THE WILD ROSE

OF LOUGH GILL.

A TALE OF THE IRISH WAR IN THE

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) O'Connolly advanced and gazed with an insolent stare into the face of Plunket, who immediately seized a glass of spirits from the table and dashed its contents right into the offensive visage offered to him. O'Connolly retreated, burning with rage and palo, his hands clasped over his eyes, into which the flery liquor had penetrated. Then, with a yell like that of a wild beast, he made a irantic search for his sword, but not finding it, rushed to the fireplace and seized the large poker. Here he was baffied again, for the dire use often made of this instrument in tavern quarrels had caused it to be securely stened to the side of the fireplace with a strong iron chain; and although O'Connolly sugged violently at it until the mortar round the etaple to which the chain was attached began to crack and fail in pieces, he was un-

able to effect his object. While he was thus employed, Colonel MacMahon, thoroughly disgusted at his foster-brother's conduct, seized him by the collar, gave him a violent thaking, and flung him

contemptuously into a corner. O'Connoily slowly gathered himself together, axose quite a changed man, the lion apparently cowed. He slowly approached the table, and stretched out his hand towards the

"Not a drep, you rascal; I'm quite ashamed of your conduct," said MacMahon, interposing. "Get to bed as quickly as you can, and sleep off the fumes of the drink you have already taken."

"I'll go (bic) to bed," mumbled Connolly, -"but flut (hic) I'il see—go to the (hic) stable—the horses—must (hic) see them." O'Mocre and his friend whispered together

for some minutes, and at length MacMahon gald : " Owen, you sot, we are loath to trust you

out of our presence after what has just occurred. Dismiss your business in the stables as speedily as possible; our young friend here the hands of the executioner, and it would will see you thither and back." O'Connolly staggered to the door of the spartment, and, followed by Edmund O'Tracy,

tottered and blundered down the stairouse Hhe was heard awbile grumbling and scold ing beneath, and then the three remaining ocsupants of the room, annoyance and mortification painted on the countenance of each, resumed their seats, drawing them close to-

"A pretty state of affairs," said Hugh Mac-Mahon, "that a man whom I trusted and esteemed so much should behave in such an outrageous manner. I assure you, my friends, that the drunken fellow has a remarkably long head for such business as ours. Pity drink plays the acace with him."

We might well have dispensed with his services; and I tell you, Hugb, there is a depth of low cunning and iniquity in that man's countenance such as I have never yet Been in another's, forter-prother and all of yours though he may be."

"Right, O'Moore," said Plunket; "I'm of the same opinion mysel'." " And now that I can at length speak with impunity," continued the Organizer, "may I inquire if everything is prepared for the

morning ?" "Everything," answered MacMahon. "I have arranged with Colonel Hugh Byrne, who, with Colonel Plunket, here, and myself, will lead the attacking force on the Castle tomorrow; and the rendezvous with the hour of meeting have been fixed to Have no fear, Mory, that we shall be ween in our duty to the old country."

41 To the Isle of Saint, saided the Organ-

"To Roseen Dhu," said MacMahon. And then, leaning back in his chair, he mang, in a magnificent voice, the sweet Irish melody composed by Bad Hugh O'Donnell's hard half a century ago:—

EMy darling of the swelling breast, my Roseen Oge machiee, My fond heart throbs in wild unrest for love, asthore, of thee;

Oh, come with me-with gems and gold [1]1 deck thy form snew,
In diamonds bright thy form of light; shall shine, my Boseen Dhu.

*Had I six horses, sure for thee I'd plough the bleak hills bare, And at the high and holy Mass for thes I'd

pour my prayer; I'd love the happy colleen dhas would spend her youth with you;

In fairy court, with dance and sport, I'd woo my Bossen Dhu.

But Erna's flood in wrath shall swell, and hills rock to and fro,
In crimson waves shall roll the ses, and blood

in streams shall flow, Each glen shall move, each mountain Fawn, each bog shake through and through, Ere hurt or harm shall mar one charm of thee, my Roscen Dhu."

