

gentleman to another. You cannot wonder at my reluctance to exhibit the antics of an actress, whose mania runs upon her being yet a maid and another person."

"Beware, sir, how you change a friend into an enemy by your proceeding. I may not break off, but I passionately vociferated at you."

"I do not seek to affront you, sir," returned Miles, deliberately; "but I must say that I have seen the lady, and know from her how she became possessed of a law handkerchief, one of a set I brought from France a present to my sister, and marked with her initials in a wreath of shamrock and *feu de la*. He looked as he spoke to Ned Burke and Johnny Doyle to speak to, and followed by her prepared agent to descend to the saloon."

"Oh, if that be all, I can let you see her, though I warn you beforehand 'tis little you learn from her mad ravings." Guildford proceeded to the cabin door, which he had taken precaution to lock on the outside when the vessel was first boarded, after a short scuffle and opening it he led her forth, saying:

"Here she is—mad as a March hare."

At first sight of the distracted face, blurred with tears, the dishevelled hair, torn robe, and the wild cry, "Save me! save me!" Miles was not much surprised, as Lord Kingsborough did one individual of all that raging mass offer an insult, or seek to obstruct your flight hither."

Courtney paused, cooled down to reflection: "No, egad! Lucky so far; they had just then other fish to fry; but don't think I fear danger for myself: I'd scorn it!"

"Well, make your mad easy; there's no danger to fear for one belonging to you. Will you not trust my honour?"

"Yes, yes; you're a fine fellow;—but don't you think we did well to fly?"

"If it pleased you, certainly; but there was no occasion. Will you let me, on the part of the captain here, offer you a glass of wine, and some refreshment for the ladies, whom you have victimized so your premature caution?"

"Thanks, I will," answered Captain Courtney, now completely reassured and becalmed. "So you think it was only after all an *émoussé*; but bless my soul, it's appalling! and put me in mind of the revolution and the Bastille! though I must admit your Bellona is more civil than the possesades, and I have to thank them for aiding us in our flight; so send them up here. Well, to make friends every where, all the Protestants in the town are running after the priests, asking to be received into the Church, and are labelled Papists, while the insurgents are lighting their pipes with bank notes, cock sure that Ireland is their own and Britain drummed out of the field. Send those women to me."

Miles complied, and having despatched Moll and Kitty to receive some token of Captain Courtney's satisfaction, he went up to Flora Esmond, who sat apart in dejected silence, while Hugh and Alphonse conversed in a corner, and Mrs. Courtney and Ethel had got entangled between them, and the captain blundered about, giving directions to the steward, and Ned and Johnny prowled the ship, making themselves acquainted with nautical craft:

"I have not forgotten my promised souvenir," he smiled; "but I have not yet had an opportunity of obtaining the exact one. Meantime your rests safely here," he drew forth the ring attached to the chain of the crucifix; but her face gave back no smile responsive to his, as coldly she made answer: "Pray, do not put yourself to any trouble about it; perhaps it is better not mind it."

Miles gazed at her steadily; feeling her cheek become crimson, she rose to withdraw.

"Nay, one moment," he whispered, taking her hand; "have I inadvertently offended you? Nothing would more sorely grieve me. Pray, speak in candour, and let me own my fault and solicit pardon."

"Oh, no; you have not, indeed," she gently returned. "We are all indebted to you."

"Stay yet a moment," he added hastily; "stay yet a moment," he added hastily; "will you cancel the obligation by suffering me to become indebted to you? I cannot now enter into long details; but will you grant me, my dear friend, to take a young friend of mine, Miss Fitzpatrick, in your kind charge, wherever you stay, till she can be restored to her friends, to whom I shall write forthwith, asking you also to forward the letter, that it may more safely reach them?"

"I will do so; my wish of yours must be a command with me."

"Thanks; and one word more in confidence between us. It would add to the weight of my obligation could you, as women alone know how, interest her in favor of, I believe, our mutual friend, Maurice O'Driscoll, who has long admired her, and who is far more worthy of her than your younger brother Guildford Colandisk, from whose grasp she has just been providentially rescued."

