

THE WILD ROSY OF LOUGH GILL.

A TALE OF THE IRISH WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

On arriving at Kathleen's residence he surveyed the house with dismay, for its aspect was anything but inviting. As it lay in the close vicinity of the breach, it had been the theatre of one of the incidental combats of the day. The ground in front was sloppy with blood, the door lay flat on the floor, having been forced in off its hinges, and the windows on both ground and second floors were smashed to pieces.

Seeing light shining through the apartments he entered the house and carried the form of Kathleen upstairs to the room where he had spent more than one pleasant evening in her company. He found the apartment in a sad condition—in a condition which caused him a shudder of horror, hardened as he was by the events of the day. A shell had crashed through the roof, in which a large fissure revealed the star-sprinkled heavens, and exploded, doing much damage. On the floor lay the lifeless bodies of two women and a man; the latter he recognized to be a trooper of his own command. Placing the form of Kathleen on the bed, he turned to see whence proceeded the light that had attracted his attention.

Immediately, as if to gratify his curiosity, a dark figure issued from an adjoining room—a figure bearing a long pole to which were appended three lighted lanterns—the figure of a monk. For some moments he watched in silence the movements of the mysterious ecclesiastic, who, unaware of his presence, was the lantern from a window. "The monastery, by heaven!" he ejaculated, under his breath—"tis a signal to the enemy."

Running at once on the strange monk, he seized him by the habit and pulled back the cord from over his face. The three lanterns fell with a crash on the ground below, but not ere their light revealed the villainous features of the murderer, renegade, and treacherous spy, Emon O'Hugh.

"Base and treacherous scoundrel, you are caught at last!"

"O'Hugh turned with a start of affright, but in an instant his face assumed the look of a demon. Wrenching himself free from the grasp which held him, he drew a knife from his bosom and lunged at the heart of his assailant. But the wrist of the hand holding the weapon was firmly grasped by O'Tracy, and a desperate struggle commenced."

"Hollo, what have we here?" inquired a deep voice—the voice of Sir Phelim O'Neill himself, as the light of many torches fell on the scene, and a number of armed men filled the room. The combatants were instantly parted.

"My poor Emon!" exclaimed Niall O'Cuinn, one of the new arrivals, as he raised the form of his sister in his arms. The cool night breeze through the broken window helped to revive her, and she awakens if from a long sleep, with a faint inquiry as to her whereabouts.

"Explain, Captain O'Tracy, explain," commanded Sir Phelim.

"This false monk—your foster-brother O'Hugh, general—has been signalling to the enemy—catch him!"

"Believe him not! believe not the villain!" cried the traitor.

"What have we here?" inquired a musketeer, as he drew a folded paper from the bosom of the false ecclesiastic, and handed it to the commandant, who opened and read it. It was a certificate of taking what was known as the "Oath of Engagement"—the non-possession of such a document rendering any Irishman afterwards, under the Commonwealth, liable to death or transportation to the colonies—and ran in this form:—

"I, Edmund O'Hugh, do hereby declare that I renounce the pretended title of Charles Stuart, and the whole line of the late King James, and of every other person pretending to the government of the nations of England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions and territories thereto belonging; and that I will, by the grace and assistance of Almighty God, be true and faithful to this Commonwealth, against any king, single person, and house of peers, and every one of them, and thereto I subscribe my name."

"Ha, the Covenanting Oath!" exclaimed O'Neill. "and in the possession of my willful foster brother, for whom the hang has been in waiting for the last eight years, ever since he murdered Lord Caulfield, Emon, we grew up together in our childhood, we suckled milk from the same breast, and little did I think the day would ever come when my voice should send you to the gallows. But you are a black-hearted ruffian—a murderer—a traitor—a spy—and you shall have swift only while they are rigging you a halter."

"Mercy, brother, mercy!" groaned the wretched man, falling on his knees.

"Away with him," was the stern command.

Without more ado the soldiers dragged the condemned man out of the house, and in less than a minute his body was dangling from a cross-beam that spanned one of the narrow streets.

The breath had scarcely left the body of the suspended traitor, when bang came the report of the matchlock of a sentinel on the ruined ramparts, and next moment an irregular fusillade, a clashing of steel, and a series of shouts and commands resounded from the direction of the breach. The Parliamentarians, seeing on the previous signal lately given them by the traitor, were making a night attack. Hoping to surprise the guard, they rushed confidently to the breach; but it had been barricaded by the wise precaution of O'Neill, and they had to retire in disorder under a volley of musketry. One determined hand, however, managed to scale the walls, and now rushed on the Irish, headed by a daring and resolute leader.

