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## ADADA GANNEROTA (CHARADA HORAKOEHD

**WOULD IDENTIFY AND IDENTIFY AND IDENTIFY AND ADDRESS AND ADDRESS ADDR** 

mounting from their steeds, which they tied to a tree, they, groped their way along some hundred yards, till in the distance a red light, glimmering through the dense follage of wood and thicket, revealed the outlaw's lair. Giving, the password to the sentinel, they proceed till the nurmar of many voices fell upon their ear, and presently they found themselves in the midst of at least a hundred and curtaining them on every side, the lurid glow of a buge turf fire burnishing every dark, swarthy visage, and playing in light and shadow upon the *tableau* of grouped forms, all fixed with eyes intent upon the new comers, and armed to the teeth for offence or defence as need might serve. From the congregated mass stepped one, a chief in every gesture, from the eagle eye, the lion front, the martial step, the free and courteous bearing.

"A cead mille failthe, friends ! he exclaimed, grasping the somewhat coldly-tendered God and Manhood stamped out, crushed out of it and lost in the grovelling slave, must as-sert itself. A little while since, my friends, and you held me a frenzied lunatic to be feared, a rebel to be shunned, a brigand to be reprobated. Peace !-- let me say on ; then re-

ply. In vain, like stout Wallace and gallant Bruce, pointing to our bleeding country's wounds, I beckoned with impatient hand, and cried with loud voice for compatriots to aid me to grapple with the assas-sins that stabbed her again and again. Prudent wisdom would not hear me, timid caution slunk aside. Then, in my great wrath, 1 shouted: 'Come to me, ye oppressed ones, we persecuted, we trampled out-casts, in the name of the God whom we serve, and the country which we love; I will be your father and protector, a shield to defend and a sword to avenge you. They came: they flocked to my call, those helpless ones that had nought to lose and all to gain; these, and these alone, are the tools with which I shall work. Brigand !--- yes, I glory in the title. What though my followers live by transgressing laws of men who have violated all laws of God and nature in their regard; what though, because nor wealth of spoil nor factious power back our claim to rights of citizenship and humanity, we must in secret do that which Draconic legislators do in the full blaze of day - rend back, back from the tyrant a pittance for support-we are stigmatized as felons. The knave who frames the law, sentencing to death his fellow-man, insisting upon his

to stand still to deliberate the gross and

"From Ben Edar to" Cape Clear, from Skerries to the Causeway, I could walk blind. Scerries to the Causeway, I could walk blind-folded from east to west. My sleuth-hounds follow my track; wild as storms, silent as moonbeams, they rush and glide by secret path through the windings of hill and glen; and parliament may boast its conclave of braying donkeys and chattering apes leagued for the country's ruin, but they lack the lion heart, the cunning of the 'fox', and the sagacity of men, sitting, lying, standing in every the duning of the fox, and the sagacity of attitude beneath the leafy awning the fleet hound, that meet in my senate. and precipitous cliffs looming, overhead, way." Up spring a record of removement way." Up spring a score of recumbent forms skulking among the trees, as the brigand's horn sounded the march, anticipating strife, which the inflamed passions of outraged hearts made sweet to Dissions of outraged hearts made sweet to contemplate and bold to dare. De Lacy, O'Brien, Healy, Mooney, O'Loughlin, Doyle, and many others, once so peaceful, in-dustrious, and submissively loyal, bounded forward, pike in hand, and flourishing the weapons with wild crise like flow? weapons with wild cries, like fiends let loose, they rushed along, yet keeping close beside their captain, watching for the signal that should direct their first enterprise. It was ed, grasping the somewhat coldly-rendered hand of Miles and the warmer ones of Gerald and William of Ballymanus. "I knew you'd come in ere long to augment our ranks. You could not help yourselves; the spirit of man, if it be not altogether de-praved, degraded, or the divine impress of God and Manhood stammed out, crushed out pikes, equally matched, it was not likely they would reach their destination before nightfall, if even so soon, should they find it necessary to make a detour to escape ambushed varties.

