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REDMOND O'CONNOR; OR, THE SECRET PASSAGE.

A PAGE OF IRISH HISTORY.

(From the N. Y. Irish-American.)

CHAPTER IX.—BURROUGH'S DEFEAT.

Long before the morning dawned, the Irish were under arms, anxiously awaiting the approach of day, and the enemy at the same time. As soon as it was light, the English commenced crossing opposite the camp at Droumlich, where the cavalry of Maguire were stationed.

The infantry, all this time, had been fighting with little advantage on either side. Upon the retreat of the cavalry, the English again retired, and some even threw down their arms and fled.

Standards, guns, ammunition, and everything belonging to a well-appointed army fell into the power of the victors. O'Connor was dispatched with a body of cavalry, to take possession of the enemy's baggage on the right bank of the river.

ficular morning, Alice O'More arose from her humble cot, unrefreshed and weary. She had passed the night in frightful dreams and visions of blood and slaughter, and filled with melancholy forebodings, sought out the kind Aileen, her comforter on all occasions.

but well she knew that a hopeless captivity was before her. As she reflected on the hints dropped by her captors, her innocent heart beat wildly at the thought of a life worse to her than death—the wife, perhaps, the slave of some soulless tyrant.

how ye receive him, for, take my word for it, he can be black to those who cross his path." With this consoling piece of information, the old woman left the room, and when the sound of her footsteps had died away, Alice clasped her hands together, and, bowing her head, exclaimed—