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A SCOTT ACT VICTORY

By M. L.O'Byrne.

The state of the s CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued "No, Kitty; you weren't to blame at all,

shouted Euphemia, scrambling down from her perch. "I wouldn't stay after you were gone; and if I told you you'd have let the cat out of the bag; so I didn't tell her, Miles. but made off, got the morning coach, and overtook her on the road.

"Does Hugh know of your exploit?" grimly demanded Miles, ignoring the buzz of com-mendation around, that extelled in various phrase the " fine spirit of the child—the very moral of the ould stock."

" No; but he will when he goes to dine at the Hodgens' to-day; I suppose they'll tell him, "said Euphemia, unconsciously drawing nearer.

Miles winced slightly at the intimation of Hugh's dining en famille with persons so uncongenial to his own fastidious taste; but he simply replied: "I should not wonder if he lost his reason when he hears of such an act of desperation, and in the present lawless state of the country. What am I to do with

you, Effic?"
"Nothing at all, Miles," returned Euphemia, solving the problem in the most simple manner possible. "I'm very comfortable here, and I've got as much education as I want," she added, persuasively. "I can read and write as well as anyone, and cipher, and stitch; I can get lessons in dancing from Barney Casey, who comes down here to teach the boys and girls, and he's every bit as good as Monsieur D'Almain; and as for histories of England, and Greece, and Rome, I'm sure I don't care a pin about them, or what they did in them foreign parts: I'd rather read a story any day; and as for learning French, and grammar, and astronomy, it's all just loss of time: I'd rather be doing anything.'
'Yes, I daresay; the rude life of a rilla-

geoise would be more congenial to your energetic mind than the dolce far niente elegance of the saloon," returned Miles, drily.
"You would do beautifully in the back settlements of America as a woodcutter's wife. He turned as he spoke to look at Ned Burke, who the while was regarding him with acute and penetrating observation.-And so, my lad, you are transferred to my charge by my brother, Mr. Hugh O'Byrne, and, owing to some present cogent motives, must consider yourself ut my disposal; wherefore, I shall require you now to follow me to my residence."—Miles rose at the same time. —"Of course, Euphemia, I understand it to be your pleasure to abide with Nurse Doyle till we can make other arrangements. Father Murphy, if not inconvenient, I should be glad of your company a little way. Pray, my friends excuse the trouble I have given you, and with a courtly salutation to the lunble company, who all arose en masse, with a kindly "God save yer honour!" "God bless yer honour !" "An' sure its welcome ye are," withdrew, accompanied by Father Murphy, and attended by Ned, very submissive, but far from happy in his change of masters, and only solated by a sympathising look from his mother, and a saucy smile from Euphemia, as she called after Miles:

'Fill go over to see you to-morrow,

Hardly were they out of sight round a curve of the hill when Shaun Beg O'Leary, the piper, was spied coming up the boreen, and hailed with an enthusiastic cead mille failthe by a dozen eager voices. In an instant the dull stagnation of mirth and humour occasioned by the depressing influence and magisterial presence of the grave, aristocratic visitor, vanished as snow thaws in sunshine : hilarity broke loose from freezing restraint. A tumbler of steaming punch was swiftly browed for the disciple of the tuneful Muse; and, while inhaling and imbibing the aromatic nectar, he sat by the hearth, blithe bosoms and trim figures were pluming up, and making ready to trip in the merry dance, and away to the dancing glen young men and maid-ens, sped frolicking, to display their feats of grace on the light fantastic toe, and their powers of endurance by holding out to tire each other down in jig and reel. And long it was creflagging energies, stimulated no more by the life-infusing strains of O'Leacy's pipes, the vanquished retired exhausted, amid cheers of derision, to rest among the groups of staid, elderly spectators crouched upon the green, umpires and judges of the performance, and be followed ere long by the scoffers, themselves laid prostrate. Then the night shades fell; the moon ascended, like a silver shield suspended on the blue arras of a chieftain's hall; the stars shone out like argent cressets lighting the Arcadian revels of the allvan glade; the ring of melody died away, the voice of mirth was hushed, the sounds of laughter were heard no more, shadowy forms dispersed and vanished in bower and woodland. The piper wended homewards with his music and a full stomach, a ragged coat, and a light heart. Johnny Doyle, truant still, despite the priest's late warning of a crimp-sergeant, with tail and horns, lying in wait for him, would escort safe home a piece of the way the damsel of his predilection, which piece was so circuitous and prolonged that it was late when they came in sight of the lone sheiling where she dwelt. Here they spied a light shining