The whole demeanour of Florence changed. With cleared brow and sunny eye beaming upon Miles, she cried:

"Surely, I will; Ethel and I will treat her as a sister; but I thought," she stammered, "you—you—perhaps—"

"Engaged to her," said Miles, helping out the difficult sentence. She is very sweet and pretty, yet not for me. Indeed, I do not suppose I shall ever marry. Hugh says I shall be an old bachelor, and he is right; but so, since the only object I could love fondly, deeply, is far beyond my reach. No, I must not think of her, save as a kind, well-wishing friend. She can be nothing more to me—never, never!"

Florence's brow was again thoughtful: "Do I know her?—could I in any way assist you?" she murmured, embarrassed at her own question and yearning to extract his secret.

"You do know her," he said, "but I dare not ask you to become my advocate with her."

"Why not?" And then her cheek faded. Yes, he meant Ethel surely, suggested ready thought, which his response as soon dissipated.

"You will, I fear, deem me presumptuous; nevertheless, I shall not receive myself or you. The name of the peerless one I love with true knightly devotion and faith is of race and creed inimical to mine. My bold avowal may offend you forever from her sight, yet be it banish mine as if it were not." Florence Esmond, spoke.

Her name is Florence Esmond," he hastened away as he said the word, leaving Flora with cheeks glowing with confusion and heart swelling with happiness, gazing intently after his receding figure, as he approached, Alphonse took her hand, and with light apology concluded her back, saying: "Miss Esmond has kindly promised me you shall be, as a sister till an opportunity be afforded of restoring you to your friends."

"Certainly I will," said Florence, extending a gracious hand with a courteous smile to the now bright and tranquil Alphonse. "I am very glad you and I to know you, wished my cousin would not discourage any but your aunt's opinion." "I don't know why," he advanced of course, "don't know why," while an exclamation from the outside "why," Alphonse Miles, aside to Florence, and springing Alphonse's embarrassment of reply.

"Florence laughed. Miles grew bolder. "Are you offended with me?"

"Dinner" shouted the stentorian voice of Captain Gregg from the head of the table, now groaning under piles of costly plate and smoking viands.

"Don't keep us all day famishing, with your love-making, or whatever else you are cooing about down there," re-echoed the bass of Captain Courtney, restored to perfect equanimity by the consciousness of his safety, and the presence of good cheer for he was not a little of a gourmand. "I say, Miles, will you come up with us to Dublin. Ask him, Florry; you seem to have got to the soft side of him."

"I don't suppose Dublin holds a fortress that would secure my safety from a rebel's doom, should I yield to your solicitation," smiled the young man, gaily; "but I will make a note of your invitation, and demysel the pleasure when armistice or victory leaves me *carte blanche*."

"That's a good way off," said Guildford Colandisk, seating himself beside Ethel Courtney, who made gay response: "Don't be too sure. I expect, before long, we shall see the viceroy come out, cap in hand, to salute the insurgent chief, and solicit permission to retire under favour with his goods and chattels."

"Faith, if you keep going ahead this way," chimed in her father, "it may be no joke."

"And I don't know," cried Colandisk, "will come with a nip in his hand, and a monkish swarm at his back, having you all into the confessional, and putting every Protestant soul of you on the gridiron."

"Dear me, I shouldn't like that!" sighed Mrs. Courtney. "What makes priests so cruel, Mr. O'Byrne?"—she looked pathetically at Hugh. "What a wicked man the Pope must be! Now, wouldn't you be better off, like us, without such a tyrant over you?"

"Why, ma'am," returned Hugh, solemnly, cutting a potato, "the Pope that you're so much afraid of is but a spongy tyrant; he never invented a pitch in his life, or sent an army into any country I know of, to massacre the people for tithes or any other cause."

"But hasn't he got the keys of heaven and hell, and can send every one that doesn't worship him to blazes?" cried Guildford, with a sour look at Alphonse. "Ah, he's a nice chap."

"All I say is," said Captain Courtney, drinking, "here's perdition to Rome, and all Papists and rebels."