Mcantime, waiting for the arrival of Es-ther's mother, her old friend, Mrs. Lanigan, and all unconscious of the scene of wreck and butchery being perpetrated but little more than a mile distant, in the family she had left welt and peaceful so lately, nor having even any notice of the configration, owing to the situation. of the but in the hollow of a declevity, isolated behind a projecting turn of the hill, Kitty, surrounded by a fine group of rosy children, sat by the little fire, darning a stocking, and superintending the boiling of a kettle and the simmering of a pot upon the hob, while Esther, yet bemoaning the fate of her husband, untimely cut off in his prime, feeling overcome with pain and trouble, went to lie down awhile upon the bed within, a little chamber screened off by a rickety door from the outside.

"Huist, childre, don't make such a noise," said Kitty, addressing the urchins, some of whom were playing marbles, and others gabbling in noisy clamor about the pro-prietorship of a top. "Roon, Teresa, honey, an' see is there any sign o' Cathleen, she ought to have been here long ago wid the tae an' sugar, an' things from Cnoc-na-draithe," she added, in con-tinuation to the blacksmith's second daugh ter, a child of ten, who finding home lonely in the absence of her father and brothers, had right to bread, names his act justice; the left three younger sisters with their mother, branded a murderer, a brigand ! What is the distinction between the ermined peer seated in the search and the section of the play with the section of the search and the section of the se

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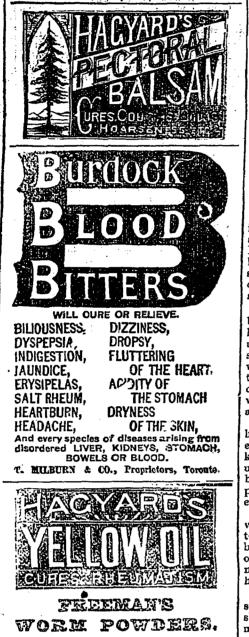
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IVI Dame Mary Anna Lyons, of the parish of Chambly, wife of Frederic Courtemanche, of

the same place, manager, has instituted against her husband an action for separation of property.

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men, one dying, the other badly wounded, Father Frank, with uplifted hand, strove to quell into silence the tumultuous storm of lumentation and loud angry complaints and unrses upon the parsons and the Sassenach in general, that broke forth with renewed violence, as like passionate children flocking round a father, craving redress of wrong and sympathy, they heaved in thronging masses, each with his tale of sorrow round the pastor, whose voice, gentle but firm, arose : "Peace, peace, my children, my dear

ones. "Och, musha, yer riverence, it's aisy wid

ye prachin' patience, an' look at my dead child," wailed a matron, rocking and swaying her attenuated form over the body of a little girl of about ten years, lying in a pool

of blood at her feet. "Arrah, musha, what's the good o' livin' honost, Christianable lives, and industriously earnin, our bit, whin we're robbed and mur dhered like this at the end o' it," savagely vociferated the tinker, with a defiant look at the priest. "There's my poor little Norcen a cowld corpse afore my eyes; an' what's the good o' prachin' to a fella that has got nothin' to live for an' wants nothin' but vingeance on thim as done it ?" He violently kicked his box of tools aside, and striding forward addressed O'Dwyer :

"I'll follow ye to wheresomiver ye bid." "So will 1," exclaimed de Lacy, shouldering his pike and stepping orward. "I left all belongin' to me undher the green sod o' Lucan, an' it ain't no more use prachin' relidgion that dosn't save people from the persecution o' the devil. Here goes, my hearty ; our best way now is to turn devils ourselves an' give it 'em hot."

"I've all my life till now been a hard lahourin' dacent man, sthrivin' to bring up an honest family ; an' now, since the Lord laves us, I'm thinkin' we may as well shift for ourselves the best way we can : not but that we'll always stick to the ould faith an' skiver the parsons," said Pat Fitzsimon, the lettercarrier's brother, gazing moodily at his wrecked hut and homeless family cowering

around the smoking embers. In deep distress Father Frank Murphy heard the wild, unhallowed ravings of fevered brains and agonized hearts, at a loss to know what to say or do till the access of delirium subsided, the frenzied people would again be amenable to reason and the voice of their pastor. With involuntary tears in his earn-est blue eyes, he turned to O'Brien :

"Will you too, dear friend, turn away with the others from following our dear Lord to the Hill of Calvary, to suffer, and, if need be, to die with Him, and so forfeit the crown of glory they are casting away in their mad-ness and impatience of short-lived suffering here ?"

