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EXCITEMENT UNABATED.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF HOOHESTER PHYSICIAN FULLY AUTHEN-TICATED.

Cleveland, O., Herald.

Yesterday and the day before we copied into our columns from the Rochester, N.Y. Democrat and Chronicle, a remarkable statement, made by J. B. Henion, M.D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that erticle Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful of perience which befell him, and the next day we published from the same paper's second article, giving an account of the Excite, ment in Rochester," caused by Dr. Henion's statement. It is doubtful if any two articles were ever published which caused greater commotion both among professional people and laymen.

- Since the publication of these two articles having been besieged with letters of inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr. Henion and also one to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if any additional proof could be given to us as to the validity of the statements published. In answer thereto we have received the following etters, which add interest to the entire subject and verify every statement

... ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor is received. The published statement, over my signature, to which you refer is true in every respect, and I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Cure, which snatched me from the very brink of the grave. It is not surprising that people should question the statement I made, for my recovery was as great a marvel to myself as to my physicians and friends.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., Jan. 21. Sirs: Acknowledging your favor duly receved, we would say: The best proof we can give you that the statements made by Dr. Henion are entirely true, and would not have been published unless strictly so, is the following testimonial from the best citizens of Rochester, and a card published by Rev. Dr. Foote, which you are at liberty to use if

H. H. WARNER & Co.

To Whom it may Concern:

In the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle of December, there appeared a statement in the form of a card from Dr. J. B. Henion, of this city, recounting his remarkable recovery from Bright's disease of the kidneys, after several doctors of prominence had given him up, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. We are personally or by reputation acquainted with Dr. Henion, and we believe he would publish no statement not literally true. We are also personally or by reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of that remedy, whose commercial and personal standing in this community are highest order, and we believe that they would not publish any statements which were not literally and strictly true in every particular.

C. R. PARSONS, (Mayor of Rochester.) WM. PURCELL (Editor Union and Adver-

tiser.)
W. D. STUART, (ex-Surrogate Monroe County.) EDWARD A. FROST, (ex-Clerk Monroe County.) E. B. FENNER, (ex-District Attorney Monroe County.)

J. M. DAVY, (ex-Member Congress, Ro-JOHN S. MORGAN, (County Judge, Monroe

HIRAM SIBLEY, (Capitalist and Seedsman.) W. C. ROWLEY, (ex-County Judge, Mon-John Van Voormis, (ex-Member of Con-

To the Editor of the Living Church, Chicago,

There was published in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle of the 31st of December, a statement made by J. B. Henion, M. D., narrating how he had been cured of Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in its last stages, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. I was referred to in that statement, as having recommended and urged Dr. Henion to try the remedy, which he did, and was cured. The state ment of Dr. Henion is true, so far as it concerns myself, and I believe it to be true in all other respects. He was a parishioner of mine and I visited him in his sickness. I urged him to take the medicine and would do the same again to any one who was troubled with a disease of the kidneys and liver.

INRAEL FOOTE, (D.D.,)
(Late) Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Rochester, N.Y.

Nothing is yet known at Quebec as to who are the victims of the Lake Simon holocaust, previously reported. The coroner was unable to leave on account of the snow blockade, and the telegrams which have been despatched to St. Raymond for information have received no satisfactory reply. From the latest despatches received it seems that the bodies, which are being conveyed to St. Raymond, are still snow bound at Black river.

"Maryland, My Maryland." * * * " Pretty Wives, Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

" My wife !"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became "Sallow!"

"Hollow-eyed!" "Withered and aged!"

Before her time, from "Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasi-

ness.
"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had "Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her oldtimed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only

Ille History to thank for it. the dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done. Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain.

C. L. JAMES. Beltsville, Prince George Co., Md., May 26th, 1883.

Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile. I reward for the assassination of Osman Digna; MNone genuine without a bunch of green poisonous stuff with "Hop 18 or "Hops' in their name "(Signed) Shaux O'Neil."

WOLESLEY ON AME GENERALS.

LRE THE GREATEST, AND STONEWALL JACKSON FAR AHEAD OF MR. U. S. GRANT.

RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 11 .- A recent despatch to the Herald from London, over the Mackay Bennett oables, stated that Lord Woiseley, in a private letter, says—
"I have personally known only two
heroes in the course of my life. One was
General Lee, the other is General Gordon." This was taken here to be a reiteration of what General Wolseley said as far back as 1883, when he wrote a letter to a lady in Mobile, Ala., who a year ago was residing in New York. The name of the lady is not known, but the letter is as follows :-

WAR OFFICE, LONDON, Dec. 8, 1883. My Dear Miss S. —I am very grateful for your kind letter and for the valuable autographs it contains. I have long been collecting the letters of eminent people, but have had much difficulty in obtaining those of the great men on your side of the Atlantic. I have only known two heroes in my life, and General R. E. Lee is one of them; so you can well understand how I value one of his letters. I believe that when time has calmed down the angry passions of the North General Lee will be accepted in the United States as the greatest general you have ever had, and second as a patriot only to Washington himself. Stonewall Jackson I only knew slightly. His name will live forever, also, in American history when that of Mr. U. S. Grant has been long forgotten. Such, at least, is my humble opinion of those men when viewed by an outside student of military history, who has no local prejudice. I am glad to hear that my much valued friend Mrs, L. is well and happy. She was one of the brightest and most lovable women I have ever known. Please remember me to her affectionately should you soon write to her. I enclose you a photograph with very great pleasure. I shall indeed be proud that it finds a place in your collection. I am also sending one direct to General Beauregard, with my best thanks for his kindness in letting me have the autograph letters you have so kindly sent me. That of General Beauregard is one that I shall always prize. I am indeed very grateful to you for telling me to keep it. Again thanking you most sincerely for your kindness to me in this matter, believe me to remain, very faithfully yours,
Wolseley.

USEFUL TO KNOW. Everyone should know that Ilagyard's Yellow Oil will give prompt relief; applied externally will stop any pain; and taken internally cures colds, asthma, croup, sore throat and most inflammatory complaints.

DANGEROUS OUTLOOK IN INDIA.

BRITISH RULE HATED BY THE NATIVES. London, Feb. 11.—The report spread on the streets a few days ago that Earl Dufferin had been shot by a fanatical native has directed attention to England's position in the East. Meeting at the Travellers' a member of Parliament, whose prother is one of the best informed men at the present time on everything connected with India, I obtained some very valuable information. Referring to the report current to-night that two battalions of infantry and one regiment of cavalry are to be taken from garrisons in India for Egypt, he remarked emphatically, "It should not be done. England cannot spare a single soldier from her vast possessions in the East."

Correspondent-Why not? India is loyal and order could be maintained by the native

Member of Parliament - Ithink you are mistaken. The natives are becoming more disaffected every year. As intelligence increases they more strongly object to being governed by a race alien to them in blood and reli-

Correspondent-But what a triumphant procession Lord Ripon's farewell visit was. Member of Parliament-Very true. The inhabitants of the cities and larger towns are loyal. But the danger comes from the com-munes, the village life which is outside the influence of the English, and is prejudiced against the English by the native teachers and preachers.

Correspondent—Then you think there is a

chance of another mutiny?

Member of Parliament--Chance? I fear there is a certainty of it. The natives are ripe for rebellion. The outbreak may be de layed for a year or two--I don't think longer or an act of unwisdom might foment it tomorrow.

Correspondent-And then? Member of Parliament-The atrocities of Cawnpore, the massacre of Delhi, deviltry verywhere on a larger scale than in 1857. Correspondent-But if these views are corect and the authorities take precautions,

cannot a mutiny be put down instantly? Member of Parliament—No. The mutiny of the future will be distinguished from the mutiny of the past by two circumstances. In the past England had only to fight the natives. In the future she will have to fight the natives plus Russia. In the past the natives were only armed with smooth-bores and old Brown Bess guns, while our troops had Remingtons. Now the natives are as well weaponed as the English service, and are as expert, if not more expert, in the use of the rifle. No, sir, a mutiny in India means fearless loss of life, and I fear the loss

of the Empire. Correspondent-What do you think of Lord Dufferin? Member of Parliament-The right man in the right place. If any man can defer the outbreak he will, but it does not lie in

human power to prevent it.

