

sed his surprise as to his dear father's having called at this place, and he eagerly inquired what he said and how he came. To which Thomas replied:

"The old gentleman was on horseback and would not come in, but called for something to drink, and inquired if any person had passed that way, for he was going to meet his son, and had come up with the broken carriage on the public road, and had learned that he had set out to cross the moor on foot. The gentleman also said that he had ridden hard, for as night was coming on he was afraid that he might fall in some of the holes in the bog, 'as many a one had done before,' he added suspiciously, looking hard at me. 'God in heaven knows that I did not deserve that, and surely your own kind self knows it, too, seeing that you heard all our conversation last night when we thought you past the hearing.' But you are an officer, sir, and are passing yourself off so natural like on 'us for only a doctor that was to be.'"

The young soldier had covered his face with his hands and seemed not to hear this question. He was thinking of the eager solicitude of his kind parent and its lamentable result. Turning to Thomas suddenly he asked:

"If my father was mounted, how came he not to escape?"

"The dog pulled him off, and they did the rest."

The wretched son, who had been so full of joyful anticipations of the meeting with his kindred and friends, could hardly credit the reality of this awful reverse. The shock at first stunned him, and he seemed hardly aware of what was going on, as the men prepared a rude litter to bear away the corpse, until all was ready, when the policeman considerably asked whether he would not like to go on in advance to prepare the family, and they would follow with the body?

As he looked again on the cold remains, the desire to revenge his father was paramount. If he had been desirous of seeing the wretches brought to justice, when the object of his sympathy was believed to be a stranger, how fiercely did the spirit burn when it proved to be a much loved parent?

It is a trait in the character of a large portion of the Irish people of all classes, warmhearted and impulsive as they are, that they will go miles to witness the execution of the murderer of a friend.

"Wretched woman!" suddenly exclaimed the excited young man, "God may forgive you, but I will not; you shall swing for this before my eyes. The bog will no longer hide your crimes; your very hovel shall be burnt down and the ashes blown away by the winds!"

Bitter curses were showered on him by the old hag in reply, and also upon the faint-heartedness of her son Thomas, which she said had prevented taking the life of him who thus lived to hang them all.

"You fool!" said she, shaking her bony fist at her less vile son, "had we murdered him there, both father and son would have been deep in the bog, and who could have proved agin us thin?"

"Hush you wretch you!" said the policeman, "you would not have got off so easily—too many have been missed already—there would have been evidence enough to have hanged you when the horse got back and the postilion, who knew that both the gentlemen came this way. But all is ready now—let us go."

The three prisoners were safely bound and placed in the cart used by the family for carrying turf, etc., and well guarded, and the litter with the body was carried in turns by the men, till they reached the nearest house where it was deposited, whilst the lieutenant, having obtained a horse, galloped home with the dreadful tidings and to make the necessary arrangements, and the prisoners were conveyed to the residence of the nearest magistrate, before whom the depositions were made preparatory to committing them to jail.

The country for miles was roused with the intelligence of the murder of Colonel Freeman, and that the hag of the bog and her two sons were arrested. The fate of many which had been unknown, but whose disappearance had been mysterious, was ascertained, and by the confession of the repentant Thomas the place where the ill-gotten, blood-stained booty was hidden was revealed, and the spot where nearly forty victims had been concealed was likewise pointed out.

The murder-hole was a deep natural cavity in the bog, the surface of which was artificially and ingeniously formed by being covered over with poles and sticks, over which sods had been placed (similar to those used for covering the rude cabins,) and the grass side being up, it presented an appearance corresponding to the surrounding bog, and should any person inadvertently or designedly go to cross over this spot, the tremulous motion would at once warn them to forbear. Thus had it escaped detection, and answered the purpose for which the skilful construction was intended. Beneath was the deep, dark water of the bog, into which the bodies were thrown through a suitable aperture left for that purpose.

The excitement on these dreadful revelations being made public was intense, and though the doom of the wretches concerned in these atrocities seemed inevitable and certain enough, the arm of the law, yet it was necessary to protect them on their way to the county jail with a large body of mounted police, to prevent the mob from inflicting summary vengeance on the guilty offenders.

It was fortunate for the lieutenant that he had told so plausible a story, pretending to be a doctor, which he did because he really had some money with him, and knew full well the antipathy the lawless have in those parts for men of his real profession, as they are often called upon to hunt after illicit stills, assist the police, etc.

The old woman to her last hour regretted that she had not murdered him, and especially as he was a red-coat.

For Thomas who had regretted witnessing the murder of his father and had interceded for his life, Lieutenant Freeman obtained a pardon, and he also furnished money enough for the wretched man to quit the country forever. Whilst he had been in prison some benevolent person had worked on the dormant feeling of virtue, and aroused a sincere repentance for his connivance in the fearful deeds of the hovel.

