

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY.

OFFICE—At the office of the Ellicott
City Times, in the Town Hall.

CHARLES W. HEUSTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, Md.
March 9, 1874.

J. D. MCQUIBEE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishen's Store.

Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,
and practice generally before the Depart-
ments in Washington.
Oct. 7, 1874.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
22 St. Paul Street, Baltimore.

Will be at Ellicott City on Orphans' Court
days, the first and third Tuesdays of every
month.
March 29, 1874.

J. THOMAS JONES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 St. Paul St., Baltimore.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City
and Howard and adjoining Counties.
Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott
City on the first and third Tuesday of every
month.

KENNY E. WOOTTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Near opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, 1871.

DWEN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Near opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, 1871.

WM. A. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott
City, on the first and third Tuesday of each
month.

OFFICE—23 St. Paul St., near Lexington,
Baltimore.
July 27, 1874.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICI-
TOR IN CHANCERY,
Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and
the adjoining counties.

Special attention given to Collections, and
Remittance made promptly.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City,
Jan. 6, 1875.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 St. Paul St., Baltimore.

Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City
and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and
will be at the Court House in Ellicott City
on the first and third Tuesday of every month—
(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6, 1875.

G. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 31 St. Paul St., Baltimore.

Practices in all the Courts of the State; in
the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bank-
ruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of
Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of
Maryland.
Jan. 29, 1874.

T. R. GLENDENEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
519 1/2 St. W. Fayette Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

March 2, 1874.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Has permanently located himself at El-
licott City is prepared to practice his profes-
sion in this City and County.
He may be found at his place of business at
all hours, except when professionally engaged.
Sight calls promptly attended to.
Oct. 3, 1874.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).

Having located at Charlesville for the prac-
tice of medicine, respectfully offers his pro-
fessional services to the community.
May 18, 1874.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.

OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-
pike, Howard County.
March 16, 1874.

DR. JAMES E. SURREVE,
DENTIST,
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental
Surgery).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E.
C. Grafton, a tender and professional services to
his patients and the public generally at the
office formerly occupied by him,
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEN'S STORE,
April 21, 1874.

JAMES L. MATTHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD
COUNTIES.

OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's
Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, 1874.

WILLIAM B. PETER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Collection
Agency and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,

ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Estates Attended to; Rents and Bills Collected
Money procured on Securities. Purchases
and Sales of City and County Property
Effectual, Property Leased, Money
Invested in Ground Rents,
Mortgages, etc., and all
Business of Character. All
kinds of Property Insured at
Lowest Rates.

MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first
class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.
June 21, 1874.

MERCEDES.

Mercedes, Md.,
June 27th, 1878.

O fair young queen, who lies dead to day
In thy proud palace o'er the morning sea,
With still, white hands that never move may
be
Lifted to pluck life's roses bright with May—
Little is it to you that, far away,
Where skies you knew not bend above the
free,
Hearts touched with tender pity turn to thee,
And for thy sake a shadow dims the day!
But youth and love and womanhood are one,
Though across smothering seas their signals
fly.
Young Love's pure kiss, the joy but just be-
gins,
The hope of motherhood, thy people's cry—
O thou fair child! was it not hard to die
And leave so much beneath the summer sun?

JULY DAYS.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.)