DANGER IN THE AIR. In the chilling hands, the damp atmosphere and suddenly checked perspiration, colds are lurking. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, coughs, asthma and bronchitis, and all complaints tending towards consumption.

DEAD OR ALIVE.

A REWARD OFFERED FOR THE BODY OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES. NEW YORK, Feb. 11.-Rossa's paper. The United Irishman, makes this offer in its headlines this week: "\$10,000 reward for the body of the Prince of Wsles, dead or Beneath the heading, the editor, Pat Joyce, throws the onus of the offer on Shaun O'Neil, who is not easily to be identified as a citizen or subject of a power friendy to Great Britain. The editor manages it in this

"Special to United Irishman. DUBLIN, Fcb. 4.—It has been decreed to offer a reward of \$10,000 for the body, dead or alive, of Albert Edward Guelph, nicknamed SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach; involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with

formed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "all gone" sensation: a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the mora-ing, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Cool fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary it appears to aggregate the on the contrary, it appears to aggrevate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and rritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly rrom a bent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something to be from falling. The bowels costive, When rising suddenly from a recum firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times: the blood becom-ing thick and stagmant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food oon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fer mented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes closed, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and regetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, (Limited), 17, Farringdon-road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary street, Peterborough, November 29th, 1881. Sir,-It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Mr. A. J. White. William Brent. September 8th, 1883. Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues: one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." Ialways recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,

Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydvil.

To Mr. A. J. White.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883. My Dear Sir,-Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible. The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" has saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending lifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."
The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, (Signed) W. Bowker.
To A. J. White, Esq.
Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 24,

1882. Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. I was in n trv i Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very gratefully,
(Signed) Carey B. Berry,
A. J. White, Esq. Baptist Missionary,
Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1882
Mr. A. J. White, —Dear Sir,—I was for some
time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am how happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully, (Signed) John H. Lightfoot.
A. J. WHITE, (Limited), 67 St. James street,

Montreal.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White (L'd.), 67 St. James street, City.

In the spermaceti whale the teeth are fixed to the gum.

AN EXCELLENT REPORT.

Hon. Jos. G. Goodridge, of Brocklyn, N.Y., writes:—"I cannot express myself in sufficiently praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great benefit.

Queen Victoria, according to an official announcement, has never eaten a piece of

WELL AS EVER.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N.Y. : "My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nauseau, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever.

The nearest approach to squaring a circle is a new augur lately invented that bores a

A GOOD RECORD.

Among the many thousand nottles of Hagyard's Yellow Oil sold annually in Canada, not one has ever failed to give satisfaction. It cures, rheumatism, colds, and all painful complaints and injuries.

Mexican "chambermaids," it is said are invariably Indian boys appropriately dressed in the female garb.

TO OUR READERS.

If you suffer from headache, dizziness. back ache, billiousness or humors of the blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters. It is a guaranteed cure for all irregularities of the blood, liver and kidneys.

A Florida man claims to have a rooster of the Shanghai persuasion that laid an egg last week.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy surpasses all.

AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER XXIX. -Continued. The little one, seemingly puzzled, gave over the dialogue, and, at her mother's call, returned to her breakfast at the table. There was an interval of silence; then slowly peel

spoke:
"Ma'am, don't go abroad to day; stay at
home wid Fanchea. Atair bid me tell ye."

ingle potato with her fingers, again the child

The mother looked up perplexed. "If I don't go an' get some work, declish, Fanches will have nothing to est, nor her ma'am-wouldn't that be bad?"

"Anyhow, matair, yer not to stir out atair bid me tell ye, or ye'll be sorry."

"Why, aroon, where did ye see yer father, and how would ye know him?" "Och, I know him very well, matair, an' he's standing in the sunshine at the door, to take care of us, he is; an' he's looking at us out of his two sunny eyes." And the little girl laughed, nodded her head archly at the door, and gave a little bound, while her mother gazed dejectedly, yet halfmystified, upon the fair innocent, whose words awoke strange emotions and thoughts in her heart, musing and doubtful whether she should obey the warning, and forfeit a day's wages, or treat it as the silly babble of an idiot. She sat still ruminating; then, as an idea struck her, she abruptly said: "What have the angels for their breakfast, Fanchea?"

