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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

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shadow.

the latter.

the men.

diaoul. 11's droii l"

Charlemont.

A TALE OF THE IRISH WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH OENTURY.

high-peaked gables of the houses and light-

As Edmund and his companion halted in

"Halio ! why, what the ---- " commenced

"Hush, captain, I beg you, for a moment

I have reason to know that voice ;" and to.

gether they listened to the conversation of

"Yes, yes, everything is ready ; the fool

" Ay, like a lamb to the slaughter." was the

good lining of red gold to his purse, and

share and share alike is the word. Remem-

ber, if the fight goes against us, the cry, 'A

Bodkin | A Bodkin !' Those thick-headed

Galway men will take the affair for a party

brawl-an thiggin thu? Hs, hal Manam an

Here the face of the speaker was turned

of many alterations, the visage of Edmund

U'llugh, the murderer of Lord Caulfield of

"As I live, there's murder and robberg

"We will watch and wait," replied Edmund,

the two men, who stood as if anxiously aw it-

ing the arrival of another party. Suddenly

"Tie he," answered the other ; "now, Gar-

"Now is our time, lieutenant," said Sker-

rett; "come, by my faith, we shall spoil these

Drawing their swords they cautiously ap-

proached the lorking assassing, who suddenly

sprang in the direction of the advancing ps.

rett, stand by me; be ready and strike home !"

planned," whispered Skerrett.

one of them exclaimed:

"Ha! See yonder !"

their victim's coming.

rascale' sport "

reat.

is coming post haste; he took the message

in good faith, and is coming like a lamb."

" So everything is ready, Garrett ?"

" Yes, captain, I am here," he replied, and, kneeling, supported the body of the wounded man in his arms. "You are listening to me, my friend ?" OHAPTER XX.-Continued.

134 . · · · ·

It was rather dark as O'Tracy and Skerrett "Yes, yes, I am attentive-heaven grant jour wound is not serious !" strolled back towards the inn. The streets

· ·

sword-stroke, and then, hastily turning, the

infamous foster brother of Sir Phelim O'Nelli

"Lieutenant O'l rsoy-lieutenant," mur-mured a faint voice at the feet of Edmund-

plunged into the crowd and disappeared.

the voice of the prostrate Skerrett.

were comparatively silent and deserted, and "It is all over with me, my boy; but, I say-here in my breast-Castlehaven's letter weak one compared with the great popular -to be delivered to General Preston-he is concourse of all ranks and classes that lined a spirit of peace and tranquillity seembreathing from every old homestead in the City of the Tribes. A "young May moon" displayed its bright crescent in Waterford-will you bear it in my stead ?" "I will, faithfully and truly," was the rein the blue dome above, peeping over the sponse.

"Accept a dying man's gratitude-the letter, take it-ab, it is stained with my blood, radiance, while the musical tinkling of a but it matters little-that is-if the writing be legible," moaned poor Skerrett, as Edmund drew the blood-sodden missive from his bosom.

" There, there-be true to your word. Heaven save us "how cold it is getting," exolaimed the dying officer ; " lay me down, friend-gently, gently, for heaven's sake-ob, at anchor.

As these words reached Edmund's father, mother | mother |---Mary | Heaven have mercy on mel" the sensation of having heard the voice that uttered them somewhere before caused him to clutch Skerrett suddenly by the And breathing out his soul with these

last words, the Ill-fated officer expired, and arm and draw him further into the deep only a rigid corpse lay in the arms of O'Tracy. "What! good heavens, is the man realiy

dead ?" exclaimed the rescued stranger, as he leant on his sword and doffed his broadleafed beaver, wiping the teeming perspira. tion from his brow.

"May I never wield a rapier more, but there is no life hero "he added, enswering himself, as he laid his hand on the breast of the slain man.

