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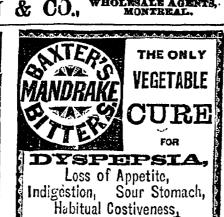
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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where

make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to lake. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or burge, but by their pentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1 Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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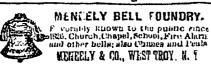
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THE OLD BOREEN.

My native land! how oft in thought
Amids: thy cherished scenes I dwell;
Bow near thy distant shores are brought
by nem'ry's potent negic spell;
The quiet vale,—the streamlet's fall.—
The heath-capped hill in robe of green—
And fairst, dearest spot of all,
My boyheod's baunt, the old boreen.

I see again the misis of morn
From crag and heather roll away,
The sunshine aleans thre' furze and thore
And ambling desides throng the way.
Thre' briar and bran ble suges the breeze,
The violet peeps out between,
Ah! Nature strove her best to please,
When decking out the old boreen. I hear, far back through years of care, A modest, tweet and noty swell
A modest, tweet and noty swell
Come floating on the mountain air,
The tolling of the chapel bell.
With houest greetings, as they go,
The groups to Mass are hast ning seen,
And well known forms of long ago,
Come tripping down the old boreen.

And when the sun his ruddy face
Would hide behind the mountain's brow,
Old friends would seek the trysting place,
— I fancy that I see them now—
And there, with tales and laughter light,
Whilst Love would have his say between,
Would fly the hou s, till came the night
To bathe with dew the old boreen.

Alas! since then the changeful times
Those friends have scattered far and wids
Some breathe the air of distant climes,
If lite still bears them on its tide;
One sleeps at home, our brown-eyed maid,
Our brightest rose—the townland's queen,
The datslea cluster where she's laid,
Long slumb'ring rear the old boree.

In other lands I've bent my gaze
On pictures fair of stream and hill;
I grudge them not their mead of praise.
Yet, and there's one that's fairer stall.
Let others bosst of park and glude.
Of bonlevard, of grove and green,
But all man's art, and Naturo's aid,
Could never match our old boreen.

E. A. SUTTON.

Quebec, 31st Dec., 1833.

THE QUEIN'S

CHAPTER XXXV .- Continued. " Hold thy peace, knave !" cried the knight raising his cane, "or I'll smite thee on the ed the faith?

"Eyen so," replied Waglippet. "The up

braidings of my conscience -" "What! then sourvy little vil'ain!" interrupted the knight, provok. by the follow's unblushing hyprosity, and shaking him roughly by the celiar. "Answer me, sirrah, in plain words, or I'll throids thee; art thor an spostate from the faith?"

"Nay, Sir Geoffrey, I'm, on the centrary, a stanch upholder of the laith—the true faith, I mean, that enlighteneth."

" Art a Protestant, world? art thou? Answer me, wretch," shouted the old man, now carried completely away by a arfeeling of arger and disgust at i' and all creature whom he had taken to he are and cheriebed from his hopecod with so much this treachery. He hath not left as much becare. "Answer me, wretch; art thou come hind in his master's purse as would pay for a care. "Answer me, wretch; art thou come to this at last? hast fallen so far as to become a paltry little Protestant ?"

Waglippet muttered something in the ef-

firmative. "Then come out here, come out, thou little imp," he vociferated, dragging the innkeeper by the hair or the head with the one hand, whilst he held the cane over him with the other. "Come out, thou villata. Pti haul thee to the horse pond, and wash the herestes out o' thee. Come out there canting knave. I'll teach thee thy deserve ing." And he dragged him from the room by the poll "Heavens and sarth," he continued, "to run thus heading to destruction—the villancus little roque whom I instructed myself, with my own lips, even at a great secrifice, rather than leave him to others-77, just heil I'll strangle thee." at the very time, too, I should have devoted the great question il my hours of the Divine Wills-the voluntus beneplaciti and the voluntes signi, on which St. Thomas hath not been sufficiently explicit. Come on, thou ungrateful little urchin-thou neivveiling little devil. He, bal I'll touch to a to deny the faith."