stuffed with rags. "I doubt poor Grandmother Nancy's dead,' said the young girl, gazing anxiously at the hut. "An' sure it's time for her, the crathur

through a chink of the little broken casement

ain't she a'most a hundred?" philosophically argued Johnny.

They hastened their steps, and as they neared the threshold, the voice of a man from within, pitched high in anger, smote their

ear. They paused to listen. "What's your business to meddle here, sirrah? Get out, I say, or you shall be flog-ged and pitchcapped. I believe you're a priest?-upon my honor you've just the cut!

-and, if so, look to yourself sharp."
" Uist!" cried Johnny: "I'll creep in an' see what's up." He gave a glance at his shillelah-a great bludgeon of an oak stick, in which he prided as much as ever did young knight of his shining sword—cautiously lifted the latch, and, followed by Nano, he stole into a corner behind a creel of turf, where, unseen himself in the dimly obscure chamber, lighted by a farthing rush-dip, he could observe what was doing.
Stretched upon a wisp of straw
on the ground, covered with a dirty and tattered patch-quilt, lay an aged woman on the verge of dissolution, at her feet crouched a temale of middle age, her daughter

that in the very way ye spake ye haven't the token of the diploma on ye." "You cursed idolater, what do you know

about diploma; what way would you be lad? Haven't we tried soft words, and seductions, food, clothing, and money, without avail? The churches are empty, and in every town your dirty, idle, thisving brats infect the light of day."
"God help us I we like good eatin' an'

dacency as well as our betthers; but as we can't have it both ways, ain't it betther for us be losers here nor hereafther ?"

"My good woman, in my zeal for your salvation, I will show you the way to be welloff here and hereafter, if you will listen to me, in spite of the canning, wicked priests, whose ignorant dupes you are. I am the Rev. Sardanaplus Pomfret, the curate of your new rector, Parson Lamb, by whose instructions I am acting. You have a lot of naked chil dren: if you send them to our church and school they shall be so fed, and clothed, and taught, you won't know them in a month."
"Arrah, isn't there a timptation for a mother?" exclaimed Mrs. O'Toole, her sorrow-stricken, hunger-pinchod features expanding with a burst of comic hu-mor, as she looked at her daughter Nano, who had silently glided in.
"Not to knowny own childhre in a month! Bad luck to the tongue that said it! I hope to know my own flesh an' blood to the Monday afther the Sunday of eternity, in spite o' swaddler or parson; an' it's a shame for ye, ye wolf in sheep's clothin'," she continued, waxing bold in the presence of her eldest daughter, "to be inthrudin' where ye're not wanted. If we had a notion to be a turncoat, like Judas, we didn't wait for ye to come wid the bribe ; -we wor offered the thirty pieces o' silver many's the day ago, an' put the sign o' the crass betune us an' it, the Lord an' his Blessed Mother be praised for evermore!—an'

though the hearth was cowld an' black the same day there was sunshine in our bosoms, an' we fairly danced to the music of our own hearts on the neck o' throuble; an' if my man Terry was home now it's out like a spinnin'-top he'd peg ye; an' I've sint my girlen to look afther him, an' fetch him home; an' if ye're wise ye'll just take yerself off afore he coomes an' ketches ye tormentin' his mother in law, an' she on

her death-bed, the crathur." "Pray, sir, do have the kindness to withdraw, and not molest these poor people, who do not belong to your flock," said Father Murphy, now joining his voice of entreaty. 'Your interference can only be productive

of evil." " Are you a priest, fellow?" vociferated the Rev. Sardanapalus, literally foaming with fury to meet disappointment and failure where he had presumptuously counted on SII COBS.

"Sir, as well ask me am I a doctor or a lawyer. Am I obliged to answer the impertinent interrogations of a querist who rejects even the courtesy of supposing me to be a gentleman?" returned Father Murphy, with urbane dignity and perfect composure.