"Och, heaven forbid, your riverence, sobbed the ploughman, as he grasped and shook the hand of the priest, while their mingled tears fell upon the plough-man's dead wife. "Welcome be the will o' share where she's

wide with telegraphic "celerity of the terrible enemy's approach, and in every direction the alarmed people had taken hasty flight, with their little ones, and what necessaries they could carry, to the shelter of the remoter hills and the solitude of the desert wilderness. Hence, with the exception of a few bed-ridden, aged, or incapacitated by infirmity or sickness, none were left that could venture to the succor of the distressed. In one of these last-mentioned sheilings, inhabited by the widowed Esther Mooney and her little family, within an easy distance of the forge and her brother in law's cabin the bereaved wife, hourly expecting her confinement, had besought Kitty Burke to stay till her mother, who was coming to see her, had arrived by that night's coach from Dublin. While Johnny Doyle, the truant, on his homeward route from the cottage of his betrothed, Nano O'Toole, timely warned by Shann Beg O'Leary, the piper, that the yeomen, militia, and military were all out and beginning their ravages, irrespective of sex, innocence, youth, or age, concluding that his father, with O'Regan and Terry O'Tool, would take every necessary precaution for the safety of his family, turned from his path, and finding that Shaun Beg, with his wife and grandchildren, was making for the hills, he charged them with a commission to fetch Nano along, while he would overtake them on the way, with Mooney, O'Brien, and O'Loughlin, who, being all marked men, he made sure of accompanying him so soon as he conveyed to them rumor of

their danger. Sometime between the hours of eleven and twelve p.m., Miles O'Byrne, accompanied by his cousins, young Miles Byrne, Gera d Byrne, William Byrne, of Ballymanus, driving home from dining with and werø some friends at Annamoe. Wonversing as they role along, at somewhat easy pace, they yet could not refrain from noticing, at first in silence, groups of people hurrying along in the direction of the high Wicklow ground ; then the elder Miles, addressing William of Ballymanus, a handsome young man of about two or three and twenty, said ; "I fear there's some disturbance, an emeute somewhere. Look at all these groups of peasantry, with their families, hurrying along ! I think I'll question them,-Hallo, friend ! What's doing ? Is it a fair you are all making for ?"

The man so hailed, a bold-looking fellow, paused, and stared a moment defiantly at his interrogato, then, as if reassured, made re-

spectful salutation. "God save you kindly, sir, I didn't know ye at first in that cotamore. Yer Mi. Miles O'Bryne. Begorra, sir, it's for our lives we're all fiyin'. The yeomen and the sodjers is all out upon Dunlavin an' the country round, an' thim that hasn't taken to their traheens afore 'em 'ill sup sorra, never fear.'

"What's yer name, my man? I don't remember you," said Miles, curbing his im-patient steed. My name is Art O'Loughlin, ver

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COOK'S FRIEND

poor motherless orphints, may the Queen o' Heaven look on yez, I pray." "She will, she will," cried Father Murphy, hastening after the refractory members of his flock; and coming up with Neil Moro and De Lacy, he collared then just as they were swinging in full text them just as they were swinging in full trot after the retreating form of O'Dwyer, who also halted at a little distance, reverentially dofling his cap to the priest, whom at the same time he regarded with looks of jealous vigilance and mistrust. "My aggrieved, yet misguided children," exclaimed Father Frank, with mien and tone of benign authority and tender entrenty, accosting each storn-browed man, "whither are you fleeing? Stay, stay, I invoke, I conjure you, in the name of the great Being whom you have of-fended by your impatient murmurs and un-just reproaches. What, my friends, is this carth ?—our all, our end, that we shall not purchase, at the cost of some suffering here, the reversion of an cternal reward. I sav. Tom de Lacy and Neil More, von are both greater fools than I take you for. If you will hold the counterfeit coin in which Lucifer indemnifies them that serve him in this world-mind, only for this world-and to end with it, is it better worth the seeking than the everlasting guerdon with which the Almighty means to recompense those gallant souls that have borne affliction and the weight

of the cross for his sake here?". "Och, bother !" muttered the blacksmith, striving gently to twist himselt from the grip of the priest, as he became sensible of a flutter in his bosom, and frowning more heavily to disguise his releating mood ; "ain't I a ruined man ?"

