had so signally displayed military talent gailed their surging mass, which Miles and Hugh O'Byrne perceiving, followed by of a high order, with bravery the most daunt. Hugh O'Byrne perceiving, followed by less; was now augmented to five thousand by less; was now augmented to gravell them. gallant young peasants, eager to enroll them them all through, they snatched matgallant young peasants, eager to enroll them them all through, they snatched matselves beneath such a leader, burning to
avenge many a wrong, and hopeful to wintook and sledge hammer from
the hands of some of their party,
by their prowess, at least, the guerdon
they have they available them and rushed forward, aided by Ned, with a freedom from the iron rod of despotism for themselves and their people. About five hundred men of this little army carried firearms. Upon the hill of Ballyorrel they halted to rest after their long march, and to deliberate concerning Father John's proposed attack on Enniscorthy, whither the royalist troops had retreated before them. Here they were joined by Father Michael Murphy, at the head of the young meaof his parish, 'full of ardour for the conflict;" but, like their comrades, chiefly armed with the ubiquitous nike, and such hastily improvised weapons as hatchets, scythes and pitchforks. The plan of attack upon the town having been manimously agreed upon, it was now arranged to provide for the women and children, by billeting them up and down upon such farm-houses and cabins as had hitherto the good fortune to escape the ravages of the yeomanry or their destruction by the royalist troops. These not only threw open their doors freely to the friends of the insurgents, but took care along the line of march to supply the latter, as plentifully as their poor means would admit, with griddlebread, eggs, milk, butter, potatoes, &c. ; while the insurgents, moreover, provisioned their camp by levying contributions of cattle from the pastures of the enemy lying on their route. Thus disburdend of a weighty encumbrance—save few exceptions, in the person of Moll Doyle, now a reckless virago, Kitty Burke and others of the same pugnacious stamp-Doyle, Mooney's alling wife and two grandchildren of Norah Lanigan's, with many more of constitution too impaired or delicate to sustain the hardships to which they were exposed, had died the journey previously—the insurgents set out, two hundred gunnien preceding the main body, and soon came in sight of Enniscorthy, garrisoned by five hundred of the North Cork Militia, with several strong yeomanry corps, &c., fenced on their left side by the River Slaney, and on their right and rear by the walls of the town and overtopping houses, guarded with loyal citizens, among "respectable Catholies," who them some had offered their services, begging to be supplied with arms, to join in the onslaught against their countrymen and co-religionists; but these were of Anglo-Saxon pedigree. Yet, such the force of projudice, as Papists, the boon was refused, with taunts and threats for their temerity in proffering their "despised aid," and aspiring to a place among the exclusive ranks of the defenders of the Crown and the monopolisers of loyalty. In the asternoon of a sultry summer day,

bridge, to secure retreat, in case of defeat; while the cavalry pouring out, careered swiftly to the encounter, upon which the advanced insurgents quitted the road, posted themselves behind the ditches that bounded it on either side, and poured upon the forcmost squadron a close and heavy fire which soon compelled them to a yet more hasty retreat. Reinforced, however, again they advanced; and again de-cimated by the fierce bullet storm that show ered and best upon them-front, flank, and rere—the scattered rout fled in confusion before the fire of the cool, deliberate marks-While the gunsmen thus employed the mounted enemy, the main body of the insurgents halted a short distance from the town to consult with Miles O'Byrne,

the approach of the insurgents by the road

leading to Duffery Gate being preceived,

Captain Snow took his station at the

Hugh being charged with the conduct of the gunsmen, as to the best mode of attacking the well-armed and advantageously posted troops defending its approaches. Father Michael Murphy and Miles were of opinion that nothing short of inght, in compact wedge, could cut through the firm array, which Father John admitted, but observed that such a victory would be more ruinous than defeat, from the loss their own ranks would inevitably sustain in the affray. A space of perplexed rumination ensued, when Father John cried :

