

prodigy of vigor and equestrian instinct, the intrepid cavalier remained on the back of his unsaddled horse!

"Bravo, my lad!" cried the senator, enthusiastically throwing his hat up in the air.

The alligator believing his enemy to be thrown down, turned round heavily to spring on him, after disengaging himself from the slip knot which strangled him; but the horse in a few bounds was out of his reach, and bellowing with joy at the contact of the air which now freely entered his lungs, the monster was not long before he plunged under the water, which bubbled up on his passage. Cayetano shook his fist towards the lagoon; then quietly getting off his horse, fastened his broken straps as well as he could, and remounted.

"Caramba!" said the senator, "what were you thinking of, my lad?"

"I was irritated," replied Cayetano.

The senator admitted this as a sufficient reason; and we continued our journey for about half an hour longer.

"You see those huts in the distance, and that forest which looks like a dark line on the horizon," said Cayetano to me: "that is the object of our journey; and we shall reach it at exactly the right hour to miss none of the ceremony, that is, at sunset."

In the centre of a vast plain bounded on one side by a chain of small hills and on the other by a large forest, is situated one of the principal villages of the Papagos. It is composed of a hundred flat-roofed huts, built on the brink of a rivulet, which divides it into two almost parallel lines. At the moment we entered, this village appeared to be completely deserted. The sun was setting amid the dense mists of the distant lagoons, and shed but a dim light over this collection of huts, closed by buffalo skins, which the evening wind swayed to and fro with a doleful moan. It seemed as if from time to time the wind brought with it strange sounds, which issued from the depths of the neighbouring forest. I questioned Cayetano as to the cause of these sounds.

"You will know it presently," he replied. "We can advance as far as the outskirts of the forest, where we will dismount and encamp; but I think curiosity will keep you awake the best part of the night."

We proceeded to the spot he pointed out. There the noises became more distinct, and a strange concert of most discordant tones greeted our ears. The roar of the lion, the mew of the jaguar, the growl of the bear, the bellow of the bull, and a thousand noises, issued from the lower part of the forest, whilst from the topmost branches ascended at once the screams of the bird of prey, and occasionally the more joyous modulations of the mocking bird, repeating these cries one after another. Suddenly two abrupt loud tones, which seemed to proceed from the vast lungs of the African lion, resounded above the tumult, and at these harsh sounds of the king of beasts, all was quiet; then, amidst the universal silence, a voice, but a human voice, uttered some words, which we could not understand. Whilst we dismounted, our guide said to us,—

"I will go and shew myself at the outposts; do not stir until I return; and whatever you may see make no noise; there is no danger—all the animals you will find here are but worthy Papagos."

So saying, Cayetano glided into the forest, where we lost sight of him. Meanwhile night had set in, and we could as yet distinguish nothing, when numerous fires, simultaneously lighted as if by magic, at short intervals, suddenly cleared away the darkness and illuminated strange scenes, resembling the realisation of a feverish dream. In the midst of trunks of trees growing close together, and which by the fire light were transformed into columns of red hot iron, and under a canopy of smoke which escaped through every interstice of the leafy roof, strange groups of animals wandered in every direction. You might have fancied yourself carried back to the first days of creation, before war had broken out among the various races of animals. By the uncertain red glimmering of the fire it looked like a vast pandemonium, the decoration of an infernal theatre. To those ignorant of the perfection to which the Indians carry the art of disguise and imitations of animals, the illusion would have been fearful. Only as the flames blazed and crackled upwards, they revealed among the branches the forms of birds too gigantic to belong to reality. As the Englishman and myself were gazing with astonishment at this scene, our guide again joined us.

"All is well," said he. "You will now be present at the evening repast, for which," he added, "the Indian women have previously deposited the necessary provisions by the side of each fire."

Our guide was still speaking, when the voice which had commanded silence was again heard.

"What says that voice?" I asked Cayetano.

"The children of the forest," he replied, "must return thanks to the Great Spirit, each one in his own language, for the nourishment he sends them. They are hungry, let them eat! they are thirsty, let them drink!"