For months numerous letters, many
meetings, and much rambling amidst
the mouldering relics of old garrets, had
been going on among the widely scattered
clan bearing the cognomen Ely. Early
in July, the town of Old Lyme became
the chief point of interest, for there the
name Ely, had long been an honored one.
To Lyme, therefore, from every quarter
hurried the descendants of the three Elys—
Nathaniel, Richard and Joshua. Among
these "Pilgrims with willing feet," were
some from Maryland, from fair Ellicott,
the gem of the Patuxent valley. One
morning, we said good bye to home and
friends, for we were northward bound.
The day was sultry, the way long; but our
iron courser stood not for heat, but pressed
onward, bearing us along through a coun-
try rich with green meadows and fields
of golden wheat, in which the harvesters
were still at work. On, on we sped until
at the Sutquichanna we paused, and then
the train passed slowly over the bridge.
We forgot what might happen, we thought
only of the beautiful view; the hills slop-
ing downward to the river, their green
banks reflected on its sparkling surface;
the boats pressing close to the pier at old
Havre-de-Grace; and the solitary little
sail-boat rocking on the water far out in
the middle of the river. Soon we reached
the farther shore, and were off again.
A station, it is Wilmington—1920 minutes
for refreshments," cried the waiter, and
there was a general movement and wak-
ing up, for when is the dinner bell not a
welcome sound? The crowd hurried to
the dining hall; the wise ones had their
lunch brought on board. About one
o'clock we reached Philadelphia, after a
short delay we were again on the way,
having gained many passengers. The
flourishing orchards and gardens of Jer-
sey attract us, acres of vegetables on av-
erly side, whole fields of onions; where
could sale be found for them, we won-
dered before seeing New York, but not
after. The afternoon wore on, Newark
with its many factories was reached; and
here, the agent of the transfer coach ap-
proached. Truly he is a welcome visitor
to the forlorn traveller, who enters New
York for the first time; his cap with its
little gilt band, proclaims he may be
trusted, for that seems to be the particu-
lar badge of the officials on the railroads
and steamboats. We straightway re-
signed our checks, received a receipt for
them, a ticket, and the comforting assu-
rance that he would be waiting on the
other side of the ferry to show us the
coach. Leaving the car at Jersey city,
that anti-chamber of the great Babel that
is just beyond the river, we were jostled,
and hurried along, the crowd pushing us
to and fro; but another official of the gilt
band tribe came to the rescue, and we
were soon safely seated in the ferry boat.
As we neared the landing, we were not
certain, we would know the agent, but
he knew us, and gave us in charge of the
driver with special directions to see us
safely to the New Haven depot. A long
drive through the city, as our coach
wound in and out among the various ve-
hicles, we caught a glimpse here and
there of some public building, or beauti-
ful square, and our first impression of
the great American city was a favorable one.
At the depot we presented the card
which informed the agent we were of the
tribe of Ely—evidently the Re-union was
in favor with this road for he became if
possible more courteous than before; he
informed us the train had been gone ten
minutes; at first, we were disappointed,
but that passed quickly, as we had de-
termined when we started to view the
discomforts of the way through "rose col-
ored glasses." Next morning at 3.15 A.
M. we left New York for Lyme, Conn.,
the ears were comfortable; the road a new
one to us; the varying landscape fair to
look upon. At every station, boys passed
through the train bearing great bunches
of water-lilies, their waxes bloom bring-
ing visions of placid waters and shady
banks. Much of the surface of the coun-
try through which we were passing was
rugged, yet on every side were evidence
of careful husbandry; there was little, if
any ground wasted, all under cultivation.
The farms generally small, the houses
cozy, with lovely flower gardens; the
fences of stone, in many cases, all the sur-
roundings in perfect order and spotlessly
neat. About 10 A. M. we reached New
Haven, and here, there was a considera-
ble addition to the number of passengers,
a holiday party, "are they Elys?" was
our menial query. We did not have
long to wait for a reply; the chairman of
the Re-union entered, and his cordial

