A good pounding is, the secret of many a tender steak to the There is, a scarcity of frozi degs and green turtle in the makets just now. A turkey to be "delicious" must be con-

stantly basted while rossing.

Grape jelly is now declared to be the proper thing to be eaten with game.

Smelts are one of the things that should be eaten "the moment they are taken off the

Icecream is in dislayor and very rarely is it served at the fashionable dinner parties of the ROBBOTI.

HALL YELL

At one of the dinners in Washington last week the salad was of shrimp and chopped celery over which was poured the white of

Celery may be kept for a week or longer by rolling it in brown paper and then pinning it up in a towel, keeping it in as dark and cool a place as possible. Before using it, let it remain in a pan of cool water for an hour, and it will be quite crisp and cold.

Brillat Savarin says about chocolate that it should be placed in an earthenware iar with a very small quantity of water, where it will keep warm over night. By this method the chocolate dissolves and becomes smooth. He uses half an ounce of chocolate to a pint of milk and boils slowly for fifteen minutes.

POTATO NUDELS. -Grate a plateful of cold potatoes, mix them with three or four eggs, as many spoonsful of milk, a little salt, and flour enough dredged in to form a dough, just stiff enough to roll out, rather thin. 'Cut out ittle round cakes. Put them in boiling water to boil five minutes; then drain and dry them on a napkin. Fry them a delicate brown

POTATOES WITH SARDINES Slice par-boiled potatoes half an inch thick. Melt a piece of butter in a stewpan, and put in a layer of half the potatoes. A couple of chopped onions and some parsley must be steamed, with a piece of butter in a small stewpan. Chop sardines or anchovies, and stir them into the latter. Stew for a few minutes, then spread them over the potatoes in the stewpan. Cover with the other half of the potatoes and stew them ten minutes, or the whole may be done in the oven with the dish covered.

HERRINGED POTATOES. -- Boil potatoes in their skins, not too soft, peel and slice them; keep them warm while you cut up an onion with a piece of butter or some very thin fat bacon. When the onion begins to turn yellow, dredge it with flour; add some water, salt, pepper, two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a bay leaf; leave this to simmer. Meanwhile, wash two herrings, take the bones cut, cut the fish into small dice, add them to the same to simmer a few minutes; then put in the potatoes. Stir all together gently, so as not to break the slices. Add a piece of butter and some pork to soften the stew, and serve it quite hot.

THE CANONIZATION OF SIR THOMAS MORE AND JOHN FISHER.

LONDON, Feb. 18 .- It is reported from Rome that the Pope intends to proclaim shortly the canonization of Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher, both faithful sons of the Church during the troublous times of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas More was Cardinal Wol sey's successor as Lord Chancellor, and enjoyed many royal favors, but for refusing to admit the lawfulness of the King's marriage with Anne Bolevn he was committed to the Tower, tried and condemned unjustly, and beheaded in 1535. His body was first interred in St. Peter's Church, in the Tower, and afterwards in Chelsea church. His head, after being exposed on a pole on London bridge, was obtained by strategy by Mrs. Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas More's daugh ter, and still is to be seen a fleshless skull, in a small grated niche in the wall of the Roper vault in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury. John Fisher, who was made Bishop of Rochester in 1504, also perished at Tower Hill in 1535. He was a zeulous adherent of the Catholic faith, and opposed with zeal and perseverance the principles of Luther and his followers. But he denied the supremacy of Henry VIII. as head of the Church, and for that he was executed.

TAKING THE VEIL.

The beautiful chapel of Kenwood Convent, Albany, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony on Tuesday last, the occasion beceremony on Tuesday last, the occasion being the taking of the white veil by Miss Mary Barnard, daughter of Mr. Edmund Barnard, Q.C., of this city. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Barnard, father and mother of the novitice, Miss Elodie Barnard, her sister; Mrs. John Austin, her aunt; Mr. Joseph E. Austin, her uncle; Dr. Sterry Hunt, of Montreal; Mr. Dudley Olcott, Miss Olcott, Mrs. William Cassidy, Miss Mary Cagger, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lansing, of Albany.