"But not yet a ruined soul. Come, man, kick the devil before you, and give the triumph to God and his saints, by showing forth, now or never, your Christianity. Come, Tom de Lacey, heaven's a good place; do you expect to get an estate in it for nothing, or do you think going to the devil here for comfort will help you into it? I tell you there isn't a soul in plory, strom Christ, the King of Heaven, who died on the cross, to the innocent babe that dics on its mother's knee, that didn't first suffer on earth, some more, some less; and do you hope to walk is like an archangel that never sinned? Tut, tut, man ; be reasonable !" "And does yer riverence suppose that it's in our human nature to be like sticks an' stones, an' not to feel throuble ?" angrily retorted De Lacy, feeling his ground giving way, and clutching at some prop to support

wouldn't I sthrive to follow. The light o' an' here coomes thim that maybe ye do heaven to ye, Rose, aroon !---ye wor the pulse know," said he, as he made way for Mooney, o' my heart, an' the light o' my eyes, an' yer O'Brien and Johnny Doyle, who all came up

voice was music to my ear, an 'now, acushia, I'll never hear it more in this world. God forgive thim that laid ye low this day! *Huist*, childhre—alannas, whist, an' don't break my heart all out wid yer grief. Ye would be the the the the the second the

with flaming eyes. "Yes, I did, and I was sorry for you, Donough; but what are you going to do now ? "Troth, I dunno, sir," replied Mooney,

scratching his head, and extremely puzzled by the magnitude of the question propounded. " I lost my brother, Mick, God rest his sowl, an' my fine gossoon, the light o' heaven to the brave boy !"

" Och, yer honor, what could we do !" remonstrated Johnny Doyle, in tone of depre-cation, "since Father Murphy wouldn't let us use the pikes, but jist go away an' lave the place to 'em. I darcsay, it's gutted the sheilin' is by this."

"And what are your father and mother doing ?" said Miles, upon whose bosom a

ing. "Faix, I suppose, yer honcur," philoso-phically answered Johnny, "if they ain't fools they'll folly the example o' the neighbours, an' not wait to be massacred an' burnt out. I daresay they're far on the way by this."

"I should think a man of your father's excellent character would have nothing to' apprehend," said Miles, thoughtfully. "Och, musha, yor honour, grinned O'Lough-

lin, "a man's character isn't worth a thraneen

interrogatingly at his companions. Young Miles spoke out enthusiastically: "I lay a wager we'll be in the field hefore long; we'll have to be, in self defence." "Nonsense, Miles; don't talk folly," re-

turned Miles, sharply. "William, what do you say? I've a mind to ride towards Dunlavin, an' see what's doin.'

"Not amiss," said the young man. "But," interposed Gerald Byrne, "sup-

peer seated in the senate and the naked brigand lurking in the cave? One is an inhuman setter-up of decrees unsanctioned by nature to debase us to the condition of crawling reptiles. We are bold defiers of those decrees, which our manhood's instincts spurn. Bri gand ! Yes ! So was Wallace a brigand, whose honoured name is shrined gloriously in his country's annals. So was Brace a brigand, till Bannockburn crowned him a monarch. So had our Brian been a brigand, if hurling the

Dane from his dominion he had not died a king, with the diadem upon his brow ! I've done. Now, friends, speak. What's your pleasure ?"

"Long life an' more to ye, captain. Begorra, it's yerself is the man we want !" exultingly muttered O'Loughlin, surveying O'Dwyer with admiring eyes, while Miles, with a grimace of comic humor, turned to Gerald and William Byrne, and said :

"I don't know well what we want-not commissions, I believe ; but to let you know, O'Dwyer, the troops and yeomen are billetted on Danlavin and Tubber. We feel some concern for the safety of our friends, and to ask, in the event of need, could you help us to rescue them ?"

"I can tell you more about your friends, forchoding passage was, in spite of his efforts by sconts just come in before you," said to disregard it, heavily and gradually steal- O'Dwyer. "Tubber is in ruins, every hamlet and shelling is a blazing bonfire; those who have not fied have been ill treated and massacred; to-morrow or next day they fall on Naas, Dunlavin, and Carnew; 1 must be there to levy my recruits. "Tis on such I can count-outraged men, whose hu-man natures have been changed into the tiger -ay, these I can fashion and sway to any deed.