"With few exceptions I mean, of course," returned Captain Courtney; present company are always excepted."

"Do you endorse these sentiments?" whispered Miles to Florence, who sat beside him; "do you think we are such ogres?"

"No, indeed, I do not," she answered, aloud, and enthusiastically continued: "I do not believe all the stories I hear, or that Catholics, though they may be more superstitious, or less enlightened, are worse by nature than any other people; and aware as I have been made of the many cruelties perpetrated upon them to drive them into rebellion, I am not one whit sorry for their success. They have used their victories, as we must all admit, with great humanity, and I, for one, shall be very sorry for any reverse that may befall them."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Miles; "spoken like a heroine!" while every eye gazed astonished upon the intrepid defendant of the Papist cause, and Colandisk sardonically said:

"Oh, indeed! on the eve of conversion? I shall be seeing you and Miles going arm in arm some fine day to priestly shrift, while jynells are ringing for some Mac or O, reinstated upon the throne of his ancestors."

"Stranger things have come to pass," said Miles, coolly, holding himself to green peas; while Florence violently blushed, and convulsions of laughter shook the table.

"Do you know you're a diverting fellow; and I'm very glad you're here to amuse us, though sorry it should have been at Miss Fitzpatrick's expense," said Hugh.

"How do you mean to return to Dublin after such a feat? I think you should just now be in more salutary air of the angry Don Antonio than a hundred Pops."

At that moment Ned Burke entered in haste, with a message from Sergeant Mooney, who came on board to inform his division and Hugh's were ordered to march instantly to join the commander, Bagdad Harvey, on his way to New Ross. The brothers promptly rose at the summons: "Stay where you are! Let the rag and tag go on their way, and take a commission in the British service," cried Captain Courtney. "More respectable, and pays better."

Miles, amused at the exhortation, shook his head in deprecation.

"Not he; he's going in for a kingdom," sneered Guildford, yet with a flash of joy in his eager eye as he glanced at Alphonse who had also risen.

"Or perchance a grave," said Miles. His eye lighted on Florence, now also standing, while the others were in commotion, and looking at him with earnest sadness. "Farewell once again, sweet lady," he said, in a low tone. "Should such be mine, you at least, I fondly desire I will not harshly ensure the cause for which I die, nor deny a word of vindication to my memory."

"Oh, do not speak so," she returned in the same breath, her eyes dim with tears. "I shall pray for your return, and—and I will not suffer a thought of any other sequel. Adieu!—Remember your promised letter."

"I will, dear Florence. But hark! what sounds are those from shore? What tumultuous roar, with firing of guns and din of arms, is heard from the adjacent city?"

Miles, Hugh, Ned Burke, Johnny Doyle, Kitty, and Moll Doyle, who had been feasting in the steward's cabin, rushed on deck, followed by the terrified ladies, and Captain Courtney swearing and asking of everyone: "What has happened? Is the wolves tearing Kingsborough limb from limb?" No; it was a powerful army of the king's troops, suddenly desecrating marching upon Wexford, to recapture the important town, and the stalwart defenders, too contemptuous of an enemy they had hitherto vanquished with so much facility, again arraying themselves in semi-military line, bristling with the formidable pike, here, before their compendium of every weapon, and preparing to hurl their squadron upon the foe.

where Mars was undoubted master of the revels, Cupid, as we have seen, not idle, had contrived moments to interlude the acts with business of his own, and despite every outward circumstance arrayed against him, draw together from the chaos, hearts that had, at the outset, owned their horoscope cast under adverse planets; hence, unacted by a single influence to each other's sphere, it would seem as if, for this very reason, the self-willed little god took pleasure all the greater in working out his intricate game, and certain it was his usual success prevailed; for, while Florence Esmond on bended knees in her chamber, in with clasped hands and tearful eyes, offering up fervent orisons for the safe return of the idol, now shrined in her bosom's core, and inquiring fair scenes of future Elysium by him presided over, in the full beatitude of love, and pride, and joy, Miles himself, accompanied by the vision of the only object to whom his heart had ever bowed in homage, bounded, with elastic stride, along in unbroken reverie, sharing in his aspirations of glory dreams of her whose love should be irradiated by the reflected lustre from his own, and cherishing phantasms of bliss, too celestial, too elastic to be realized upon earth.