"Maryland, My Maryland."

* * * " Pretty Wives, Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

- "My wife !"
 "Who ?"
- "Was a very pretty blonde!"
- Twenty years ago, became
- "Sallow!"
 "Hollow-eyed!"
 "Withered and aged!"

Before her time, from "Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasi

ness. "A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it oc-curred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon

recovery had "Lost!" "Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her oldtimed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome: a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain. C. L. JAMES. BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 26th, 1883.

Mone genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop dor," Hops, in

Steps are being taken to prevent the threatened influx of Mormons into Mexico.

National Pills purity the blood. A week ago Denver papers equiate Stomach, Liver and Bowels, ing. of the lust in the streets.

SOME STRANGE LENTEN COSTOMS.

The most solemn season of the Church's year, which commences to day, has, with a somewhat strange contradiction, been marked in some ways for centificies with peculiar customs, some by no micros of a penitential character and strong marks of abuse of good intentions and designs hidden under the corrubtions of centificies.

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us una wares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They deal wares the morning. A sort of sucky alime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the pit of the stomach which food does not the pit of the stomach which food does not staff.

character and strong marks of abuse of good intentions and designs hidden under the correlations of centuries.

It is the outborn for boys and girls in country schools in parts of the county of Oxford, in England, to go, at their breaking up Holy week, in a body from house to house with little clacks of wood, and on arriving at a door they fall to beating their clacks and singing as follows :--

Herringa, herrings, white and red, Ten a penny, Lent's dead, Rise, dame, and give us eggs, Or else a piece of bacon, One for Peter, one for Paul, Three for Jack-a-Lent's all,

Away, Lent, away. It is expected that every householder so visited give some eggs and bacon and other dole. If they do, then the visitors chant appropriate compliments, but if the house visited is inhabited by a curmudgeon, they sing the following :-

The devil take her life, Set her on the swivell And send her to the devil."

It is hardly necessary to say that, as these ongs are well known and familiar as "household words," the dole is always given. If it is not the indignant visitors in addition to their denunciations usually stop the keyhole with mud or otherwise evidence their

displeasure.
In Marseilles on Ash Wednesday a ceremony used to prevail called "interring the carnival," a ceremony which would not have been easy of invitation here with our frostlocked river. The ceremony consists of taking a whimsical figure representing the carnival, held there every year, to the sea shore, hard by, and there pulling it to pieces in the presence of all the society, high and low, in the

city.
The first Sunday after Ash Wednesday in Dijou and other places in Burgundy is called Firebrand Sunday." This arose from a oustom of the peasants, who used to carry about lighted brands to disperse the foul air generated, as they thought, by the winter season.

In England an unfortunate dummy, called Jack-o'-Lent, used to be erected in Roman Catholic days, and pelted by the muscular youth. It is commonly supposed that it represented Judas Iscariot. To-day, on Good Friday, Spanish sailors, in the London docks, New York and elsewhere "brutally ' use a figure supposed to represent the same traitor. This is probably the last remnant of

this old custom.

Something like the custom of the Oxford children, spoken of elsewhere, is the "fool plow" of the continent. Only in this case the sportive people, in lieu of merely filling up door key holes, levy much more serious blackmail.

In several districts in Lower Canada many old Lenten customs brought from old France still linger.

A BRAZEN CHEAT.

CHICAGO, Feb. 17.—The directors of the Aurora Watch company allege that Maurico Wendell, their secretary-treasurer and chief stockholder, has spent \$200,000 of the com pany's funds in a little more than a year. In one bill for machinery, etc., healleged he paid \$124,000; the actual outlay was \$40,000. In other ways he has misapprograted funds. Wendell confessed, and asked the directors what they proposed to do about it, saying he went into the company for the purpose of speculating on the stockholders' money.

