

appointed the predictions of his enemies. He waited till his brother was brought into the dock—sprang into the dock and embraced him—remained at his side during the whole trial, cross-examined the witnesses for the prosecution from the dock, invariably styling the prisoner 'my brother.' He carried the sympathies of the jury entirely with him got a verdict for his brother and earned glory for himself."

When O'Connell was Lord-Mayor of Dublin, on the first day's sitting his weekly court was, of course extremely crowded. The tipstaffs tried to clear it. "Let all persons leave the court that haven't business," shouted one of these functionaries. "In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, 'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the court!'"

"I remember," said O'Connell, "being counsel at a special commission in Kerry against a Mr. S.; and, having occasion to press him somewhat hard in my speech, he jumped up in the court and called me 'a purse-proud blockhead.' I said to him, 'In the first place, I have got no purse to be proud of; and, secondly, if I be a blockhead, it is the better for you as the counsel against you. However, just to save you the trouble of saying so again, I'll administer a slight rebuke.' Whereupon I whacked him soundly on the back with the president's cane. Next day he sent me a challenge but very shortly after he wrote to me to state that, since he had challenged, he had discovered that my life was inserted in a valuable lease of his. 'Under these circumstances,' he continued, 'I cannot afford to shoot you unless as a precautionary measure you first insure your life for my benefit. If you do, then heigh for powder and ball—I'm your man' Now this seems so ludicrously absurd that it is almost incredible, yet it is literally true."—*London Law Times.*

## For Our Lady Readers.

### HOW TO TREAT A HUSBAND.

THE seventeen rules for a wife laid down by Lady Burton make very interesting reading.

The first one is about friendship and companionship; the second about the caring of him when ailing; the third about making home snug and attractive to intimates and people that interest him as well as to himself.

The fourth rule is for self-improvement and education; the fifth about following on journeys at an hour's notice, ready to rough it; the sixth about generosity in affection and care in personal appearance; and the seventh about promoting her husband's interests—professional, social, and personal. The then remaining rules contain so much sound and pertinent advice that we give them in full:

"Never confide your domestic affairs to your female friends.

"Hide his faults from everyone and back him up through every difficulty and trouble.

"Never permit anyone to speak disrespectfully of him before you; and if anyone does, no matter how difficult, leave the room. Never permit anyone to tell you anything about him, especially of his conduct with regard to other women. Never hurt his feelings by a rude remark or jest. Never answer when he finds fault; and never reproach him when he tells you of it, nor take advantage of it when you are angry; and always keep his heart up when he has made a failure.

"Keep all disagreements for your own room, and never let others find them out.

"Never ask him not to do anything—for instance with regard to visiting other women, or anyone you particularly dislike: trust him, and tell him everything, except another person's secret.

"Do not bother him with religious talk, be religious yourself and give good example, take life seriously and earnestly, pray for and procure prayers for him, and do all you can for him without his knowing it, and let all your life be something that will win mercy from God for him.

"Cultivate your own good health, spirits, and nerves . . . to enable you to carry out your mission.

"Never open his letters nor appear inquisitive about anything he does not volunteer to tell you.

"Never interfere between him and his family, encourage their being with him, and forward everything he wishes to do for them, and treat them in every respect (as far as they will let you) as if they were your own.

"Keep everything going, and let nothing ever be at a standstill."

### MY LOVE.

(From the Irish of "Patrick," by MICHAEL CAVANAGH.)

Of all the women on this earth,  
There's one I love the dearest;  
In joy or sadness, gloom or mirth,  
Unto my thoughts she's nearest.  
'Tis she's my night-star, shining bright,  
My darling loving-hearted,  
My anguished grief both day and night,  
That we're forever parted.

At early dawn when I arise  
In spirit she is near me,  
Like guardian angel from the skies,  
To watch, to guide and cheer me;  
And though all day absorbed I be  
In life's unceasing whirl,  
Her presence in my mind I see,  
Protecting me from peril.