"Stay, Sir Geoffrey, stay," ejaculated Waglippet, hardly able to articulate, so bent was his fat little body under the kright's grasp-" stay, for justice' sake, and hear mo.

" Hear thee ! I have heard enough of thy herotical specches; come slong, thou enthusiastic little refermer; I'll cool thy zeal

and temper thy allegiance." "I'm a loyal subject of her majealy," muttered Waglippet, "and I protest against this

"Outrage! thou unconscionable little varlet; thou liest in thy throat. I never committed an outrage on any man. As for thee, I have a right to punish thy evil doings,

seeing I'm scmewhat accountable for thy soul. Come on, thou little viper." "I shall answer for my own soul." " Nay, thou shalt not, thou deceiving villain; I dare not trust thee. Come along, I say, or I'll drop thee out o' the window into

the horse trough below." Sir Gooffrey had now healed the unfortunate host of the White Hart nearly half way along the corridor in the direction of the great staircase, when suddenly he found himself grasped by the trooper, and ordered to let go his hold.

"And thou, Waglippet," said the trooper, "follow us instantly, for thou must witness the reading of the oath, and so be able to testify accordingly. That realms." damnable, double-faced scoundrel," he muttered, as he took Bir Geoffrey by the arm and forced him back again to his own room, "hath betrayed us."

As the trooper entered the lighted spartment preceded by Sir Geoffrey, and followed by Waglippet and three or four of his companions, a dark figure was seen to githe suddenly through the opposite doorway. " Sewall! there! there!" orie! the knight,

pointing to the figure-"there, there ho is." Hardly had the words escaped his lips, when Houghton, snatching a loaded carabine, cent a ball whinzing after him so promptly that the skirt of his doublet had scarcely passed the half-open door when the bullet

lodged in the stile. " Perdition seize him, growled Houghton, feroclously grinding his teeth, as he burst into the room and found it empty. "But let him go; I'll live long enough, I doubt not, to be avenged for this treachery. so, good master, wilt take the oath of supremacy?" he added, turning to Sir Geoffrey.

knight. "Thy queen's." "My queen's—I know of no such woman in England, sir. If then meanest the daughter of Henry the Elglist and Apne Boleyn, 1

"Whose supremacy?" demanded the

" What! wouldst withhold thy allegiance also ?" "Ay would I Sir Trocper; I can owe no allegiance to the bastard offspring of perjury and lust."

tell thee she is no queen of mine."

"Treason! This is treason, sir, and then shalt answer for it." "Nay, to thy quaen first, before the court,

nothing to lose but my head. Here am I,-after a life of well nigh eighty years, the owner of a princely estate, sy, who once had but to wind a bugie call and I had men enough around me to garrison Brockton Hall against a king's army, and servants enough to supply half the barons in Worcestershire; now

there's not one left to draw a sword in my defence, or bring a crust and a cup of wine to refresh me. They have deserted me, one by one, as they would an old, orumbling house, after despoiling it of all it once contained, and left me to die smid the rules. My daughter, too, hath-hem, but I must not

speak of that, row." "Thou hast hearded much gold, Sir Geoffrey," put in Waglippet, "and I pray thee carry it with thee under protection of Master Houghton, for an thou leavest it here, right curely will it be stolen in thy abeence."

"And thou'lt share a little with us, worshipful sir, an it suits thy good pleasure," pleaded two or three of Waglippet's followers in a breath. "Yes, if thou'lt give me but a barrel of

swine's flesh, I shall be content," said another. "Or a fat ox, from the park," said a fellow

in the rear of the group.
Sir Geoffrey looked round contemptuously at the party, without a word of reply. "Come, old gentleman, whispered Hough ton, advancing, and speaking in an undertone, "tell me where I may find thy long-

hoarded treesure. I'll carry it safely away from the reach of Master Sewall, who, I little doubt, bath his eye upon it." "Ay," suggested Waglippet, "and so thou mayet deposit it for safe-keeping in London, when thou reachest there,"

"I have no gold," said the knight, as length breaking the ellence, and looking down sadly as he spoke. I had once, I be

fleve, but it's all gone now."
"Nay, think of thy savings of five and twenty years," said Waglippet.