The child set up a shout of laughter, as though the question had been one of the most utter absurdity and said:

"They want no breakfast; they ain't like us;—but, oh, look, mammy;" she cried, laying down the half-finished petato, and gazing intently upwards with wondering and pathetic eyes. "Look at all the big an' little birds flying through the dark storm; and, oh, mammy, kites, an' owls, and vultures following and killing em, an' some have their wings broken, an' can't fly no more;

och, orra, orra!"
"Huist!" exclaimed Meelan Conroy, raising her hand to warn the child to silence, and standing up in alarm, as wild cries from without smote her ear, the cries of young voices in distress. Nearer and nearer they came, then crackling of brambles and brushwood, and the tramp of running feet announced that someone flying headlong from pursuit approached the hut. "Cross o' Christ between us an' evil!"

murmured the young woman, with blanched cheek and lips, "what'll become of us?"
"Don't be feared, mammy," said the child, with beaming eyes. "Atair is watching at the door, an' won't let us be hurt." Reassured by the singular faith suddenly in-spired by her child's confident assertion, Meelan fearlessly hastened to the open door just as the two boys, Ned Burke and Larry

Doyle, rushed breathless in, crying with chattering teeth and white faces: "Hide us! hide us! the yeos are after

us." "Good Lord! my poor children, where'll I hide ye?" cried Meelan, glancing desperately round the one bare room, rushing to look out, and flying back as six or seven troopers, hallooing and bawling, came galloping on high-mettled chargers over the heath, and through the copse, so near that not even a hare could escape their ken.

"Oh, Fanchea, aroon, we'll be soon with God and the angels, and ye'll have yer wish, my jewel. Oh, Virgin deelish, protect us

now from the power of the Evil One." "Come, Larry," cried Ned Burke, quickly conscious of the peril in which their presence involved the helpless woman, "let's make another run for it, our staying here'll do no good for ourselves or the poor girls"-Meelan looked so young and fragile as to seem little more—saying which Ned bolted out; but just as Larry was following, Meelan seized him by

"Stay, acie, stay; ye can't escape 'em, and if it be God's will, sure let us all go to

Him together." Father won't let 'em huri ye," murmured the child, in low, cooing tone, that sounded plaintively, and as she spoke the horsemen dashed up, dismounted at the door, and intent upon an hour's evil pastime, they flung the bridles of their steeds across the branches of the trees about, and crowded into the cabin. To lay hold on trembling Larry, fling him to his knees, and with bayonet pointed to his bosom, put him to his catechism, was but the

work of a moment. "You young croppy vagabond!" vociferated the troop, closing round him, while they took a good survey of the other inmates, and so blocked up the door as to bar exit. "Now we have ye, an' by every fiend, if ye don't answer every question we put, we'll tear you limb from limb. Come, sirrah, no blubbering or skulking, but speak out. Where's the other chap was with you?"

"I don't know, sir." sobbed Larry, quite unnerved by the late terrible scenes of which he had been witness, and wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket.

"Ye don't know?—ha, ha!—that's a good one," grinned one of the troopers, winking at the bundle of heath in the corner, as much as to say, "if you don't know we do." "But see, lad, your life dopends upon your words. Where are the rebels gone away from the cabin they were in the night before last?-we saw you and the other boy among them."

"They wor afeared the soldiers would come back, sir, an' they scattered everywhere among the hills, an' wherever they thought would be safest." "Was the rebel Miles Byrne among them

and is he with them now?"
"I seen him an' Mr. Gerald lavin' the place among 'em, but I dunno where they wint to, sir," said Larry, getting more composed Where were you and the other chap

going when we met you?"
"We wor out, Ned and I, lookin' for a sthray goat an' kid, whin we seen the Hume wood horse comin' down, an' we run for our lives, an' met your honor comin' up at the turn of the road, an' thought to run off by another way to hide from yees."