"On them, my brave lads!" shouted this officer; "death and destruction to the infernal sons of Belial! Strike for God and the Parliament."

"Harrison, by heaven!" exclaimed O'Tracy, and in a moment he confronted his foe—confronted him for the last time.

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words of black Gilbert Harrison, as his limbs became rigid in death.

"A narrow escape," murmured our hero, turning away.

"O God, have mercy on me!" moaned a hollow voice from the ground close behind him. "O'Tracy—Emon avic—quick, for the love of heaven!"

"Niall, Niall, my brother!" exclaimed Edmund, in alarm, as he perceived his friend lying motionless on the ground. Hurrying towards him he supported him in his arms.

"Good heavens, Niall, can this be serious! are you deeply hurt?"

"It is all—over with me, my boy—the Roundhead's bullet has done for me—my days are over! I choke, I choke—God receive my soul! O Mother of God—Emon, Emon—"

"Yes, brother, yes."

"My poor sister—my poor Kathleen—"

The death-rattle sounded in Niall O'Cuinn's throat, and he lay a corpse in the arms of O'Tracy.

A wild and piteous scream pealed through the night—the form of a woman bounded spectre-like through the darkness, and Kathleen Ny-Cuinnin threw herself on her brother's corpse in an agony of grief.

Ere that night passed Sir Phelim O'Neill entered into a treaty of capitulation with the terms of surrender were fair and honorable, viz., that Sir Phelim and his Spartan band of survivors should march out with arms and baggage, and deliver up the place and transport himself beyond sea within three months. So the Red Hand of Tirowen was hauled down from over the last Irish stronghold in Ulster to make way for the Parliamentarian flag, and one Major Reed, "a mere knave," was appointed by Coote, Governor of Charlemont.

Of the latter fortunes of that historic town it may be remarked that the second Charles purchased it from Lord Caulfield's successor for £3,000, and that its historic defence by Sir Tene O'Brian forms one of the most remarkable events of the Williamite wars.

The fate of Sir Phelim O'Neill may be related in a few words. Neglecting to fulfil the entire terms of the treaty—to wit, the condition of quitting Ireland within three months—he concealed himself in an island in a Tyrone lake, where he was captured, being betrayed by another infamous O'Hugh. Taken to Dublin, he was there brutally lugged and quartered on the charge of high treason.

Among the crowd of both sexes who quitted Charlemont after its surrender, and travelled south-westwards into Connaught, were our hero and heroine. The route was a long and weary one, but they halted not until they reached the City of the Tribes.

"Hollo, what have we here?" inquired a deep voice—the voice of Sir Phelim O'Neill himself, as the light of many torches fell on the scene, and a number of armed men filled the room. The combatants were instantly parted.

"My poor Emon!" exclaimed Niall O'Cuinn, one of the new arrivals, as he raised the form of his sister in his arms. The cool night breeze through the broken window helped to revive her, and she awakens if from a long sleep, with a faint inquiry as to her whereabouts.

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"Mercy, brother, mercy!" groaned the wretched man, falling on his knees.

"Away with him," was the stern command.

Without more ado the soldiers dragged the condemned man out of the house, and in less than a minute his body was dangling from a cross-beam that spanned one of the narrow streets.

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"On them, my brave lads!" shouted this officer; "death and destruction to the infernal sons of Belial! Strike for God and the Parliament."

"We will say amen to that," murmured our hero, as he perceived his friend lying motionless on the ground. Hurrying towards him he supported him in his arms.

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Edmund was promptly seconded by his male companions, but he and they were soon overpowered by numbers, seized and bound.

The suspicious panel was now examined by the soldiers, one of whom stove it in with his musket butt, revealing the hidden staircase. Two or three of the men bounded through the jagged aperture, and soon reappeared, dragging with them the old priest who had celebrated the recent marriage. The bishop had providentially escaped his enemies for the time being.

"Bravely done, my heroes," ejaculated the sergeant triumphantly; "I knew we couldn't miss him. Carry him along; and this precious knot of Papists, priest-hiders, and scorners of the law, and they are, must go to prison—let not one of them escape or on your heads be it! Take up poor Dobbs and bear him to the barracks;—a little life there's left in the poor fellow, but this gay bantam cock shall swing for it. Come, step out."

A dreary night was that passed by Edmund in the noisome crowded cell into which he was thrown. His wedding night—in what might be called his condemned cell, herded with unfortunates situated like himself, breathing a hot, tainted air, parched by a burning thirst, overwhelmed by the bitterness of his lot, and ten times more by the thoughts of Kathleen's misery! He had seen her conducted, like himself to jail, but knew nothing more of her.