SOMEBODY LYING

TRENTON, N.J., Feb. 17.-In the house this afternoon a quotation from one of Tal-mage's sermons on high license was read in which the speaker of the New Jersey legislature was mentioned as one of the worst blasphemers in the country, and it was stated that the speaker's address, when elected, was so full of oaths that the printers used a number of blanks to indicate where the oaths came in. Speaker Armstrong said he never used an oath in his life. He cnaracterized Talmage as a wilful liar,

A NAKED LAMP IN A MINE.

WILRESDARRE, Pa., Feb. 17.—Journals of the air shaft fan at the Hillman Vein Coal Co. mine became overheated this morning and a stoppage for repairs allowed the gas to accumulate in the workings, and as a miner entered one of the breasts with a naked lamp an explosion followed, spreading into the gangways of other parts of the mine and doing considerable damage. A large number of miners and laborers were at work. One man was killed and ten seriously burned or injured.

Women with pale colorless faces who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion. tte

Ellen Terry is said to have the same dress maker as the Princess of Wales.

AN EXCELLENT REPORT.

Hon, Jos, G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N.Y., writes :- "I cannot express myself in sufficiently praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great benefit."

Many women are becoming commercial travellers in England.

* * Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility or other deli-cate diseases, however induced, speedily and permanently cured Address, World's Dis-pensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

One of Harlem's wealthy ladies pays her coachman extra wages on condition that he will address her as "My Lady."

"The light that lies,

In woman's eyes," is a ray of heaven's own brightness; but it is, alas! often dimmed or quenched by some wearing disease, perhaps silently borne, but taking all comfort and enjoyment out of life.

That light of the household can be rekindled and made to glow with its natural brightness. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite prescription" is a potent specific for most of the chronic weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women.

The North Carolina Legislature propos to draw the line at the age of ten in permitting the sale of tobacco.

A GOOD RECORD.

Among the many thousand bottles of Hag-yard's Yellow Oil sold annually in Canada, not one has ever failed to give satisfaction. It cures, rheumatism, colds, and all painful complaints and injuries.

A week ago Denver papers were complain-

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us una

s tisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feet clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few minths it is attended with a greenish coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sheet does not seem to affect a feet at the contract. and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes negvous, irritable, gloomy and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a apitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and apmetimes with a sweetish tasta this is free sometimes with a sweetish taste: this is fre sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical man have mistaken the nature of this disease. men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others or kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article 18

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield :- I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suf-fering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale

increasing wonderfully. Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I

have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe' 55, Highgate, Kendai:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the Curative Syrup, for I have never known a case in this it has a property of the commending the commender of the commender of the case of the commender of the case of the commender of the case of t in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many grosses.
Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—1

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended thom, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland:—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicine than any other kind.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it.

Jos. Balkwill, A.P.S., Kingsbridge:—The public seem to appreciate their great value.

public seem to appreciate their great value.

A. Armstead, Market Street, Dalton-in-Furness:—It is needless for me to say that your raluable medicines have great sale in this district—greater than any other I know of, giving great satisfaction.

Robt. Laine. Melksham :- I can well recommend the Curative Syrup from having proved its efficacy for indigestion myself.

Friockheim, Arbroath, Forfarshire, Sept, 23, 1882 Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recom mending Mother Seigel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the famed Syrup and Pills. Most patent medicines die out with me, but Mother Seigel has had a steady sale ever since I commenced, and is still in as a great demand as when I first began to sell the medicines. The cures which have come under my notice are chiefly those of liver complaint and general

A certain minister in my neighborhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted near friend of filme, who is very fluct additional to costiveness, or constipation, finds that Mother Seigel's Pills are the only pills which suit his complaint. All other pills cause a reaction which is very annoying. Mother Seigel's Pills do not leave a bad after-effect. I have much pleasure in commending again to suffering humanity Mother Seigel's medicines, which are no sham. If this letter is of any service you can publish it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) William S. Glass, Chemist.
A. J. White, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and de-

medicine without the signtest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,

(Signed) N. Webb,

Mr. White.