"I have it, Miles! What did the Cartha ginian general do two thousand years ago? Let's try the same expedient now. Ha, I see you know the story and comprehend my plan," he added, as Miles, Father and others called to the men to Michael. drive all the cattle, mostly young bullocks, to the front ranks, which Leing promptly executed, the order was given to the pikemen to goad them furiously forward, while the squadion, thus sheltered, swiftly followed in the rere of the maddened herd, dashing headforemost, scared by the wild shouts and hurrying goad by the agile pikemen at their heels. The royalist troops, beholding the frantic herd bearing furiously down upon their lines, and hearing above the tumultuous bellowing, the roar and din of the rushing foe, formed into square, with musket and bayonet, to repel the blind charge of these novel assailants; but unavailing were all their efforts to arrest the impetuous flight of the drove, as, infuriated by the yells and sharp points of the pursuers' pikes, they burst into the throng of the now dismayed soldiery, goading, trampling, and opening the way for the terrible pikemen, now in their midst, with the awful memories of tortured victims, murdered friends and kindred, wrecked homes and temples, seething in their bosoms, and igniting in every heart a wild joy of vengeance that should deafen it to every impulse of mercy. Not long was the stand made by those British warriors arrayed in all the panoply of war, against the outraged peasantry, whose wrongs cried to beaven for vengeance, and, the hitherto peabeful, gentle pastors, and obscure Catholic gentlemen who led thehosting to victory, wiser if not better men. The royalist troops, fearfully thinned, and completely routed fled precipitately into the town, with the victors in close pursuit at their heels; but here their triumphant progress was checked by a sharp fusilade from the houses, which receive those who had escaped from the Duffery Gate, and now united with them in launching a terrible fire upon the unsheltered phalanx, which sus-tained it with the steadiness of veteran soldiers, and in turn proceeded to force an entrance into those hostile habitations. Unflinching valour and resolute perseverance at length prevailed: all the suburban district was on fire, while myriads of insurgents, appearing on the summit of Vinegar Hill, waving green banners, amid "black and frowning masses of pike-heads," made salutary appeal to the instinct of self-preserva-

munition of the town.

tion in every loyalist bosom. Swiftly vacat-

ing their post, Sauve qui peut became the word, and a flight en masse of the royalists

left the insurgents at four o'clock, in posses-

sion of Enniscorthy, with the arms and am-

cleaver, they applied themselves with such vigour to the task, that, beneath the combined assault, the well-barricaded portal was wrenchod asunder, and, plying musket, pike, and broadsword, with fury that bore down all opposition, over heaps of slain defenders—officers, soldiers, menials—they mounted the blood-reeking stairs, followed by a staunch throng of their party, uttering the deathful shouts of an incensed and thoughtless rabble, intent upon but one object—vengeful annihilation of an implacable foe. Having forced their way to the drawingroom, which had been vacated by the officers who had been firing from the windows, to defend the lower portion of the mansion and obstruct the progress of the invaders, a strange and unexpected scene met their eye. The elegant saloon was thronged with women and children, who, cowering with terror, and anticipating fearful death or outrage, set up a wail of terror, some fainting, and some lifting clasped hands with imploring

gesture, as if supplicating mercy. At the first hasty glance Miles was about to withdraw and close the door, and so relieve them of their terror, when his roving eye alighted upon the haughty form of Percy Esmond, with pale but defiant aspect, standing against the fireplace. Sternly as the eyes of each encountered, they settled in the cold glare of hatred; but while Miles maintained scornful silence, Esmond tauntingly addressed him :-"For what do you delay, gentle victor?

Is it to enjoy awhile your triumph in contemplation of the surfeit of vengeance that awaits you and your myrmidons you pause in your work of blood?"

Miles strode forward, and then first perceived what the intervening crowd had screened from view—a middle aged officer ly he added, turning to Percy Esmond, "that ing wounded upon a lounger, a lady of disgrace and damage the character of the best matronly aspect kneeling beside him, his and holiest cause that ever listed the sword of hand clasped in hers, and two younger ladies bending over him, their faces buried in their hands, as they lay upon the arm of the lounger. Miles had strode forward, with Hugh at his heels, premeditating to accost Esmond briefly: "Take your sword and detend." But now he also perceived that Esmond's right arm, broken by a musker-ball, hung in a sling, and that his gun, emptied of its last charge of powder, stood beside him, and neither he nor Hugh, bestowing more than cursory observation upon the ladies, whom neither of them immediately recognised. Miles spoke:

"Were my bosom fraught with spirit akin to thine, Esmond, or that of thy sanguinary compeers, doubt not but ere thy lips had poured the challenge, neither sex nor age had arrested a dire retaliation of many a cruel wrong inflicted upon us in the very wanton-ness of unprovoked malice, and in thy own person many a grievous injury inflicted by your ancestry on mine requited; but, happily for you and yours, in this hour of retribution, ours is that reviled creed which does not sanction mean revenge upon a foe, much less coldblooded murder of a neighbor; and ours is this defamed land whose ancient laws forbade to smite an unarmed foe. Hence, go in peace, you and yours, till perchance another lay it may be given us the fortune to encoun ter on a fair field, where, doubt not, neither heart of mine nor arm will fail to exact the redress of much cause of grievance in your