He had been in two months in prison when one day he was conducted, among a crowd of other prisoners, in the midst of a strong escort, to the court-house for trial. The court-house was the venerable Franciscan monastery on St. Stephen's Island, now converted into one of "Cromwell's slaughter-houses," as the iniquitous placers of Puritan "justice" were then termed. His trial was a short one. Thrust into the dock on the charge of aiding a soldier of the Parliament, the proofs against him were deemed indisputable, and he was sentenced to be hanged, and sentence to be carried out on the second morning following. He was then taken out of the dock and escorted back to his prison, being spared the agony of witnessing another trial that commenced and ended within half an hour after his leaving the court.

A number of females, both maids and matrons, were placed in the dock in the charge of knowing the place of concealment of a priest and not disclosing it to the authorities. Amongst these unhappy criminals was Kathleen, pale as death. The bloated judge on the bench commented wistfully on the gravity of the offence, and then awarded the full punishment which the law prescribed, viz., each of the delinquents was to be publicly whipped, and further punished by the amputation of the ears! A chorus of piteous shrieks and cries for mercy arose from the unhappy culprits ere they were removed to make room for fresh victims.

A strange circumstance happened to our hero on his way back to prison. He was mechanically stalking along in the midst of the musketeers, when the officer in command of the escort, who rode on a white horse, happened to turn his head and gaze in his direction. He at once recognized the English officer and quondam royalist, Captain Willoughby, whose life he had been instrumental in saving in the streets of Galway eight years before, and with whom he had made the fatal voyage which was interrupted by the demoniac Swanley. The way in which his glance was returned assured him that the recognition was mutual, and that same evening he was not surprised to receive a visit in his cell—now lonely, and unoccupied save by himself—from his former acquaintance.

"Well, my friend, so fate has thrown us together again, though for the last time it seems," said Willoughby, on entering; "I never dreamt of seeing you more, and started not a little when I caught sight of your face to-day. Ah, you are surprised at seeing me in this uniform. My faith, I never expected to wear it, but times change, and men and principles change with them. But I grieve to find you in doleful dumps again—tell me, prithee, how comes your present misfortune?"

Edmund briefly narrated his case, omitting not the story of his marriage and the wretched predicament of his bride. As he concluded, his interlocutor arose and shook his head gravely.

"Your case," he said, "is a serious one, but you saved my life, and believe me, Anthony Willoughby will work heaven and earth to save you from the hangman's cord, if only for the sake of that brave, bonny lass who is now your wife. Coote is terribly strict and relentless, but I am a favorite of his, and I will do my best for you. He is now at Loughrea; I post there to-morrow at cock-crow, and mayhap be back here again at noon—heaven send—with good tidings. Till then farewell."

And the good-intentioned officer departed. After having passed a weary, restless night the captive was aroused at the gray dawn of morning by a long and loud roll of drums under his cell window. The little unglazed and doubly-barred aperture which admitted light and air to his dungeon commanded a view of the jail quadrangle below. On looking down he witnessed a mournful scene—one of the first executions which distinguished the Cromwellian reign of terror in Galway. On three sides of the quadrangle gleamed the steel caps and coeslets of sordid ranks of soldiery, and at the dead wall which formed the fourth side of the square stood a tall man, of rich attire and noble appearance, confronting a grim face of musketeers. Scarcely had Edmund's gaze taken in the spectacle when the salute of a mounted officer glittered in the air as he gave the death signal, the volley blazed from the levelled muskets, and the victim lay a corpse on the pavement. Our hero turned away with a cold shudder from the window. He had witnessed the execution of Lord Theobald Burke, Viscount Mayo, on the charge of participation in an alleged massacre of Protestants at Shrule, on the borders of Mayo, at the commencement of the war.

This execution was followed by others. In a half-hour times, in rapid succession, the loud fusillade that announced the parting of a man's head from his neck, and the mingled shouts of the court-yard—a noble Milesian, Colonel Edmund O'Flaherty, of Moycullin, being amongst those sent to their last account.

The executions being over for the time being, the soldiers marched away to their various quarters, the cart containing the victims' bodies rumbling in their rear. And now the courtyard presented a scene scarcely less pitiable than that just described. Numbers of the slain men's friends and relatives filed the air with the most plaintive cries of lamentation, and threw themselves on the bloody pavement in the frantic violence of their grief. Around each of the lower windows of the prison was collected a crowd of excited people holding converse through the bars with their imprisoned friends. Most impressive spectacle of all was that exhibited in a retired corner of the yard, where several children were kneeling in a grove in the wall. Behind the grating was dimly visible a purple robe and a mild and venerable countenance, while a pair of lean, slender hands, protruded between the bars, resting a while on each little

head as the children, both boys and girls, approached the aperture in turn. It was the venerable Francis Kirwan, "the model of a pious bishop," now at length a prisoner, administering the Sacrament of Confirmation!