As he finished the song, the three conteder-

ates warmly clasped hands. " Bravely sung MacMahon," orled Plunket. As I live, that fine, rolling voice of yours almost makes me forgive you your bringing O'Oonnolly here to-night. We must only make the best of that matter. When he returns, which, of course, he will—see, he has left his sword behind him - we will drive him straight to bed, and Morpheus will deprive him of all chance of blabbing; at least till impudence." morning. Of course, we have all heard of his goodly master, Clotworthy—how he de-clared in Parliament that Ireland should be "I come on a matter of life or death. There's civilized by the sword in one hand and the a bloody plot laid—the Papists are at work— Bible in the other. Under such Government | there is murder and treason afcot. I must pracies as this, how, under heaven, can we see their Excellencies." poor Catholics of this Pale preserve our inviolated loyalty? For loyal we have ever been to our king, Catholic or Projestant though he be. My father Sir Christopher is | he admitted the new informer, and proceeded a loyal man, and loyal, too, is his son—to sound him, and as he gathered though maybe from another point of view, the details of his disconnected story, Here's the health of his Majesty, King he became convinced that the man, Charles 1"

" Here's to the welfere of the Holy Catho-

ilo Church," said the Organiser.

" And another toast—let us drink to the old country, to the bountiful queen-mother that gave us birth, whom we're sworn to live of the startled Lord Justice. Shortly and die for, and whom we'll orown to-morrow, afterwards Sir William. in nightcan and with a diadem of liberty that shall flash in the sight of the world for ages to some. Come, my friends," he said, standing up with a brimming goblet in his hand; "Edin-go-

At this moment the door of the room was thrown open, and the landlord of the inn entered with every expression of feer and

Good Beavens, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "there has been murder committed! The

"And the other?" "Is gone, heaven knows whither."
There was a confused noise of trampling and talking on the statronse, and four men.

CHAPTER V.

ماندن 🚤

THE DAWN OF THE TWENTY THIRD OF COTOBER 1641.

Hark! heard'st that shout that rang without? Ye ministers of ill, Haste, sate ye with your latest crime while yet you've time to kill! dare your worst, ye Saxon knaves then

wherefore do you pause? My blood shall rouse the Southern clans. though prestrate is our cause !

For as the Resurrection flower, though withered many a year, Blooms fresh, and bright, and fair agair, when watered with a tear,

So nurtured in the willing wave of a martyr's ruddy tide, Our sons shall say—the Nation lived when Hugh MacMahon died.

JAMES N. M'KANE.

Forth through the streets of Dublin went Owen O'Connolly, after escaping from the neighbourhood of MacMahon's lodgings, and from the surveillance of Edmund O'Tracy -forth in the dirt, and the darkness, and the rain, stumbling onward blindly through the inclement night. It was not until he had gone a considerable distance that he ventured to abate his eager though shambling speed. Then, steadying himself against a wall in the dark shadow of an archway, he essayed to reconsider the events of the night, and to concentrate his faculties on the next step to be taken, viz, to seek the Lords Justices and lay before them the plot of the intended Irish insurrection. It was a bold design, though a treacherous one. It would bring down upon him the curses and hatred of by far the greater of his countrymen; it would deliver his own foster-brother, the man who had grown up along with him in the same house, and who was endeared to him by a thousand ties and memories, into

sconges of his wretched country. What mattered it? It would, on the other hand, line his pocket with gold, and render him famous among the English element as the preserver of English rule in Ireland. It would give him revenge, too, on the man who had insulted him to night. Yes, it was a fine, daring, ambitious scheme, and he would Small thought did he throw away on the

rivet faster the chains, and redouble the

means by which he had rid himself of the young man appointed to watch him-on the murderous blow, with a mattock ready to his hand, which he had dealt Edmund O'Tracy, leaving him insensible, and, for aught he knew dead in the kennel.

There was violent struggles raging in O'Connolly's brain as he contemplated the work of the informer. Earnestly and anxiously he strove to deliberate on the statement he should make before the Lords Justices, but in vain. The flery liquor he had drunk so freely in MacMahon's lodgings was disarming his ounning and scattering his reasoning powers to the winds. Every moment, to his alarm, he felt his brain becoming more misty and muddled, while he was fast losing the control of his nether limbs. A little longer and he should be as "drunk and incapable" as the veriest bacchanal, and as harmless as the most apprehensive of the conspirators might desire.

