

be confounded; may the chase on which we set out to-morrow morn be successful, and the cursed rebel chief himself hung as high as London Tower.' With a brutal, drunken, defiant shout all rose to their feet and drank the toast; but when *their* shouts had sunk in silence, there rose another from outside the castle wall and the next moment heavy blows sounded on the hall door. Ever and anon the cry of O'Duoyanna Aboo! reached the ears of the now sober revellers, and as Clanerone heard it, he paled. But only for a moment. "By all the devils!" he shouted fiercely, drawing his sword, "'tis the rebel himself. Ho, warder! the guard!" But he called in vain. Warder, guard and all were drunk. He listened for a moment, but no answer came to his calls. Heavy and fierce came the blows on the door; in a few minutes it would give way.

"Noble friends!" cried Clanerone, "draw your trusty blades and follow me. Alone will we chastise these impudent rascals!" He started for the entrance hall, his naked blade in hand, and forty-knights and officers followed him. At the same instant the door gave way and the Rapparees, with Shaun at their head precipitated themselves into the hall.

"Upon them with the sword!" shouted Clanerone, taking in with a hasty glance the number of the enemy. Up went the blades and the bloody work began. But what were all their deeds, to the prowess and numbers of the Rapparees. Driving all before him Clanerone leaped into the ranks of the foe, cutting down all who opposed him, but no blow was aimed at him, save one and one alone from the blade of Shaun O'Duoyanna. But it missed its mark, and Clanerone, after desperate work, cleared the ranks of the foe and was last seen speeding across the green fields of his domain. "Give all to the flames!" shouted O'Duoyanna. And he too disappeared. On dashed Lord Clanerone, over ditches and hedges, up hill and down brae, till he gained the refuge of a wooded knoll. Here he stopped to rest and as he did so, he saw dashing up the slope a pursuing figure. But such a figure. The moon showed him an old man, clad in a brown robe, a battered hat and with

a pair of bag-pipes under his arm. The piper—for he was indeed Neill Dad—just reached the piece of wood, when Clanerone confronted him, drawn blade in hand. "Speak, sirrah; speak, dog," he cried, "why art thou following me? Hadst a hand in that piece of rebel work there?" pointing as he spoke to the now burning castle. "Aye!" cried the piper, sneeringly, "I had a hand in that blessed work. And now Lord Clanerone," and as he spoke he dropped his pipes, threw his hat and wig on the ground, tore off the robe, and drew a heavy broadsword forth, "we meet at last. Dog of a Saxon murderer. I am the O'Duoyanna, defend yourself." With an oath from Clanerone's lips, they joined in mortal combat. Good swordsmen were they both, and for a while the issued seemed doubtful. But the steady thrusts and blows of the Rapparee won at last, and by a skilful pass, Shaun ran his blade through his enemy's body and Clanerone sank to the earth, the weapon grinding on the ground. Nevermore would he gloat over his slaughtered victims. The last light his eyes saw on earth was the lurid flame of his castle-home; and his death song was the joyous notes from the pipes of "The Limerick Piper."

Boston, October 21, 1878.

SENSE shines with double lustre when set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.

STRANGE BUT TRUE—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water it will not only rebound, but will be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference and the thread will not even vibrate. In the Arctic regions; when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child on a still day across water a mile wide.