"Ah, ha, ha, Hawkins, see how a guilty

conscience makes cowards," cried a ferociouslooking tellow, whose enormous head rested upon an inch of neck, which alone separated it from a pair of high square shoulders, like a gourd upon a hot-bed. "Is that young beauty there your sister, or what?"
And with small piggish eyes protruding from their sockets while he gazed with unhallowed stare at the shrinking woman, he wiped with lawn handkershief the perspiration from his bloated red cheeks, and the dewlap that fell from his heavy chin. "She isn't anything to me, sir; I never

saw her before." "So much the worse for you, my lad sometimes a comely sister has it in her power to court favour for an ngly brother. What's yer name, sirrah?

Larry Doyle, sir. Larry Doyle !- a bad name. Strip, you scoundrel, that we may write it on your back, so as to know you again when we meet. Or stay, as you look rueful, and I'm inclined to mercy this fine May morning, will you buy our good will with a job?—but first, that we may, make sure of your loyalty, say, "To hell with the Rope I'"

Larry looked up, his whole countenance

but I won't do that."

Captain Bateman swelled and grew livid with rage, "You won't?" His fist clutched the boy's

hair. "I won't; I'm a Catholic, an' I can't say "Listen to the cub, Erskine?" cried the

officer, turning to that personage, who re-

joined with a smile: "I suppose he wouldn't say, 'God bless the King' either, to oblige us; it would go against his Catholic conscience." "No, I'll say that as often as ye like; for Christ commands us to bless those that persecute us," said Larry, transformed into a new

character, and exhibiting now resolution as dauntless as his former timidity. "Indeed!" sneered the captain. "Perhaps you will further oblige us by crying, Long live the Constitution, and the pious and immortal memory?"" "No; that's an Orange toast, an' I won't

say it." "Come, put an end to this fooling, and let the lad know what we will have or his blood!" cried Colonel Erskine, impatiently "Led, we want four rebel ringleaders. Mind, we can get them without your help; but we only wish to save time and trouble, and test your loyalty, as we can suffer no rebel to live, no more than a fox, a rat, or any other mean beast. Tell us at once, or bring us to where we may lay hold on Dwyer, the insurgent chief, priest Murphy, and Gerald and Miles Byrne.

"I can tell ye nothin' at all about 'em an', what's more, I won't. Is it an informer, like the lot, ye want to make me? See if ye can," doggedly returned the boy, locking bold defiance at the troop, who, for a moment taken aback, seemed stupidly to gaze at the speaker, till one who among his corps, was known as the "Buffalo," from his uncouth, unwieldy, and prodigious corpulance, growled out, as he turned over and over with his bayonet the heap of broom: Dang my witals! an' there's no' soign or soight of t'other boy. Wot's gone of He couldn't 'ave lewanted unbeknown to us,

roused them from their reverie. Captain Bateman drew back a few paces absolutely convulsed with fury, and drawing his sabre, was about to inflict, not summary vengeance upon the youth, but to cut and hack him to pieces by slow process, when a tiny hand was laid upon his uplifted arm, and a tiny voice cried out, while a small beauteous face looked placidly fearless into

"Don't hurt the boy. The man behind you is angry, and going to smite you on the

head with a lance.' Captain Bateman, a few paces apart from his troop, turned hastily round, yet saw no object between him and the wall. Surprised, he gazed a moment at the upturned baby face, so guileless and 'ruthful in expression as to leave no room a doubt, save that of ocular demonstration, and Captain Bateman never believed in anything he did not see with his own eyes, or understand by his own reason. The object which he did see next, Larry's face, pale, calm, resolute, in-flamed his ire. Dashing off the child, he made a sword-thrust, inflicting a slight gash upon the boy's bosom, who yet firmly stood, while his assailant reeled and fell, a hideous,

blackened corpse, at his feet. There was a moment's pause, then a simultaneous rush to lift the fullen man and undo his cravat, to dash water in his face, and

chafe his hands and temples. "Gone, by Jove! an epileptic stroke," cried Sergeant Hawkins, suspending his bootles labor.