In this dilemma he determined to make for the residence of the Lords Justices without delay. Leaving the shelter of the archway, on again he went through the dark streets, lurching, staggering, slipping at almost every step, now groping his way around a house corner, now hurrying forward in a blind, tottering run. Once he fell over a group of houseless unfortunates, huddled for shelter in a black nook of the street. Once he thought he heard the sound of pursuing footsteps, and he stood panting, skian in hand, behind a wooden pillar for a few moments, his blink ing eyes vainly striving to pierce the thick darkness. Again, as he reached the opening of a street, his eyes caught the glare of lanterns, and two night watchmen sprang forward and crossed their balbards to arrest his progress. He wildly dashed through them, and dived into a dark, intricate passage, where with difficulty he escaped

At length he reached his destination. The dark portals of Chichester House—on the site of the present Bank of Ireland—rose before him. With little hesitation he ascended the steps and knocked loudly on the caken panels of the great door. After some time there was a noise of bolts and chains, and a creaking of hinges as the door opened. A surly sentinel demanded O'Connolly's bust-

" My business lies with the Lords Justices," replied the latter in such a husky and broken voice that his interrogator stared, saying : "Say rather with the tapster. Begone, you drunken loon," he added, about to slam the door in O'Connolly's face, "and be thankful that you are not made pay dearly for mistaking Chichester House for a tayern. My faith," grumbled the speaker, "I've seen men's

than this." "How now, Dixon?" said an officer, approsching ;-" who knocks so late ?" "A drunken roysterer, captain," was the answer, "who deserves the stocks for his

tongues bored at the pillory for a less offence

"No, captain, no," said O'Connolly, raising

The officer looked only a trifle surprised.

Rumors and reports of Papist plots were too common to excite much alarm. However, notwithstanding his drunkenness, was talking truth. Leaving him in an ante-room, swaying to and fro on his seat, he sought the bedchamber of Sir William Parsons, and poured dressing-gown, was himself listening to O'Connolly's confused and rambling narrative from that individual's own lips. It was

scarcely finished when the informer's head sank on his breast, and, falling from his soat, he lay stretched on the floor helpless as a log. " Put the drunken fellow to bed until he sobers," said Parsons ;- " and, hark ye, send at once for Sir John Borlace. This business

Master of the Ordnance, a rough, puritanical

Protestant Bobert Lord Dillon, who ned then held the office (Parsons himself her been in Straffords time master of and talking on the staircase, and four men:

the infamous Court of Wards, by which the
bore the insensible body of our here into the
apartment, the blood dripping on the floor, react up in the Protestant religion, and the
from a deep wound in the back of his head. amonget a rabble of eschestors, lendstories, pursulvants, and other minions of the law, and was universally hated by the frish Both men were noted for their meanness, marrow-mind-edness, and violent bigotry, and were besides two of the most cruel and merciless governors that ever accourged unhappy Ireland;

Immediately the Council was summoned orders were sent forth to shut the city gates, and make instant search for the conspirators. The Castle was put in a state of detence, Sir Francis Willoughby, the Governor of Galway, who had arrived in Dublin the previous evening being appointed its Governor. Sir Charles Coote-one of the greatest monsters of history—was made Governor of Dublin; and the Earl of Ormond was sent for to Carriokon-Suir, where he was stationed with his

So through the small hours of the night sat the Lords Justices and the Council, deliberating, doubting, suggesting, waiting for what

might come next.
"Compare this," said Borlace, "with the notice his Majesty sent us through Secretary Vane in March last, to the effect that his Minister in Spain observed strange preparations amongst the Irish here. Compare it also with the message we received five days hence from Sir William Cole, of Enniskillen, saying he was informed by one Brian Maguire of an intended Papist rebellion. Believe me, my brethren, we are on the brink of a gulf of tresson and bloodshed; but we shall not bear the sword in vain!"

Five o'clock chimed. Ho, a prisoner! In before the Council he was led, his arms strongly bound with cords. The captive walked with a manly, soldierly step, and bore himself with proud and courageous mies. The light of the numerous torches in the hands of the soldiers filling the chamber, fell on the manly countenance of Colonel Hugh MacMahon, for it was he. He had been taken in his lodgingo at Oxmantown, near the King's Inns. Closely and eagerly the Council questioned him, endeavouring to glean a further knowledge of the "Papist plot;" but fearlessly and with a kindling eye the brave man confronted the array of his enemies, and laughed at their threats of torture and death.