The usual phalanx of women, not the common camp followers of an army, plundering and dissolving, but honest wives and mothers of men, upon whose outskirt they hung for protection, brought up the rear, headed by Moll Doyle and Kitty Burke, and so marshalled, after three days' bivouac at Taghmon, they set out again on the 4th of June, and on the morning of the 5th they halted before the walls of New Ross, which was summoned to surrender, and said summons being answered by shooting the bearer of the flag of truce, orders were given for the assault.

The town of Ross, now on the verge of sanguinary contest, was at this time fortified by a garrison of 2,000 men, entrenched within strong walls and gates, protected by cannon, while the ditches on either side of the road, leading to the principal entrance on the southern side of the town, were lined with troops to guard the approach. From these and other outposts a galling fire having been opened on the insurgents, General Barry ordered Colonel Kelly to charge with his Bantry corps, and forthwith, the assault, raked by the impetuous charge of the gallant young leader, fell pell-mell in confusion to the very walls of the town, where they were pursued, and Colonel Cluney, being now ordered forward to support them, rushed to join the fray. The main body of insurgents, in whose lines were marshalled Miles and Hugh O'Byrne, beholding the hot engagement, could no longer be restrained, and, despite the efforts of their leaders, poured tumultuously down to the scene of strife.

**A NIHILIST LOVE TRAGEDY.**

ST. PETERSBURG, March 11.—The secret police have succeeded in arresting several prominent Nihilists, whose names were obtained in a singular way. Tchernoff, a student in the College of Dorpat, in Livonia, was an ardent Nihilist, and having fallen in love with the daughter of a government official, he imprudently revealed to the father of his betrothed the secret society. She thoughtlessly mentioned the fact in the domestic circle, and her father considered it his duty to lay the fact before his official superior. The young girl, when she found out what were likely to be the consequences to her lover of her imprudence, pleaded with her father to preserve her secret, and failing in winning his assent, she hastened to Tchernoff to give him warning and induce him to fly. She only reached her lover a few minutes ahead of the police sent to arrest him, but in the short interval he had time to destroy, he thought, all the papers in his possession that could incriminate his fellow-conspirators, and, having done this, swallowed the contents of a small phial of poison with which he had previously provided himself, and fell dead into the arms of the police. A search was made in the young man's room and one package of papers, the most important, and which he had forgotten was found by the police, and these papers furnished the authorities with several important names. The young girl, whose imprudence led to the death of her lover, was carried from the college insensible, and it is reported she has since become insane.

**Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial.** It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain.

Off the coast of Lower California diving for black pearls form an exceedingly lucrative employment, averaging from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 annually.

**The decided alternative action of Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion** upon the blood, adapts it in a remarkable degree as a blood purifier well worthy of the trial of suffering from a diseased condition of the circulating fluid. Always ask for Robinson's PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION, and be sure you get it.

Mary is the most common of all names in England, there being 6,819 out of every 50,000 individuals answering to it. William comes next, with 6,590.

**Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.** Is a most valuable food and medicine, where the appetite is poor, and the food does not seem to nourish the body. This will give strength and vigor.

The *Macon Telegraph* says the people of Greenfield are in want of their own railroad that the Superior Court adjourned the 10th day to see a freight train come in.

An American woman are said to be the most clever, active and energetic to be found; and if they need to be, considering the enormous demands made upon them by modern schools, house-keeping, and society. Dr. Lydia E. Pinkham, in preparing her celebrated Vegetable Compound, had in mind all these countless demands on a woman's strength, and her well known remedy proves every day its perfect adaptation to woman's special needs.

There are nineteen kinds of metal more precious than gold.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Grace's Worm Extirminator.

There are said to be no mail-carriers in Germany, the letters being passed from hand to hand, and the higher the bricklayers are the more men are required to toss the bricks.