While thus, in accent severe and concise, Miles spoke, his back, turned to the group in the rear, had shaded them from his notice, or that of Hugh concentrated upon Percy Esmond, who, writhing between physical pain, mental torture, and the stinging speech of one despised as an abject inferior, now assuming the authority of an exulting conpikes they bere in their sturdy hands. queror, was about to make exasperating re-Miles, withdrew his attention, and turning, he started at sight of the pallid face of Flora Esmond, pleadingly uplifted to his, while Ethel Courtney, in tears, stood beside her, to the very obvious and sudden discomposure of Hugh, as, stepping forward, he took her trembling hand in his, and soothingly said, aware of the cause of the darkness that hitherin low tone:

'Hush, hush! don't cry so; -the worst is over ;-no barm shall befall you." "But my father is wounded," sobbed Ethel, pointing to the sofa, while Miles addressed Flora Esmond in manner wavering between reserve and compassion:

"We had not known that you were domiciled in this mansion, lady, else, possibly, you had proved its guardian angel. Very loth had we been to invade a temple wherein was enshrined putroness so fair; albeit stern necessity seldom leaves a soldier freedom of What is your pleasure? Let it be nine to promote it."

"Oh! to thank you; to thank you a thousand times, and to entreat your protection of us all from the violence of your people in this terrible strife?! She faltered, with humid eyes fixed upon his, while Hugh, approaching the sofa with Ethel, addressed the sufferer with blunt kindness : "Well, old gentleman, are you badly

hurt? Very sorry I am for you. Where is the wound? How did it happen?"
"Oh, plague on you!" roared the officer,

in a tone that did not augur of much impaired vitality, and dashed Hugh into awed silence. "I'm badly hurt here, sir," striking his side with impatient hand. "Never knew, in all the course of my military experience, such a mode of attack. None but barbarians, like the Persians, who carried elephants to battle, would have thought it :--an ungovernable herd of bulls marched upon us! Why hadn't you got them armed with visors, breastplates and scythes, to make their execution more complete? Oh !--ho !--ho !"

"My dear sir," responded Hugh, while Miles, attracted by the novel declaration, came over to inspect the case, and listen. That is not telling me about your hurt.".

"Inat is not tening me about your nurt."

"Isn't it?" vooiferated the sufferer. out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking striving to turn back the drove, while shooting one I got knocked down by another, trampled by a score, and rescued by my new there who got his arm broken has a looking to do it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, looking out of it," hastily returned Miles, looking out of it, "hastily returned Miles, lo phew there, who got his arm broken by a stray bullet aimed at one; and there are three ribs broken. What do you call that?" "Well, sir, these are the chances of battle," said Miles. "We must do the best we

can for you." "Chances of battle !" retorted the irascible "I tell you, sir, I had rather got officer. twenty honorable scars by the enemy's pikes. There's no honor in being knocked down or gored by a bull; and no promotion."

Have patience, Miles, dear," murmured

ther hurt shall be done you by our people; and for the sake of our mutual name—mine is Miles, too—let us shake hands."

"Go long out of that! Is it I shake hands with a rebel!" shouted Captain Courtney, while his dismayed wife uttered a deprecating ejaculation, and Ethel, deeply pained cried;

"Oh, papa !" "Never mind, we'll waive the ceremony," said Miles; "wounded men are not proverbially good-tempered. Well, Ned, what now?" he continued as Ned Burke who during this time had been aiding Johnny Doyle and their respective parents, Moll and Kitty, to search the bodies of the slain for gunpowder and bullets, and help the insurgent tide as it swept by, with contributions of weapons to those who lacked, came in, with flushed and angry visage, crying: "Mr. Hugh !-Mr. Miles! will ye come

here, sir?" "Well, what is it, Ned?" reiterated Hugh. who, knowing that they had vanquished every opponent, and that the mansion was entirely in the hands of the insurgents, saw no motive for alarm.

"Sir," cried Ned, wrathfully, and same moment pushing a little lad of about twelve years old into the room, "there's three or four fellows of ours massacreing the wounded, without rhyme or reason. They wanted to kill this litte chap, an' I had enough to do to save him from them."

