

guard; the rest of the convoy being sleeping in all immunity of fancied safety. Sarsfield now gave his final orders—silence or death, till they were in upon the sentries; then, forward like a lightning flash upon the guards. One of the Williamite sentries fancied he heard the beat of horse-hoofs approaching him; he never dreamt of foes; he thought it must have been one of their own patrols. And truly enough, through the gloom he saw the figure of an officer evidently at the head of a body of cavalry, whether phantom or reality he could not tell. The sentry challenged, and still imagining he had friends, demanded the "word." Suddenly, as if from the spirit land, and with a wild, weird shout that startled all the sleepers, the "phantom troop" shot past like a thunderbolt, the leader crying as he drew his sword, "*Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!*" The guards dashed forward, the bugles screamed the alarm, the sleepers rushed to arms, but theirs was scarcely an effort. The broad-sword of Sarsfield's five hundred were in their midst; and to the affrightened gaze of the panic-stricken victims that five hundred seemed thousands! Short, desperate, and bloody was that scene; so short, so sudden, so fearful, that it seemed like the work of incantation. In a few minutes the whole of the convoy were cut down or dispersed; and William's splendid siege train was in Sarsfield's hands! But his task was as yet only half accomplished. Morning was approaching; William's camp was barely eight or ten miles distant, and thither some of the escaped had hurriedly fled. There was scant time for the important work yet to be done. The siege guns and mortars were filled with powder, and each muzzle buried in the earth; upon and around the guns were piled the pontoon boats, the contents of the ammunition waggons, and all the stores of various kinds, of which there was a vast quantity. A train of powder was laid to this huge pyre, and Sarsfield, removing all the wounded Williamites to a safe distance, drew off his men, halting them, while the train was being fired. There was a flash that lighted all the heavens and showed with dazzling brightness the country for miles around. Then the ground rocked and heaved beneath the gazer's feet, as with a deafening roar that seemed to rend the firmament the vast mass bursted into the sky, and all was suddenly gloom again. The sentinels on Limerick walls heard the awful peal. It rolled like a thunder storm away by the heights of Cratloe, and awakened sleepers amidst the

hills of Clare. William heard it too; and he at least needed no interpreter of that fearful sound. He knew in that moment that his splendid siege train had perished, destroyed by a feat that only one man could have so planned and executed; an achievement destined to surround with unfading glory the name of Patrick Sarsfield!

Sir John Lanier's party, coming up in no wise rapidly, saw the flash, that, as they said, gave broad daylight for a second, and felt the ground shake beneath them as if by an earthquake, and then their leader found he was just in time to be too late. Rushing on, he sighted Sarsfield's rearguard; but there were memories of the Irish cavalry at the Boyne in no way encouraging him to force an encounter. From the Williamite camp two other powerful bodies of horses were sent out instantly on the explosion being heard, to surround Sarsfield and cut him off from the Shannon. But all was vain, and on Tuesday evening he and his Five Hundred rode into camp amidst a scene such as Limerick had not witnessed for centuries. The whole force turned out; the citizens came with laurel boughs to line the way, and as he marched in amidst a conqueror's ovation, the gunner on the old bastions across the river gave a royal salute to him, whom they all now hailed as the saviour of the city.

#### A GOOD SUGGESTION.

A saving woman at the head of the family is the very best savings bank established—one receiving deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The idea of saving is a pleasant one, and if the women would imbibe in it at once they would cultivate and adhere to it, and when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation of a security in a storm time and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to work in. The best way to make her comprehend it is to have an account kept of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty yet not prompting of avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon the woman as well as upon the man.