As Cayetano ended this translation, the most frightful benediction that ever fell upon human ear suddenly burst forth in howlings, whistlings, squeakings, in cries of all sorts; in a word, in every accent nature has bestowed on the animal creation. Then all sprang upon their food, faithfully observing the habits of the beasts they represented, whilst the birds which had been perching on the branches slid down the trees. The repast ended, all the Indians stretched themselves round the fires, including even the birds, whom the chilly night would have frozen on the tops of the trees, and we followed their example.

Some time before dawn our guide awoke us. Existence seemed to have relapsed into its habitual course in this silent forest. Indistinct forms came and went; the Indians rose one after the other, and guided by the voice of the chief, left that portion of the forest in which they had spent the night.

"Up, senori!" said Cayetano, "and let us follow at a distance; there are some curious things yet for us to see."

The first grey dawn of morning already lighted up the vista of the forest, when the tribe reached the outskirts of a small glade bounded on all sides by prickly trees; above the brushwood stood, looking like pillars, the trunks of trees, which iron had deprived of their branches and fire had scorched the extremities. The brushwood which surrounded the glade presented to us a convenient post of observation, whence we could see and hear without being seen. It was there we alighted.

Poles supported a tent of woven-cotton, which covered the whole glade like a semi-transparent cloud. The tribe stopped beneath this canopy, each one having preserved the singular disguise of the preceding night. This pell-mell of fur and feathers, seen through the faint glimmer of twilight, looked fearful. The morning breeze trembled among the leaves, and waved about the floating curtain which covered all the actors of this extraordinary scene. The first gleams of dawn streaked the east behind the mountains which reared themselves round the forest, the dark tints of which were gradually disappearing in the morning mist. Amidst the silence of nature arose in slow cadence a religious hymn of great sweetness; then the voices approached, without even the dry leaves crackling beneath the footsteps of the singers, which confirmed me in the thought that none but feminine voices could produce such accents. Soon the women, with that timid and elastic step peculiar to the Indian women, came and placed themselves opposite the men, and remained immovable, without ceasing their chant. A veil

of cotton-stuff covered their faces, and fell in folds below their waists. A few only among them carried on their heads baskets of reeds filled with flowers.

The chief of the tribe, clad in a lion's skin, made a sign, and in a few moments silence succeeded the chanting. The chief took a lighted torch from the hands of a gigantic monkey, then walking to one extremity of the glade, he turned to the east, and remained motionless, his eyes fixed on the hill tops. The part of the heavens nearest the summit soon became of a bright rose colour, which gradually deepened into purple. At this moment the lion raised the torch to the curtain of spun cotton which floated above his head. The spongy tissue caught fire; and now, when the last shades of night were not yet dissipated, the fire threw out an extraordinary brilliancy. In a few minutes the vast canopy was consumed, and covered the turf with black ashes. During this interval the sun had risen, and as the last sparks died out, it threw its dazzling light over every thing.

The chief then casting off the lion's skin shewed the assembly his calm and haughty countenance; then extending his hand towards the remains of the tent, in a solemn voice he made a speech which Cayetano translated to us nearly as follows:—

"Which of us can say how many years have elapsed since the Great Spirit created the sun? Our fathers could not number them; but, as this fire has just consumed this cotton, the sun dissipated the darkness which covered the earth, its warmth gave life to what was dead, its light perfected what was alive: thanks to it, brutes have become men!"

Following the example of their chief, all the Indians hastened to throw off their disguise; the animals once more became human beings, and songs of joy burst in male accents from these savage throats; the softer voices of the women alternated with those of the men, whilst they threw up in the air the flowers from their baskets.

The religious ceremony was ended, but I was to witness a scene still more imposing. On a sign of the chief all the Indians embraced one another: an air of frankness and loyalty shone on every countenance. Two men alone interchanged a glance of hatred. This glance did not escape the chief, who, knitting his brow, addressed a short exhortation to the two Indians. These replied by murmurs. Then the chief, turned his right side towards the south, and his left towards the north, extended his arms in a solemn attitude, added in that imposing voice which I had heard commanding silence on the preceding night, a few words, of which this is the translation:—

"Our fathers have said, Two enemies must not live in the same village; the Indian at variance with his brethren becomes the slave of the white men: hatred between two Papagos is exile."

The mutual hatred of these two savages must have been very intense, for neither of them gave the least sign of repentance.

The chief continued:—  
"The village of the western Papagos cannot contain the huts of two enemies; it is too small. Both must quit it. Our northern brethren will receive one, our southern the other. They will walk until these mountains, until these forests are between their hatred. What our fathers have done is well done. Go!"