Dennis and his mother were of course executed according to law. The former died in abject terror without remorse. The latter, the instigator of all, was bold, fearless, and miserably hardened to the last. She repented not her crimes, but regretted with fearful oaths that they had not been complete enough, that they might have escaped out of the country with the money and goods they had accumulated.

When, therefore, the hag of the bog and her son Dennis mounted the scaffold to pay the earthly penalty of their many and bloody crimes, the sympathy of the multitude of their own station or class was not enlisted in behalf of the criminals, as is too often the case in that unhappy land, where passion, revenge, cruel want, or grinding oppression often leads to the gallows, calling forth pity and regret from the spectators, but on this occasion it was far otherwise, for amidst hootings and reviling the guilty pair were launched into eternity.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.—The "Wesleyan Banner" is responsible for giving publicity to the following specimens of pulpit oratory, which the editor heard from some pulpit "down east." "Dear brethren, be faithful a little while longer, and you shall outshine the antipodes. Brethren, you may not know what that glorious word antipodes means; I will tell you, it means the fixed stars!"

The same minister dwelling upon the sin of slander, said:—"Brethren, I tell you this is a terrible sin, it towers up like the Mountains of the Moon in South America, and the Appenines in Asia!"

Another original minded minister promised in the outset of his sermon, to "draw an abstract from the circumference, of a parallel, and bring it to a nominated point."

A POWERFUL COLT.—The Knickerbocker tells the following story of an illustrious minister down South, who was speaking in a discourse of the "entry of Christ into Jerusalem, when the multitude cast their garments in the way, and cut down branches and strewed them in the way." The preacher had somehow or other taken up the idea that all this was done with a malicious intent. "Ah, my friends," said he, "them wicked Jews was determined to prevent the entrance of our Saviour into Jerusalem! They threw their garments in the road; they even went and cut down trees and put 'em in the road; they made all sorts of opposition and hindrance; but blessed be God, they couldn't stop that colt." Old Knick says this is an "absolute fact."

A colored clergyman, preaching recently to a black audience at the South, said: "I s'pose, indeed I s'pect, dat de reason the Lord made us brack men was, cause he use all the white men up fore he got to the brack man, and he had to make him brack. But dat don't make no odds, my bredren; de Lord look a'ter brack man too.—Don't de Scripture say dat two sparrer hawks am sold for a farden, and dat one of 'em shall not fall 'pon de ground widout deir farder? Well, den, my bredren, if your hebbently farder care so much for a sparrow hawk, when you can buy two ob dem for a farden, how berry much more he care for you, dat is wuth six or seven hundred dollars a piece?" If that argument isn't a colored non sequiter, we never saw a colored non sequiter.

A good judge of painting was shown a picture executed by a very indifferent hand, but much commended, and asked his opinion of it. "Why truly," said he, "the painter is a very good one, and observes the 2nd commandment." "Why so?" asked one. "Why I think," answered he, "that he hath not made to himself the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth."

Some company in Ireland disputing relative to quickness of reply ascribed to the lower orders of that country, it was resolved to put the matter to rest in the person of a clown who was approaching them. "Pat," said one of the gentlemen, "if the devil was to come determined to take one of us, which do you think he would take?" "Me, to be sure." "Why so?" "Because he knows he can have your honor at any time."

SHE KNEW.—A hard case of a subscriber, to whom the publishers of the Mirror had sent the weekly paper on credit, was at last dropped from the list—all ordinary measures for collection having failed. Our agent was encountered the other day by the delinquent's wife, who wrathfully insisted that "she knew what was newspaper law—that she did, Mr. Mills was bound to send the paper until all arrears were paid!"

IRISH COUNTING.—"Teddy, me b'y did ye go to the parthy last night?"

"Och! warn't I there, darlin'? And warn't it a fine time, we had, Jemmy!"

"How many ov the b'ys did ye 'ave thare?"

"O only four."

"An' who were they?"

"There was meself, that's one; there was Barney Flin, that's two; the two Croghans, an' that's thraa; an'—an'—faix, thare was four."

Teddy commenced his count again.

"The two Croghans, is one; meself, that's two; an' Barney Flin is thraa—is thraa—but—thare was four, cony how!"

Not satisfied with three, Teddy scratched his pate, and very emphatically recommenced his counting.

"Thare was Barney Flin, that's one; an' the two Croghans, that's two; an' meself, that's thraa;—an'—an'—be dad, thare was four—but I can't tink o' the uthy one!"

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing.

"Elegant, massa, you look as bold as a lion."

"Bold as a lion, Pompey! how do you know? You never saw a lion?"

"O yes, massa, I seed one down to massa Jenks', in his stable."

"Down to Jenks', Pompey? Why, you great fool, Jenks' hasn't got a lion; that's a jackass."

"Can't help it, massa, you look just like him!"

[From Scott's Weekly Paper—Philadelphia.]

ALCOHOL.

