had misunderstood him. He therefore begged leave to explain as he apprehended that the gentleman had entirely mistaken his words; he assured the House "that by posterity he did not all mean our ancestors, but those who were to come immediately after them." Upon hearing this explanation, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

Sir Boyle Roche was induced by Government to fight as hard as possible for the Union—so he did, and I really believe fancied by degrees that he was right. On one occasion a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. "Gentleman," said Sir Boyle, "may titter, and titter, and titter, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now; but when the day of judgment comes, then honorable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent Union. Sir, there are no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in marrying our own sister."

He was a determined enemy to the French Revolution, and seldom rose in the house for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villainous French Masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, whilst he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans: "There Mr. Speaker! if these Gallican villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on that very table, maybe, these honorable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps atop of one another! Here, perhaps, sir, the murderous *marshal law-men* (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle on another occasion was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland. "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the whole, of our constitution to preserve the remainder."

On the motion to expel Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the House of Commons for hasty, disrespectful expressions regarding the House and the Lord Lieutenant, it was observable that the motion was violently supported by the younger men then in Parliament, including the late Marquis of Ormonde, etc. The Marquis was, indeed, one of the strongest supporters of a measure the object of which was to disgrace a young nobleman, his own equal; and it was likewise worthy of remark that the motion was resisted by the steadiest and oldest members of the House.

Sir Boyle Roche labored hard and successfully for Lord Edward, who was eventually required to make an apology; it was not, however, considered sufficiently ample or repentant. Sir Boyle was at his wits' end, and at length produced a natural syllogism, which by putting the House in good humor, did more than a host of reasoners could have achieved. "Mr. Speaker," said the baronet, "I think the noble young man has no business to make any apology. He is a

gentleman, and none such should be asked to make an apology, because no gentleman could mean to give offence." Never was there a more sensible blunder than the following: "The best way," said Sir Boyle, "to avoid danger is to meet it plump."—Sir Jonah Barrington.

## THE STORY OF THE LOST CHILDREN.

"YES, it was I who found them," said Mr. Bertrand. "We had been looking all over for them during three days. This morning I went into Mr. Ethier's and asked him if he was going over to the woods to continue the search. He said 'Yes,' and we started over together. There was a very large crowd engaged in the search, but Ethier went alone with the boy who saw the children on Sunday afternoon. I asked him to show us just where they were when he saw them, and we started from that place into the woods. We followed one direction for some time, and then returned, and started off in another. The others thought it was no use to go there, but we continued on. The woods are very thick there and some said the children could not have gone through them. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon I heard a faint voice, and at once pressed over in that direction, but we could find nothing. I told Mr. Ethier, but he said there were many noises in the woods. Several times I heard, or thought I heard, that voice, a childish voice, but, hurrying in the direction from whence it came, I could discover nothing in the dense brush. We listened again, and in a few moments we heard several words spoken by a childish voice in tones of distress. The words were 'I am thirsty.' We passed through the bushes, and there on a little open space we beheld the poor little things.

The little boy, only three and a half years old, was lying beside the fallen branch of a tree, with his little head resting on a stone. The little girl, who is five years old, was kneeling beside him, with a little strawberry sancer in her hand. She started up when she saw us and her face brightened. The little boy, when he heard my voice, raised himself up, but through weakness fell forward on his hands, with his face hidden among the leaves of the branch. We took them up in our arms, the little girl whispering that they were lost. She pointed to her little dress and said: 'Ah my Sunday dress is quite soiled.' This was about three and a half or four miles in the woods from Belanger's house. Poor children! they were pale and exhausted. I asked the little girl if she had eaten anything, and she said they had eaten strawberries far away. They had on light dresses and must have been cold at nights. It is wonderful. I was prepared to find them dead, but never to find them alive. It was God only who took care of the poor lost children. The little bodies were thin and worn, the faces pinched until it seemed as though the bones would cut through the skin if they were moved, while the sunken eyes and parched lips told of the suffering endured during the four days' fast from food and water.

Lost in the woods in the Canadian border of the northern wilderness possesses a significance which those alone can understand who have been through those dense woods. Bears and other animals are often seen, and are very bold. How the children escaped them is really strange, as they make their way to clearings at harvest time in such numbers that men are often afraid to venture into the fields after dark, when they hear them crashing among the grain. But the children had survived, were found alive, and soon the news was noised throughout the region. As the searchers desisted from the search they congregated at Belanger's house, and oboer upon cheer greeted the finders of the now astonished and lionized children. This was the tale told by Mr. Bertrand.—*Montreal Globe*.

Stop this scientific business where it is, and don't let it go any further. It is robbing life of all that is worth living for. Only a short time ago one of these scientific chaps analyzed a tear that had trickled down upon the cheek of a young woman who wanted a new dress: and he found it to contain phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium and water. Ever since reading that analysis we have lost faith in tears, and no matter what a person is grieving about, we can only look at the tears as they flow over beauty's cheek and think of the phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium and water. The analysis has knocked all the poetry out of tears for us, and we feel as though we wanted our money back. If the scientist will refund what he has taken from us he can have his old analysis. We would like to throw him in a corner and jump on him. Oh, give us back the days, when tears were tears and not chloride of sodium and other nauseating drugs.—*American paper*.

There has lately been exhibited in the Botanical Garden of Berlin the biggest flower in the world—the great flower of Sumatra known in science as the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, and peculiar to Java and Sumatra. It measures nearly ten feet in circumference, and more than three in diameter. Sir Stamford Raffles and Dr. Joseph Arnold were exploring in company when they discovered this champion plant.

The worship of Satan is at last becoming public in Europe. One of the crimes of the Press, noticed by Pope Leo XIII. in his address to the Romans on July 13th, was the publication of a hymn to Satan! But this is only a single incident of this dreadful cult, not new, indeed, but hitherto followed out in secret. Not many weeks since the "anti-clericals" of Genoa marched at the inauguration of a statue to Mazzini, "marched under the banner of Satan." It is well nigh inconceivable, yet it is a fact, and one of the vile papers, noticing the fact, says that hitherto this worship was secret and confined to the Lodges "but now it is the duty of Italians, who have so long lived under the menaces of hell fire, to render at length to Satan, the honors which are due to him."—*Catholic Review*.

M. Giffard, the well-known Parisian inventor, lately deceased, left to the French Government a generous legacy, under most singular conditions. It is to be devoted to the establishment of *suicidaria* or public institutions in which persons suffering from painful and incurable diseases may bring their own lives to an end, under the direction of medical experts, and with the consent of their immediate relatives.