words of welcome made us feel
quite at home; we were introduced to
other "Pilgrims" and all "went merry as
a marriage bell." At Saybrook we crossed
the Connecticut, to hear on the other side
the welcome announcement "Lyme!" We
left the car with a large Ely, delegation,
and were soon seated in a handsome
phaeton en route to that pleasant resort
the "Pierpont House." This commodious
hotel is surrounded by spacious grounds,
its inmates all day long enjoy the refresh-
ing breeze from the Sound; certainly,
a more pleasant summer home can not be
found if one would enjoy quiet and sea-
breeze at the same time. An excellent
dinner, and after it a never-to-be-for-
gotten sail on the Connecticut to the nei-
ghoring town of Essex. The town built
on a hillside presented a pretty picture as
we approached, its many spires glittering
in the afternoon sunshine. Landing at
the old pier, we paused to examine the
boat house, its quaint construction and
ponderous beams, point to the long ago,
when strength and not beauty was the
first consideration. Erected nearly 200
years ago, and still apparently strong
enough to brave the storms of two hun-
dred more. It is not probable that it has
been repaired during the last century, as
there is no record even of it being
shingled. It is still used as a waiting
room and ticket office. The passengers
of the gay steamers of to-day, look with
curiosity, at their old house that once
sheltered the red man and the Puritan,
while they waited for the yearly vessel
from far away England. The trip was
most enjoyable, notwithstanding the ter-
rible storm, and the long, long wait at
the boat-house.

July 10, 1878, Re union day opened
with a gorgeous sunrise. During the
early morning hours the hall's and parlors
were crowded with representatives of the
family from fifteen states. Cordial greet-
ings and merry questions as to their re-
spective grandfathers were the order of
the day. All alike interested, all eager
to prove by their courtesy and good
humor that they were genuine
Elys and not interlopers. Ten o'clock
found us seated in the Congregational
Church, founded by Richard Ely in 1817.
Here were the blonde complexioned sons
and daughters of New England, and close
at hand the dark eyed members of the
family from the south and west. In many
cases strangers to each other, meeting for
the first time to part at sunset perchance
forever, and yet feeling there was a com-
mon link between them, the blood-tie al-
though but a drop descending, through
many generations from a common ances-
tor. In this consisted the strange myster-
ious spell that bound them to each other.
After entering the Church, various relics,
some centuries old were passed from hand
to hand; among them the ring, bearing
the Ely crest, presented by Charles I. to
Richard Ely; a manuscript yellow with
age, the deed Richard Ely received in
1658, at present in possession of Mayor
Ely of New York. A powder horn, made
in 1776, and used by an Ely, at the battle
of Saratoga. But soon the eager glances
that were passing between old friends
and new, were turned to the flower
crowned pulpit; and willing ears gave
earnest heed to the words of Hon. Nathan
C. Ely of New York, who having been
chosen to preside, promised to endeavor
to perform the duties in a satisfactory
manner. The following programme was
then carried out: Reading of Scripture
by Rev. Mr. Downing; Prayer by Rev.
Joseph A. Ely of Orange, N. J.; Address
of Welcome, Judge George Ely of Lyme,
Conn.; The Ely Hymn (comparatively one
of the family) Oration by Hon. Alfred
Ely of Rochester, N. Y.; Music. Ad-
dresses were delivered by the following
gentlemen: Senees W. Ely of Cincinnati;
Hon. Heman Ely of Elyria, Ohio; George
H. Ely of Cleveland, Ohio; Moses S.
Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Wm. B.
Cary, Lyme, Conn.; Rev. Foster Ely of
Lockport, N. J. Hon. Smith Ely, Jr.,
Mayor of New York, spoke in place of
Chief Justice Waite, who had been called
away. He expressed his sympathy with
the pride of ancestry, which had induced
the family to meet, and closed in a com-
plimentary manner. A charming sketch
of Col. John Ely, whose merit won him
the friendship of Washington, and the
commendation of Congress, was written
by Mrs. Margaret Ely Stuart, and read
by Rev. James Lamppin. Prof. Eaton
read a sketch written by the venerable
Miss Claresia Ely. The oration and ad-
dresses have been many times reported,
were we to comment upon them we could
only reiterate the compliments already
bestowed. After Mr. Z. Stiles Ely had
exhibited to the audience the book sent
by the bishop of Ely, England, the benedi-
ction was pronounced.