A profound silence followed these words, which the echoes of the forest repeated. The two enemies bowed their heads to this irrevocable decision of Indian justice; they had foreseen that banishment would be pronounced upon them, according to the custom of the tribe. Neither lifted up his voice in self defence; but repressed sobs were heard in the ranks of the women, for two among them were also about to leave their native village. The execution quickly followed the sentence. An Indian brought the horses of the two enemies; he gave them their arrows, bow, and *macana* (tomahawk). Moreover, they each received from the hand of the chief an arrow curiously painted, which was to serve as a passport and introduction into the tribe of which they were henceforth to form a part; the chief then made a sign with his hand, and brought the folds of his blanket over his face, in token of mourning. The two Papagos mounted their horses, without their countenances betraying the feelings that agitated them. They turned their backs to one another and rode slowly off, whilst their sad and meek wives painfully commenced on foot, in the heat of the sun, the road of exile, always so long and so wearisome when it leads an Indian far from the hut of his fathers, and the spot where their bones rest. The silence which reigned at this time among the consternated Indians was such, that the smallest sounds of the forest indicative of the awakening of nature could be heard. Every thing contributed to add to the majesty of this strange scene.—This justice without pomp, an ancestral inheritance, which gave its decrees in the face of heaven, shewed me an aspect of Indian life which I should have regretted not to have known, and of which the masquerade of the preceding night had given me no idea.

\* Curious symbol of a rude religious idea.

"It is said that the last mail brought the disapproval by the British Government of the Civil List Bill passed by the Provincial Legislature at the last session, which was to continue during His Majesty's reign. It is stated that some reductions in the schedule of the Union Act were objected to.—There is also a report of some non-compliance with the address about the two languages.

"The Countess of Elgin, her sister and brother, Lord Durham, arrived on Saturday evening. His Excellency went to meet them at Laprairie.

"The weather has again become warm. Yesterday and today the thermometer has been up to 75 degrees in the shade. Vegetation is now nearly as far forward as it was at this date last year, and the reports of the crops are unusually good."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Sunday forenoon, Mr. William Seeley, a Branch Pilot of this Port, unfortunately came to his death by falling from the steps of the landing on Partridge Island, and fracturing his skull. It appears that he had gone ashore from a vessel, which he had brought to the Quarantine ground the previous evening, in company with another Pilot, and after remaining there for some time, he proceeded towards the boat, for the purpose of going off again. His companion proceeded ahead and got first into the boat. Mr. Seeley, when last seen, was standing on the steps and no doubt missed his footing and fell head foremost on the rocks below. By this melancholy event, a widow and three children have been deprived of their earthly stay and support.—*New-Brunswick.*

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—The Corner Stone of this contemplated structure, was laid yesterday with Masonic honors, by His Excellency Sir William Colebrooke,—the Lieutenant Governor, assisted by the Honorable Alexander Keith, the Worshipful Provincial Grand Master. On the arrival of his Excellency and suite at the place selected for the building, (about a mile and a half from the Ferry landing at Carleton), His Excellency was received with a salute of 13 guns from the Royal Militia Artillery, under the command of Major Nicholson, and 21 guns were fired after the stone was laid. The assemblage of "the Brethren of the Mystic Tie" on this important occasion, was greater than was ever before collected in this City. The day was delightfully fine and the proceedings were witnessed by a large concourse of people, who availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the most agreeable and pleasing portion of the Western side of the River St. John, contiguous to this city.—*Morning News.*

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Compilations and Original Articles, by the Editor and others.

### BIOGRAPHY.

## DANIEL O'CONNELL.

COMPILED FROM A NARRATIVE IN THE ILLUSTRATED MORNING NEWS, PART OF WHICH WAS WRITTEN BY MR. JOHN O'CONNELL.



O'CONNELL'S ANCESTRY.

