

Varities.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

The following piece of "composition" may be "backed" against any thing ever produced. It was written half a century ago, by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament, in the "Troulous times of Ninety-eight," when a handful of men, from the County of Wexford, struck terror into the hearts of many a gallant son of Mars, as well as the worthy writer himself. The letter was written to a friend in London, Sir Jonah Barrington, who sat in the same Parliament, who says of him, "that he had one great advantage o'er all other bull or blunder makers; He seldom launched a blunder from which some fine opinion or maxim might not easily be extracted."

"MY DEAR SIR—Having a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God!) killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other.

"I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings-on, that every thing is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago; but I did not receive it until this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been judiciously left behind, for fear of accident; and by good luck there was no body in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes.

"Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little: we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every

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

"P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried, therefore I beg you will write to let me know!"

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A LAMENTABLE DEATH.—Died,—in Laodicea,—the *Prayer Meeting*, aged one year. The health of the meeting was poor most of the year, and its life was despaired of. But a few anxious friends kept it alive, and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them. Discouragement, however, at last prevailed, and the prayer meeting is dead. It died from neglect. Not a Christian was present when it died. Over forty Christians (?) were living within a mile of it, and not one was there. Had two only been there its life might have been saved, for where two are agreed touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them. Two-thirds of the forty might have been there, had they been so disposed. But they were not, and so the poor prayer meeting died.—*Zion's Advocate*.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; befriend no one; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to destroy all the finer feelings of our nature, and be rendered mean, miserable, and despised for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come, as sure as disease, disappointment, and a miserable death.