And when my daily work is o'er,  
And I, faint, tired and weary,  
Sit in my room with close-shut door,  
Alone with spirits dreary;  
Heartsick and bowed 'neath sorrow's sway,  
Deep sigh my bosom heaving,  
In thought I hear her sweetly say—  
"Oh, Patrick! don't be grieving!"

And when at night on bended knees  
My God I am adoring,  
And pardon for my trespasses  
I humbly am imploring;  
The sweetest prayer to Him I raise,  
The fondest aspiration,  
Is, "grant my true love length of days,  
Health, joy and soul's salvation!"

Long since I parted from her side  
In tears and deep dejection;  
Still in my heart she doth abide—  
Unchanged is my affection.  
I hope and pray both night and day,  
We'll meet no more to sever,  
Until in kindred Irish clay  
She lies at rest forever.

Yet think not she's a beauty rare,  
Of form so straight and slender,  
With heart untouched by grief or care,  
Light step and eyes of splendour;  
Or that her cheek is blushing bright  
As pink-hued lusmore blossom,  
Or like the bog-down glossy white  
Her graceful neck and bosom.

Oh, long's the day since blithe and gay,  
My love—a radiant girl—  
(As is her charming sex's way)  
Put young men's hearts in peril;  
Then glossy-black as ripened sloes,  
The ringlets of my deary—  
They're now bleached white as drifted snow,  
By years of trouble weary.

Although no vocalist, to me  
Her soft notes sound more winning  
Than song-bird's sweetest melody,  
When at her wheel she's spinning;  
The stranger's tongue she disregards  
(It grates upon her hearing),  
The grand old tongue of Erin's bards  
To her is more endearing.

Of jewels, gold or gems of art,  
Ne'er think she owns a treasure,  
But in what beautifies the heart  
She's rich beyond all measure;  
Not such as she bards fancy-free  
Exalt o'er every other;  
But still to me she'll ever be,  
My heart's first love—*my mother.*

### DIDN'T CARE ABOUT STYLE.

"Georgiana," said Mr. Dalrymple, "it seems to me that you spend altogether too much time worrying about what other folks are likely to think about you. Why don't you follow my example and have a little independence? As long as I know that I am doing my duty as a man what do I care how others like my style?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Dalrymple replied, "what you mean. In what way have I been worrying about what other folks think of me?"

"Oh, in a hundred ways," her husband answered, "You wouldn't wear the waist you have on if it were not for the fact that all the other women wear them and would think you couldn't afford it if you didn't have one. You wouldn't care whether you had lace curtains at the windows if other folks didn't have them. You wouldn't spend money for a hundred and one other things that you could get along without just as well as not if you were not always trying to pose before other people."

"Well," Mrs. Dalrymple assented, for she was not disposed to quarrel over the matter, "it is perhaps as you say. I am sorry that it is so, but I can't help it. Aren't you afraid you'll be late at the office? And you haven't put on your necktie this morning. How did you come to forget it?"

"By George!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch, "it's nearly eight o'clock now. I don't know how I happened to forget my necktie. Where is it? I must hurry."

"Oh, never mind the tie this morning," his wife said, "You've got a clean shirt and collar on. Go without the tie."

"What!" shouted William Dalrymple. "Go down town without a necktie! You must think I'm crazy. Why, the boys in the office would guff the life out of me, and people would think I didn't have money enough to buy one. Here it is. Good-bye."

Then Mrs. Dalrymple sat down and thought, and two little wrinkles with merry curves appeared at the corners of her mouth.—*Cleveland Leader.*

### WISE WORDS ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION QUESTION.

The difficult question as to how far young women ought to be educated has been again introduced into the magazines to enliven the dull season. Carlyle has written somewhere that whenever a human being dies with a capacity for knowledge left undeveloped, a deep black tragedy has been wrought upon the earth. This view is popular among theorists, but a little observation will convince