The surname of O'Connell, according to the authority of Irish writers, emanated from Conal Gabrah, an ancient Prince of the Royal line of Heber, son of Milesius, from whom, likewise, the districts of Upper and Lower Conelloe, county Limerick, acquired their denomination. From this district the O'Connells removed to Iveragh, in the western extremity of Kerry, and remained there for a considerable period, until the rebellion of 1641 transplanted them, with many other victims of that disastrous event, to the County of Clare.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., of Aghore, in the barony of Iveagh, second son of Jeffrey O'Connell, Lord of Bally-Carberry, who, by letters mandatory of James I., was constituted High Sheriff of the county of Kerry, and died, April 25, 1635, having taken no part in the insurrection of 1641, preserved his estate. He married Alicia, daughter of Christopher Segrave, Esq., of Cabragh, county Dublin, and by her, had two sons.

JOHN, his heir, and Maurice, who died in 1715: his grandson, Richard, was Captain in the Legion of Mallebois, in the service of Holland. The elder son and heir.

JOHN O'CONNELL, Esq., Aghore and Darrynane, raised a Company of Foot, for the service of James the Second, and embodied it in the Regiment of his cousin, Colonel Maurice O'Connell. He signalized himself at the Siege of Derry, in 1689, as well as at the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim; and, returning to Limerick, with his shattered Regiment, was included in the capitulation of that city. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Conway, Esq., of Clohane, county Kerry, and died in 1741, having had three sons:—

I. MAURICE, who had a son, Jeffrey, and a grandson, Maurice O'Connell, Captain in the Regiment of Berwick, in the service of France.

II. DANIEL, of whom presently.

III. JEFFREY.

The second son, DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., of Darrynane, married Mary, daughter of Duffe O'Donoghue, Esq., of Anwyss, county Kerry, and had twenty-two children, of whom the following arrived at maturity.

I. JOHN, who married Miss O'Falvey, of Faha, county Kerry, and predeceased his father. Maurice, successor to his father, Morgan, of Carhen, in the barony of Iveagh, married Catherine, daughter of John O'Mullane, Esq., of Whitechurch, county Cork, and, dying in 1809, had (with six daughters, Mary, married to Jeremiah M'Carthy, Esq., of Woodview, county Kerry; Honora, married to Daniel O'Sullivan, Esq., of Rumbodan, county Cork; Catherine, married to Humphrey Moynihan, Esq., of Rathbeg, county Kerry; Ellen, married to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., of Tralee; Bridget, married to Miles M'Sweeney, Esq., of Kenmore; and Alicia, married to William Finn, Esq., late M.P. Kilkenny) three sons:—

1. DANIEL, successor to his Uncle.

2. John, of Grena, co. Kerry, who married, in February, 1806, Elizabeth, daughter of William Coppinger, Esq., of Ballyvolane, and Barrys Court; and has issue two sons and two daughters, viz. Morgan John, M.P., co. Kerry, and John; Jane, married first to Charles O'Donoghue, of the Glynns, co. Kerry, and chief of the name, and secondly to M'Carthy O'Leary, Esq.; and Catherine.

3. James, of Lakeview, co. Kerry, married, in 1818, Jane, daughter of Charles O'Donoghue, of the Glynns; and has five sons, Maurice, Daniel, Charles James, and Morgan.

II. Daniel, Count O'Connell, born in August, 1743, who entered

the French service, in Lord Clare's Regiment of the Irish Brigade, in 1757, and became highly distinguished. He was present at the capture of Port Mahon, in 1779; and 1782, at the grand attack on Gibraltar, where he was severely wounded. On the downfall of Louis XVI., he emigrated to England, and was appointed, in 1793, Colonel of the 6th Irish Brigade, which command he retained until that corps was disbanded. In 1814, on the resumption of the French Crown by the Bourbons, Colonel O'Connell was restored to his military rank of General, and Colonel-Commandant of the Regiment of Salm Salm, and named Grand Cross of the Order of St. Louis. He died in July, 1833, aged ninety, at his chateau, near Blois, on the Loire, holding the rank of General in the French, and the oldest Colonel in the English service.

I. Elizabeth, married to Timothy M'Carthy, Esq., of Liss, county Kerry, and was mother of Colonel M'Carthy, who served under Paul Jones, as a Lieutenant of Marines, when the *Bon Homme Richard* took the *Serapis*.

II. Honora, married to Charles Sughruue, Esq., of Fermoy Castle, County Kerry, and was mother of the Right Rev. Dr. Sughruue, late Catholic Bishop of Ardferd and Aghadoe.