Chemist Calue.

Mr. White. Chemist Calue.
A. J. White, (Limited) 67 St. James Street,
Montreal.
For sale by all druggists, and by A. J. White (limited), 67 St. James street, city.

The Queen of Belgium is stupid and without grace. Her passion is for horses, nothing but horses. And yet she is a Queen.

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes "I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, but have failed to find We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone, and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?"

In Cincinnati the dirt is said to be a foot deep on the sidewalk and the soil is so thick in the air that it snows black stuff.

Ladies, attention! In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c at all druggists. Everybody praises them. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q.

Tammany will send a royal legion of 500 men to march in Cleveland's inaugural pro-

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain.

There are strawberries in Southern Cali fornia, but they sell at 50 cents a quart.

WELL AS EVER.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N.Y. My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nauseau, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever.

Congressman Rosecrans' son is a Catholio priest and his two daughters are nuns.

Women with pale colorless faces who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bedily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, tts nerves and complexion.

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS THE COMING TO COMING TO COMING TO COMING TO COMING THE COMING T

UNHALLOWED UNION

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER XXXII-Continued. march-worn, and weary, having toiled through the long night over rugged paths beneath a continuous fall of rain, and buffeted by gusty winds, as though even the elements had combined with their foes against the homeless wanderers, with what joy they beheld the first tints of dawn streaking the horizon, harbinger of more auspicious day, and heard Father John's cheery voice calling through the yet murky gloom:

"Courage, my friends! We have passed the Rubicon, and the goal of reat is near. Thanks to the wild, wet night, those who might, peradventure, have molested or obstructed us did not venture abroad; and we have made a fine expedition of it. After a Mass of thanksgiving in the home of my parishioners, a warm fireside, kindly welcome. and beds and food await you. Push on !"

With many a murmured blessing in response, after a brief halt to change once more the horses' burdens, Euphemia and Nellie now walking foot, and others replacing them on the pillion, Moll Doyle and Kitty also succumbing to take Norah Lanigan and Meelan Conroy's places on horseback, the procession moved forward. As every pace brought them nearer to their bourne, so wave after wave of light broke through the furling night clouds, and broad and fair shone out the clear horizon, and green earth, dripping and shivering from the plenteous bath that had laved her form, now fanned by light, sweeping breezes, but soft, Is youder lurid gleam mantling the southern sky a reflection of the morning sun uprising in the east? It broadens, it deepens to gory hue, now black clouds ascending from earth in wreathy volumes, dot all the landscape, and light winds, scattering the dense and opaque masses, shroud the vista, as it were. in veil of sable crepe. Anon a cry, a strange, wild eyrie cry, breaks forth in the distance, and is hushed. All at once, as though moved by simultaneous spring, the fugitive train stood still, and an awful presage fell upon the soul of their leader, as he gazed with sealed lips and straining eye upon the portentous omen. And well he might; an unerring presentiment told him that the spoiler had been at his unhallowed work : that his chapel of Bolubuce, with the humble dwellings he had destined to shelter his fugitives, were in flames, and their inmates now bereft themselves of asylum. Truly it was so. Saxon and Dane alike have evinced at all times the same taste and partiality

for the pastime of ravaging and burning Irish homes, wrecking Irish temples, desolating Irish land, banishing from the soil every vestige of Irish civilization, and raising the cry, "All is barren." What good can come out of Nazareth? Mere Irish!—Papists—pariahs. "But lift your heads, princes of the isle, your lordly halls are devasted; true, but they gloriously perished in the same wreck with the school and the temple: the daughters of your bowers been outraged and desecrated, so have been the shrines of the Holy of Holies; but defiled, never !-- your heritage has been reft from your hand, and your children cast naked upon the world, even as the seamless garment, woven by a mother's loving hand, away by sacrilegious plunderers from the divine form it had arrayed in becoming vesture, and a sovereign God and Lord of and reviled with obloquy, expired upon a cross. Glorious in the past, yet more glorious in the future, the crown of the resurrection shall be