A wild chorus of acclamation drowned all his efforts to proceed, while O'Loughlin and' to him now-a-days; the biggest villain is worth a score o'honest min ;—sure ye see it every day, sir;—it's only thim that thrives." with horror, leaned heavily against a tree? Without heeding the speaker, Miles looked this O'Dwyer observing with covert smile; called for refreshments; a keg of whiskey was instantly produced, and briskly tapped into a score of wooden noggins held for the purpose, till the captain roared out, while he' cut a haunch of cold roast venison "Hold, you fellows, my work needs sober

men." "Never fear, yer honour," shouted a chorus.

"Only a sup to pledge the raw recruits," and while they were doing the hospitable, and pose we encounter the troops or the yoemen Miles, thinking every moment an hour till in any act of aggression or conflict, of what they were off, entreated O'Dwyer to set out at pose we encounter the troops or the yoemen in any act of aggression or conflict, of what use could we be, four unarmed men? Our pacific intervention, I fear me, would avail little but to expose ourselves to insult and jeopardy. These are no times, trust mt, for a foolish display of knight-errantry," Miles scened impressed with this view of the matter, for he turned to Moony, and said: "Whither are you bound?" Miles we choose our selves in the yoemen in any act of aggression or conflict, of what use could we be, four unarmed men? Our pacific intervention, I fear me, would avail it to expose ourselves to insult and jeopardy. These are no times, trust mt, for a foolish display of knight-errantry," Miles scened impressed with this view of the matter, for he turned to Moony, and said: "Whither are you bound?" Miles of the matter of the turned to moony, and "Whither are you bound?" Miles of the matter of the turned to Moony, and ing in, find diagonal. Miles O'Byrno's while -colouring of timesery. The turne the turne of turne turne of turne of turne of turne of turne of turne of turne turne of turne of turne turne of turne of turne of turne of tur 

"I wondher what can be keeping her," mused Kitty, beginning to feel anxious about the messenger she had deputed to the next village, about two miles off, for tea and other nccessaries "sure she knew we were in a hurry

an' wouldn't delay." "Moe'll go see is gran'moder, comin'," cried a merry little fellow, running to the door, as Toresa came in, saying: "Ne'er a sign o' her I see; --but sure she

won't be long now, anyway, for she has to be back to make the stirabout agin father coomes

home wid the boys." Meanwhile, trudging along through in-tricate lanes and field paths, known to her childhood, inhaling with feelings of rapture the exhilarating summer breeze, laden with perfume from the hills, but miss-ing the sweetest inccuse of all which at this bour was wont to regale the home-returning peasant from his daily toil-the smell of the furze-bush and bramble fire, sending light wreaths of blue curling smoke to meet the fleecy clouds above-an elderly woman, burdened with a heavy basket, came wending along in the direction of the sheiling. Missing, too, the song of the milkmaid in the fields, and the voices of children at play on the moors, she felt an unwonted sadness, enhanced rather than dispelled by the warbling of the merl, the thrush, the finch, and the linnet, in the brake, for it made the sense of solitude more com-plete. High in the blue ether a lark was carolling a joyous anthem to the setting sun, and a cuckoo from some distant grove was ringing out his wild notes, with none to mimic a reply. But at length the weary traveller spied her destined bourne, and loud shouts of, "Here she is! Here's gran, mammhy;—Kitty, come;" and a rush was made en masse of the delighted friends to creat there' and a simultaneous crush greet her; and a simultaneous crush of clasping and carassing arms soon re-vived again her flagging spirits, and ban-ished every other emotion than that of pleasure at meeting her daughter, grandchildren, and Kiity; and soon installed in state in the best chair and the snuggest corner of the hearth, the great basket disgorged the presents with which it was laden ; a miscellaneous collection of tea, sugar, cakes, toys, frocks for the little girls, pinafores for the little boys, a petticoat for Kitty, and for Esther a lovely amber Cashmere shawl, with lilacs on it, and the making of a blue merino gown, together with two bottles of wine,