"Ay, come on," he said; "wresk your vengeance to the utmost on me! Hither with the rack and the thumbactew; spare ye not the gibbet or the axe! Yes, why pause ye? I am a traitor, if ye will, and I glory in my treason! I will die content, in the sure belief that my friends will amply avenge my death and the wrong of my country. A river of Sassenach blood shall atons for the persecutions of centuries. Ha, the avengers are already at work. The gray light of morning shines in the East; the grand day of Eire's liberty is dawning. Tremble, tyrants that ve are, for a nation is rising to crush you into the earth!

MacMahon spoke the truth. The curtain was up, and the first act of the drama-or rather tragedy—of the Irish insurrection was going on.

It is high time to return to our hero. For more than a week after receiving the treacherous wound from O'Connolly, he lay almost as one dead. A doctor attended him dailys mild, patient, white-haired man, who came and went like a shadow. His was the first countenance that met Edmund O'Tracy's gaze when, with his head swathed in bandages, and limbs feeble as a child's, he awoke as if from a long, troubled sleep-awoke to feel the old physician's hand laid gently on his brow, and to see his mild gray eyes gazing thoughtfully into his own.

"Where am I?"—a usual query—was our hero's first exclamation.

" In good quarters-very good quarters. dear," said the doctor, with a grave smile ;but hush! we muse't talk for some time

yet." "But Colonel Plunket, and Colonel Mac-Mahon, and-and---" continued the patient.

not to be repressed. "We will talk of them to-morrow," was the

Edmund sank back on his pillow, and as he did so a sudden twinge of pain shot through the wound on his head. He feebly raised his hand, and on feeling the bandages expressed his surprise.

" I have been wounded?" "You have, my dear — dangerously wounded; but, with heaven's help, it will not signify, and in a little while you will be on your feet again, as well as ever-that is,

if you will be quiet, as I bid you." Edmund pressed the medical attendant with no more questions, and after some time the letter departed. Besigning himself to his thoughts, the patient endeayoured to recall the meeting in MacMahon's lodgings, and the incidents attending it. He recollected O'Connolly's rictous conduct, and his accompanying that individual to the inn yard, and then—chaos! His gaze then wandered over the walls of the chamber in which he was lying-a neat, comfortable littie room, in which, to his recoilection, he had never been before. He was vainly trying to form a surmise as to his whereabouts. when the door opened, and a pleasant-faced little woman of matronly appearance glided noiselessly into the room. She gave a slight start of surprise on meeting the eyes of the invalid fixed on her; and then, drawing a chair to the side of the bed, sat down and be-

gan to knit assiduously. "Dear madam," he feebly entreated. " will you kindly tell me where I am?"

"I am glad to see my son so much better to-day," she remarked, in a way that at once warmed his heart towards her. "But you have been very ill, and must keep quiet. Be sure, you are in good hands."

"Whose house is this?' he inquired. " This house belongs to Mr. Plunket, my husband. It is in the Bridge street;—I sup-pose you did not know in what part of the city you were. You were carried here about slipped a purse into his hand, and whispered city you were. You were carried here about a week ago from a house in Oxmantown, where you were severely wounded in the

head." " And I have been a week here! May heaven reward you, madam, for your kindness

to a poor wounded stranger!"
"You were sent here by our inlend, Colonel Plunket, who directed that you should be the alarming disclosure into the ears treated with the greatest care and attention; and we have been only too glad of an opportunity to do a Obtistian service, such as any body might have done."-

" Where is the colonel now?" " Why, gone—fled out of the city." He started violently on his couch, and would have sat bolt upright had not his nurse gently restrained him.

"The attack on the Castle." he feverishly

demanded ;-" has it succeeded ?" "Bless you, no; there was no attack... Lord Maguire, and a Colonel Mac Mahon, is more weighty than we take it."