"Ay, that should amount to a very great

sum, I suppose." "And where didst hide it?" demanded the treoper.

"Ò dear me," replied Sir Geoffrey, I never sconce, if then speakest another word of today bid anything but a few books and pictures. jargon. Tell me plainly, hast then abandon. Why should I hide gold? My steward had the management of all such things."

"And thy travelling expenses-who shall pay them ?" inquired Waglippet. "Thou'rt old, Sir Geoffrey, and requirest many comforts on the road. Pray search thy coffers. How knowest thou but something may yet rewain?"

The old man shook bis head. "What, nothing left?"

"Nought, save this purse," said he, drawing it out from the capacious pocket of his hose; here, take it, and leave me. I pray ye, mas-

ters, away. I'm weary and would rest." "Zounds," cried Houghton, "what a most demaable villain is Bowall, to lure us hither on pretence of coming at this old recusant's wealth! May the foul fiend punish bim for pint and platter at the next hostelrie.

"And yet thou'lt be charged with the robhery, Master Houghton," observed Waglip-

"Ay, marry will I, the cozening wretch, and doubtless lose mine office to boot. Misfortune hath been ever on my track since I came hithor. What with that damnable Itishmen, and the loss of my men, and now the spaceding of the steward with the treasure—ay, and thou, too, thou scheming little hypocrite," he cried, suddenly grasping Waglippot by the throat, " thou too heat fed me with the hopes of finding gold even should Sawall fail to kee, his promise. Come, then, bring me to it, thou canting devil, bring me this instant, or by the fire of "Why, how now," muttered the innkeeper; knight.
"Mercy! mercy! I pray thee forbear. We For a

will search the house incontinently, and see looking round from face to face, his limbs thou leavest not empty handed."

"And thou, old cross worshipper," pursued floor in a rage of disappointment, and roughly triking Sir Geoffrey on the shoulder with his open palm, "what wilt thou do? for I must not leave without thy Papist bones to low, vouch for my trust-worthiness."

"Keep thy heretic hands off!" cried Sir Geoffrey, turning shortly on the trooper, and groping for his sword as he was wont to do in former years.

"Ah, wouldst' play the braggart? But a truce with this foolery; here's a copy of the oath, so I cry thee patience, Master Graybesed; and ye my comrades, doff her bonnets and respect the queen's authority. Peace, I say, knaver, and listen devoutly." And he began to read the words of the cele. hated cath of abjuration in a very inflated manner, holding the parchment out before

the lamp. The knight seemed to hear the infliction with considerable impatience, for he paced up and down the room, striking the floor with the end of bis cane, and emitting sundry exclamations, as the trooper continued to read aloud line after line of the lengthy and prosy document. At last he came to the final sentence: "And I do make declaration that I believe

not that the Pope of Rome, or any other foreign prince, prelate, person, state or potentate, hath or ought to have any temporal or civil juriediction, power, superiority, or preominence, directly or indirectly, within these

"Hast done?" demanded the knight. "Ay," responded the trooper; "so, what enyost thou? wilt renounce the pope and save

thy selt?" "Nay, master, pray tell me by what authority doot administer the cath? It requireth two justices of the peace to make tenders. "By the warrant of the queen's majesty." " Produce the warrant.

" liero it is," replied Houghton, unfolding but they are very dear to the old recluse." the royal instrument.

"Hand it me, hand it me !" eagerly requested the kright-" both the warrant and the oath. Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled, as he | relics of saints or devils?" took the parchments from the trooper, and turned up his ivory-headed cause under his arm, "I'll show thee how I respect thy the Jezebel's warrant, and thus the cath of sutell Elizabeth Tudor, that Geoffrey Wentof her house, but now a forsaken old knight, deserted and foriorn in the halls where loyal shouts oft welcomed her yet honored sire, tell her, sir, that he hath done this here; but were he standing before her throne, surrounded by her renegade nobles, with the headsman at his side, he would have proclaimed her a

usurper, an apostate, and a parjurer." " Seize the old traitor dog !" shouted Houghtop, astonishment at the knight's bold language having silenced him for a moment. "Seize him, and bind him in fetters!" and he sprang forward himself, as he spoke, and attempted to lay hold of the knight.