Then with a sight of satisfaction, and
perhaps of pride also the clan left the
Church, doubtless mentally repeating the
Ely motto, "the glory of children are
their fathers." Just here a few facts re-
lating to the ancestors of the tribe may
be interesting. It is supposed Nathaniel
Ely came to Massachusetts in 1630. In
1635 he went with Hooker to Hartford,
Conn. In 1650 he removed to Norwalk,
later he settled in Springfield, Mass., and
owned there a large tract of land, which
is still in the possession of one of his de-
scendants. Nathaniel Ely died in 1675.
His descendants are known as the "Spring-
field Elys." In 1669 from Plymouth,
England, came Richard Ely, he who had
been knighted by Charles I. The tyran-

ical acts of Charles during 1611 es-
tranged Richard. He became a "round-
head" and finally determined to leave
the country. He brought with him to
America, his two sons (William and
Richard) and settled on the Connecticut
near its mouth, owning 4,000 acres of
land—"The Great Meadows" along the
border of its pleasant waters. Being a
widower at the time of his arrival, he
married soon after the widow Cullick,
sister of Lord Penwick. He and his sons
sleep in the old Ely graveyard about six
miles from Lyme. Joshua Ely, came from
Dunham Wotton, Hampshire, England, and
settled in Trenton, N. J. in 1665. He
owned 400 acres of land in what is now
the center of the town; the State House
stands on a portion of this tract. About
500 of his descendants are living. From
Hugh Ely, son of Joshua, are descended
the Maryland Elys. Hugh Ely emigrated
from Trenton to Buckingham, Bucks
County, Pa. in 1720. He owned a large
tract of land; much of his estate is still in
the possession of his descendants.

These Elys by their choice of a home
in the wilderness for conscience sake, pro-
claimed their heroism, in their happy se-
lections of places to settle, they made evi-
dent their judgment. Many of their de-
scendants have proven themselves worthy
of their great ancestors.

The dinner was most enjoyable, a geni-
ne New England feast. A ball and re-
ception in the evening closed the first
day.

Much of the success of the Re-union
was due to the efforts of Hon. Nathan C.
Ely, the well chosen chairman, who con-
ducted the exercises in such a satisfactory
manner; and Mr. Z. Stiles Ely, whose cor-
dial welcome to his enchanting home will
long be remembered by us. To these
gentlemen, and the members of the local
committee the guests owe much of the en-
joyment which has marked the day as a
"red letter" one. We left Lyme feeling
as Scotch Robbie did, after his trip to
the Highlands, except that we would
fain change a little his familiar verse, and
say:

"When death's dark stream as ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself no task no more
Than just an *O! Elys* welcome."

BY THE HUDSON.