"Bo, what have we here? Is this murder. gentlemen ?" exclaimed an old gray headed response ; " dhar mo corp, Garrett, you do me man of commanding appearance and rich credit ? Now, my lad, a strong stroke and a sure one. The Sassanach captain has a attire, who had come up, surrounded by a whole host of city guards bearing halberts and torches. It was a Galwegian of as " Barenet Councellour of the Province of Connaught, and of the whole kingdom, and member of the Parlement, whose speech to the members of the Parlemont was commanded to be printed for its projound full towards the eavesdroppers. The light erudition and elegance." Although an infell upon it, and Edmund recognized, in spite tense Ormondist and a creature of Clanriokard's, he was a model Galwegian as far as hospitality and urbanity went.

"There has been foul murder, sir," announced Edmond ;-" my friend Captain Skerrett has just fallen victim to a bass assassin."

and together they watched the movements of "Skerrett, say you, sir ;-who and what is he, prithee ?"

" Captain Skerrett, of Castlehaven's horse," was the reply

" Humph ! this is passing evil-the son of my old friend : would 'twere anyone else ! Take him up, men, and bear him to my house. Well, Martin, are these villains A tall, cloaked figure was seen approaching from the extremity of the street. The miscreants crouched in the shade, awaiting | silence 1 for the night ?"

The lequiry was put to the leader of another armed band, who approached from the direction whence the brawling crowd had retreated.

" Yes, Sir Robert, they are quite dispersed, and we have made a dozsu of them prisoners," responded the officer addressed.

destrian, longing furiously at his breast with "Right! Lead on, men, with your gory bur-their swords. The stranger leaped back den. Come, gentiemen," continued the old " Right ! Lead on, men, with your gory buradroltiy from the deadly blades, but in doing baronet, addressing O'Tracy and the strange so slipped and fell, lying for a moment at the officer, " pray give me your company for tcmercy of his treacherons enemics. Ere these | night."

latter could carry out their fiendish design On moved the solemn procession through they were hurled back by O'Tracy and Skerthe streets of Galway, the yellow gliro of the rett, who instantly engaged them hand to torches of the guard falling on the lifeless hand, driving them before them through the form of the ill-fated Skerrett, over which his dark riding cloak had been pityingly thrown.

A halt was made at a large, antique house in The stranger, having gained his feet. rushed, sword in hand, to the aid of his de-liverers. His cloak had fallen of, and the was the time-out-of-mind chief residence of O Fiaherty, the historian) "the young men of light of the moon dimly revealed the rich- the Lynches. Here it was that the inexorable Galway were wont to come a horseback the laced and ribboned dress of an English of. | warden of Galway, James Lynch | third day of their May-game, and there dine | I remember rightly."

master. He openly countenanced the out rages of the Puritan garrison upon the brave Galwegians, and incurred popular odium in various other ways. And yet this was the man whom the AnSic-Irish faction among the Confederates wished to entrust with the command of the Irish forces in Connaught, Burke that the chief command might be at Olan- pocket. rickard's disposal whenever he might think proper to accept of it !

There was, indeed, a Clanrickard faction in concourse of all ranks and classes that lined the streets of Galway on the second morning after the death of Oaptain Skerreit, to witness the departure for many long years of the last remaining vestige of English power. Stately burghers and stalwart mechanics, with their buxom wives and blushing daughters, peasants and soldiers, priests and friars, were mingled in a great, merry, excited, and exulting multitude on and about the principal quay, where a ship with the royal banner of England, with its red St. George's Cross on a

white ground, flying from her masthead, lay The ship was to carry from Galway to Bristol a detachment of one hundred and

fifty men who had formerly formed part ot Willoughby's Galway garrison, and who were now sent by the Earl of Ormond to the aid of his royal master, King Charles, who was at drawn daggers with the Parliament. For in the preceding September a cossetion of hostilities for one year had been signed by Ormond and the Confederates - s cessation brought about by the Anglo-Irish faction, and wholly displessing to the "old Irish" party of the Confederation-and the viceroy was free to make use of the port of Galway for the

