

Friend—You are a good shot and can pick him off with perfect safety right from this window.

Editor—Hah! If you were running this paper, you'd soon be bankrupt. If I should kill him I'd lose a subscriber.—*New York Weekly.*

ANCESTRY OF THE LATE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

MARSHAL MACMAHON was of the Clare MacMahons. These Clare MacMahons differ in descent from the Ulster or Monaghan MacMahons. The latter are of the race of Clan Colla of the line of Heremon, while the former are descendants from the O'Briens, kings of Munster, of the race of Heber.

Patrick MacMahon, of Torrodale, in the County of Limerick, was married to Margaret, daughter of John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, in the County of Cork, of the house of O'Sullivan Beare. Identified with the cause of the Stuarts, he sheathed his sword at the treaty of Limerick, and retired with his wife to the friendly shores of France. There his son, John MacMahon, of Antrim, married an heiress, and was created Count d'Equilly. On the 28th of September, 1749, the Count applied to the Irish Government of that day, accompanying the application with the necessary fees, &c., for the officers of the Ulster King-at-Arms, to have his genealogy, together with the records, &c., of his family, duly authenticated, collected and recorded, "in order that his children and their posterity in France, might have sufficient proof of the proud fact that they were Irish."

In these records he is described as of "the noble family, paternally, of the MacMahons of Clondirala, in Clare; and, maternally, of the noble family of O'Sullivan Beare." He was grandfather of the Marshal Duke of Magenta.

The Count's genealogy commences in the middle of the fifteenth century, and traces through eight generations:—

Terence MacMahon, proprietor of Clondirala, married Helena, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, died in 1472, and was interred in the Monastery of Ashelin, in Munster.

He was succeeded by his son, Donatus MacMahon, who married Honora O'Brien, of the noble family of Thomond, and his son, Terence MacMahon, married Joanna, daughter of John MacNamara, of Dobaghtin, commonly styled "MacNamara Beagb," and had a son, Bernard MacMahon, whose wife was Margareta, daughter of Donatus O'Brien, of Daugh.

Montagh MacMahon, son of Bernard, married Eleanora, daughter of William O'Neil, of Emri, colonel of a cavalry regiment in the army of Charles I, and was father of Maurice MacMahon, whose wife Helena was daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, of Ballinoo, Knight of Glynn.

Mortagh MacMahon, son of Maurice, married Helena, daughter of Emmanuel MacSheehy, of Ballylinoo, and was father of the above-named Patrick MacMahon, who married Margareta, daughter of John O'Sullivan, mother of John, first Count d'Equilly.

The descent of the Count MacMahon, maternally, through the O'Sullivans, is as follows:—

Mortagh O'Sullivan Bere, of Bantry, in the County of Cork, married Mary Ann, daughter of James Lord De-mond, and dying was interred 1541 in the Convent of Friars Minor, Cork. His son, John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, married Joanna, daughter of Gerald de Courcy, Baron of Kinsale, and died 1578, leaving Daniel O'Sullivan, his son, who married Anne, daughter of Christopher O'Driscoll, of Baltimore, in the County of Cork, and died at Madrid, leaving his son John Sullivan, of Bantry, who married Margaret, daughter of James O'Donovan, of Roscarberry, County of Cork. Bartholomew O'Sullivan, son of John, was colonel in the army of James II, at the siege of Limerick, and married Helena, daughter of Thomas Fitzmaurice, Baron of Kerry. His son, Major John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, married Honoria, daughter of Robert McCarthy, of Castro Leonino, in the County of Cork, grandson of Daniel McCarthy, Lord of Glenclare, and Margaret, his wife, daughter of Donogh, Lord Desmond, and died in 1731. Their daughter was Margareta, who married Patrick MacMahon, of Torrodale. Through his grandmother Helena, daughter of Emmanuel McSheehy, John MacMahon, Count d'Equilly, was related to the Fitzgibbonas of Ballynahinch, the Lacyas of Ballingarry, the Purcellas of Crough, the Lysaghts of Shandagan, the O'Callaghans, the McNamaras of Crivagh, the MacMahons of Corrigolt, and through the McCartys and Fitzgeralds, with all the leading families of Munster, of the native and Anglo-Norman descent.—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.*—*Boston Pilot.*

Socialism would appear to be on the wane in England, and in fact the Social Democratic Federation seems to be losing whatever grip it had upon a small section of the public. The more moderate amongst the Socialists are returning to Radicalism, perhaps they have begun to realise the fact that nothing practical comes from utterly impracticable organisations. The attack upon Mr John Burns who has worked strenuously in Parliament to obtain all the benefits he can for the workman, has only rebounded to the credit of that most practical Labour leader.

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

When you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it,
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward, can be brave,
Till the time
That his courage should be prime—
Then 'tis fled.
Keep your head!
What a folly 'tis to lose it
Just the time you want to use it.
When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to plague you and to lurk
In your study or your work,
Here's a hit
Like enough will settle it.
Knowledge is a worthy prize;
Knowledge comes to him who tries—
Whose endeavour
Ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbour,
Were it not that those who labour,
For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep;
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way
Past the goal
Which the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was—"I'm tired,"

When the task of keeping guard—
Of your heart—
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day—
Is becoming dry and hard—
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,
Good behaviour growing worksome—
Think this thought:
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good.
Were it not
That it's harder keeping straight
Than it is to deviate;
And to keep the way of right,
You must have the pluck to fight.

—*St. Nicholas* for January.

The trades union returns for 1892 show a decrease of funds in most of the English and Scotch unions, but in the Irish unions the tendency is rather the other way. It cannot be said, however, that the funds are very large in amount. The total funds on 31st December, 1892, amounted to less than £8000, and of this sum the flax-dressers accounted for £1961; the powerloom tenters for £1337, and the flaxroughers for £674. The largest sum held by any union out of Ulster was £311, held by the Waterford and Limerick engineers. In Scotland the same number of unions held £58,331. Of course, I need hardly say that many of the unions put down as English have branches in Ireland and Scotland. Such are the Amalgamated Engineers, with 70,000 members and £21,400; and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, with 30,000 men and £12,000. Altogether there are in the United Kingdom just short of 1,100,000 members of registered members of trades unions, and they hold funds averaging £1 10s a man.

A few weeks ago an old negress came from Bridgetown, on the island of Barbadoes, to a missionary and asked him to read three Masses for Victor Hugo. The missionary was astonished, and at first believed that he had misunderstood the visitor. But the negress replied to his questions that years ago she had given aid to Hugo's daughter, who had married an English officer against the will of her father, and had fled with him to Barbadoes. The officer deserted his wife, who consequently became almost insane, and was cared for in that condition by the negress. The negress wrote to the poet of the sad condition of his child. Hugo sent her 2,000 francs and had her to go to Paris with his daughter. After remaining a time in the house of the author the negress decided to return to Barbadoes. One reason for this was the fact that the poor daughter had become incurably insane and had been consigned to an asylum. The poet who respected the negress because of the love she had borne his daughter, said to her before her departure from Paris: "When you hear of my death in your native country have three Masses read for me." The old woman, who first heard of the death of Victor Hugo a few months ago, has now fulfilled the wishes of the poet.