"What's the priest saying, Maggie?" suddenly croaked the dying woman, in piping, querulous accents, as an eccentric flush of Thug, all went on as of yore, till one mind lightened through the clouded stupor of age, and revived memory of tones once familiar to her ear. "God bless him! -fetch him to lay his hand on my head, for I haven't long to be wid yez now, aroon. Whin I slept, my Vaura, that I berrid sixty years ago, coome to me, the dawny crathur, clothed in the same light that shines round the sun, an' put her lips to mine, an' b.eathed like a summer wind sweet with the smell o' violets into my soul: Mother, avourneen, we're coomin' for ye, to bring ye home wid us at last.' 'Vaura, my child, siz I, spakin to her in my dhrame, 'how did ye coome? sure it's cowld an' dead ye were whin I seen ye laid in ould dawny comfit churchyard at Celbridge,' an' she laughed. 'It isn't death, mother,' siz she, but a gate;' an' sure enough as she said it I seen a great gate openin' into a fine counthry ; —och, the beauty o' it a'most tuk away my breath an' blinded me. Howaniver my child run through it singin'—singin'—singin'—an' white wooly clouds came an' floated round her, an' she shone through thim like a star, an'-O Blessed Mother! Son o' the Vargin! -wait, wait a minute !- where's the priest -Make haste, acushla!-Fetch the priest an' let me go!"

"Pray, sir," said Father Murphy, now advancing, stole in hand, with authoritative gesture and voice of command, "withdraw. I am a priest, charged to administer the last rites of the Church to this departing soul." "I won't, priest," responded the Rev. Sardanapaulus, with malicious smile of defiance; I will stand here till the breath is out of the old heathen's body; she may be damned before she shall have your illegal ministry. If I can do no more just now than frustrate your conceit and the crone's pleasure,

I'll do that." Up started Mrs. O'Toole from her squatting posture, clenching her fist, and every eloquent feature expressive of inccused emotion. "Put him out !" she yelled, with frantic gesture, looking wildly round for some article ready a hand to hurl at the parson's head; "put him out, I say! it's the cloven hoof is in it!-She squared at the parson.—"Am' I goin' to let my ould mother die widout benefit o' clargy for ye, ye rat-faced villain; coome, skip away afore I lave the prent o' my five

nuils on yer tallow cheeks, inagh! "Come, my man, step out," said Father Murphy; "don't oblige me to try a wrestle with you;" and he reared himself in a menacing attitude.
"No, no!" retorted the parson, drawing a

pistol from his bosom; " don't think to daunt me, priest! I never soil my fingers by coutact with papiet or rebel. By your leave, priest, I'd choose transfer you to the hangman; but, if you compel me to use this-The parson's uplifted arm, while he spoke, dropped powerless by his side, and the pistol, flying to the wall, went off with a loud report, lodging the bullet in the thatch of the roof. Children and women shricked in concert, and Father Murphy, beholding the author of this uproar standing now in the circle with blazing eye and lurid cheek, exclaimed in amazement: "Johnny!" But Johnny, without reply, seizing the parson by the collar, dragged him, kicking, cursing, strug-gling from the little chamber to the

nad existed longs in the accountry at sepandones? Tones? Tones? Tones in her arms, running out.

agency, was now also enlisted in the cause of the Sorra lie in the to en! exclaimed oppression and persecution, to promote assistant as shriveled crone, with dishevelled locks archy, and contribute its quota for misery to escaping through the rents of a cap on her the ferocious cornelities from which, quoting head. The Room, Paddy, Evic, an put the Lord Gosford's address to the magistracy of pig into the sty, or they'll dhrive him wid the Armagh, "Neither age, sex, nor acknow rest; an sure its lucky now I have the resate ledged innocence and were exempt; with all in my bosom."