While Ned was yet speaking, three ruffianly looking fellows rushed in, half drunk, brandishing gory pikes and exclaiming: Give the Orange cub here. It's agin orders to spare one of the seed or breed; -out wid him!

"Hold! Back, on your lives, you banditti!" exclaimed Miles, disengaging himself from Flora Esmond, who, in a paroxysm of terror, had seized his arm; and recognising among the trio the persons of Cole and Cooper, he continued: "Touch a hair of his head at your peril; and if we hear of your slaying another wounded man, it will be death for you. 'Tis such wretches as these," he added, turning to Percy Esmond, "that heroes, and from which no ranks of war are exempt: poltroons and cowards of the lowest grade, whose frothy courage, imbibed from intexicating stimulants, spurs them on to spurious valour in perpetrating deeds of ferocity brave men would abhor. Be off, knaves !"

"Ay will we; an' report you to the captain, Father Murphy, for a frind o' the inimy, an' shelterin' the bloody Orangemen," insolently retorted the foremost ruffian, Cooper, sucaking off.

"How can ye blame 'im !-shure he's got a sweetheart among 'em," grinned the second, with wink and pointed allusion that sent the swift blood mantling to the brow of Flora Esmond, while Miles looked thunderbolts after the trio; and Hugh laughingly turned to the boy, who had been crying bitterly, in piteous supplication for his little life, and now stood by his manful protector, Ned Burke: "Well, my little man, what have you to say for yourself-who are you ?"

"I'm the drummer, please sir," whimpered the little fellow. "I ran in here with Sergeant Brown when the insurgents forced the lines.

"Then, my boy," said Miles, "go find your drum; scamper after your friends, and play 'Croppies, lie down' to your heart's coutent among them. Go, you are free. See him safe to the street, Ned." "Thank ye, sir; an' I'll never join in play-

ing, 'Croppies, lie down,' again," said the grateful youth, anxious to make some return for the mercy shown him; and he was in the act of retreating, when, heralded by loud, tumultuous din and outcries, in rushed Moll Doyle and Kitty, truth compels us to add bloodstained on their garments, their arms up to their elbows wet with blood, and blood fresh on the

"Come along Misther Miles; come on, Misther Hugh!" yelled Moll Doyle. "What ure ye cosherin' here for, and the min gone on wid Father Murphy, an' the town on fire, and smokin' at all ends?"

Miles, knowing that Moll would not forget her habitual respect to accost him in such manner, save under great excitement, and now to unheeded, had been gradually involving the atmosphere, ran with Hugh to look out or the window; while Captain Courtney, incensed at the intrusion of the belligerents

in such plight, roared like a stentor : -"Get out, you bold hussies! you savage Bellouas! How dare you present yourselves nere, you libels on womanhood; you ____"

"Arrah, musher take time to draw breath," retorted Kitty, stepping forward before Moll Doyle, who, looking at her pike, seemed to deliberate whether it or she should silence the speaker. "It is you, sir," cried Kitty, with vociferous volubiliny, "an' the likes o' you that has made us what we are. When yees burned the roof over our heads, murthered our husbands an' childhre afore our eyes, an' dhrove us naked on the highway, what respect did ye lave us for our womanhood? So we changed ourselves into brave min; and proud I am to the fore to say it, not a man among 'em has made betther use o' the pike than Moll Doyle an' myself ;-an', plaze God, we'll use it till it'll be your turn nixt to crave marcy, like women, on bended knees; an' thin maybe ye'll know what it is to have Christianable, human feelin's made sport of; an'---"

"Come, come, Joan of Arc, that will do," said Miles, interrupting the eloquent harangue.

Moll Doyle, in turn, interrupted him; "For shame, Misther Miles! I wondher at ye, sir, to be jibin' an' callin' honest women out o' their names: honest women out o' their names: not but Jane of Arklow may be a very dacent woman, for all I know; dacent woman, for all but give Kitty her own name, if ye plaze sir. She has no need to be ashamed of it before the best quality. Inagh!"

"No, no, my dear soul ; I meant a compliment. Don't be so captious. The town's on fire, and it will give us enough to do to escape

"I don't suppose we'll be better off anywhere," returned Esmond, sullenly; "we must expect to be murdered in the street, by your Hottentots." "And I can't budge," groaned Captain Courtney—"oh; oh!—oh!"

