in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed, we began to be all alive again. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns, except pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time, nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with hrish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which excetly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

fore I beg you will write to let me know!?

[The above piece of composition may be backed against any thing ever produced. It was written half a century ago by Sir Bayle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament, in the 'Troublous Times of 'Ninety-Eight,' when a handful of men from the County of Wexford, struck terror into the hearts of many a gallant son of Mars, as well as the worthy writer himself.]

Having briefly, and, I own, but very imperfectly explained to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, the nature of the deadly struggle in which we are engaged, and the claims of the Widows and Orphans to our benevolence, permit me in conclusion to call your attention · to a most important subject connected therewith. This War is no ordinary War. 'Tis the Battle Field of the whole civilized world for liberty or slavery—not only civil but religious-we must not therefore flag in our patriotism; our enthusiasm, or our benevolence. "We know not what a day may bring forth." We may yet be called upon to make greater sacrifices, the call to arms may yet resound in our borders. But so long as we are true to ourselves, so long as we are all of one mind, and stand firm in or allegiance to our Sovereign

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