"What care I for the scaffold? I have Harry. "Back, thou paltry minion!" he repeated, enatching a sword which hung against the wall, and stamping on the floor "I am still lord of this mansion."

"O, I pray thee, good master," whined Waglippet, "be not so wrathful against the royal pursuivant; he doth but his duty, and if thou'it submit, will suffer no harm to be-

fall thee. "Hoa! there, Reddy! where art thou? Beddy, come to my side, thou crasy variet," cried the knight, not deigning to notice Waglippet, "and methinks we can defend the place against a million such hinds as these. Mongrel hounds, ye have snatched the young and timid fawn and carried her away -but come on; ye'll find the old stag hath antlers yet to defend him."

As the knight crossed his naked sword on his breast, and raised himself up to his full the foot of an apostate." height, his face glowed, and his eyes flashed out again the fire of his young days. So bound," growled the trooper, grinding his sudden and startling was the change, that the teeth; and the inhuman wretch struck the

the door of his library, and took his stand struments, and his pictures were there. Alas! is every where in flames. Haste, haste, or they were all that now remained to him in | ye'il be lost." he whole world; and he looked like one determined to protect them to the last.

orders. Why stand ye there, cravens as ye proofs of his villany." are, gazing thus at an old man ?"

Away there, dolts, and selas him," vociferated Houghton; for me, I would not ing stretched on the floor, and caring have it said I crossed swords with the little whether he died from the effects of dotard" "Nay," Interrupted Waglippet, "suffer me

to speak to him. "Out on thee," exclaimed Sir Geoffrey. "thou viper; how presumest thou to speak acquainted with the different passages, he in my presence? Away, sirrah, or I'll spit took the lamp, and hurried along with as thee like a sparrow."

"Maybap he's got the mad fit, which some folks say troubleth bim whiles," put in one of Waglipper's followers, looking fearfully at enveloped in smoke so dense and suffocating, the knight, and making a motion as if to ad- that they could scarcely breathe or see the light vance upon bim.

"If his daughter be as mad," observed Houghton, "methinks Sir Thomas will find felt at the different corners of the passages it somewhat troublesome to carry her to intersecting the main corridor, that the London." "What!" ejaculated the knight," "my

"Ay, marry, one Alics Wentworth, of Brockton, an she be thy daughter." "Good God! carried to London-and by Sir Thomas Pilmpton, O man, if thou be not escape remained. As yet the fire had not a monster, say not so again." And Sir Geoffrey

ed the boards. "Gadzooks, Master Vallant, thou shouldet be at her wedding. It would befit thee better, methinks, than stay here to resist the

slowly lowered his sword, till its point touch-

queen's warrant," Sir Geoffrey bent his head for a moment on his breast, and then, as if another thought had struck him, he raised it up aud-denly, and looked round the group from face to face, expecting to find there some centradiction of the distressing intelligence; but, alse for him, every countenance gave un-

mistakable confirmation of the news. "Hast seen her?" he inquired at length, addressing Waglippet in a choking, trembling | leave them there to return to our friend Red-

VOICO. "Ay, verily have I."

daughter?"

"In Plimpton's custody, eh? take thy time and consider. O, do not speak unthinkingly —in Pilmpton's custody?—my child Alice? thou knowest Alice-art sure it was Alloe ?" "Yea, truly; I have seen her a prisoner under his escort, and journeying to London. But be not so cast down, Sir Geoffrey; her

guardian is a right honorable gentleman." As Waglippet uttered these words, the sword fell from the nervelers hands of the For a

trembling, and his whole frame paleled as by a sudden shock. Indeed, he presented to the trooper, having flung Waglippst on the the spectators such a picture of unutterable anguish, that no one had the heart to molest "O dear, O dear," he muttered at last, in low, heartbreaking tones, that seemed to

come from the very depth of his soul; 41 O dear! my little Alice is lost. She will wed him to sawe her father." " Ay, she'll doubtless soon be Lady Plimp-