Lord Maguire, and a Colonel Mac Mahon,
Pareon's colleague in the government of and about thirty others were arrested on the
Ireland soon arrived. Sir John Borlace, night you were wounded, or on the morning. Rorth, as far all comment of them. But of his arrest when he grimly amused rimself is another servant of his lordships, is he not you'll hear of it all when you get better. by drawing with a place of chall of the wall the figures of men glibbeted and alath in the midst of the safe he lay helpless and alone, in the midst of the samen, itable to be selved as a who used to owner the report of the same of the same of the same of the same of the sale of the same any moment, and hanged or imprisoned as a

traitor. More than another week elapsed ere he was sufficiently recovered to think of quitting the house he was in and escaping into the country. This would be a risky undertaking; for immediately on discovering the plot to seize-the Castle, the Lords Justices had commanded all parsons not residing in Dublin or the suburbs to leave the city at once under pain of death, and numerous bands of soldiers and volunteers patrolled the streets both by day and night. Therefore our friend O'Tracy's convalescence was to him a period of much anxiety. His host, a fat and gental burgher, advised him to have no fear, and in good time all should be well. There was nothing for it but to adopt the worthy man's advice; but at length an event occurred which strongly impressed our hero with the necessity of quitting old Eblana as speedily as nossible. The window of his chamber commanded a

view of the street below, as he was wont to beguile the tedious hours by watching the movements of the little world beneath him, ranging his eyes along the picturesque rows of peaked and projecting gables, each with its quaint casements and curious cage-work arrangement of beams and supporters. He had to conduct his pastime with cantion, for the street below was occasionally traversed by parties of soldiers, and he witnessed more than one victim led to execution between the files of Coote's savage myrmidens. One day, as he sat in the recess of the window, soffering not a little from ennus, the sound of a trumpet and the trampling of horses' hoofs reached his ear, and looking cautiously out he saw a numerous body of troopers riding down the street. Onward they came, a well mounted and well equipped band, their musketoons held before them on the saddle, their long, straight falchions by their sides, and their uniform armour the cuirass "back-and-breast," and the casquetel or or lobster-tailed iron belmet. Full of curiosity and excitement, Edmund gazed downward on the cavalcade, for he had never belore witnessed such a martial procession. For the most 'part, the troopers were men of evil and truculent aspect: in fact, they were a par-Coote's scoundrelly horse, "trolics" in murdering Of Whose defenceless old men and weak women, and

county Wicklow a few days before, had won the love and appreciation of their ruthless commander. Still surveying them, O'Tracy leant more and more out of the window. Suddenly there was a loud report from the midst of the troopers, a thin streak of fire almost leaped into his face, and a bullet buried itself in the

piking innocent children, displayed in the

window-frame above his head. "Missed him, by heaven!" oried the trooper who had fired the shot, and leaping from his horse he made for the door of the kouse in which Edmund was, followed by several of his companions, with their swords

drawn. One glimpse of the face and form of this man was sufficient for our hero: he was his sworn enemy, Gilbert Harrison of Leitrim!

Snatching up and drawing his rapier, which lay ready to his hand, he ran to the door, and was almost piercing the body of his host, who came rushing into the room. " To the Priest's Nook," cried the latter;-

come, hurry, for heaven's sake!" Seizing Eimund by the arm, he half-led half-dragged him along; and ers our hero could atter a word, he found himself shut up were examining his cavalier suit.
in a little dark closet only a few test square. Edmund's first notion was to me In a few moments he heard the voices of the for the door and endeavor to escape by flight. troopers, and particularly one voice which he well remembered, as they searched the rooms of the house in their endeavors to find him. At length they came so near that he heard every word they uttered, scarcely a yard be-

ing between them and him.
"Out with him, my men," said the voice of the Irish rat! Fifty crowns to the man who first lays hands on him!"

Here there was a succession of heavy blows dealt on the walls of the apartment, which made the light partition that separated the bloodhounds from their quarry creak and tremble. Giving himself up for lost, Edmund grasped his weapon tighter end olenched his teeth, determined to sell his life at a dear

rate. "Sir, sir," eaid the trembling burgher, "you are making a mistake; there is nobody you

wanthere."
"Liar!" said Harrison, picking up Edmund's scabbard, which he had unfortunately dropped on the floor ;- " whose, then is this? "It belonged to a friend of mine, who forgot it in soing," was the not untruthful answer.