embarkation of what troops he wished. The bell of St. Nicholas was chimleg the morning Augelus as the departing troops marched to the quay. They were of both nationalities, English and Irlsb, and several of them were accompanied by their wives. They marched with steady discipline, in a opulence and distinction, Six Robert column four deep, all infactry. Their uniform Lynch, whom an ancient document describes was of a buff colour, with large collars of coarse linen and great gauntlets of yellow buckshin. Each man wore's corselet and carquetel of black iron, the former crossed by a broad, polished leathern belt suspending a number of bandollers-1.o., small wooden casee, each containing a charge of powder : the balls were carried loose in a pouch on the left side, a priming horn of powder hanging on the right. Each carried a polished

matchlock on his shoulder, and a short heavy sword hanging by his side. At the head of the column marched Captain Anthony Willoughby, the officar who had so narrowly escaped assassination two nights before. He was in command of the

detachment. The embarkation of those military passenges and their wives was just completed, when Edmund O'Tracy lesped on board the vessel. His presence there shall be explained further on. Then, as the good ship Pelican weighed her anchor, spread her canvas, and moved away from the wharf, a succession of loud and triumphant cheers rang from the assembled Galway folk. Good cause was there for this exultation ; Galway was not sorry to see the last of the instruments of the cruel rule

of Forbes and Willoughby. And now to follow the course of the Peli CAD.

On she glided seaward over the blue water, on like a thing of life, and her white asils swelling in a propitions breeze, Galway was soon left behind; so was the ancient Claddagh, as curlous in the laws and customs of its fisher king and his subjects as in the day when its boyish inhabitant placed his fish in the hands of St Ends of Arran. On past the conspicuous White Oliff of Barns, or Kneck-a-Blakagh

another of the unsuspecting captain's political foes. Besides, it seemed rash and dangerous to carry an important document on board an enemy's ship. But accept the offer he did, so here he was on board the. Pelican, fast sailing out of Galway Bay-bere an object of curlosity to both soldiers and being appointed lieutenant-general in order sailors, and with Castlehaven's epistle in his

11:0

He was still gazing musingly towards Gal way when he folt a light touch on the shoul-der, and, turning, he saw Captain Willoughthe old Oity of the Tribes, but it was a very by standing beside him in company with two other officers.

"Come, my friend, draw your thoughts on board, for I warrant me they are all in Gal-way yonder, or perhaps further off. What, lieutenant, sea-sick already! St George and the dragon, but you do look glum."

"No, captain, not sea-sick as yet, but-"Homesick, perhaps-eh? Pshaw, don's mind my jesting; but let me introduce you to my two companions.in-arms here--- Cap. tains Fergus O'Oarroll and Thomas Esmonde -Lieutenant O'Tracy."

"Eimund O'Tracy of Leitrim," added our hero, lifting his beaver and bowing, while the officers to whom he was introduced did the same.

"Both countrymen of your own, lieutenant," remarked Willoughby.

"I beg pardon," said one of the officers-a tall, muscular young man, of florid visage-" lieutenant of what, pray ?"

And he glanced at O'Tracy's uniform of an Irish trooper, consisting of a simple slashed tunic and pantaloons of dark cloth, looking still more simple beside the richly laced uniforme, highly polished and gilt corselets, and glittering helinete, crowned with nodding plumes of horse hair, of the two officers by Willcughby's side, both of whom were tail and of good appearance. Edmund had previously seen their uniform in Dublin, and recognized it as that of one of Ormond's crack regiments of cavalry.

"Lieutenant in what regiment, pray, sir?" repeated the officer again-he whom Willorghby introduced as Captain O'Oarroll. "In O'Nelli's horse," answored O'Tracy,

holdiz. "Ob, indeed! a reb" and the speaker suddenly checked himself.

"Indeed! is it so?" echoed the other officer, Esmonde, with a look of inquiry at Willoughby.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the latter, "If I have forgotten to mention that I owe may life to Mr. O'Tracy, and that I have inviced him in return to a free berth in our ship as far as Wathford, whither he desires to go. I hope we will be on the most brother-

ly terms during our voyage." "The lieutenant may expect our best friendship during the voyage," said O'Carroll caroleesly, but with an uppleasant stress on the word.