"Second fit. I always knew he'd go off like a shot, observed Colonel Erskine. 'Drank too freely.' "And grown so stout of late, poor fellow—great pity!" chimed in a young ensign, hending over the body. What'll we do with

"Leave him there, Pomfret, and we'll throw him across the horse and take him home, or send a cart for him. But meantime, don't let us be balked of our work for this untoward event, and let that cursed young croppy bless the fine escape he had, and snap his fingers at us," cried another trooper of hardened aspect, laying hold of Larry. "Here, Higgenboggan, lay by tum-

bling the rubbish, and fetch me a rope."
"Oi, that's wot I call doin' it neat. 'Ang up the tarnal young plague afore we go, an' leave 'im danglin' for a scarecrow, to all evildeers," cried the Buffalo. "Gi' me the end of the cord :- there, fix the noose. Now yer'll see 'ow I'll string him up," and the trooper, who, like his frees, was some-what the worse of a morning potation, delighted with the job on hands, gan to chuck the cord round the boy's neck. "Well, little one; wot 'ave you got to say to me!" he cried, suspending his work a moment, as the child stood before him with intercepting hand and frightened

face.
"Don't hurt him; the man behind is angry, and will hit you."

"Dang it! d'ye think I'm a fool? Clear the way!" shouted the soldier, kicking the child, and bouncing up on the table to insert the end of the cord between the rafters. The frail board creaked beneath the weight, overbalanced, and down with a crash came the ponderous form. His head struck the iron trious birth, nor chivalrous fame to pot that lay upon the hearth with such violence as to smash the utensil, while same moment his own brains and blood splashed

Without another word, the appalled troopers made helter-skelter for the door, some swearing, some cursing, all astounded. They stared wildly round in quest of their horses where they left them tethered. No horses were there; but instead a cry was raised, and passed from lip to lip: "The rebels! The rebels are coming!" as they beheld in the distance detachments of men, armed with bristling pikes in front. and headed by men on horseback making rapidly towards them.

"Face about! quick march!" shouted the colonel.

But the march soon became a rapil race, as the desperate foe advanced with rapid strides, and the last vestige of them had disappeared before Miles O'Byrne, mounted on his own charger, reined up with his companions in-arms—Gerald Byrne, O'Brien, De Lacy, Mooney and other—before the door of the humble cot, where Meelan Conroy, with stream. ing eyes, was pressing to her bosom the gallant but exhausted boy so strangely rescued, while the child, seated in a corner, was singing to herself, in Irish tongue, fragments of holy hymns that filled the hut with low, thrilling, sweetly-warbled echoes, and the corpses of the dead yeomen lay stretched in all their revolting deformity upon the

ground. What the while had become Ned Burke? When the peasant boy, in whose veins

flowed, pure and strong, the blood of the first Anglo Norman earl that had left the impress of his foot upon Trish soil the chivalrous Red de Burgo bethought of the peril in Red de Burgo-pernoughi of the pern in which his own and comrade's presence, so unexpected and fatal, was certain to involve the inmates, of the hat Larry looked up, his whole countenance involve the immates, of the hat hat and bearing underwent a change. Firmly he and with generous promptitude hasten looked at Captain Bateman; firmly, but ed to relieve them, he made a flying meekly; he replied.

Leap from the door, and, over-reaching meekly; he replied. furrow, where among the furze, he lay con-cealed to recover breath. By and by, find ing the hut invested, and his companion not forthcoming he cautiously crept out of his retreat, looked about him, spied the horses, saw among them Tippoo Saib, and without a moment's hesitation resolved to brave all risk to carry off the animal whose loss both his master and himself had silently deplored. Tippoo Saib, not being cognisant of the state of affairs, neighed loud. ly with joy at sight of the boy whose hand was wont to careas him, and had surely be trayed him and frustrated his plans had his new owner and minions been less intent upon their evil work. Shaking his fist at the dumb brute, and looking fearfully around, Ned slipped the bridle off the branch, then, emboldened by success, and probably think. ing that, as they were now in for it, the more they could make of their business the better, he went around catching the rein of each steed, then, mounting Tippoo silently he stole away, till sufficient space was gained between, and then his snail's space became an eagle's flight.

Miles O'Byrne, stalking, gun in hand, with a bag of game across his shoulder, to the bivous where the women and children were camped, as he neared it, beheld with astonishment Ned Burke careering towards him from the other side of the hill, mounted on his own charger, and towing along a pack of prancing steeds. The women, hearing the prodigious clatter, rushed cut, every one with a child, except Nelly and Euphemia, and huddled about him.