Nine A. M., July 16th, finds us at the
foot of 22nd St. watching the strange
faces of those who are to hear us com-
pany. Soon there is a stir in the crowd;
there is a steamer approaching but not for
us we find, as the Daniel Drew glides by.
The noble Plymouth Rock next appears;
we make the grand rush, and having se-
cured camp stools, prepare to look about
us, it is well worth while so to do. As
the vessel slowly heads toward the north,
a charming panorama is before us. The
harbor to the south, dotted with crafts of
all sizes, Jersey City on the west, New
York with its spires on the east. While
we have been enjoying this view Hoboken
is passed, and we near Weehawken. A
feeling of sadness comes over us as we
view its verdant slope, and remember that
we are near the spot where occurred that
fatal meeting between Burr and Hamil-
ton. Later we are attracted by a tall
white building, and count its stories to
find them seven. On the other shore the
old hotel is pointed out to us, "The Clare-
mont," once the home of Joseph Bonaparte.
Gliding on pass Ft. Lee we reach the
Palisades, the beginning of that won-
derous natural wall of trap-rock, which
stretches onward along the western
bank for 15 or 20 miles, to disappear at
Piermont. Its constant succession of
columns varying in height from 200 to
500 feet, frown upon us as we pass, but
their charm us too, their rugged sides
crowned with verdure, their summit here
and there dotted with enticing cottages.
On a point running out into the river, and
very high, is situated the "Palisade
Mountain House, a favorite retreat with
New Yorkers. Opposite is a little cluster
of houses; hearing the name, we go back
to the days of our childhood, when Irving
first peeped for us the country along the
river, and we fancy we can hear the blast
of the little dutchman's trumpet. Beyond
Riverdale and close to the water-side is
the Convent of St. Vincent, near Ft.
Point Hill, built by the famous Edwin
Forrest. It is of dark stone and looks
like an old castle, it is now the property
of the Sisters, and forms a part of the
Academy. The Palisades still shut out
the western sky; but the eastern bank is
radiant for miles, with scenery, which like
the dissolving view in a Kaleidoscope,
grows more beautiful as we gaze. Just
along this portion of the river, there are
many homes which remind us of our
dream pictures, except that they are verita-
ble castles, on which their owners have
lavished time and money. Yet, all lovely
as they are, they are not too grand or too
lovely—they are just as they should be,
standing as they do on the banks of this
wonderful river; the richest in legend;
one of the noblest in scenery, and not sur-
passed in historic interest by any of the
famous rivers of which we as Americans,
can boast. We are nearing Yonkers, and
straightway make ourselves useful, by in-
forming a fellow passenger, a wide awake
Scotch boy of some seventeen summers,
that within the town is the forerun-
ner home of Mary Phillips, the early love of Wash-
ington. At this he and his companion
look interested, and with a bow lift their
glasses, to view the ground hallowed by
a love-dream of the great patriot. These
boys by their questions, and evident ap-
preciation of the scenery add much to
the pleasure of our trip; for admiration
of our country, can never fail to put, and
keep us in a good humor. Drawn by the
music we enter the elegantly furnished
saloon, and are entertained for a short
time by some jubilee singers, whose melo-
dies, as well as themselves, take us back
to the old plantation days; later there is
a concert given by the glee club. But the
music can not keep us long; we feel that
the banks of the river hold a richer feast
for our eyes, than the saloon does for our
ears and soon find ourselves on the upper
deck once more. We are passing Irving-
ton, and are just in time to catch a glimpse
of "Sunnyside," Irving's home. It looks
like the picture we have seen with its
gables and vines. After we people hill
and vale with other forms than those that
tread its familiar ways to-day.

But legend gives place to history as
having passed Tarrytown, we enter
Haverstrain bay. Here the Hudson is 5
miles wide, and as our good vessel heels
toward Dunderberg, or Thunder Mt. we
pass in succession, Treason Hill, Teller's
Point, Verplanck's Point, and Stony
Point, as each one is pointed out to us
they add another link in the chain, of
that strange, sad drama, enacted by the
unfortunate An-Idre and the traitor Arnold.

Now the river suddenly contracts: it is
only half a mile in width, Anthony's Nose
rises 1200 feet above the river on the east,
and the crags of Dunderberg frown on
the west. Through this narrow portal we
enter "The Highlands," and pass high
surrounded Perkisskill; the view, so mar-
velously beautiful once seen, can never be
forgotten, but it baffles us when we would
describe it. We felt like taking off our
hats in token of our appreciation. Sub-
stant Mother Nature while we feared not
a whit the goblins who keep the Dunder-
berg; passing Beverly Dack, we seek the
lower deck to obtain a view of Butter-
milk Falls, we are disappointed, and tell
the Captain; he solemnly informs us, it is
wash day at the Hotel above, and assures
us if we will take another trip on the
Plymouth Rock, he can promise next time
at least half a dozen more bucketsful of
water, adding it is then truly imposing.
We promise to consider it, and with this
brilliant anticipation for the future, reach
the landing, and taking the Highlander,
are ferried over to West Point. Arriving
we refuse to take an Omnibus, determined
to view our mecca without previous pro-
gramme. Climbing the hill we find our-
selves on a plateau 180 feet above the
river, following the broad street, we visit
the library; here we meet a reporter, a
person ever welcome to the tourist. He
invites us to enter the room where they
are holding the trial of Gen. Fitz John
Porter.