Hoorish, hoorish, amuck!" shouted of the lawless Protestant ascendency and Paddy dashing over a duophil and through of the lawless Protestant ascendency, an eristocratic orange banditti, composed of the oligarchs of Church and State, who constituted themselves at once judge, jury, and rulers of the people, upon whom they perpetrated with impunity horrors and atrocities whose details, but for the corroborative testimony of Lord Moira in Parliament, and many others of equally high credit, would be scouted as horrible fiction, and the verdict of extravagant" be applied to the narration of scenes and delineation of characters set forth in these pages, illustrative of the wrongs and commemorative of the names of mute sufferers, of whom history has left little record or none-martyrs for creed and country, victims among thousands such whose memory has perished with their extinct generation in in the traditionary lore of some kindred bosom, amid the broad savanuahs, and primeval forests, the rude shanties or gorgeous palaces of the western hemisphere, where no bigot intolerance of legislator or potentate dare issue a ukase to blot out liberty of conscience, or the name of Papist, from the archives of the dominion, prominent at this period of '98, among the disastrous incentives, maddening a distressed and tortured people on their native soil, were the tithe forays all over the country, by the Thugs of the Angle Church, wringing with unconscionable exaction and remorseless violence bread from the lips of starving easantry that affluence might banquet, and Anglicar saints clothed in lawn might revel in luxurious state, and in countless instances reddening with bloodshed, the tribute wrested to furnish the tables of the pampered, and minister to the orgies and riots of bacchanalians, when wild resistance to plunder was met by armed myrmidons, empowered by law to enforce the claims of the parson to the Papists' bread. Yet were these scenes of deplorable tragedy betimes also interluded with ludicrons comedy, when the warfare of the Church Protestant occasionally stooped to the exigence of employing a regiment of Hussars to do battle for a petty flock of twelve geese, and escort the screaming prisoners, with the cackling gander at their head, in the county of Kil-

kenny, and again when a solitary donkey or

stoical pig was conducted in state by a guard

of honour no less respectable, to their destin-

ed goal. In the little community that dwelt in rags and squalor among pigaties, duck ponds, and dung-hills, in the village of Tubber, much harmony prevailed, and peace was seldom disturbed, save at those stated periods when the absentee landlord's agent pressed for rent, and the proctor came down to levy tithes; nevertheless, neighbour helping neighbour, these troubles were mitigated and got over; and as the people quietly submitted to labour and to starve for the benefit of the evil day brought from Lucan to the village a stranger who, claiming descent from the great De Lacy, one of the early Anglo Nor-man invaders in the time of the second Henry, could ill brook the tyranny much less the insolent contumely with which Lord Carhampton, of later importation, had abused himself, and insulted his fallen fortune; the fact that he had been the Rev. Mr. Berwick's gardener did not shield his family from outrage at the hands of the notorious Luttrell, or his own back from the condign punishment due to his sturdy insubmissiveness to his lordship's pleasure and his ungrateful menaces to revenge: so dishonored, scourged, picketed, homeless outcast flying from the gibbet, he took refuge in Tubber, a ruined man, yet with a sudden revival of the old chivalric spirit in his Norman bosom. Notlong he pined inactive in the genial soil where the warmth of sympathy soon raked together and heated into kindling fire the smouldering embers of a blighted heart. First and feremost in the league, offensive and defensive, which De Lacy rallied around him, in deadly purpose to wreak vengeance—justice he called it—upon the author of his wrongs, and all his affinities of evil breed, yelept Saxon, was Donough O'Brien, the village Solon, one of the numerous posterity of the royal Brian Boroihme, whose spirit of antipathy against all taxes not boroihme, he inherited in a remarkable de-gree. Nevertheless, sic transit gloria mundi. "You blackguard!—do you the vicissitudes of six centuries had borne fruit: the descendant of the crowned monarch of Kincora followed the plough instead of the royal standard to the field, arrayed his princely limbs in corduroy, neither fresh nor whole, in lieu of the ilbrachta of orange, purple, and crimson, pulled a battered caubeen over a bronzed brow, that a cath bharr and plume would have nobly graced, held between his lips a short, grimy dudeen, instead of a martial trumpet, and thus accoutred, he appeared before the equally dilapidated Norman, whose shrewd eve soon discovered in the Celtic representative qualities which his great-grandancestor had unwisely or unfortunately not appreciated in his progenitors, and but for which, in lieu of implacable enemies, they might have become staunch allies, viz., strong genius. courage, fidelity, humor, partiality to justice hatred of oppression and oppressors, sympathy with misfortune, admiration of valor—the more reckless the better—hospitality, improvidence, imprudence, frolic-loving mirth, and thriftless prodigality. Accordingly, it was not long till these congenial partners, entering upon business, soon formed a company, of whose principles we loyal tendency to the paternal government of Great Britain or King George, and to the last degree hostile, irreverent, and intracta-ble to the Church of England, the parson and the proctor, chief among whom was Johnny Doyle, the carpenter's eldest son:

It was yet early, on the morning of the 20th May, when a little boy of eight years old, clad in tattered corduroy trousers (other Brockvilled Dec. 18.—Returns of the polling on the Scott act in the counties of promises all the semi-nuclity. In the middle of the will act the doctor of the Scott act in the semi-nuclity. In the middle of the will act the doctor of the Scott act in the semi-nuclity. In the middle of the will act the doctor of the Scott act in the Scott act

in my bosom."
"Hoorish, hoorish, amuck!" shouted.
Paddy dashing over a dunghil and through a duck pond, with an agility that betokened his anxiety to secure his swine property from the pious grasp of the parson.

"Arrah, Biddy, whose is the cattle they're dhrivin' now: I see em?" said a woman, who was smoking a short pipe beside a lot of men, congregated in silence, some leaning on their spades, and more in various posture, but all with countenance indicative of intense inter-

est watching the proceedings of the miti-ary.

Sorra one o' me knows, Peggy, dear;" replied a scantily-dressed barefooted matron, with unkempt hair, blown about by the wind as she ran gathering in her hens and ducks from all quarters to refuge; while a ruddy nymph at her elbow, whose sole wardrobe the land, or happily perchance yet survives: was a petticoat of patches, and a boy's jacket. minus one sleeve, having scanned the ap proaching booty, with eyes peering wistfully beneath her shading hand, said:
"Musha, thin, if it ain't Mooney's heifer

an' the little dun cow—dts! dts? God help the crathur, wid the houseful o' childhre, an' the brother just coome from Dublin, an' the wife down in the fever."

"Begorri, my heavy curse on yez for tithes and parsons! I doubt, Molly, aroon, will Terry O'Toole be able to show a testher to stop their jaw this time; -an' he's in arrear, morebetoker, for the last quarther,' said a comely-looking young woman, whose costume, original to the last degree, was a piece of carpet stitched together for a petticoat and a fragment of a canvas sack for scarf mantling her shoulders, while masses of beau-tiful soft shining black hair floated like a veil round her shapely head; -"ay, in troth, Sally, asthore; and every pinny just spint on the wake of poor ould Nancy. I dhread, it'll go hard wid Terry;—an' if they take his goat an' bits o' sticks, I dunna what the poor man'il do ;-an' there's plinty more no betther off, God help 'em!-we'll have ructions!" While this collogny was being carried on

among the neighbors, some of whom had paid their tithes, and had immunity from present distress, and others who had not paid, but had nothing to lose; others were running to and fro, in dire confusion, to secure the pigs, poultry, goats, donkeys, and humble property, upon which their subsistence mainly depended, from the rapacity of the Reversend Nathaniel Lamb's and Sardanapalus Pomfret's satellites, in the event of a raid made upon defaulters; while some, with boding hearts, went to fetch the small savings that, wrung from penury, left them without food, surmising that the total amount would yet fail to propitiate ing brows and contemptuous eyes the poor peasantry met with awe, as many a mother pressed her child closer to her bosom, and courtesied with timid, pleading gesture; and many an aged man doffed his hat, in servile token of the homage which his swelling heart belied, to the pampered ruffianism of Britain: dismayed children clung to their parents, and, through tangled tresses of gold and jet, their dirty faces prored at the dreadful redcoats. Captain Rowan, and Major Saunders, of Saunder's Grove, riding to the front, when a halt was ordered, addressed the male portion of the assembly, foremost of which stood side by side two men of scowling and determined aspect, with pikes in each brawny hand, who had just arrived in hot haste as the military came up.
"So ho, my lads!—pikes, eh?" exclaimed

Major Saunders, scorpfully eyeing the cowering forms in the background, and the more prominent, shock-headed Hercules in front, whose blue eyes, cold, hard, and glittering like steel, met his with unquailing glance. "I say, no go! Down with the skivers, and out with the cash; we're come to gather the parson's tithes."