"Come, my men, search the rest of the house," said Harrison, furiously; "the rascal is certainly here." The search lasted a considerable time, but

at length the troopers relinquished it. baffled, and sullenly departed, Harrison vowing vengeance on all beneath the roof ere he guitted it. Unwilling that his kind host and hostess

should be exposed to further danger and disquiet on his account, the refugee determined to linger no longer beneath their roof. Accordingly be told them he desired to quit the city without further delay, and preparations were immediately made for his departure. His host provided him with a disguise, the rough garb of a peasant; and, with his hands and face stained and a gray wig drawn over his dark hair, it would be hard to recognise Edmund O'Tracy, as he bid a heartfelt adieu to the honest an advice to get as far as Drogheda and he was safe; while Mrs. Plunket, with smiles and fears, wished him a safe journey, as she hung on his arm a basket containing his cavalier suit, as well as some provisions for his journey. At the door stood a mule, ready saddled; and after a last farewell, Edmund mounted and rode away through the streets.

The guards at the north gate of Dublin took little notice of an old, feeble peasant, gray haired and sunhurnt, who rode out of the city on a mule ere the sunset gun boomed. from the Castle.

Beturn we, for the last time, to the brave and intrepld MacMahon. After having been put to the torture by his merciless captors (in the vain hope of making him include in the conspiracy some of the Catholic gentry who had had no knowledge whatever of it, with a view of confiscating their estates), he was sent, together with Lord Maguire—who had been arrested the same morning as he in night you were wounded, or on the morning a lost in Cook street to London, where after, but Colonel Plunket got saiely away they were both imprisoned in the Tower. who used to come there for milk, of their presence therein and next day a band of soldiers recaptured MacMahon and bis companion. They were now imprisoned in separate vessels on the Thames, until they were wisted by the doom that has betallen many an Irish patriot. They were executed, on different

CHAPTER VI.

Joy ! joy ! the day is come at last, the day of

THE BRIDGE OF GILLIANSTOWN!

days, at Tyburn.

hope and pride.
And see, our crackling bonfires light old Baun's rejoicing tide,
And gladsome bell and bugle-horn from Newry's captured towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine this land is ours, is ours."

Duffy.

Edmund O'Tracy's journey was one fraught his assumed character of an aged peasant as a safeguard against the violence or suspicion of the numerous troops of Puritan cavelry that traversed the country; for only a few days afterwards five poor men coming from the Dublin market, two of whom were Protestants, were slain in Santry by a party of the city garrison, who bore their heads in triumph into Dublin; and on a later day Sir Charles Coote and his dragoons burnt the village of Clontari, killing sixteen of the inhabitants, both males and females, together with three sucking infants! Everywhere on his route Edmund saw traces of the doings of the miscreant soldiery of the Lords Justices. Numerous were the ruined and blackened walls of what had once been human habitations, and more than once he caught sight of a man's corpse swinging from Edmund halted also and listened. Far

the arm of a tree. unfrequented roads, in order to escape obser- the tread of another party of horsemen comvation as much as possible. By dint of urging the animal he rode, he managed to reach Garristown long after nightfall. At the en- of a large tree that grew by the roadway. trance of the village he was suddenly chal- The foremost of the Puritan troopers, who lenged by a mounted sentinel, and was almost taken off his guard. Recovering himself, lows, perceived them ere they had time to however, he answered in a feigned voice that conceal themselves, and on coming up rode he was only a poor peasant returning from at them with uplifted sabre. A flesh and rethe next village. The sentinel, after scanning port, and he tumbled to the ground, his horse his face and figure, credited his statement and allowed him to pass. The town was occupled by a detachment of cavalry, but O'Tracy rode up to the poor hostelry the place boasted. Dismounting, he boldly entered, preserving as far as he could the gait and tone of an old rustic, and demanded some refreshment for himself and a feed for his isded mule. Four troopers, one of them a burly sergeant, were sitting around a comfortable fire, and on our hero's entrance, they eyed him with looks of suspicion. They were fierce looking fellows in corselets of

The refreshment he ordered was laid to him in a room adjoining that in which the dragoons were seated, and separated from it by a light partition of boards. He had scarcely taken his seat there when he heard the troopers give vent to [a chorns of subdued exclamations.

"A rat, my lads, a rat!" "This is passing strange, comrades;—the

rascal must be a spy."
"I guessed when I saw him, sergeant, there was little of the yokel about him.