The walls of every side are decorated
with full length portraits of famous vil-
lains: one of the most interesting is that of
Gen. Swift, the first graduate of West
Point. Leaving the library, we turn to
the west, passing the church and some
barracks. In one of the basement rooms
the Cadets are dancing, but pause to send
admiring glances after some young girls
who are passing. From their manner we
conclude that the present candidates for
military honors, would enjoy a flirtation
as much as their famous predecessors did
in the past. The buildings are arranged
on the south and west sides of the parade
ground. The houses occupied by the
officers and professors are very lovely,
with fine trees in front and beautiful
flower beds on all sides; we have a new
view of them as we pass on our way to
view the guns taken during the Mexican
war. Standing with these trophies of the
past around us we look to the northward,
at our feet are the lower barracks, beyond
them Newburg Bay, bright with many a
sail, North Beacon on the east, Old Cro-
Nest to the west, a fairer view could not
be imagined, and we conclude if we were
"Cadets," the saddest part of our life at
West Point would be the day when we
looked for the last time at the lovely bay
and its grim guardians. We turn to the
east and visit the encampment; there are
about 250 encamped, and it looks quite
warlike, until we reach the tents, and
find that it lacks the bustle of a regular
camp; the parade ground is lively with
the gay uniforms of a squad returning
from dinner. A stroll down Flirtation
walk; a few minutes at the arsenal, and
then to the Museum. An old soldier,
gives us, or more likely a passing officer,
the military salute as we enter, we nod
graciously in return. After examining
various specimens of petrified wood,
snakes, ores, amber, gems and statuettes,
we turn to the cases containing copper,
Iceland spar and gold, one of the nuggets,
weighed 2.166 oz. Troy. In every direc-
tion are flags, and we amuse ourselves by
touching the battle scarred banners of
Mexico. The Janitor directs our atten-
tion to the first gun fired in the late war.
The firing took place at Vicksburg about
ten days before the first shot was fired at
Fort Sumter. Near at hand is the ball
fired at Fort Sumter; it was presented to
the Museum by Gen. Beauregard. These
and many other curiosities make us wish
to linger, but we can not; it is already
late. We take a last look and turn to
descend the well beaten road gathering
on the way, ferns, golden rod and asters
to take home as a souvenir. We are just
in time, have barely reached the landing,
when the Plymouth Rock returning from
Newburg comes in sight. Finding a seat
at the stern, on the upper deck, where we
can see both banks of the river, we sail

away to the south, turning longing eyes
to the north. The afternoon is far ad-
vanced, the clouds hang low about the
Dunderberg, the shadows creep up the
sides of the Palisades, the sun goes down
behind their everlasting walls; and yet we
sail onward; the track of our steamer
grows more luminous as the gloaming
comes on. Watching it, we near New
York, and land well pleased with our
trial trip up the Hudson.

Emmett's Execution.

A History of Seventy-Five Years Said
to Have Been Solved.

A letter writer at Dublin, Ireland
writes as follows: Who hung Emmett?
This has been a mystery for Irish historio-
logists for three quarters of a centu-
ry. The burglar was quite unknown
to all the spectators of the death scene
of the young patriot. His arrival and
departure were so well screened by the
myrmidons of the terrible Sirr, the town
major of Dublin, that all the skill of Em-
mett's sympathizers failed to penetrate his
secret. Since that time no one has claim-
ed the infamous distinction and when,
thirty years ago, De. J. B. Madden was
engaged on the "History of the United
Irishmen," all his efforts were unavailing
to lift the veil: It had been dis-
missed as one of the mercurial problems
of history, like the identity of the Man
in the Iron Mask, and it is safe to say
that even curious inquirers had been for-
gotten that there was a mystery about the
hangman of Emmett. But the myster-
y that had so long hid hidden has
been suddenly cleared up.