"To gather sthray moonbeams, ahagur, ye are. Let's see how ye'll set about it!' grin-ned the swarthy Cyclons, whose tall, lithe, muscular frame towered like a slender poplar tree beside a robust oak, as he turned ont "You blackguard !-do you defy us?"

horse a few paces, and half-drawing his sword. What's your name, you rascal? "O'Brien's my name, an' I ain't ashamed o' t, which is more nor everyone can say, avic,

thundered Captain Gowan, advancing his

sturdily made answer the peasant of regal lineage, with comic grimace. "Enough!" roared Major Saunders. Don't I know the villain !- one of the worst characters in the place: a rebel, and ring-leader of the United Irishmon. Fall on, men!

Break open every door, search for arms, and distrain goods and chattels, without fear or affection, in the name of our lord the king! "God help us!" ejaculated a hoary man, casting upwards his weak eyes, dim with age and tears; "the foxes' holes an the ravens' nests is more sacred thin the homes o' the poor. Disthrain on me what ye can, major; ye won't find what ye'll be the

richer of ;-the very rate, the crathurs, don't

choose hare cuphoards for their lodgin'."

"I've the resate, major, jewel !" screamed one poor woman, holding up a bit of dirty paper to his very nose, as she beheld the soldiery dismount in haste to execute their or-ders; — "and I!" — "and I!" — "and I!" shouted several others, rushing forward discan only as yet say that they were not of tractedly to stand between their frail doors. and the devestator.

Let the first that crasses the threshold o Neil More say a Pater an' Ave, if he knows how; an' if he don't, why they won't charge him nothin' for a warm sate by the fire down below there," said a dark-eyed, dark-browed youngman of mien that would be grand and imposing if it partook less of the character. of rowdyism and the desperado, as with a covering he had none) issued, with a potato in his hand, from one of the cabins on the fession, strapped across his stalwart should roadside of the village. At first, intent on ders, he stood, with folded arms, in front of his morning meal, he stood, with naked his homestead, where his young wife had

of the Church got inglanding intervaning to the parameter of the collision and located assed the second parameter of the collision and located assed the second parameter of the every fellow on the head that resists, and he

damned to you hero, it's yorself is a soldier to the backbone, an' ought to get an address o' thanks from the Government for slaughterin' unarmed men, women an' childre !" shout-ed in reply the stentorian voice of Johnny Doyle, as with a reinforcement of some forty or fifty people, guthering from all the re-moter hamlets and sheilings; he hurried down, fall of curiosity, to the scene of uproar, os-toneibly to look on, but not unprepared to help the weak in the very probable event of a soul-inspiriting skirmish with the redcoats. Turning disdainfully from the peasant youth, to gloat over the picture of piles of dismembered stools, chairs, and tables, smashed "chany," wailing children, shuddering women, and unnerved men, Major Saunders and the ore famile many tables. called to one female, more well-to-do in appearance than the rest, having a comfortable shawl covering the white cap on her head, and a warm frieze cloak tucked round her arms and shoulders :

"I say, missus, get some refreshment for my men; they won't, I daresay, be parti-cular. A smart ride and keen morning air whets the appetite. Some cans of milk and bread and eggs will suffice with your usual Irish hospitality."

"Troth, yer honor," returned Rose O'Brien for it was she who had come down to watch over the safety of her omadhaun of a husband, and see that he got into no danger, in case of a scrimmage, in which she did not share-"it's long sence the likes o' yez left it in our manes to be hospitable. Many's the time our childhre cry to us for victuals, an' we must stop their mouths wid 'Uist, alanna, the praties is growin.'
Pursuin' to the day the Sassenach an' the parsons coome among us; -bedad, while they hung the Bible for a warrant on their soords, they didn't hide the cloven howf, anyway, undher the sheepskin. My heavy curse on yez! Whin the sky weeps rain it grows flowers, an' laves sweetness behind on the earth, but the tears ye bid rain blisthers the land, an'---"