Putting his eye to the chink in the board ing, he saw, to his dismay, the troopers rummaging his basket, which he had impru dently left behind him in the other room. One was holding his pistols, while the others

Then he bethought himself of the window of the room he was in. Luckily it opened on hinges, and as notselessly as possible he stepped out into the night. His mule was quietly feeding at the corner of the house. Beizing her by the bridle, he led her swiftly off, and on getting to a sale distance mounted Harrison, hoarse with passion ;- "unearth and urged her into a gallop. Turning into a bohreen, he kept on as rapidly as possible, and on turning a corner was almost riding over a tall peasant woman, in the large blue cloak of her class, who was travelling onward in the narrow path.

> "Will you give a body a seat, old man?" said the woman.

With a hastily muttered refusal, Edmund endeavored to ride past her, but she laid ho d of the rein with so strong and tenscious a grasp as to bring the mule to a standstill, at the same time repeating her question with emphasis. In order to get on, Edmund saw he should comply with her demand and give her "a lift." He consoled himself with the thought that her company would render his disguise more complete, and therefore allowed her to mount behind him. She was of rather robust person, and the mule jugger on slowly and shortonsiv under the donute anden.

It was a strange and perpiexing position for our hero, travelling thus at midnight hour in the company of a strange woman—he had not been able to see her face on account of the darkness, but he thought her voice somewhat familiar. Fortunately she was inolined to be taciturn, for he felt that the least conversation would inevitably ruin his disgulee.

He began also to form serious opinions as to his whereaboute. It was six hours since his leaving Dublin, and he had travelled, he fancled, close on sixteen or eighteen miles. Up to his entry into Garristown he had been directed by various persons on the way, but now he was in a complete quandary. To inquire the way to Drogheds of the woman would only be a casting off of his disguise; for only one motive could bring him to Drogheda—a town fast besieged by the Irich levies of Sir Phelim O'Neill. That place, he thought, was now only about six or eight miles off, so that another hour's travelling ought to bring them into the neighborhood of the Irish outposts.

Suddenly the houses of another town appeared before them. It was Duleek. A full moon poured har light over the country as they caught sight of the old seat of the Da Yerdone, and the moonlight shone on the helmit and matchlock of a sentry posted on the bridge, who promptly challenged them, bringing his piece to his shoulder. Edmund had hoped to find the Irish sayanced at least

had hoped to find the Irish advanced at least as fir a cuth as this, but he was disappointed. There was no mistaking the sentry's accent their bodies in the river. Thenceloring of the was English.

The woman was the first to reply to the challenge.

"Heaven bless and save you, avourneed, don't aboot," she said: "I'm a servant, of my in unsuccessful state. The unit of th

master of the work of them has been found lying in the compelled the king many months before to there has been sad work going on in both Mahon displayed the same cool indifference to there has been mortally."

The compelled the king many months before to there has been sad work going on in both Mahon displayed the same cool indifference to there has been sad work going on in both Mahon displayed the same cool indifference to danger that he exhibited on the morning harm, if we can help it. And this old man in the compelled to the compelled to the compelled to the compelled to the compelled the king many months before to the compelled on the morning in the compelled the king many months before to the compelled on the morning in the compelled the king many months before to the compelled on the morning in the compelled the king many months before to the compelled on the morning in the compelled the king many months before to the compelled on the morning in the compelled the king many months before to the compelled the king many months before the compelled the king many months before the c a small guard; —" well, he is a true and loyal of the gallant sept to le man, and no servant of his shall come to lng Lord, Moores.

much enduring beast of burden. He fancied be heard a scoret chuckle from his compan. don but was not sure. On ward again towards the North. And now towards the north-west the sky was aglow as from the reflection of numerous fires on seeing which Edmund's beart gave a great bound of exultation. The prospect of soon being in the midst of his inende was most refreshing, and cheered him onwards, though he was faint and weary from his long and tollsome journey. Suddenly on the still night air came the

sound of horses' hoofs, galloping furiously. He turned and gazed behind him. Little more than half a mile in his rear was a party of dragoons-about half a dozen in all-coming on rapidly, their swords and helmets glittering in the moonlight. Of course they were Puri tens—the men, he at once believed, who had suspected him in Garristown of being a spy. And here he was, totally unarmed, about to with the utmost peril. He could not rely on | lall a victim to their fury, and that, too, almost within reach of his friends. The thought was maddening!