Last Monday, August 5th, an extrem-
ly old man died at Ballina, Mayo county,
and two days later was consigned to a
pauper's grave. His name was Barney
Moran. He was a native of Dublin, and
so long as he was about he made a liveli-
hood as a professional itinerant ballad
singer. He believed himself at the time
of his death to be about ninety-nine years
of age. On his death-bed he made a
singular revelation to the doctor, master
and chaplain of the workhouse. He
told them that he was one of the band
of soldiers who, on the night of May 18,
1797, accompanied Majors Sirr and
Swann to the house of Mr. Nicholas Mur-
phy, the leather merchant, No. 153 Thom-
as street, where Lord Edward Fitzgerald
was concealed, and effected the capture
of the rebel chieftain. Barney Moran
avowed that in that terrible business he
faithfully discharged his duty as a loyal
soldier to the British Crown.

But his most startling revelation was
to come. This was that he also was the
executioner of Robert Emmett. This con-
fession has been corroborated since Mor-
an's death by a most respectable gentle-
man of Ballina, who states that for many
years he was aware of the unpleasant se-
cret, but was pledged not to divulge it
till Moran was beyond the reach of oblo-
quy sure to fall upon him. Moran's
statement was to the effect that he was
on duty at Portobello barracks on the
evening of September 19th,
1803, when an emissary from Major
Sirr came and offered him a considerable
sum if next morning he would officiate
as hangman for Emmett. Barney Moran
was quite willing on this occasion also
to prove his "loyalty" by work strange-
ly out of keeping with a soldier's true
vocation. But the history of that awful
time attests that British soldiers in too
many cases lost all sense of honor and
took a fiendish delight in the perfor-
mance of any bloody deed, the victim of
which would be an Irish rebel or sus-
pected person.

And so on the morning of September
20th, 1803, Barney Moran (having been
conveyed thither in civilian's clothes)
stood on the platform on Thomas street,
directly opposite St. Catharine's Church,
with Emmett beside him pinioned and
standing beneath the gallows. The story
runs that Emmett expected a rescue and
gazed about him long and wistfully, as if
trying to read hope in the upturned faces
of the crowd. He protracted his arrange-
ments as long as possible. Even with
the halter around his neck in answer to
the executioner's question whether he
was ready, he several times exclaimed,
"not yet, not yet." At length the execu-
tioner, weary of waiting, turned him off,
with the words "not yet" coming from
his lips.

Moran admits that he was the man who
did the deed, and after the hanging severed
the head from the body, and held it
up to the gaze of the spectators with the
stereotyped formula, "This is the head of
a traitor." After the execution Moran
was conveyed by some of Major Sirr's
underlings to the castle, and then sent
back to his military duty. He kept the
secret, for well he knew the tempest of
hatred and abhorrence which would
gather around his head were it once
known what he had done. His ill-got
gains did not prosper. He quitted the
army, and after a wandering life of hard-
ship and privation for half a century,
exactly seventy-five years after Emmett's
death, his executioner has found a pau-
per's death and a nameless grave. And
thus there is one enemy the less for the
historical student.

A little girl asked a minister, "Do
you think my father will go to heaven?"
"Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?"
"Well, because if he don't have his own
way there he won't stay long."

Why are so Many Things So?

Why is it right to steal from the Gov-
ernment?

Why Jim Anderson should get off so
much easier than Annanias?

Why is it wrong to kill the man who
says he told you so?

Why the boys who made the Fourth of
July odorous and hideous with gunpowder
from 1810 to 1836, inclusive, are speech-
less with indignation at the depraved
and vicious tastes of the boys who want
the same kind of a celebration in 1878?

Why people always discuss European
politics as though they understood them?

Why a man should always get mad if
you frankly and for his own good tell
him he is making an ass of himself?

Why is it so hard to find a man when
you want to borrow money of him?