ton, at thy service," observed Houghton in a tone of mockery. "I'm a miserable man now," said the

knight, sitting down, and spreading his hands on his kneer, without in the least noticing Houghton's remark. "If it were God's will, I wish I were dead." The trooper stooped and ploked up the sword. "Here," said he to one of Wag-

lippe''s followers, take this and guard the prisoner. In the mean time we shall see what this secret apartment containeth.' And as he spoke, he made a step towards the door of the library. "Stay," said the knight, catching theskirt of the trooper's doublet as :) passed by, and

looking beseechingly up up up tace-"stay; I entreat thee not to enter." "And what hast got here, thou fearest so much for? ingots of silver and gold, eh?"

"Nought of gold or sliver, I promise thee. Nay, good follow, it's a-it's a sacred place, and I would not have thee enter." "Sacred to Beelzebub, I trow, or some

Papist idolstries." "O, mock me not, stranger, mock me not. It was my place of meditation. It was the holy place where I have lived so long with the eaints of God. Ay, full five and twenty years of my life were spent there undisturbed by the foct or the voice of a stranger. Leave it to me-leave it to me, undesecrated by the breath of an unbeliever O, leave it to me __leave it to me; 'tis ail I ask. These old relics are no value to thee,

"Take thy hands off, thou doting fool; let go thy hold of my doublet, I say, or I'll smite thee on thy bald pate. What care I for thy "O, leave it to me to die in," pleaded the

knight; leave it me; it's all I crave from the wreck. Thou mayst take all beyond these queen's authority. Look ye here. Thus I tear | four walls, but spare me this, for it's sacred to old memories."

premacy, and thus I trample both under my feet. And now, get thee gone, trooper, and Houghton, selsing Sir Geoffrey's arm and dragging him down on his knees in the worth, of Brockton, once a trusty supporter | struggle; "by all the fiends, if thou persistest thus, thou wilt repent it."

"O, mercy, mercy, stranger; my God, my

God! wilt thou leave me nothing I can call my own in the whole wide world? Here, bind me, and chain my limbs to the floor; -abandon me to my fate. I will not ask thee even for a cup of water; but O, leave me that place undefiled. I have sworn never to suffer the foot of an apostate to cross that threshold. I will not delay thee long; a few days more, and thou'lt find my dead body here. I have no longer aught to live for. My daughter, my Alice, my darling, the light of my life, hath left me. The lamp that hath " Back, villain !" oried the old soldier in a guided my feet is extinguished. U man, man, voice as commanding as that which thun- spare me that little spot in which I may draw dered the battle-ory at Blackheath, by the my last breath, surrounded by my old com"Quit thy hold, I say, and let me pass. I will see the secrets of this mysterious room. By all the fiends, I swear l'il --

"Entreat him for me," muttered the knight still on his kness, and turning to Waglippet. "Nay, master, I dare not encourage thy superstitions. So I pray thee get up, and provoke blue no further."

"Never," cried the knight. "Theu mayst kill me, but I'll (ulfi) my promise. Hadet thou not told me of my daughter's rule, me. thinks I could have withstood thee; but now, my arm is nerveless, for my heart is gone out of me."

"Wilt not loose thy hold?" vociferated Houghton.

"Never," cried the old man; "I'll struggle with thee to the last breath; whilst I live, my sanctuary shall never be descorated by "Then perdition seize thee, old hell-

savage trooper and his followers shrunk back sged and enfeebfed knight on the forehead confounded at his look and bearing. with his clinched fist, and laid him pros-The knight had retreated by this time to trate and apparently insensible on the floor. "Fire, fire," shouted the fellow whom there, as if resolved to die on the threshold, Houghton had left in charge of Reddy Conrather than suffer the heretic foot of the nor, bursting into the room just as floughton stranger to desecrate it. His books, his in- had turned to enter the library. "The house

"Hah," oried the trooper, turning on his step, and gazing at the messenger. "Sewall "Come on," he cried, "an ye will have it hath done this. The infernal demon hath so; come on, and execute the Jessbel's fired the house, that he might destroy the