The young ladies in Cleveland, Ohio, are organizing a society for the suppression of slang. Every member found using a slang term is to be fined, and the money will be devoted to charity.

Messrs. Parker & Laird, of Hillsdale, writers, our Mr. Laird having occasion to visit Scotland and knowing the excellent qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, on child to take some with him, and the result has been very astonishing. We may say that in several instances it has effected cures when all other remedies had been pronounced incapable of eminent prescriptions.

A French inventor is said to have perfected an apparatus which will enable railway dispatchers to see in a mirror the entire section of the road under their charge.

James Gullen, Poole's Island, N.E., writes: "I have been watching the progress of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized, it having cured me of bronchitis and weakness of nose; while not a few of my 'rheumatic neighbors' (one old lady in particular) pronounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. My medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only too happy to have my name connected with your prosperous child."

The place where the gnatcatcher lay when bombarding Vicksburg is now a huge sand-bank, the course of the river having considerably changed.

PEOPLE WHO REMOTE OR SOJOURN in regions of country where fever and ague and biliousness are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate digestion, the liver and the bowels, before the approach of the season for the periodic malarial. The timely use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market.

There is a rage in England just now for amulance ladies. Large gatherings take place at Lady Brassey's with this end in view.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time;—she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

As an argument serving to prove that plants are beneficial to health it is observed that no class of men average healthier than those who work constantly among growing plants in hot houses.

**AN INTERESTING RELIC.**

St. Louis, March 12.—Bishop Baltes, of Alton, Ill., having given his consent, the old bell belonging to the Catholic Church at Kaskaskia, Ill., some sixty miles south of here, and once the seat of the Spanish Empire in the Mississippi Valley, has been sent to the World's Exposition at New Orleans. It is the first bell that ever tolled west of the Allegheny Mountains. It was cast at Rochelle, France, in 1741, and was presented by the King of France to Louis Buyatte for the parish of Kaskaskia, where, during the past 140 years, it has been in use.

**A COOL RECEPTION.**

DUBLIN, March 12.—The *United Ireland* says the leaders persist in forcing the Prince of Wales to go where he is not wanted; the Prince will have a reception as cool as ice and just as freezing.

**GOD SAVE OUR NATIVE LAND.**

[BY T. D. SULLIVAN.]

God save our native land,  
 May His strong sustaining hand  
 Be for our sure protection and her stay;  
 May He bid her strength increase,  
 Give her conduct just and peace,  
 And banish feud and faction far away.

CHORUS.

God save Ireland pray we loudly,  
 May Heaven's choicest blessings on her fall;  
 From every harm and wrong  
 That may lay a nation low  
 May God save Ireland say we all.

From evil-hearted foes  
 And from traitors worse than those,  
 From schemes of the slavish and the vile,  
 From the blighting of our strife,  
 From her conduct just and peace,  
 May God protect our own beloved isle.

CHORUS.

May a grace from God above  
 Fill her people's hearts with love;  
 May foolish hates and fears from thence be  
 banished,  
 And hence forever stand  
 Gallant protectors of a land,  
 The brightest and the bravest in the world.

CHORUS.

May the years as on they roll,  
 Never touch her heart or soul,  
 With a stain to dim her old or honored name,  
 But may Ireland's soil be still  
 As a light upon a hill,  
 In the pure and holy splendor of her fame.

CHORUS.

**SOUTH AMERICA.**

**MORE WAR.**

NEW ORLEANS, March 10.—Information was received here that war has been declared between Guatemala and Nicaragua. President Barrios, of Guatemala, is joined by General Bogran, of Honduras, but Costa Rica will stand by Nicaragua.

SAN JUAN DEL LAGO, Nicaragua, March 11.—Active war preparations are being made throughout the country. The government has several thousand men ready to send to the front. Strenuous efforts are being made in Costa Rica and large numbers of troops are ready to move at short notice. Great enthusiasm and confidence are felt. In some quarters it is thought probable that a Loma will reconsider the matter before coercive measures are taken and a friendly solution to the difficult problem of uniting Central American states may be arrived at.