"Drat it," he added, aside to Esmonde, think of messing with a king's enemy !"

"Gentlemer, gentlemen," exclaimed the explain of the Pellean, a hale and hearty sou of Nepinne, harrying up, "perhaps you might cars to test the economy of our cabin. Follow me, if you please, and see what our Bordeaux is like."

The four readily followed him to the cabin, where a fow draughts of rich wine soon loosened the tongues of all.

"Hark ye, captain," said Willoughby to the Pelican's commander, "are wellikely to fall in with a cruiser of the Parliament ?" "Avast, captalo, leave that to fate," answered the individual addressed; we may, or

twenty for that matter ; and sharp teeth they have, those pesty Roundheads." "Think you there are any of their sail in

these waters ?" "Perhaps not, but it's likely they lurk further South-at least task privateers dothat is, such iry as Forbes and Planket. You know how Forbes, after leaving Galway, two years ago, sailed with his six privateors, or buccancers rather, up the Shannon, ravaging its banks. He hanged some persons there, if

and here she bore him a Wexford, son. But after a short time ill-treatment and the dread of her son being brought up a Protestant caused Lady Esmonde, a devout Catholic, to carry off her infant by stealth from the house of her husband and fly back to her old home among the high. lands of Connemara. Her action pleased rather than irritated her husband, who soon set the law at work to annul his marriage, as being the illegal one of a Catholic and a Protestant, and in a chort time after his wife's flight he married Elizabeth Butler, who, however, died without issue. This broke the heart of his rightful wife. She sleeps with kindred dust in the ancient tomb of her race. Her child still lives-in me."

The officer spoke in a grave and dignified. yet withal mournful voice as he recounted the story of his birth. Our hero examined him closely. He was a man of more than forty years, of robust and well shaped fsame, and of exceedingly courteous bearing, His long cavalier curls were black as night, as were also his moustache and pointed beard, and his countenance was deeply bronzed, but wore a constant expression of bonhomic and good nature.

"Verily, Esmonde, your tale is a curious one;-but what of your father? I under-stand your family ties are not the closest," remarked Willoughby.

" My father is a rich peer of the realm, with one foot in the grave. Twenty and odd years ago he was made mejor-general of the king's forces in Iceland, and raised to the peerage as Lord Esmonde of Limerick. He is now Governor of Duncannon Fort. But no paternal love, sympathy, or regard has he ever evinced for his only child, his discarded and disinherited son Thomas, the poor soldier of fortune, and, gentlemen, your humble servant. But think not that I bear enmity and ill-will to my father for his treatment to me. On the contrary, I have over entertained for him naught but filal love and esteem ; and ere we go further I will ask you, gentlemen, to drink his health."

The goblets were drained to Lord Esmonde's health.

"A bon sujet such as he deserves to be toasted to the skins for his loyalty," remarked O'Carroll, laughlogly; "pity that we cannot give him three times three in good Irish utquebaugh."

"A lonely, unfriended life like yours, Captain Esmonde," romarked Edmund O'l'racy, forgetting the circumstances of his own early bereavement, "cannot be otherwise than sad and mizerable."

"Lonely and unfriended !" repeated E3monde, smilling : "no, no, I have made many friends since my soldiering days began. Nelther am I poor, for I possess a transure ion thousand times dearer to me than all my father's estates, and that is my own dear wife Ellice. She is the daughter of Sir John Fitzgerald, of Dromana Castle, Waterford-though she was the widow of Lord Cahir when I married her-and for her and my childrenyou should see my eldest boy, Lawrence, called siter his grandfather -- I would beg the world over. So you see I am as content as most people-or, rather, a great deal more so. And, then, the interest of my kind foster-father, Viscount Theobald Barke, of Mayo, has long since obtained for me the rank of a baronet-a title perhaps as empty as my pockets are betimes. So, my friends, you are welcome to the private history of Sir Thomas Esmonde, captain of horse in the service of his gracious Mejesty."