set upon your brow, and your glory shall shine out as the sun, in the day of your deliverance. The chapel of Bolubuce, with twenty houses, had been set on fire in the parish, within whose precincts they now stood aghast, appalled, those weary pilgrims, uncertain whither to flee, wreck before them, danger behind. Every eye bent upon the paster, who, like a second Aloses leading the Israelites through the wilderness, had conducted them so far; while, equal to the emergency, of mind like his frame, vigorous, active, and indomitable, he took in the position, planned and resolved. He waved his hand: "Forward."

And unlike the children of Israel fainthearted and diffident, without parley or murmur, resigned to fate, with confiding trust in him who led, submissively they obeyed his behest. Through a blooming country, silent and deserted as a necropolis, wended the jaded group; but when they had traversed about a mile, a man and a woman, breaking from a thicket, in which they had lain secreted to await him, coming forth like frightened runaway slaves, accosted Father Murphy, both speaking together with thick and rapid utter-

"Och, musha; och, Father John, we're murthered entirely; don't go on, yees'll be all slaughtered; och, wirra! wirra! "Speak one at a time, if you want me to understand you," cried Father John. "Come, Joyce, say out; what has hap-

ance:

pened?"
"Och, musha, yer riverence," responded Joyce, the village carpenter, whose wife had the care of the chapel, and the tears coursed down his cheeks as, choked with sorrow, he essayed to speak steadily, "how'll I tell it, at all at all? Yistherday was the day appointed, yer riverence knows, for us to deliver up any arms we had to Mr. Cornock, the magisthrate at Ferns. Well, sir, when we come there, I had none myself, but I wint to look Mr. Cornock wasn't there to take 'em : but the 'black mob' armed wid swoords an' guns, fell on the people, who turned to fly; howaniver, as they purshued 'em, they had to use the pike bravely an' fight for life, every foot o' the way; and, och, yer riverence, that wasn't the worst, but a lot of the Yeos set off thin to fire the crathurs' houses; an' another pack coome down an' made for the chapel, where Biddy was puttin' everything to rights agin ye coome down to it. Begorra, whin I seen 'em I made off to hide behind a ditch; but they got hould o' Biddy, an' axed where you was, and where I was, an' she wouldn't tell 'em; so they dhragged her out, and put her on her knees to shoot her, unless she'd tell where was, or set fire to the chapel; so thin the crathur, small blame to ber, lost heart, and cried out: 'Och, Jack, save me. You could do more, wor at yer duty last week, an' are fitter to die than me; so whin I heerd her say acted others of similar nature were at the that, the heart melted widin me, and I coom same hour transpiring in numberless localiont, an' the divils saized me, and wanted me ties; for, the war-flame once exploded, the to do the same thing; but I tould 'em combustion spread with velocity, rushing not if it wor to save my life tin times along, and fueing and igniting all the land over would I commit sacrilege; an, in general conflagration. On Kilmac sure enough, I was a dead man but for thomas Hill, about nine miles west of

shouts and cries, at first vaguely indistinct, had gradually swelled upon the air, till now, fearfully defined as notes of affray, they startled the pallid listeners into action.

"Forward!" again cried Father, Murphy, spuring hard towards Miltown, the direction

from whence the sounds proceeded. Soon they came in view of a party of Orange yeo-manry, deftly brandishing arms in pursuit of some score people, men, women, and children, the latter in advance flying towards a neighboring thicket. At sight of the wellknown Father John, whom their comrades had expressed the amiable intent of burning in his own chapel, perhaps a super-stitious panic seized them, or else them, or had been too lively an impression made upon them of the efficacy of even a few pikes, yielded in strong hands; moreover, these rebels were not in retreat, but in advance; so the bump of caution, in accurate proportion, having been judiciously set in juxtaposition with the bump of destructiveness in each head, the stout Orange yeomanry made sudden halt, and turned tail, leaving their exhausted quarry free to seek their priest, and gasp out their tale of sorrow

into his sympathising bosom.

