

Liverpool by herself, arriving just in time to say goodbye. I suppose she had not been out of County Dublin before that since the days of stage coaches, and was quite unequal to such an effort. Nothing but her profound appreciation of a character as genuine as her own and as unselfish, could explain it. Excepting this, I fear I cannot recall for you any characteristic anecdote of her or of Fairfield life. Perhaps, because the whole life there was so uniformly characteristic of genuine goodness and happiness of an uneventful kind.

"I remember, however, one incident of a letter written and posted by me when a boy, concerning a "row" got into at school which Aunt Mary thought would be to my prejudice in some way and ought to have been differently expressed. So she started off by herself, induced the postmistress of Glasnevin, whom she knew, to give up the letter (thereby no doubt committing some very illegal act) and destroyed it, getting me to write another. Yet a more tender conscience I suppose never existed. I daresay the postmistress presumed that she could do no wrong."

"Fairfield" was built in the early seventeenth century style, when Glasnevin used to be affected by Addison, Parnell the poet, and others, and also by Dean Delany and his guest Dean Swift, who is said to have there written some of Drapier's letters.

From the landing, half way up the stairs, one looked out on a garden as old fashioned as the house and its occupants. Mulberry trees ever so old, even in Aunt Mary's childhood, a yew tree hedge known to travellers as one of the highest and finest in the world, hazel trees planted by her own hand, grown from nuts she brought from her grandfather's home at Wem, Shropshire, these and other objects of interest the charming hostess lingered upon the landing to point out. Playfully after each meal would the old lady draw attention to these, pausing for breath beside the old fashioned casement, never so indiscreet as to admit her real object in thus breaking her journeys to the sitting-room.

On the other side of the house stood the row of magnificent elms. Within a few rods of her brother William Hutton's homestead, near Belleville, Ontario, still stands part of a monster elm which in the early part of this century attracted him to that spot as it reminded him of "Fairfield."

In 1886 it was found necessary to cut down the Fairfield elms. This was a great grief to Aunt Mary, but her sunny disposition appeared even when she spoke of that catastrophe. Her old servant Kate, whose attachment to her mistress was delightful to behold, was standing near, when the old lady remarked:—

"I had to get those fine old elms cut down, for they were getting very rotten. If one had fallen and killed Kate," (this very seriously), "why that wouldn't have mattered; but if one had fallen and killed me, that would have been a dreadful loss."

On another occasion she begged me "not to go near the Jeremys. They have scarletina there. There are eleven children at my lodge gate house. It would not matter about them, but it would be dreadful if you brought it to me." This, said with a mock solemnity and followed by a merry chuckle, was a temptation to give her a heartier hug than her frail body would sustain.