At once the loud report of a pis-tol sounded at his back. Looking round, he was amazed to see a large horse-pistol smoking in the hand of the strange, mysterious female who had accompanied him all slong. She now leaped from the back of the tardily-paoing mule, and rushed off in front at a swift page. Edmund urged the mule at full gallop effer this strange being, while the dragoons coming rapidly on behind furiously hallooed to them to halt.

The woman stopped suddenly, her tall form, still enveloped in the great blue cloak, looming up in the centre of the road, and her hand raised as if commanding slience. away in front, like the echo of Shunning the highways, he took the more the hoof-strokes behind, he heard distinctly ing nearer and nearer. Seizing him by the arm, the woman drew him within the shelter rode about a furlong in advance of his feldashing madly back towards the troopen, who ammediately halted, as if deliberating, and then galloped back the way they had come. The cause of their flight was soon evident, for from the opposite direction came riding hard and fast another and more numerous body of horsemen-their mortal enemies the "wild Irishry." Some of these latter continued their pursuit of the fleeling Puritans, but the greater number reined up at the tree beneath which stood Edmund and his companion.

"Ho, a torch!" oried he who appeared to be the leader-for the moon was coveredand in a few moments two or three torches were ignited and blezing brilliantly, in the speaker Edmund immediately recognised his friend Colonel Pluntet!

"Have you torgetten me, colonel?" he replied, advancing, as he pu led off the gray wig which was part of his disguise.
"What! can it be possible?" exclaimed

the colonel, leaping from his saddle; " my young friend, so it is indeed you ;-but how changed! I had well nigh given you up for lost," and he shook our hero's hand warmly. "But whom have we here?" he continued, as the torohlight fell on the figure of the tall

closked temale. "Surely you've not forgotten me?" said the latter, throwing back the heavy hod that concealed her features. "Good heavens! Bory O'Moore!" crie

Plunket, and instantly the two friends were looked in close and strained embrace. "Three cheers for Bory O'Moore!" cried the exulting horsemen, and cheer after cheer pealed up through the tranquil night, while

ecstasy round their heads.

the torch-bearers whirled their torches in

About a month had elapsed since the outbreak of the insurrection. If the confederated Irish had failed in Dublin they had been successiul in many other places. By strategen Sir Phelim O'Neill had got possession of Charlemont Fort and of the person of its governor, Sir Toby Caulfield; Mountjoy Fort and the town of Dungannon had also fallen into the hands of the Irish; the MacMahous bad selzed Monaghan, Carrickmacross, and Castleblaney; the O'Helliys Cayan and Belturbet Bory Maguire had overrun Fermanagh and Sir Con Magennis made himself master of Newry at d Tanderagee, distributing to the people the arms and ammunition stored up in the former place. All this had occurred for the most part on the night of the 22nd of October-a circumstance which spoke well for the union and energy of the Irish leaders. But to equip the Irish forces in the field, amounting, as was estimated, to about thirty thousand men, there was available only about four or five thousand stand of arms, found in the various captured places. But pikes were rapidly manufactured. Of the vast and undledplined Irish force, Sir Phelim O'Neill, of Kinnaird, of the Tyrone family, a man of weak will and subject to violent gusts of passion, but as disinterested and brave as he was vehement and impetuous, was ap-pointed commander. A stormy and sangulary period now ensued. The sanguinary period now ensued. The Scotch PresLyterians of Ulster were the first to commence the horrible work of massicis. A hand of settlers led by one Barnet Lindsay fied from Tullahoge to Antrim, leaving be-bind them their wives and children, who were afterwards honorably and humanely sent after them in safety by the Irish. But imagining their families lost forever, and actuated by a notive of revenge, Linday's armed men left Antrim one night by scaling and murdered about eighty inoffensive Irish and murdered about eighty inoffensive Irist near Templepatrick, men, women, and children, aithough they were tenants of a loyalist named Upton. Following the example of these massacine, the Bootch garrison of Carrickiergus issued forth and the peninsula of island Mages witnessed tearly hologaust of blood—three thousand haples people massacred! And then the lower olist of Irish infulated at another anten slaughter. of Irish, infurlated at such wanton slaughter, retaliated by slaying a bout ninety Protestants

(Continued on Th