"We must fly at once," cried Hugh, imperatively; "the flames are spreading rapidly, and the inhabitants—men, women, and hildren, our own men, and the garrison, are all flying pell-mell."

'Trust yourselves to our guidance till we "Have patience, Miles, dear," murmured the patient's wife, now rising, and seeming much relieved. "I had feared it was worse with you; but you will soon get over it."

"I'll never get over it, wife; I'm done for. What'll become of you and that child Ethel with these arread victorious Computer I of sheets which command and arread which command arread with these arread victorious Computer I of sheets which command are recommended in the place you in safety among your friends," or reid Miles. Then, without waiting for response, he called to Moll Doyle and Kitty to
assist Ned and the little drummer
to carry forth the wounded captain OHAPTER XXXIII.

OHAPTER YEACLOR OHAPTER TO OHAPT THE BURNING OF ENNISORETHY.

Among the houses that belond forth shafts to Ohl oh I can't draw my breath. I'm obstreperous demurrance there fisshed from which they have been so whipped on. If you have and hurled deadly missile upon the dying.

Change and hurled deadly missile upon the dying.

Easy now, sir, said Miles, you're not mission; there was one conspicuous for dying; we'll look for and send a surgeon to batton of the task, assigned them; in a second to be a stately mansion; from dying; we'll look for and send a surgeon to batton of the task, assigned them; in constant in you. Meanwhile, rest assured that no fur grambling murmurs they hurried along with see no choice. To be continued.

their burden, shouting to go slow, not to shake the life out of him : to keep near their master, that he would largely compensate them, and so forth. The menials of the household, by this time in wild commotion, with some lady friends of the family and children, were hurrying to and fro, to secure some sort of covering to protect them from the sparks now flying thickly in the air, and the scorching heat of the blazing houses. Miles took Mrs. Courtney, while Hugh wrapped his cotamore round Ethel, to secure her white muslin robe from ignition, holding trays over their heads; while Percy Esmond followed with Flora, and others pressing close behind them, wrapped in blankets, or sheltered beneath pillows, &c. On emerging into the street, horrifying was the scene that encountered them on every side-hundreds of burning dwellings vomited cascades of flame into the sultry atmosphere, and tongues of lurid flame shot up and darted like lightning flashes through the dense volumes of wreathing smoke, that every moment waved a pall of deeper gloom, and wrapped in blacker shroud the town of Enniscorthy; while through the sable cloud an angry, blood-red sun, round and solid as ball of fire, looked down from above upon struggling masses of people, shricking women, crying children, clamorous men, royalist and insurgent, promiscuously huddlec, in that flight for life, through scorching streets, slaked with hot ashes. Wealth and poverty, the aristocrat and the plebeian, indiscriminately blended in the surging throng. officers who had torn off their epaulettes and men of station who had divested themselves of the abused insignia of power, which guilty conscience told them had, in lieu of winning homage and respect, rendered them obnoxious and hateful to the ill-treated peopleall, all flying, frenzied and distractwith terror, before the sword of edthe avenger. Swiftly as their encumbered steps could speed, Miles and Hugh made good their progress, half stifled by the smoke and heat, yet sustaining by kind words, and encouraging their almost fainting com-panions to perseverance, till they had left behind the castle of Enniscorthy, just stormed by the insurgents, when some debris, tumbling from a roof, falling in with a crash like thunder, struck Percy Esmond, pitching him forward on his face, and dragging with him his sister, who leaned upon his arm. This accident brought the procession to a halt, and Mrs. Courtney and Ethel almost simultaneously fainting-one from exhaustion, the other overcome by sudden panic—Miles and Hugh, sorely embarrassed for some moments, were at length relieved at sight of some yeomanry dashing along, to whom they called to take charge of their friends to Wexford, or else assist to convey them beyond the vicinage of d uger; but the gallant yeomen were too solicitous for their own safety to heed the appeals, they vanished like magic; and all that remained then was to lift Esmond who had been stunned by the blow and the fall, and summon aid from their own bands to carry their charge to Vinegar Hill,

the now proximate rendezvous of the insurgents. This was soon accomplished; selecting a good looking house situated midway up the slope of the hill, where he was informed Father John Murphy wasthen resting, with some others, from the

bearers to proceed thither, Captain Courtney yelling the while, like a lunatic: "Not there! not there, you villains! Have you betrayed? and is it to your priest you are taking us prisoners, to be murdered in cold blood? Oh !--oh !--oh !"

fatigue of the day, Miles ordered the litter-

"Be quiet, Captain Courtney; you are in no danger of such catastrophe," said Miles, who could have laughed at the ludicrous expression of the captain's really terrified face, but for meeting the gloomy eye of the revived Esmond, and the questioning one of Flora reproachfully fixed on him. "My priest is not so bad as you suppose."