"Another toset, gentlemen," said Edmund : Here's to the prosperity of the future Lord Esmondo."

"With the honora! with the honoura!" crisd the impulsive O'Orroll. " Hip, hip, harrth !"

Captain Esmonde bowed politely as the company emptied their glasses once more. 'The captain of the Pelican arose.

"The Bordeaux is prime, gentlemen," said he, smacking his lips, "but you will excuse me if I leave you to its enjoyment while I

May 14, 1884.

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monute	AL 1010 A 111, 1881.
	DUHAMEL & RAINVILLE,
37-5	Attorneys for Plaintiff.
07-5	accords to rangin.

A New York house was so thoroughly fumigated Thursday that it burned down.

Why don't you try Oarter's Little Liver Fills? They are a positive cure for sick head sche, and all the ills produced by dirordered Liver. Only one pill a dose. tts

James B. Keene has decided to give up his estate at Newport.

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Dr. R. M. ALEXANDER, Fann attsburgh, Pa says: "I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is not equalied in any other preparation of Phosphorous."

A dog in Paola, Kan., ran a rabbit into a hollow tree, got his head inst therein, and was found dead. When the body of the dog was drawn out the rabbit escoped.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, was millicted with Tape Worm, S fect of which was removed by one bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup,

ticer. At his approach the would-be robbers and assassing at once relinquished the unequal combat, turned their backs, and fied. But as they ran they raised the cry of "A Bodkin I A Bodken !" and, to our friends' discomfiture, the ominous party cry was taken up in different quarters, and several partisans of the Bodkin family came rushing towards them from either end of the street. A momentarily increasing crowd began to fill the narrow thoroughfare.

" Douce take it !" exclaimed Skerrett, " we are in for a hot plece of service. We have only turned the tables on these cut-throats to find that they have turned them upon us with they had saved.

"Most decidedly, my brave rescuers The sword of Anthony Willoughby is at your service, and he will repay the debt he owes you in his blood if necessary."

"Then we will hope for the best; three blades are not so bad, after all."

"A Bodkin! A Bodkin!"

With fierce yells of vengeance a dense crowd came surging around the three men, who placed their backs against the wall of a house, and gripped their swords in stern determination.

"Down with them!' yelled the voice of O'Hrgh. "Down with them; they have insulted a Evdkin,"

"meed not the scoundrel," shouled Skerrott, "but lay hands on him and scoure him. He is a thief, and we have but just eaved this gentleman from him."

But the great uproar made the words inaudible.

A Bodkin! Hurroo! Down with them!" Dame kmelle Rousseau, of the City of Mou-treal, in the District of Montreal, wife of Mazzire Gauthier, Dister en justice, Flaintiff, vs. the said Nsz ire Gauthier, Defendant. An incline for separation as to property has been inclined in this cause. Montreal lift Acril 1851 "A Bodkin! Hurroo! Down with them!" shower of blows which rained upon them. and managed to wound many of their assail. ants. This rendered the mob more desperate and savage. Shricks and oaths mingled with the clangour of atriking sieel, and the general tumult recounded through the street. Pushing his way to the front, the scoundrelly orig. instor of the entire disturbance, O'Hugh, engaged Captain Skerrett hotly, and proved himself an expert ewordsman. The unequal struggle had not raged long ere Edmund and his companions folt themslyes getting exbausted and overpowered. But at a critical moment unlooked for sid made its appearance. At one end of the street arose the ory : "A Lynob! A Lynob!" Then a strong force of the adherents of the

house of Lynch appeared rushing along the street, charging with fierce impetuosity on the Bodkin Inction. In a moment both Lynches and Bodkins, the Montagues and Ospulets of old Galway, were mixed in a fisrce. velling, noroarious melee.