The evils arising from the use of Alcoholic drinks, are now, I believe, pretty generally admitted by all thinking persons. But my province is neither to repeat truisms, nor make aspersions, but give reasons. Repeated Physiological experiments have shown that the effect of Alcohol taken into the living system, is to convert arterial blood into venous blood; that is, to convert the bright vermilion, nutritious, oxidised blood, into blood which is black in its color, innutritious in its nature, and literally poisonous in its properties. The most positive experiments have proved that black blood (venous blood) is directly hostile to life—that it cannot be circulated through the heart and brain more than a few minutes without inevitably producing death! That none of this poisonous black blood, therefore, peculiar to the veins, should be allowed to get into the arteries, and there mingle with the pure vermilion, nutritious, and vital blood is a matter of the highest importance. For while it gets into the arteries in large quantities, it will kill outright; so, in smaller quantities, it will produce a degree of mischief proportioned to the quantity.

It deteriorates the quantity of the vital blood. It deadens the sensibility of the heart and brain. It diminishes the vital powers of digestion. It lessens the activity of all the vital transformations. It impairs the memory and all the mental faculties. It diminishes the strength and all the energies of the body. It adulterates the sources and springs of life. It poisons the very root of the tree.

The effects of alcohol on the body are precisely the same as apoplexy and drowning—viz: the introduction of black and poisonous venous blood into the arteries of the brain. The stupefaction into which the drunkard falls is, in fact, neither more nor less than a fit of apoplexy. How does drowning operate upon the living body so as to produce death? Its operation is very simple and well understood. The first effect of submersion in water is to cut off the supply of air, and therefore of oxygen. The glottis is spasmodically closed, and it is a vulgar error to suppose that the water enters the lungs, so long as any degree of vital sensibility remains. The supply of oxygen being cut off, the black venous blood enters the lungs as usual, for the purpose of being combined with the oxygen and converted into scarlet arterial blood. But when it enters the lungs it meets no oxygen. It proceeds therefore to the heart, and thence to the brain, along the large arteries arising from the arch of the aorta, in its black unchanged and unpurified condition, still laden with the compounds of carbon. Two or three waves of this black blood thrown into the brain, are all that is necessary to produce complete insensibility—which, if protracted to any length of time, will produce death by drowning; therefore, life is poisoned and extinguished by the presence of venous blood in the arteries of the brain. And therefore it is that the only effectual means of resuscitation is the performance of artificial respiration. In apoplexy the same result is produced. In drowning, the first link in the chain of causes is the lungs—the want of oxygen there. In apoplexy, the first link is the brain; but the ultimate result, the immediate cause of death in both cases are the same,—the presence of venous blood in the arteries of the brain.

But, in what manner does alcohol act, so as to fill the arteries of the brain with black blood, which is only innocuous when confined to the veins alone? Alcohol consists chiefly of carbon and hydrogen. The blood of the arteries owes its vermilion color and vital properties to the presence of oxygen. This we have already seen. And it is asserted by Liebig, that alcohol once admitted into the body, never quits it again in the form of alcohol—which proves that its elements (carbon and hydrogen) have undergone decomposition, recombination into other forms within the body. Let Liebig himself explain, the rest. "According to all the observations, hitherto made, neither the expired air, nor the perspiration, nor the urine, contains any trace of alcohol, after indulgence in spirituous liquors, and there can be no doubt that the elements of alcohol combined with oxygen in the body, that its carbon and hydrogen are given off as carbonic acid and water." The oxygen which has accomplished this change, must have been taken from the blood, for we know of no channel, save the circulation of the blood, by which oxygen can penetrate into the interior of the body.

Owing to its volatility, and the ease with which its vapour permeates animal membranes and tissues alcohol, can spread throughout the body in all directions—of course, therefore, to the brain.

If the power of the elements of alcohol to combine with oxygen were not greater than that of the compounds, formed by the change of matter or that of the substance of living tissues, they (the elements of alcohol) could not combine with oxygen in the body.

It is consequently obvious, that by the use of alcohol, a limit must rapidly be put to the change of matter in certain parts of the body. The oxygen of the arterial blood, which, in the absence of alcohol, would have combined with the matter of the tissues or with that formed by the metamorphosis of these tissues, now combines with the elements of alcohol. The arterial blood becomes venous (that is black) without the substance of the muscles having taken any share in the transformation.

The effect of alcohol, therefore, is to transform the vermilion, nutritious and vital blood, into black and poisonous blood, which circulates in the veins, only that it may be expelled from the body, and to stop the change of matter. It is not less worthy of notice, that the American Indian, living entirely on flesh, discovered for himself in tobacco smoke, a means of retarding the change of matter in the tissues of his body, and thereby, of making hunger more endurable, and that he cannot withstand the action of alcohol, which acting as an element of respiration puts a stop to the change of matter, by performing the function which properly belongs to the products of the metamorphosed tissues. How many of the poor of Europe exemplify this truth by resorting to Tobacco and Gin, for the purpose of allaying hunger!!