"Nonsense, nonsense, sir; don't I know better? Don't I know that if the pries commanded you, on pain of damnation, to obey him you would have no choice but to murder us; and if you didn't he has plenty of agents to do his behests," blurted out the distressed captain.

Without answering him, Miles strode through the open portal, and the lounging swarm of wondering pikemen, all strangers to him, yet deferentially making way before the green scarf-badge that indicated his post of command in their ranks, and closely followed by his convoy, he entered a parlor of the mansion, whose former occupants having fled left it in peaceable possession of the enemy. Father Murphy, who, seated at a table with some others, was regaling him self with a hearty meal of cold beef, bread and butter, and wine-the first time he had tasted food since the preceding day-and Gerald Byrne of Ballymanus seated beside him, making inroads on a piece of bacon, loudly hailed him

Coad mille failthe, Miles! Where's Hugh? What became of you? We feared you had got knocked off. Come, sit down and have a mouthful, you must need it," were the consecutive exclamations with which he was greeted by each in turn, the while surveying the party at the door, till Father John continued:
"Who are these friends of yours? What

ails them? They seem in sorry plight."
"So they are," said Miles. "Friends of "So they are," said Miles. "Friends of mine and Hugh's; escaped under our convoy from Enuiscorthy, and going to Wexford when rested and refreshed. I'm glad to see you've got some good cheer to welcome us. Give a glass of wine to these ladies, and find me a surgeon to dress the wounds of Captain Courtney and Lieutenant Esmond."

"I'm your man, sir," cried a portly individual rising, and coming forward to inspect the patients, while Father Murphy, benevolently smiling at the intimidated ladies, invited them to a seat at the table, and setting before them grateful refreshment, beckened to Moll Doyle and Kitty, Ned Burke, and the little drummer, relieved from their burden, to seat themselves on the floor, while he plied them with wedges of bread and beef, and mugs of beer.

Upon examination by the surgeon it was found that Captain Courtney had only one rib broken, which, though he would not believe it, gave him much secret satisfaction. Lieutenant Esmond's arm was skilfully set, and the wound on his head dressed, and by the time they had each drank a couple of glasses of wine, and partaken of some viends, they werein a much ameliorated frame of mind; indeed so much so, that Captain Courtney, egaining some of his wonted hardy courage, graphically and characteristically put the question to the priestly captain of the insurgents, while as yet surveying him through

the smoked glass of intense prejudice:
"May I make bold to ask what are you going to do next—fall, perhaps on Wexford, and leave it in the same ruin as

"For whatever we do, my friend, thank

THE ENGLISH LIBERALS

ALL AT SEA OVER GLADSTONE'S POLICY. London, Feb. 17.—Things look worse and worse for the Ministry in this Egyptian trouble. The heavy losses in all the fights are reducing the small forces of Wolseley to such infinitesimal proportions that everybody now thinks all the regiments in the country will be cut down one by one, and, even if final victory should come to the British arms, that these precious pioneers will be a preliminary holocaust.

A still more serious matter for alarm is that the unanimity with which the energetic measures of the Government for pushing on the campaign were hailed in the first outburst of shame and grief at the death of Gordon, is already giving signs of dissolution. The Radicals, who been always restive under this

whole Egyptian business, are alarmed at the terrible vista of boundless expense and great bloodshed in an enterprise against the Mahdi. If Gladstone, too, should adhere as obstinately as ever to the policy of abandoning the Soudan as soon as conquered, sensible men of all parties will revolt against a policy of combined butchery at first and running away afterward.

The first sign of the break in the Liberal party is in the speeches of John Morley and Leonard Courtney. The first is the ablest Radical journalist in England, and, though he is not yet a good parliamentary orator, he represents a very strong following in the country. Courtney has rather damaged himself by taking up the academic craze of proportional representation : but he has the prestige of having been proved right by time in protesting obstinately against the apprexation of the Transvaal; and the two men together will undoubteely form a strong team.