" Saved, thank heaven I" exclaimed Captain Skerrett, but immediately, tossing his aims in the air, with a loud, gurgling, cry, he fell to the earth, plerced by the sword of O'Hugh."

" Doubly-dyed murderer !" exclaimed O'Tracy, rushing on the latter ; " asiassin of Canineld, turn and meet your doom." With a face deadly pale from guilty surprise, O'Hugh sprang backwards from the himself worthy of his crafty and treacherous

Fitz the mouraful record of the event in the pa- ries of the warlike past. thetic inscription, "Remember Death. All is vanity of vanities. A. D. 1524."

the night. He slept in a large, heavy-cur- under the smile of the blue eky. A purplish tained bed in a great, gloomy chamber, hung | mist lay on the hills of Corcomroe on the left round with portraits of defunct Lynchessage-looking burgomasters and merchants, indented shores of anoient Tir-da-loch, gay gallants, handsome young ladies, and on the right, beyond which appeara vengennce. You'll stand by us, sir, I dare- | sagaciouc, deeply-ruffed matrons; while over | ed the mountains of Connemara, their say," he added, addressing the man whom | the immense mantel was the Lynches' gold | rugged summits sharply out against the chevron and the three shamrocks on a blue | clear northern sky. In front arose the lotty ground, their woll orest, and their motto, Nec outlines of the grand ocean-defying olifis of temere, nec timide. But the dead lay in the next room, stark and cold.

OHAPTER XXI.

A VÖYAGE INTERBUPTED. " The breezes whistled through the salls,

O'er Galway Bay the ship was heaving. J. K. OAFBY

It was about a twelvemonth before the Olly of the Tribes, that the forts of Galway and Oranmors fell into the hands of the Confederates. The storming of Galway by the O'Finherties had been followed by the rising of the young men of the city, who took the Confederate oatb in the Church of St. Nicholas, soized an English ship containing arms and supplies lying in the bay, and besieged the English Governor, Sir Francis Willoughby, in the oitadel. These events were followed by the arrival of a fanatic Scotchman, Lord Forbes, from Munster, with a large force, to the relief of Willoughby, upon which the latter, notwithstanding a truce made between him and the townsmen, burnt the auburbs and sacked the churches of Galway, exercising a perfect reign of terror ; while his confrere, Forbes, converted the Dominican church and monastery into a bat. tory against the town, and showed his intense bigotry by digging up and burning the bones and coffins of the dead there interred, But after a time the Scott returned with his force to Munster, and soon afterwarda the fort of Galway surrendered to the chief commander of the Confederate forces in Connaught-namely, Lieu. tenant-General John Burke; and Willoughby and his garrison, which partly consisted of Irish troops in the English service, marched out of the province. The surrender of Galway to the Irish took place on the 20th of June, 1643, and thenceforward for nine years the green flag of Ireland waved over what was justly considered "the second fort in the

kingdom." These historical details-some of which have been mentioned in the preceding chapter-though tedious, may be a necessary preface to the events presently to be narrated : a few more of them will suffice for our purpose.

The "great man" of Galway county was Ulick de Burgo, Earl of Olanriokard, a toadying royalist, and one who seemingly had not yet learned to put "fear God" before "honor the king." He was Ormond's principal tool in Connaught, and in many ways proved

Stephen, acted the part of between this hill and the castle of Barna. executioner towards his son Walter, On past the white strand of Tray-whom she had condemned to death for the bane, where Murrough O'Fisherty of jealous slaying of his suspected Spanish ri- the Baille-axes won a great victory over the val, Gomez; and high up on the wall ap- men of Clanrickard in the old times. And on peared on a closed up window of the bouse past many another scene fraught with memo-

It was a lovely May morning. Old Loch Lurgan looked its best, its waves sparkling in In this ancient domicile Edmund passed the sunlight, and its broad becom all aglow hand, and rested lightly on the deeply Arran of the Saints, beyond which the level sea-line was marked by the ever-heaving, snow-white billows of the Atlantic.

