

imperfectly obtained, unless the mortar be skilfully and, at the same time, carefully prepared. The best preparations, according to the most accurate experiments, are these: "Three parts of fine sand, four parts of coarse sand, one part of quick lime fresh slaked, and as little water as possible." The hardening of mortar is partly owing to its absorption of carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, which converts it again into limestone; but principally to the combination of part of the water with the lime; but if we add *one fourth* part of unslacked lime, reduced to powder, to common mortar, the mortar, when dry, acquires much greater solidity; but the proportion of ingredients, which answers best in this case is, "fine sand three parts, cement of well-baked bricks three parts, and slaked and unslaked lime each two parts." It is also found that as little water as possible should be used in the slaking of lime and making mortar. It has also been discovered that burnt bones improve mortar, by increasing its tenacity; but this addition should never exceed one fourth of the lime. When manganese is added to mortar, it acquires the important property of hardening under water. Four parts of blue clay, six parts of black oxide of Manganese, and ninety of limestone, all in powder, and calcined, with sixty parts of sand formed into mortar with water, make an excellent cement for resisting water. Our common basalt stone, when heated red hot, and thrown into water, to break it into small pieces, which can easily be reduced to powder, when mixed with lime, answers equally as well as puzzolano for resisting water in the way of cement; but it must be of the same texture as the basalt of the Giant's Causeway.

Ballymena.

J. GETTY.

ANECDOTE OF A WEASEL.

On a fine morning in the spring of 1828, while walking on the road from Newry to Warrenpoint, enjoying the pleasure to be derived from the most enchanting scenery and inhaling with delight the invigorating breeze, as it came fresh and bracing up the valley, impregnated with saline particles from the far-famed Lough of Carlingford, my attention was suddenly aroused, by observing, at a short distance in front, a weasel descending from a hedge and endeavouring to convey, with great apparent difficulty, the dead body of another animal towards a marsh on the opposite side of the road; on my near approach, it relinquished its burden, and retreated to its former position. On arriving at the spot, I was rather surprised at finding what I had conceived to be the body of a rat, to be that of a full grown weasel, grey with age. As I never before had an opportunity of examining this animal closely, I was highly gratified with my prize, and returned homewards, intending to preserve it. I had not proceeded far, when casually looking behind me, I was astonished at perceiving the live animal within a few paces of me, exhibiting, in the most lively manner, by its gestures and appearance, the most intense anxiety and distress. I stopped, and so did it, and after looking in my face for a few seconds, it seemed to gather courage and gradually drew nearer; I then held the dead body behind me, it immediately went behind and varying its position as I changed mine, seemed determined not to lose sight of the object of its solicitude.

I had before heard of the *spitefulness* and venom of weasels, and own I at first felt apprehensive it would attack me, but on examining the countenance of my new acquaintance, I found in it no traces of ferocity, on the contrary it evinced nothing but supplication and despair, moving its head continually from side to side, and keeping its eyes fixed intently on what I began to consider the body of a beloved parent, it still watched my motions and followed me a considerable distance.

During this extraordinary pantomime, I was joined by several persons, the novelty of the circumstance inducing them to stop, and among others, by a gentleman of Newry, who requested me to lay down the body, that we might see the result; on my doing so, the other seized it by the back, not fiercely but with the greatest care—and nothing disturbed by the presence of nearly a dozen spectators—with the greatest apparent labour, succeeded in bringing it under a gate into the marsh. The gentlemen followed,

but, (as I felt rather chagrined at losing my prize), I did not, and so cannot say how it eventually disposed of it.

William Needham Thompson, Esq., collector of Newry, the gentleman alluded to above, can vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote.

R. A.

THE TYRAWLY STAG.

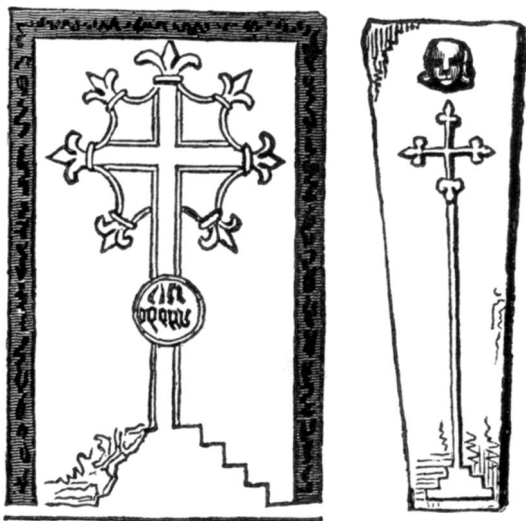
Many years ago, a stag was in the possession of a gentleman of Tyrawly,—he grew to be a powerful and splendid beast, but his propensities and dispositions were very different to those of the playful and innocent hind.

The stag was bold and violent; detested strangers and women, and from his enormous size and strength, was frequently a very dangerous playfellow. He had a particular fancy for horses—resided mostly in the stable, and when the carriage was ordered to the door, if permitted, he would accompany it. A curious anecdote is told of him: he had no objection whatever to allow a gentleman to enter the coach, but to the fair sex he had an unconquerable aversion; with his consent, no lady should be an inside passenger. The servants were obliged to drive him away, before their mistress could venture to appear,—and at last he became so troublesome and unsafe, as to render his banishment to an adjoining deer-park the necessary punishment of his indocility. He did not survive this disgrace long, he pined away rapidly, avoided the fallow deer, and died, as my informant declared, of a broken heart.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

ANCIENT TOMBS,

IN THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF YOUGHAL.

We return to the Collegiate Church of Youghal, of which we recently gave an account in our 44th number, for the purpose of noticing some of the most remarkable of the ancient tombs contained within its walls. Of these, many of the most ancient are, oblong flag stones, ornamented with crosses, of which an infinite variety of forms are to be found in our ancient abbeys. The annexed wood cut represents one of those monumental stones, bearing the date of 1517, inscribed within a circle on the shaft of the cross, and traditionally said to be the tomb of a mayor of Youghal. This monumental stone is in the north transept.



Another slab of this description, but apparently of greater antiquity, which is within the nave, is remarkable in having a head sculptured in bold relief above the cross—a circumstance not usual in such monuments. This monumental stone, is also attributed to a mayor of Youghal, whose name was Ronayne, and supposed to have lived in the reign of Elizabeth.

But the most interesting of the Youghal monuments, for its architectural beauty and antiquity, is the altar tomb on the north side of the choir, which is simply noticed by Smith, as a very old tomb without date, and of which no representation has been hitherto published. This beauti-