The day wore on, and shortly after noon the Cromwellian soldiery marched with martial clank and tramp into the quadrangle, and formed a hollow square in the midst of which two or three of their number now set about erecting a strange contrivance—nothing else than the flugging frame of the day, the well-known "halberts." Three halberts, or long-handled axes, were bound in the form of a triangle, and held erect on the ground—on which the base of the triangle rested—by two strong men, a fourth halbert being fastened horizontally to the frame at about three feet from the ground.

The arrangement being completed there was a loud roll of drums and flourish of trumpets, and then a pursuivant with stentorian lungs called upon all loyal subjects of the Parliament to witness the punishment of enemies of the public peace and religion. Hardly had he finished his speech when a portion of the prison opened, and two stalwart troopers appeared, leading between them the first victim of the lash. This was an old man of patriarchal aspect, whose only garment was now a pair of pantaloons, and who blanched and tottered as his conductors thrust him rudely forward. He was immediately bound to the triangle, and a starchy drummer, divesting himself of his tunic and baring his arms, stood by with the degrading scourge in his hand. The lash whizzed and descended, leaving a long bleeding streak to mark its fall, and stripe succeeded stripe until the old man's back was one red and lacerated wound, the continuous roll of the drums drowning the victim's cries, if there were any. The flogger now took a large pair of scissors from the hand of an assistant, O'Tracy, who from his cell window was an indignant witness of the revolting scene, turned away his head in horror and disgust. When he looked again the victim was being borne back into the prison, and he noticed that where the old man's ears had been there were now only two ghastly, livid wounds, trickling blood! The sentence of the infamous law had been completed.

But now a loud murmur of pity and indignation round the quadrangle, outside the bustling lines of steel, where dense masses of the Galway folk were assembled, drawn by the morbid craving of human nature for the horrible, to witness the barbarous exhibition. All eyes were turned on the posterion door, through which the form of the second victim was now emerging—a form almost divine in its exquisite beauty and symmetry. A young and lovely female, her face and neck suffused with a burning blush of outraged modesty, and her dishevelled hair falling in heavy masses over her fair shoulders, was being dragged forward by two troopers—forward into the gaze of the ruffianly array—forward to the fatal triangle.

For a moment O'Tracy gazed, and his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole frame paralyzed by the violence of his emotion.

Blessed heaven! it was his own darling wife! His own Kathleen! His own cherished Will Rose of Lough Gill!

For a moment his brain seemed on fire, and he was seized by a wild, fierce paroxysm of madness and despair. He grasped the bars of the window and endeavored with all his frantic strength to tear them from their sockets, but in vain. He rushed to his cell door and battered with his hands on the stout oak panels. Again he rushed at the window like a caged wild beast, and tore at the bars as if with the strength of Sampson, until a large portion of masonry fell from the window-sill into the yard below.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" he shouted, in a voice that rang high above all other sounds.

Hearing his voice, Kathleen looked up, recognized him, and uttered a piercing scream that seemed to cleave his heart asunder. Then the whole dread picture without danced for a moment before his eyes, and he fell back insensible on the floor of the cell.

Had he been strong enough to bear the dread scene half a minute longer, he should have seen his beloved snatched from the very jaws of misery and degradation. For a mounted officer, whose horse was steaming and exhausted, rode into the square, leaping from the saddle, and tossed an official-looking document to the provost-marshal who presided.

"Hold!" cried Captain Willoughby, whose arrival was so opportune; the punishment is stopped. Here is the order for this poor girl's release, and also the pardon of her lover—both papers signed by Sir Charles Coote. Water, men, for heaven's sake! The poor thing has fainted."

Great and prodigious was the bustle again on the quays of Galway. Not, indeed, the blithe and cheery bustle of commerce, but the sad bustle of an exodus—the exodus of the Irish soldiers. The home and squire of military Ireland—the fragments of the dashing battalions that had opposed Monroeb at Benburb, and Cromwell at Clonmel, and Iront at Limerick—were going into exile. In order to get rid of the fighting Irishmen as in peaceable a manner as possible, the English parliament had given permission to the Continental Powers to send their agents to recruit in Ireland for the soldiers whose valour and prestige were so well known and appreciated throughout Europe. France, Spain and Poland had sent their agents, who discharged their duties with such effect, that in the two or three years following the fall of Galway, no less than 34,000 Irishmen quitted their native shores—most of them, poor fellows, doomed to leave their bones on a foreign battle-field.