The human freight of the Pelloan was scattered all over her deck, to the no small annoyance of her active, bustling crew, who sucreily rejuiced at the thought of the ladicrous figures their warlike cargo should cut by-and-by, when the inevitable mal de mer should come on board. The sons of Mare, arrival of Edmund O'Tracy in the ancient however, were in the best of spirits, and seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely. Some smoked, some sang, mixing Irlsh balchatted on the prospect of their voyage, and others leant on the bulwarks, watching the fishermen's barques, setting out to resp their dally harvest of the watere, or exercising their powers of badinage on the Arran islanders and their wives and daughters, who sailed past in their rade coracles on their way to the Gelway market with their cargoes of beef, hider, tallow, butter and cheese. Arms, armour and ammunition were stored away below, and the soldiers, free from the restraints of barrack life, were as merry as pos-With folded arms Edmund O'Tracy stood

apart, and watched the receding outlizes of the Oity of the Tribes. As he did so he felt stealing on his mind a strange presentiment of coming ill-a saddening and disheartening sensation which he tried in vain to shake off. Long ere the Pelloan had quitted Galway Bay he began to repeat of his having ever set foot on her deck.

The circumstances which had brought him on board the vessel may be briefly related. Entrusted, as we have seen, by the dying Skerrett with a letter of importance from Lord Castlehaven to Colonel Preston, he had been puzzled how to fulfil his promise of bearing the missive speedily to its destination. Preston was now commanding in Waterford, and our hero, following the death of Skerrett, happened to let fall in the hearing of Captain Willoughby his intention of proceeding to that city without delay; whereupon the English officer, anxious to show his gratitude in some way to one who had saved his life, at once invited him to so-

the mouth of the Suir, when the Polican should pass that way on her way to England. It was not without a somewhat ruffled sense

"I can enlighten your memory," struck in O'Carroll. "He seized Glynn Castle on the occasion, the residence of John Fitzgerald, the Knight of Glynn, and captured therein Cornelius O'Brien, the Lord of Carrig, in Kerry, together with two friars. I hap pened to be in Limerick at the time, and the affair

caused a great noise." "Wherefore ?" inquired Willoughby, drlly "'twas not an extraordinary cocurrence anch things are common new-a-days."

"Ay," continued O'Carroll, "but Forbes hanged O'Brien and Father Forgal Ward at either end of his yardarm, and cutting the ropes at full tide, let their bodies fall into the river. The other frier, Father Ultan, he sent as a trophy to London, where the poor man has since died in prison."

"That was deviliah infamous," remarked Willoughby.

"Ay, sy, but John Plunket, Irishman and all that he is, has done as bad, confound

him !" said the bluff old satior. " I've laid nigh him off the Cove of Cork after he had made prize of a Spanish ship-you see he is also a privateer of the Parliament. H. found two poor young friars on bound-Oom O'Connor and Owen O'Daly their names west of the Trinitarian Order, I think, poor fel lows-coming home from their foreign co'lege, and in our sight the rascal fied the pair together and drowned them in the sea. Bas lads with English barrack ditties, some there's no danger for you, gentlemon, when you're not papists."

"Excuse me, captain, but I am a Catholicor, as joi term it, a papiet," said O'Oerroll, drawing himself up proudly.

" And I," said Captain Eimonde.

"And I," repeated Edmund O'Tracy. "Ob, on, indeed I beg pardon," excinimed

the confused salt, blushing violently, while Willoughby laughed hearily at his dilemuma. "Yes, I'm a 'papiet,'" continued O'Osrroll, and the son of Irish Catholic parents, Donogh O'Oarroll of Ely and his wile Dorothy O'Kennedy-heaven prosper them! My father had

thirty sons—yes, gentlemen, stare as you will, thirty sons—and one daughter. The thirty sons he presented in one armed and accounted troop of horse to the Earl of Ormond at the outbreak of the present troubles. to serve the king; and while life remains in us we will be faithful, leal and true to his gracious majesty King Charles."