"Oh, soggarth aroon!" exclaimed the weeping people, thronging around him.

"Where shall we fly from the black persecution that has come over us. Better, oh, better, we were at once in our graves ?'

"No, it would not be better, my good people," stoutly made answer Father John, his small stature seeming to expand and tower into height, inflated by the lofty spirit of enthusiasm now escaped from all control. and swelling within his bosom, while with concentrated fire his blue eye flashed and blazed like a cometinits orbit. His words were

few, but weighty.
"When oppression rises to a point which necessitates self-defence from causeless and indiscriminate butchery, we stand acquitted of responsibility, and further quiescence be-comes abject cowardice. Let them that kindled the conflagration reek the consequence. Up with your pikes and follow

As if a spark had been suddenly dropped into a magazine of gunpowder, such was the effect of Father John's address upon the electrified band, a moment since sunk in cloomy dejection and despondence. Now cold lismay, weary apathy, fatigue, hunger, all forgotten, exulting acclamation burst forth, and culminated in a chorus shout : "Lead on! lead on! we'll fellow!"

Father John waited till the storm subsided

then spoke again: "My friends, hearken; one word more. No descendants of Cromwellian regicides, freebooters, and canting blood-stained hypocrites are we, but the posterity of a virtuous noble, high-souled aneestry, whose lives or whose names were never tarnished by deed of baseness. Hence, in the strife it has now devolved upon us as duty to wage with tyranny, let no act unworthy oi Christian mensully our fair fame. Respect the property of neighhors, hold sacred as the sanctuary the homes alike of friend and foeman, protect the weak defend the helpless, show mercy to them that crave it, and let none feel the fury of your just wrath, save the implacable foe, whose hand is uplifted against your hand—him smite down without ruth."

Having delivered himself of this oration. and resolving to inaugurate his career as captain of insurgents by an enterprise that should signalise his prowess, and strike terror into the hearts of tyrants, Father John entered into consultation with Miles and Hugh O'Byrne, and proposed that an attack should that night be made on the Camolin yeomanry as they returned, from one of their daily forays upon the people, to Camolin Park, the residence of Lord Mountnorris, their colonel. This being settled, the men were dispersed, to provide themselves with whatever arms they could procure and food for the women and children concealed in the furze.

Returning leisurely homeward in the gloom of nightfall, each one expatiating upon details of his own demoniac achievements, the military came in sight of a barricade of some sort obstructing their route, and one approached to ascertain its nature, while the rest halted at a short distance. All at once, from thicket, copse, and bush, a yell, por-tentous, fierce, and thrilling, burst loud and high, echoed around on every side; each startled trooper grasped brand and pistol while plunging horses reared and bolted. In vain! in vain!-no time for thought, none for action; the ambushed for are upon them, in their very midst; pikes and pitchlorks are brandishing, scythes are sweeping, axes and bludgeons are crashing. 'Tis scarcely five minutes ; every saddle is empty; gashed corpses lie weltering in blood upon the highway, struck down by that fell swoop of the avenger.
Rapidly they are stripped of their accourrements and spoil, while the victors, leaping into their vacant saddles, speed on wings of wind to Camolin Park, to seize upon the stores of arms that had been given by the people, in addition to which having also captured a quantity of new carbines provided by Lord Mountnorris -fortunately for himself absent-for the arming of his corps, they returned triumphant to cheer those who with anxious bosoms awaited the issue of their enterprise, and sent forth by scout and courier the glad tidings tomany a distant sheiling and