"Why, as I'm a living woman, if it ain't my Ned?" cried Kitty Burke, standing still beside Miles to gaze upon the puzzling apectacle. Up dashed Ned heated and breathless, but

not elate or joyous. Miles came forward: "I say, youngster, what have you been at—slaughtering a regi-ment, eh? How did you come by Tippoo Saib?" and with beaming brow he sprung into the saddle which Ned had vacated, and patted the neck of the animal that bounded eneath him.

"Oh, sir, I haven't time to tell you. I want to go see after Larry," panted Ned.
"Will you care the horses—we'll want them yet?"

"Where's my Larry! What ails my boy ?" here screamed the shrill voice of Moll Doyle, breaking into the circle. "Tell me, this instant, where he is?" "The yeos have him, beyond at Kilcullen," whispered Ned, in answer to a look from

"Give me a pike here; I'll go find my boy! Come, Johnny; come, Nell. Let who will follow, a mother ain't goin' to lave her child to be mangled by wolves while she can handle a weapon for him !" and the excited woman hurried down the hill in the direction by

which Ned had come up. Miles, who had drawn Ned aside, and in brief words learned from him the details of what had happened, said: "I see, Ned, we must, and may as well set to work first as last. The fact is, we are begirt, and may as well fight out of the net." He sounded a shril whistle, which was soon answered by similar responses from every side. "Go tell Moll Doyle to come up here. The women must keep in the rere, and I don't at all doubt their mettle if pushed Dwyer himself. But, ho! here come his

hillsmen, stout and true, and with good augury we'll go forth to buttle." The stalwart band which, in his brief absence, Dwyer had committed to the command of Gorald Byrne, Miles annd Macalister, his brother in law, came along at swift, steady nace. at danger's signal converging from detached stragglers into compact band, variously accounted, but mostly armed with the

formidable pike. · Mrs. Lanigan and Mooney's now idiot wife being left behind with the children and Doyle, helpless and suffering from his lecerated wounds, in their temporary shelter, and guarded by a small, determined party under M'Cormac, the peduler, and one O'Connor, a shoemakers, men of ruined homes, and reckless desperadocs, the whole brigade set forward, swayed by one common inpulse, and as yet without any purpose more definite than that of rescuing Doyle's son, and fiercely giving blow for blow, if needful, in his cause.

Hitherto we have seen Irish gentlemen

ignored and insulted, yet waiving resentful

strife, and merging antagonism of race and creed in peaceful submission to fate. We

have seen Irish peasants despised and treated with contumely, as something inferior to slaves, in fact, as savages and barbarians of the most abject type, yet patiently, quietly pursuing the daily routine of their class in honest labor, interfering with no one, unobtrusive, inoffensive, herding among themselves, and asking no more than leave to earn their daily meal of potatoes, and live and die in obscurity and peace. That not answering the views of their alien masters, an unnatural, executed and execuable Protestant oligarchy, eager to demonstrate the loyalty they pretended to monopolise, and traffic a country in which they had neither prestige of ancestry more aucient than Cromwellian or Elizabethian charter, nor illusennoble and endear them, to purchase English gold, and Union titles, and the patronage of the sleek tiger, Castlereagh, as well as to wreak their own inherent malice; we are now to behold the reversed picture, of a people, goaded boyond human endurance. rising at length, terrible in wrath, and vainly pleading no more for mercy, but appealing by force of arms to compel, from the punishment and fear of their ignoble tyrants, that forbearance they would not cede to humanity supplicating cry. Now we shall behold peasants transmuted into soldiers, and women, discarding their sex, which secured to them neither respect nor honour, nor exemption from violence, metamorphosed into amazons, seizing pike and brand, and marching brave and fearless to do battle in the ranks of their

womanly love. Truly, a grand national crisis is at hand, and, though victory could not hope to be wrested by the most hereio essay of an undrilled, unequipped, ill armed people, unprepared in every way for the contest. Nevertheless, they who sowed the wind soon reaped to their cost a whirlwind they had little recked of, and too late learned again the salutary lesson that a despised for the toften given a bloody

battle, while many a vain-glorious house and

kinsmen for children and helpless friends and

relatives, whose existence and safety depends

upon their strong arm, and the might of their