**A BANKER'S VERY PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.**

The report sent out last week that T. M. Tawant, Banker, of this city, had drawn \$75,000 in the capital prize of the Louisiana State Lottery of this month, is true; and what is more, the money has been paid over without defalcation or discount. It is said that it is better to be born lucky than rich, but Mr. Tawant has the advantage of being born both rich and lucky.—*St. Louis Globe*, Jan. 22.

**EXCESS OF ZEAL.**

LONDON, March 10.—The newspapers regard the landing down of the British flag by the Germans at Victoria as due to excess of zeal on the part of the German officers. It is thought Germany would be unlikely to recognize such a breach of public law.

**COLUMBIA RIVER CANNERY.**

Mr. George Hoan, one of the largest canners of fish on Columbia River, Oregon, says that he suffered with rheumatism for seven years, having spent six months at Arkansas Hot Springs, and at Paso Robles Springs, Cal., four months in every year, without benefit. Finally he tried St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure, and in a short time all stiffness and weakness of the joints disappeared.

**ALLEGED FEAR OF ASSASSINATION.**

NEW YORK, 10.—Native report that the Mahdi life Khartoum because he fears he will be assassinated by some of his many enemies who are jealous of his success.

**FATHERS—TRY IT!**

Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color will be found to be the only oil color that will not be removed. That it and you will prove it. It will not color the butter-milk; it gives the brightest color of any made, and is the strongest and therefore the cheapest.

**LORD DURHAM MUST STICK BY HIS WIFE.**

LONDON, March 10.—Lord Durham's suit for divorce, on the ground of his wife's infidelity, was dismissed to day with costs against Durham. Sir James Hannen, in regarding his decision, declared that the respondent loved another, and caused her family for arranging the marriage with his Lordship. The Court held that the alleged infidelity of Lady Durham before marriage was entirely proved.

If you have a cough, do not neglect it; buy at once a bottle of Allen's Lung Balm.—*See ad.*

**THE "WORLD" EDITOR LIBERATED.**

LONDON, March 10.—Edmund Yates, editor of the *World*, who was sentenced to four months imprisonment for allowing Lady Stradbrooke to rebel Lord Londale in his paper, was released from prison this morning, having received a pardon from the Home Secretary.

**THE USE IN WHICH MURRAY & LANNAN'S FLORIDA WATER IS PUT may, without exaggeration, be said to be universal. In refined and cultivated society it is recognized as the most refreshing and agreeable of perfumes for the handkerchief, the toilet and the bath.**

**ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A BLACK BAG.**

LONDON, March 10.—While Quilliam, counsel for Cunningham and Burton, was about to board the train this evening with a friend, who was carrying a black travelling bag similar to those which so frequently figured in dynamite trials, detectives arrested both men. Quilliam protested, but the constables took the prisoners to the station house. After several hours' detention Quilliam succeeded in establishing his identity and of his companion, and proved that the bag contained nothing unlawful. The prisoners were then released with profuse apologies on the part of the police.

Dr. J. Corliss, St. Thomas, writes: "During ten years' active practice I have had occasion to prescribe Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Since Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda came under my notice, I have tried it, and take great pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction, and is to be preferred to any I have ever used or recommended. I have used it in my own family almost as a beverage during heavy colds, and in every instance a happy result has followed. I cheerfully recommend its use in all cases of debility arising from weakness of the muscular or nervous system."

**THE ATTACK ON NEW ROSS.**

Too confiding in their own prowess, and neglecting, at the outset, the ordinary precautions of defence to secure the prize they had won, Wexford, as we have said, after a series of sharp conflicts with 500 royalist troops, under Colonel L'Estrange, and several corps of yeomanry, was retaken, and the insurgents, repulsed and driven outside the walls, retreated in small detachments, some to join the camp on Vicoigne Hill and Carrygrove, while others proceeded on to join the marching divisions; that commanded by General Harvey being now far advanced on its way to New Ross, which then it was unanimously decided by all the insurgent leaders should be assaulted forthwith. Amid all this scene of marching and counter marching, battles and skirmishes, rout and rally,