The number of men now unloading at Galway made up quite an army, being no less than seven thousand strong, and all recruited by a Don Ricardo White for service in the Spanish army.

All along the wharves lay the stately vessels that were to convey the gallant avengers into exile. All along the wharves was a dense crowd of men, women and children—a sad, excited, and tearful multitude. Many unfortunates were the partings—partings father and son, brother and sister, of lover and beloved, of loving and devoted Irish hearts now to be sundered forever. A melancholy burden of sorrowful and bitter wailing filled the air.

"Good-bye, Captain Willoughby; good-bye, and God bless you!"

"Heaven bless and preserve our benefactor!"

"Good-bye, friends. Heaven grant you a safe voyage, and bless and prosper you in the land across the sea!—good-bye!"

The chivalrous English officer shook the hands of our hero and heroine for the last time, and then disappeared in the crowd. With his wife leaning on his arm, Edmund moved along the quays in the direction of the ship which was to bear him to Spain. As the pair quitted Irish soil for the last time Kathleen burst into tears. Tenderly her husband supported her across the connecting gangway, in gaining the vessel's deck. Edmund was greeted by a far voice—the voice of General Philip O'Reilly, of Cavan, who shook him warmly by the hand.

"What, General O'Reilly! You going out, too?"

"Yes, with the relics of my brigade, to serve his Catholic Majesty. Things have gone wrong with our captain; I fear the star of the O'Reillys has set—at home at least. My kinsman, the Slasher, slain Venables' trooper at Ballinacorney, my son Hugh Roe killed on his own native Breffin soil—and myself attainted by Cromwell's act. Alas for the old blood! Well, thank God, my own good wife is left to me—she is in the cabin just now—and who knows what good luck heaven may send the poor exiles? As I say, I am glad we make the voyage together."

There was a movement in the crowd on the quays as the people drew aside to make way for a melancholy procession. A double file of Parliamentarian soldiers, both pikemen and musketeers, appeared, conducting between them a number of clergy, lay and secular, the two foremost of whom were two venerable prelates, the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Killala. The persecuted victims were thus being conducted like common criminals into exile—a vessel bound for the port of Nantes.

"O God, help us! O God, pity the poor go in sorrow, priests and people, exiles from the sweet and holy land of our birth, Eive of the green hills and bright rivers. But God send we may return—ay, we shall return with the vengeance of heaven in our swords, and our native land shall run red with the blood of the Saxon!"

Alas, for the brave Milesian's prophecy! Scarcely had he served with his brigade three years in the Netherlands when he died, and his remains were laid with kindred dust in the cloisters of the Irish monastery at Louvain.

"Of course you retain your rank—you go out as a captain?" inquired O'Reilly of our hero.

"Yes," responded the latter; "Don Ricardo has made that all right at least, whatever the fortune of war may chance to send me on the foreign battle-field."

Clang, clang, clang, chimed and jingled the bells that summoned the departing soldiers on board their respective ships.

"All aboard! all aboard!" sounded the command along the quay.

A wild and pathetic outburst of sobs and cries; a multitude of fervid embraces, "such as press the lips from out young hearts;" a shower of parting kisses on pallid lips; a rending asunder of front and divided bosoms—and in a short time the last Irish soldier was embarked.

(To be Continued.)

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected, in a changeable climate like ours, leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGeale's Compound Bile Beans will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes for \$1.00. Mail orders, with a postal note or price in money or postage stamps, to J. B. McGeale, Chemist, Montreal.

The Aurora (Ont.) Borealis office keeps a trained bear.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this remedy in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power Block, Rochester, N. Y. 10-19 cow

The Hudson River Strawberry crop was frozen.

CATARRH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby this hitherto incurable disease is eradicated in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. Descriptive pamphlets sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada. 231 ft

Buffalo's June festival has sold \$10,000 worth of seats.

THE LATEST DYNAMITE HOAX. It was known that a certain smart U. S. young man had studied chemistry for six months; had ordered a sectioned hand-bag and mailed for England. It was subsequently ascertained that he had made several visits to a clock and watch maker before leaving. The clock was found to contain an arrangement of a clock and a trio of metaphysicians were summoned to open the bag, which, in view of probabilities, were regarded as patriotic heroes of the highest order. The official verdict reported 2