III. Abigail, married to Major O'Sullivan, of the Austrian Service, for many years Town Major of Prague.

IV. Mary, married to James Baldwin, Esq., of Clohanna, co. Cork, and was mother of Dr. Herbert Baldwin, late M.P. for Cork.

V. Ellen, married to Arthur O'Leary, Esq., of Raleigh, co. Cork, who has been an officer in the Hungarian service.

VI. Catherine, married to Mortogh O'Sullivan, Esq., of Conlugh, one of the heads of the O'Sullivan family, Princes of Beara.

VII. Anne, married to Maurice O'Connell, Esq., of Lative, and died without issue.

VIII. Alice, married to Thomas Segerson, Esq., of Ballinskilings Abbey, co. Kerry.

Mr. O'Connell, of Darrynane, died in 1770, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

MAURICE O'CONNELL, Esq., of Darrynane, who married Mary, daughter of Robert Cantillon, of Ballyhogue; but, dying without issue, in 1825, at the age of 97, was succeeded by his nephew, the late DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P.

### HIS BIRTH AND CAREER.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1774, at Cahen, situate about a mile from the present town of Cahirciveen, at the head of the harbour of Valentia; he spent his childhood and boyhood chiefly at his birth-place, although frequently paying visits of considerable length to Darrynane, then the seat of his father's eldest brother, Maurice O'Connell, who was childless, and, adopting his nephews Daniel and Maurice, took, in a great measure, the charge of their education upon himself. One David Mahoney, a "hedge schoolmaster," taught O'Connell his letters, and at the age of thirteen he, with his brother Maurice, who was a year younger than himself, was sent to the school of the Rev. Mr. Harrington, a Catholic Clergyman, at Reddington, in the Long Island, two miles from Cove. After a year's residence there they were removed by their uncle, embarked in a brig bound to London, the Captain of which was to land them at Dover, whence they were to cross over to Ostend, in order to pursue their studies on the Continent. On their reaching Dover, the tide was out, and the passengers were obliged to land through the surf; through some mismanagement the boat was capsized, and the "Liberator," in his first acquaintance with England, received a ducking. Having thus premised, we proceed to make extracts from the narrative, omitting those parts where the writer indulges in abusive vituperation against England, Protestant ascendancy, &c.:

"An opportunity offering in a few days, the party proceed to Ostend, and thence, by trekschuyt and diligence, to Liege, where, however, a disappointment awaited them. Mr. O'Connell was found to have passed the age when boys could be admitted as students, and they had to retrace their steps as far as Louvain, there to await new instructions from home. The difference of disposition between the two boys was here strikingly shown; Maurice, the younger, naturally enough, availed himself of his six weeks' unexpected holidays (the interchange of communication between their then abiding place and the remote shores of Kerry requiring that interval) to indulge in all a boy's vacation amusements; while, on the other hand, his brother, feeling no relish for idleness, attended class in one of the halls of Louvain as a volunteer, and with such assiduity, that, ere the arrival of letters from home, for which they were waiting, he had risen to a high place in a class of one hundred and twenty boys. Their uncle's new orders were, that they should go to St. Omer, whither, accordingly, they proceeded, and remained a year—viz. from early in the year 1791 till a similar period of 1792—when they were removed to the English College of Douay for some months. Mr. O'Connell soon rose to the first place in all the classes at St. Omer."

The following is an extract from a letter dated 1792, written by the Reverend Dr. Stapylton, President of the College of St. Omer, to Mr. Maurice O'Connell, giving his estimate of the characters and capacity of his two pupils respectively:—

"You desire to have my candid opinion respecting your nephews, and you very properly remark that no habit can be worse than that of the instructors of youth who seek to gratify the parents of those under their care by ascribing to them talents and qualities which they really do not possess. You add, that, being *only the uncle* of these young men, you can afford to hear the real truth respecting their abilities or deficiencies. It is not my habit to disguise the precise truth, in reply to such inquiries as yours. You shall, therefore, have my opinion with perfect candour. I begin with the younger—Maurice. His manner and demeanour are quite satisfactory. He is gentlemanly in his conduct, and much loved by his fellow-students. He is not deficient in abilities, but is idle and fond of amusement. I do not think he will answer for any laborious profession, but I will answer for it that he never will be guilty of anything discreditable. At least, such is my firm belief. With respect to the elder, Daniel, I have but one sentence to write about him, and that is, that I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society."