

you hear that. Decent man he calls the rebel traitor! Now, hark you, my Papist dog, answer us truly and in haste, or, by the bones of Cromwell, I'll hang you on yon tree."

"I beg ye're pardon, gentlemen," exclaimed the countryman; "but if it's a poor crature like me you'd go to hang, poor 'ud be ye're revinge. Jist give a crature a chance for his life. If ye tell me what ye want O'Keaveny for, maybe I might sarve ye."

"Well, confound me," ejaculated the now irate dragoon, "if I ever heard such presumption. See here, Gibbs, what ought we to do with the viper?"

"Why, mon, jest tell the dog what we want the traitor for; and, my body to perdition, if he don't tell us quickly I'll run him through the carcass."

"Here, then, you frieze-coated spawn of h—l, as you are so infernally stiff in your purpose, I'll tell you; and hark you, if you don't tell us before—let me see—five minutes, by the skull of the good Queen Bess, I'll send you, body and soul, to the warmest corner of h—l. Here, then, is what we want him for; we have a warrant from the Right Honourable Denis Browne for his arrest. Remember your fate in your refusal to inform us," exclaimed the corporal.

During the latter part of this rather lively conversation, the countryman kept intently looking on the ground. After a short time he sidled between the dragoons, who still occupied the same positions, as if for the purpose of conveying his information privately to the most responsible of the two. Putting a hand on each saddle, he seized both pistols, which, being already loaded and on full cock, he presented at the astonished dragoons. Having executed this bold stroke, the suddenness of which absolutely confounded its victims, he addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, turn about is fair play—it's my turn now. What would ye think of takin' up ye'r quarters in the warm country you promised me? Your lives are in my hands. Stir but a single finger to harm me, and your minits on earth are numbered. I'm the man you're looking for. I'm Pat O'Keaveny. But I can guess from your looks that ye'd be quite satisfied wid keepin' your lives and goin' to your quarters without your prey. Now, corporal, you needn't shake that way; I'm not so cold-blooded as you think. Howanever, I'll jist put ye thro' a little bit of field exercise, to keep your blood runnin'. Dismount! dismount! I say, or take the consequence."

Seeing that their new commander was not to be trifled with, they complied.

"Off wid your soords and every other clap-trap ye have on ye, outside your pockets," was the next order. They obeyed.

"Sojers, are ye hungry? Ye're like chaps that didn't get a bit to eat for the last week. Now, I'll jist give ye a smart taste of lunch. Take out the warrant, tare it in two halves, and each of ye eat half of it."

To this the corporal objected, when a bullet whizzed past his ear, which had the required effect. In a short time the warrant was out of sight—devoured by the ashy-pale dragoons.

"Go now; for mercy sake I give ye your lives, and tell your master that ye met O'Keaveny, that he stripped ye and sent ye home, without soord or pistol, gun or horse, nor nothin' but your bare clothes; and when ye come this way again jist keep a civil tongue in your heads, or, by the life I owe to God, if I lay hands on ye again I'll send ye to where ye won't return from in a hurry."

At the expiration of this ominous threat the dragoons took their departure, sadly and on foot, internally vowing vengeance on all the "Papist traitors" in Christendom.

O'Keaveny having gathered up the spoils of his adventure, including the prancing steeds, returned to his home, eagerly pressed by his sympathising neighbours for details of his victorious encounter with the minions of foreign domination.

CATECHISM OF IRISH HISTORY.

(Continued.)

Q. What did Sussex do on his return?

A. He enforced the royal acts for establishing Protestantism, and persecuted the priesthood.

Q. How did O'Neill act?

A. He visited Queen Elizabeth's court in London, and was promised her favour and full justice.

Q. Was her promise kept?

A. No. The Queen's Irish government goaded O'Neill into taking up arms, his allies were bribed to desert and betray him, and he and his followers were massacred at a banquet.

Q. Who committed this frightful deed?

A. Sir William Piers, the governor of Carrickfergus, induced a Scotch garrison to murder O'Neill, his Ulster estates being seized and divided.

Q. When was the Earl of Sussex recalled?