> The whole party now rushed beidlong from the room, leaving Sir Geoffrey ly. toe blow or was consumed in the flames. Weglippet's first thought was to gain the principal stairway, and escape by the main entrance in the lower story; and being best much speed as his short, fat little legs would permit of. But hardly had they quitted Sir Geoffrey's room, when they found themselves Waglippet carried before them. It was evident also from the currents of hot air, which they house was fired in various places both above

and below. On reaching the entrance hall they stood for a moment irresolute whether to abandon the house at once, or remain to prosecute their seach for pluader as long as a chance of broken out except in two or three places, and consequently leff the greater part of the house open to search; and it was only on being assured of this that Waglippet consented at length to conduct his associates to those places, which, from his long residence in the hall, he suspected the steward would be likely to select for secreting his ill-gotten

gold. The chapel was the first place to which he directed his steps, followed closely by the insatiable trooper and his own guard of brutal retainers, ready to run any risk of flood or fire in quest of plunder. We shall only accompany them, however, as far as the door of the little dark oratory, and dy Connor.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

For some time after the party under Houghton had quitted the stable, Beddy sat on the steps leading to the secured by strong cords behind his back, whilst the sentinel stood before him, with a carabine resting on his arm. He felt there was no possibility of escape now, and his heart sank within him, as he thought of his master in the power of those merciless men. At length, after a long and melancholy silence, he slowly raised his blood-stained face, and looked scarchingly, for a moment, at the countenance of his guard, to see if he could discover there any gleam of hope, or

sign of compassion; but there was none. "It's but little I'd care," said he, hopelessly turning his eyes away, and speaking in a half soliloguy—"little I'd care, if it was only myself was in it, for I'd die in a good cause, any how; but my ould master to be desarted, this way, by the whole world, and no one to save him from thim blackguards iv hell. I'm sayin', master," he added, suddenly addressing the sentinel -

"Well," replied the fellow, "what wouldet thou now?" "Loosen these cords behind my back, and

l'il be behouldin' t'ye while there's a drap in my veins. ' "Nay, nay, Master Connor, I know thes too well to free thee while thy master's uncaptured and his treasure unbroken. Mayhap, when he's safe under guard, and his gold thrust into thy friend Hought on's saddle bags, I may untie thy arms, that thou mayest travel the faster to the gallows."

"Let me only once see my master," persisted Reddy, "an ye may take me to the gallis as soon as ve like." "To the flames with thy master, the old cross-wor shipping dog," oried the sentinel;

he should have been sent down to Beelzebub long ago." "Listen to me," said Reddy, rising up and approaching the sentinel with increasing anxiety as he felt the time wearing away. "I beg av ye for the honor i' God to let me go for one hour, an I'll swear to ye by all the books that iver was shut or opened, that

I'll come hack and give myself up to ye, to hang and quarter me, if ye plase." "Nay, nay, I dare not disobey my orders." "Yer orders! God be about us, man_ir ye a' Christian at all at all ?"

" Ay, marry am I; and how doth that concern thee?" " Why, if ye were, I was thinkin' ye might have some pity for an ould man that never

harmed ye. " He hath ever been a bitter enemy of the reformed church, natheless." O, well, shure, that was always his way; the poor ould man niver could take to novel-

how, for not liking a religion that he seen made under his own eyes, by the greatest baste iv a king that ---Hold thy ribald tongue, thou blaspheming villain," oried the sentinel, "or l'il out it

ties. Its little ye ought to blame him, any

from thy foul mouth." "Won't ye loose me," entreated Beddy, every moment becoming more and more impatient."

The sentinel turned away without deigning a reply. "Hear me," implored Reddy; "hear me," he repeated, dropping down on his kness; "I'll swear to ye by the five crosses, if ye let me go, I'll niver sleep two nights in the same bed till I fill yer stockin' full of gould pieces."

Still the fellow was silent. "I'll lave my mother's cross here, about my neck, in pledge with ye." No answer.

"O, murdher, murdher! will nothin' satisfy ye? I'll do any thing to soften ye. O, CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

side of the then young and gallant King panions,"