summon recruits to the field. Through the entire county the news of the surprise and defeat of the Camolin cavalry (according to rough estimate about one hundred and fifty men) spread like wildfire.
The North Cork, then stationed in barracks, and the Shilmalier yeomen cavalry, immediately got under arms to march to Oulart Hill, where it was rumored the insurgents had taken up a position, the former taking a route through the village of Castlebridge, and the latter proceeding by the seacoast, each corps to meet at Ballyfarnoe, and thence proceed together to Ballinamonabeg. The militia quartered at Gorey, meanwhile, apprehending that the victors might direct their march thither, seized with terror, fled from the town, and foaming with rage, impatient not to meet in bold conflict the Irish peasant foe, half-naked and half-armed, but to wreak direst vengeance upon the aged parents, the wives, and children that should have the misfortune to fall into their hands. Burning whole villages, murdering and pillaging, these soldiers of Britain went their way, emulating each other in deeds of ferocity not to be surpassed by the hell fiends who instigated them: for each went to the verge of possibility, and neither

Destroy the Worms or they will sure enough, I was a dead man but for thomas Hill, about nine miles west of destroy the children. Use Freeman's Val Mowles, who remimbered I was an ould Gorey, a multitude of women and children. Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms.

Sure enough, I was a dead man but for thomas Hill, about nine miles west of Gorey, a multitude of women and children. They expel all kinds of worms, which he did, shoot refuge. It was the Sunday of Pentecost,

ing his gun into the thatch, and jibin' an' and their priest, Father Michael Murphy, on defyin' the Blessedt Targin to put out the his way to give Mass to his fock, was way. flames, an' there's an ind o' the poor ould laid by a party them to the hill whom to chapel. Ochhone; For iergare, orra; orra!" to accompany them to the hill, where they While Jack concluded his narrative loud were resolved to stand in defence of their

where resolved to stand in acceptance of energy wives and children. The priest made answer: "My friends, I have been, as you know from the beginning, opposed to armed resistance of our powerful opponents; but as affairs have reached a crisis that leaves us no choice between honor. able or dishonorable death, let us elect the former. Worse cannot befall us, and in the name of the God of justice, leaving the issue in his nands, victory or defeat; lite or death, I will go with you, and at ad beside you to the end, for weal or woe."

Amid murmured cheers and blessings he accompanied them to the hill, where soon after they were attacked by two hundred yeo. men of Carnew, who, as they came within musket range, poured volley after volley into the unarmed crowd, who, flying in frenzied terror, were pursued and slaught ered, to the number of three hundred, by the yeomen in their march of seven miles, also burning one hundred cabins and two Catholic chapels.

Unaware of this remoter tragedy, Father John Murphy had led three thousand people to the hill of Oulart, out of which number there were not more than three hundred fighting men, the rest of the multitude consisting of women and children, who, like a herd of stricken deer, flocked around, and followed him for safety. Upon this eminence, behind a breast high ditch, Father John now fully entered into the spirit of the martial game, and resolute to strike blow for blow, stationed the most effective of his force, placing in the rere the women and children, and thus disposed, awaited the approach of

the enemy. The sun was slowly declining in the West, and through bars of dark nebulæ, transvers. ing his disk, seemed to gaze through a lattice upon the scene below. How serene and golden! Suddenly the anxious watchers on the hill descried, advancing from the Wexford side, a squadron of the North Cork infantry, with the Shilmalier cavalry, under Colonel Lehunte; and as they approached, the insurgents could perceive, from their elevated position that they were maneuvring their force so as to surround the hill, and so cut off all chance of escape in case of their defeat. It was even so. Deploying into line, the horse began, at quick pace, to ascend the southern slope, all unconscious of the ambushed foe, watching lynx-like every movement, and scarcely stilling the throb of hearts that palpitated with eager excitement for the onset.

