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In November, 1898, the *Journal Des Debats* published a statement showing the number of Centenarians then living in Europe; a statement which was accepted, and reproduced by the "mighty Mulhall." The total was 1,498, and the manner of their distribution was thusly: Ireland, 578; Spain, 401; France, 243; England, 146; Germany, 75; and Scotland, 46; apparently in the countries not named, there were no 100-year-olds. There may be good reason for this, but I confess I cannot understand it.

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I wonder if Ireland is proud of her preeminence in this respect, and of the fact that she had almost five times as many centenarians as England, and more than twelve times as many as Scotland. Perhaps her brave sons regard it as a grievance. I look on it in this way—it is notorious that many of the young people emigrate from Ireland, and thus, if the old did not persist in living there would be no one left. But I will present a better reason for Irish longevity as we proceed. I will show that Irish longevity is a thing of morals, dietetics, and climate. They hold on in the interest of patriotism, and in defiance of the Saxon. They remain as a garrison, keeping at bay alike John Bull, and that grisly monster known as the king of terrors.

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It may be that men live to a great age in Ireland because of the sustaining power contained in the potato. There is a proud old song beginning:

Crest of the O'Shaughnashane,  
That's a potato plain;  
Long may your root every Irish-man know!  
Pats long have stuck to it,  
Long bid good luck to it.  
Whack for O'Shaughnashane. Tooty whang  
Ho.

And so, possibly it is this vitalizing root that enables Pat to face the still, sad music of humanity for 100 years and more. Or it may be that the native pugnacity of our Irish friends causes them to sing out "Never say die," and to mean it.

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Then there is the puzzling case of Scotland. Why are Centenarians so scarce in that land of the mountain, and the flood? It is enough to make the Caledonian both stern, and wild. Well, thoughtful observers have suggested two reasons. First, the long life is a rather expensive business. In a general way, a man who dies when he is fifty expends less money. That is to say "He bangs fewer saxpences" than the man who lives to be 100. It would be unphilosophical to say that the man who dies saves money; but he certainly ceases to spend money, and this fact appealing to the "metapheeetical," and economical instincts of a great people, may have brought Centenarianism into disrepute in Scotland. Shakespeare may have been thinking about something of the sort when he wrote about "The calamity of too long life."

Let no one say that a man or woman is necessarily old when 100, for this is not the case. There have been some notable instances of people showing that one may have a long life, and a merry one. Look at that noble and excellent

lady, the Countess of Desmond, who was killed in the 146th year of her age, by falling from a cherry tree. There is no sign of decrepitude or decay about a lady, who, when she has scored almost a century and a half, can scramble up a tree like a squirrel. And Tom Parr lived to be 152, and died after a dinner party at Lord Arundel's, on which occasion I understand that Thomas had been the life and soul of the party. He probably overdid the thing a little, and of course accidents may happen under the best regulations. Then there was the case of Madam Rovero, who passed away in 1741. She was then 164, and left a son aged 116.

I have been unable to find out whether the poor little fellow grew up or whether the shock, occasioned by the premature death of his Mamma cut him off early in his centenarianism.

John Riva of Venice, was also an interesting gentleman, as he was 116 when he died, AND HE LEFT A SON OF 14! Eh! What do ye think of that now? Able to reproduce himself at the age of 102! Say, "that's goin' some." Eh!

It is said of John that "he chewed citron bark daily," but the statement that he said, "I can live as long as I chew," lacks confirmation.

According to Pliny, there were in the part of Italy between the Apennines and the river Po, in the year 76 A. D., fifty-four people 103 years old; fifty-seven, 110 years; two, 120 years; four, 130 years; four, 135 years; and three, 140 years. That is what Pliny says.

Real men and women, have lived 100 to 150 years in this present life during the current Centuries. I will proceed to give their history, habits, manner of life, supposed causes of their longevity, and how we all may attain longer life