Another sign of the times is that the provincial Radical journals, which lean as inevitably toward peace at any price as the London journals do toward jingoism, have begun to discover that the debegun mand for an expedition to smash the . Mahdi founded principle of revenge; and finally, the work of disorganization has advanced with such rapidity in the last couple of days, that there are already reports and denials as to several Ministeral resignations.

The Pull Mall Gazette is, as usual, the leader of the jingo section of the Liberal press, and its columns afford the most picturesque and most trustworthy evidence as to how the cat jumps. "The hot fit," it writes, "has already passed, and the cold fit is upon us with a ven-geance. The policy of Funk, disgnised by the heroics of high principle, is now having its innings." Then the article sharply attacks Chamberlain, who has unaccountably become its pet aversion; insinuates that the comments of the provincial press are already suggesting to him a strategic movement to the rear prophesies that two other Ministers may follow him into retirement, and this process it describes in this scathing sentence: "The Ministry may not improbably peel off its poltroons.

KING MILAN SEEKING DIVORCE, VIENNA, Feb. 17 .- King Milau, of Servia, has long suffered from a domestic affliction, for which he is now seeking a remedy in a very extreme action. His only Alexander, who was born in 1876, in addition to being delicate, is not mentally sound, and the court physicians hold out no hopes that he will ever be capable of suc ceeding to the throne. Queen Natalie's health is such as to preclude all pos-sibility of another heir, and in this dilemma the King is seeking to obtain a divorce. It is believed that under the very peculiar circumstances such a decree could be obtained, and nainful as the separation from his Oucen, to whom he has been married nearly ten years, would be, it is regarded in diplomatic circles as necessary. It is believed that the Servian General Catargie, who is in this city at present, is feeling his way towards a marriage be tween King Milan and an Austrian Princess, in the event of the divorce being obtained.

CARDINAL McCABE AND THE NUN OF KENMARE.

To the Editor of the New York Herald !

I gather from your editorial on Archbishop McCabe that you think his death will be the signal for an outburst of violence in Ireland. America is said to be a free country, and I ask what is to be thought of a national restraint of opinion effected merely by the opposition of a single ecclesiastic? Individual ecclesiastics of Irish birth or other nationalities are not personally infallible either fn their religious or political teaching, and in Ireland at least religion and politics are convertible terms.

I will not enter on the subject further at present except to call attention to the fact that the places in Ireland where the strong hand of ecclesiastical—shall I say opposition or despotism?-has crushed down a legitimate expression of opinion on the part of the priests and people-have been precisely the districts in which violence has been most active. Dublin was the scene of the Phonix Park murders: and we need only name

Maamtrasna and Kerry.
It is quite true that the late Cardinal occupied himself causelessly in denouncing the Land League, both in public and private, and that several other Irish bishops have followed his example, but the overwhelming majority of the Irish bishops have acted very differently, and consequently peace and comparative freedom from outrage have marked their districts. The Irish are a justice-loving people and it is scarcely the way to win their affections when they find that the occasional violence of the victims of long centuries of oppression is denounced in scathing terms, while not a word is said to denounce the outrages of landlords whose victims may

be counted not by units but by thousands.

The Catholic Church is the church of the poor and of the people, and those who try to use its authority for the services of the rich are not the best friends either of the Church or of the Church's Master. It is nevertheless a fact that some of the founders of religious orders most devoted to the service of the poor have met with great opposition from ecclésiastics.

SISTER MARY FRANCES, CLARE.

CABLE RATES.

The following are the cable rates: From all telegraph offices in Chicago and Milwaukee to places in France and England, Scot-land, Ireland and Wales, 45 cents per word Alexandria, Egypt, 79 cents; Australia, \$3.10; Austria, 56 cents; Belgium, 51 cents; China, \$2.50; Cochin China, \$2.25; Denmark, 55 cents; Germany (including Alsace and Loraine), 45 cents; Greece, 61 cents; Holland, 53 cents; Hungary, 56 cents; Havana, Cuba, 50 cents; India, \$1.70; Italy, vana, cupa, 50 cents; India, \$1.70; Italy, 54 cents; Japan, \$2.75: Norway, 55 cents; Portugal, 60 cents; Russia in Europe, 63 cents; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, \$2.58; Sweden, 59 cents; Switzerland, 51 cents; Sweden, 59 cents; Turkey in Europe, 59 cents; Turkey in Europe, 59 cents; Turkey in Asia (seaports), 65 cents. Ton letters constitute work

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