"My faith," muttered the skipper, "but that's a tough yarn."

"But, Esmonde," queried Willoughby, "I imagined all along that you at least were a Protestant of my own stamp; I know your from her bowsprit. On the larboard bow the father to be one---how is this?" snowy surf lay along the celebrated cliffs of The officer addressed smiled and shook his

head. "The story is a rather roundabout one, gentlemen, but to wile away the time you shall have it. So fill up your glasses."

" More than forty years ago," commenced Captain Esmonde, "Laurence Esmonde, the son of a respectable Oatholic family living at Horetown, in Wexford, renonneed the faith of his fathers and sought service in the army company him promising to set him ashere at of Elizabeth. He soon obtained the command of one hundred and fifty men, horse and foot, in the Quaen's pay, was knighted, and was sent into Connaught with the force under of honor that our hero accepted this courte. I his command. He there fell in love with ous offer-it seemed so like a breach of con- the beautiful daughter of OF laherty, and got masthead of that one nearest us-st fidence to make it the medium of bearing an her band in marriage. He took his bride has just barked at us-l'm no sinner." apparently military despatch from one to home to his mausion of Limerick, in

sot things shipshaps on deck. I marvel if General Sensickness has not already taken command of your men."

And taking a cumbrous tolescope of the period from the hocks on which it hung, the worthy old mariner laft the cabin.

" I hope General Seasickness's commission won't extend to us, anyhow," cald Willoughby in a serio-comic tone, with a indictons grimance; "fill up again-ruddy Bacchus avainst hoary Nontune."

" With your permission. I'll stave the eld gentleman off with a stave of a cong," suggested the merry O'Oarroll, his genial Irish nature blazing out under the warm inflaence of the juics of the graps, in due accordance with the classic saw in vino veritas.

"Excellent, excellent!" chorused his compenions, and leaning back in his seat, the stalwart descendant of the chieftains of Ely-O'Oarroll expanded his great chest and cleared his voice.

"This is none of your barrack-room catches," prefaced he, "but a nest thing I learned from the ruby lips of a fair damsel a ronder town we have just quitted; but will know its Galwegian ring when you · 25.71

wen, in a deep and hearty voice, he rolled - quaint lay, in which Spanish cavallers,

guy guitars, and the fair dames of Galway wu, and the rich blood of Old Castille, ware al involved. But scarce had he reached the third verse when boom ! came the report of a distant cannon on the ears of all.

Hurriedly buckling on their swords, which they had taken off and cast aside on entering the cabin, they rushed on deck, where they were immediately met by the skipper with an siarmed countenance.

" Look there, and there, and there, gentlemen," he exclaimed, pointing with his ponderous glass to various points in the offing; -"Parliamentarian; by George !- and big fish they are, too, I can tell you."

A look assured O'Tracy and the others of the dauger of their position. They had long since rounded the grey headland of Burren, and left Galway Bay by 1's great southern gate, or Bealach na Finnise, the road of the Finnis rock-on which many an unfortunate barque had broken her ribs-a passage leading between the coast of Claro on the one hand, and St. Cosman's Island of Inishere, the most couthern of the Isles of Arran, on the other. The Pelican was salling in the main ccean, making steady headway under a fresh breezs, while the spray flow in white showers snowy surf lay along the celebrated cliffs of Moher and caves of Kilkee, but the iron coast had no terrors for the Pellcan as she sped gaily onwarde "o'er the glad wayes like a child of the sun."

But at five different points of the horizon appeared the white sails of the vessels which had excited the alarm of the shipper. And gradually those sails appeared larger, as the vessela draw nearer to the Pelican.

"Confusion !" exclaimed Willoughby in a troubled voice; "are you sure, oaptain, that those ships are Roundheads?"

"Let the glass answer you, sir," was the reply; cast your eye through it, and if you cannot make off the Parliament flag at the masthead of that one nearest us-she who

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