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PADDY'S SHORTHORN.

I had a cow—my Drimindhu—When Fat and I were joined together, And I may say that for a day, She was the best of the leather.

But just about last hollandide, Our Fat he rose one frosty morn; And afterwards he lay on his side, He said, and purchased a "shorthorn."

Says Pat to me, "Och, gramachree, Her pedigree shows 'dukes' in dozens; The 'Royal Dane' and 'Lady Jane,' And the 'Sultan,' too, are all her cousins."

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL. A TALE OF THE IRISH WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

The night came, a moonless and starless one, and a strong force, commanded by Owen Roe in person, lay in silent ambush in the wood, while the Slesher and his small band, with their maniac guide, set out in stealthy progress towards the castle.

Now let us drink Till we nod and wink Even as good fellows should do; We shall not miss To have the bliss Good wine doth bring men to."

"This the guard room," whispered O'Reilly. "You fool" (and he plucked them out) "leap to the portal and undo bolts and bars; the rest follow me—forward!"

A few more strokes, as it were, and the party reached the high bawn wall that surrounded the castle; and now Mac Sharry cautiously put aside the branches of a whitethorn growing by the wall, showing therein a small breach or aperture concealed from the view of the garrison by a pile of timber standing in the bawn.

NO MORE NAUSEOUS PILLS! A LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED. Campbell's Cathartic Compound is adapted for the cure of Liver Complaints and Bilious Disorders.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court, No. 1880. Dame Imelle Rousseau, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, wife of Pierre Rousseau.

LOTUS OF THE NILE. A LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED. Campbell's Cathartic Compound is adapted for the cure of Liver Complaints and Bilious Disorders.

of Miles O'Reilly, as he rushed for the last time through the corse-piled corridors, and down the blood-dripping stairs. "Beware of the powder!"

"In a short time the castle was deserted by living man, and at a considerable distance off the victorious Irish watched the progress of the flames. Brighter and brighter glowed the light of the conflagration in each illuminated window of the doomed building.

"Follow him closely, lads, and use your eyes and ears," said the Slesher; "remember, we must throw open the main entrance or die in the attempt!"

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and smart fighting about Charlemont, avio, but, dear me, I am the real old blood in it. Sir Phelim, lawyer, and all that he is!—He had only two hundred and fifty foot—his well-to-do handled us; and many a dark night I remember when we cut off the Scotch guards, and shot and sabred them by dozens in the 'masses,' driving in whole hordes of Undertakers' castles, while Monroe could only awe and bluster on the head of it.

"As for me," said O'Tracy, "I've been chiefly in Leinster with Owen Roe." "With Owen Roe?" repeated his companion, becoming interested.

"Ay, and would I had a better tale to tell than one of misfortune to our cause. You see, we had campaigned in Leinster during the summer months, and when autumn came on we marched, creaghts and all, to Ulster, so that our people might gather in their harvest—but there was no harvest there for us: the regiments of Clotworthy, Conway, and Donegal had swept the province, reaping, threshing, or burning all the corn from the Bann to the Foyle, from Clones to Coleraine. Well, we were nigh equal with the Scots; we had little or no bread, but plenty of beef, milk and butter, and they had plenty of bread but no kine. Just then Owen Roe was summoned by the council to Kilkenny."

"You accompanied him?" "Yes, in his best regiment of horse. He complained to the council rightly and bitterly of the state of his army in the North, left without supplies, and offered, if properly seconded, to levy 4,000 foot and 400 horse in Ulster. Then the council sent 400 foot and 800 horse northwards to fight the Scots, but not under our gallant general—no, the Palemen faction in Kilkenny were too bigoted for that—but under an English lord, this Castlehaven younger."

"M'an an diocail," exclaimed O'Neil, "how mad we were in Ulster when we heard of it!" "So northwards our regiment came in this army, our brave leader having to serve for union's sake a Sassenach adventurer, and you know the rest—how we were checked at Dromore, and driven into Charlemont, where eating flesh meat without bread or salt made our men die in dozens of the lax, until Castlehaven thought fit to steal away with the relics of his army, with which he is now lying yonder, at Granard."

"Strange I did not meet you at Charlemont." "I never entered its gates, for our regiment was engaged in securing the country to the South."

"Ha, that explains; hallo, look there." O'Neil pointed to a horseman who appeared galloping at full speed across the bridge. The attention of both was riveted on the solitary cavalier, who now reined in his steaming and exhausted steed, threw himself from his saddle, and hastily approached the colonel, who with folded arms was thoughtfully pacing up and down in the shade of the trees. A short conversation ensued between O'Reilly and his scout—for such the horseman was—the latter speaking in an excited manner and pointing now and then in the direction whence he had come.

"Emon, my hearty, I smell powder," exclaimed Niall O'Neil. "Scarcely had he uttered the words when the blast of a trumpet sounding to horse rang through the wood. In ready obedience every dragoon hurried to his charger, and the entire troop was soon in the saddle. Drawn up in two long lines the detachment of cavalry presented a right gallant appearance and martial picture. The sunlight glowed on the bronzed and moustached faces of the cavaliers and was reflected from the burnished corselets and helmets, each helmet being surmounted by a white plume of feathers that nodded and waved in the light summer zephyrs. The strong limbed chargers, seeming to "snuff the battle air off" arched their proud necks, tossed their manes, and spurred the soil with their hoofs, causing a rattling of bridle chains, a clatter of accoutrements, and a jingling of scabbards against spurs all along the line. Truly, Miles O'Reilly, as he reined in his restive black dextris some yards in front of the line to survey the imposing array, might well feel a thrill of soldierly pleasure at the front presented by his brave and devoted horsemen. It was a stirring spectacle:—

"On! the sight entrancing, When morning's beam is glancing Over their arrayed In helm and blade, And plumes in the gay wind dancing; And each heart with hope high beating, And the trumpet's voice repeating, That song whose breath May lead to death, But never to retreating!"

The detachment was just mounted when a few horsemen were seen approaching at full speed on the road leading from Granard. They drew rein in front of the array of cavalry.

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