"You vile-tongued beldame, choke you!" yelled Captain Gowan, plunging forward to strike the insolent woman, who effected an op-portune retreat into the swiftly-opening circle of men, and was effectually shielded by the advanced pikes, while with loud imprecations, amid groans, yells, shricks, cries, shouts of derision, and ravings of despair, the work of outrage progressed, and the live stock, pigs, goats, cows, donkeys, ponies, geese, ducks, hous, turkeys, added with yelping dogs their multitudinous notes to swell the babel of din and infinite confusion.
"Peace, you rabble of idiots, you herd of

swine!" vociferated Major Saunders, stunned by the uproar and discordant chorus of-"Ye shan't dhrive my pig; there's the parson's resate; bad luck to him and you!" "Lct go my cow, ye robber; didn't I show ye my paper!" "Where are ye goin' wid the ass total amount would yet fail to propitiate grace till the next quarter. Meanwhile, "Forward!" was the officer's cry; and the Hussars, at full gallop, came dashing in among the people, who recoiled in fright from the prancing horses, scarcely less highmettled than their cruel riders, whose menacing brows and contemptuous eyes the poor childre?" Arrah, plaize don't smash up the churn for sport!" "Och, wirra, wirra, is it churn for sport!" "Och, wirra, wirra, is it churn for sport!" "Och, wirra, wirra, is it dhrag the wisp o' stbraw from undher the sick childhre? Come on, my gossoons; let me see ye put a fut on the thrashold o' my flure, or hurt a hair o' the head o' my wife or baby;—yer wilkim to all ye can get wid a tussel on the outside o' me." "Och, mammy, mammy, they've tuck the

spinnin' wheel an' the banks o' yarn." cess to ye! lay down that creel o' turf an bag o' male; ye've got more nor yer rights in the flitch o' bacon." "O Lord, save us! now we'll have murdher!" "They've dhragged the poor woman an' the babby from their bed in spite o' the husband, an' thrown thim on the dunghill, widout scarce a screed on 'em' for dacency; an' begorra Neil has split the skull o' two 'o em : an' och, och, wirra, roon-roon, take the childhre, Molly!-Murdher!"

"Fire!" shouted Major Saunders, as Neil

More, grappling with the assailants of his humble domicile, hurled one with a broken limb to the earth, and with a fearful stroke of his hammer knocked two others senseless at his feet, a roar of musketry that smothered every other sound shook the welking, a lull of petrified silence ensued. "Fire!" again called out the major. A second volley arose, with shricks and groans. When the shroud of smoke dispersed away, and the order to march was given, driv-ing before them unmolested the cattle, and leaving piles of wrecked chattels in flames and some hovels on fire, the military departed in martial ar-ray, playing the tune, "Croppies Lie Down." The terror stricken people, offering no further obstruction, stood for some moments apathetically still; not a word was spoken, while in every posture of agony the dead and the dying lay around. At length a cry arose that broke the trance of stupor. It was from a child who found its mother, Rose O'Brien, among the slain. At once burst forth, in awful chorus, the wild wail of sorrow for slain friends and kindred, the mournful ulla, ulla of the Celtic caoine, while forgetful of every other calamity and loss, men, and women rushed to and fro to succor the wounded and bear away the dead, among the latter of which, comprising some seven or eight, was the wife of Neil More, the tinker, who, with the infant in his arms, knelt in sullen torpor beside the corpse, while a middle aged man close by filled the air with lamentations over the body of his only son, a fine stripling of seventeen, and defied every consulution of sympathy, till a bold, resolute, looking man, apparently a stranger, and one, who seemed invested with the air of authority and high command, came by, who, waiving all attempt at southing speech, addressed the bereaved father in

Bridget, the Sassenach justly smite as paltry curs men who bond their shoulders to the lash ! Shame shame upon thy manhood, to crouch mouning over this murdered youth, where boldly thou shouldst rise to avenge

Mooney, the blacksmith, with oneeks wet ders, he stood, with folded arms, in front of his homestead, where his young wife had but in the mien and eye of the stranger there that morning given birth to her first child; and savagely manifested every indication of guarding his broad with his life.

"Soldiers, do your duty, and ashoot like a lifeless mother of his weeping children."