"Now, bold hands, steady aim, and thin their ranks," whispered Father John to Hugh and Miles, cronched beside him on one

"Begorra, yer riverence, I wish we had a bet on it," whispered Johnny Doyle and Kieran O'Hart on the other. "It 'ud be a sin and a shame not to handle these illigant fowlin'-pieces nately; an' sorra betther use we'll ever make o' thim thin to knock down

a kishful of such kites." They lapsed into silence, while on, on canered the foe, seeing nothing but a vast concourse of dismayed, dumb-stricken women and children, devoted to massacre, with some aged, decrepit mon, and now within musket range. Major Lombard, the second in command, rode out in advance of his men, grimly smiling assent as a sergeant in his hearing facetiously cried to a comrade: "Cock's soul! we'll have sport now! Dickey, ye dog, ain't we in luck? Soldiering is a fine trade; pay better than any; an'

danged I am if ever I go back to slaughter bullocks while I can slaughter rebels."

"Forward," shouted Major Lombard, waving his sword aloft. "Coast clear, men decamped, women only to dispose of. Ho !what !--ho !---" reeling from his saddle as the words—the last he should ever utter— passed his lips. Pierced by a musket bail from the well-levelled piece of Hugh O'Byrne, Major Lombard fell from his steed

a lifeless corpse. "More power to ye, Misther Hugh!" shouted Ned Burke, close at his elbow, and making ready to pour his contribution into the ranks that madly pressed forward at accelerated pace to avenge their leader. "Now, sir, now, Misther Miles," continued the excited boy.
"Here they come, slap dash! Just up with yer hats, every man that owns one, on the pike's end, an' the villains 'll think it's ourselves, and waste a round o' shot ou us, while

we pitch into 'em like marbles."

Instantly adopting the strategic suggestion of the sharp-witted youth, the hedge was lined with hats just seen above the topmost boughs swaying and moving, while a furious detonation of artillery from the advancing enemy made them soon aware of the success

of the ruse. Having halted to deliver this volley, and observing no symptom of its effects, the soldiery, reloading their empty muskets, advanced at more deliberate pace, and with more sobered aspect they scanned the way before them. The insurgents, obeying Father Murphy's orders, and curbing their eager spirits, still lay quiet, Hugh's strong hand clutching the shoulder of Ned Burke, and pinioning him in the very act of making an'

impetuous spring, while full of admiration for his courage, he apostrophized him: "Steady, my young lion; don't be in such haste to get knocked over, we can't spare you yet."

"Six muskets fire!" cried out Father John. Three men at each side of him rose on one knee, planted their pieces, and with deadly accuracy fired upon their assailants, six of whom fell dead, while their astounded comrades, in precipitate confusion, discharged a third ineffectual fusilade at the hedge with

its empty hat swaving defiance.
"Fire!" again cried the sonorous tones of the couchant chief. Another six of the insurgents, prompt to the mandate, poured in a second fatal volley: another six bit the dust.

"Charge, pikes!" thundered the voice of power; and with a sound like the roar of billows rushing along came the ambushed foe, crashing through the hedge, while disorganised and panic-stricken at onset so unexpected, helter-skelter broke the militia down the slope of the hill, pursued by the barefooted insurgents, whose avenging pikes were so imbued in gore that, with the exception of one man, Lieutenant-Colonel Foot, who, mounted on a good horse, reached Wexford in satety, all of the rank and file perished in that disastrous expedition, the last being slain, about a mile from the hill, by Johnny Doyle, upon whose heart, callosified to flint by the fate of his sisters and friends, when they had in vain implored compassion, in turn rejected with stern obduracy every appeal for mercy; and riding a fine horse, and flourishing sword and musket, he leisurely.

returned triumphant to the hill. Six officers were killed in this engagement, viz: Major Lombard, the Hon. Captain de Courcey, brother of Lord Kinsale; Lieuten-ants Barry, Williams, Ware, and Ensign

Keogh:
The victorious insurgents, leaving Oulart, encamped for the night on the hill of Carrigrue, and next morning set out for Ferns en route to Enniscorthy. As as passed along, the small force of three hundred men, with which Father Murphy