## THE WILD ROS'

OF LOUGH GILL.

A TALE OF THE IRINH WAR IN THE

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 threatre 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 snashed to pieces. Seeing light sining through one of the apertures he entered the house and carried the form of Kathleen upstairs to the 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 starsprinkled heavens, and exploded, doing much damage. On the floor lay the lifeless hodies 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 cariosity, a dark figure issued from an adjoining rooma figure bearing a long pole to which were appended three lighted lanterns -the ligure or a monk. For some moments he watched in silence the movements of the mysterious mentarian flag, and one Major Reed, "a ecclesiastic, who, unaware of his presence, waved the lanterns from a window.

Rushing at once on the strange monk, he for £3,000, and that its historic defence by seized him by the habit and pulled back the Sir Teague O'Regan forms one of the most cowl from over his face. The three lamps fell remarkable events of the Williamite wars. with a crash on the ground below, but not of the murderer, renegade, and treacherous spy, Emon O'Hugh.

Base and treacherous scoun lrel, you are caught at last." 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 boson and lunged Charlemont after its surrender, and travelled

struggle commenced.

"Hollo, what have we here?" inquired deep voice-the voice of Sir Phelim O'Neill hin self, as the light of many torches fell on hin self, as the light of many concast of the scene, and a number of armed men filled A FRIEND IN NEED-EXILE -- A SOLDIER'S the scene, and a number of across the room. The combatants were instantly

"My poor colleen!" exclaimed Niall O'Cuirnin, one of the new arrivels, 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 awokeas if from a long sleep, with a fa' \* inquiry as to her whereabouts,

Explain, Captain O'Tra y, explain. commanded Sir Phelim. This false monk-your foster-brother

O'Hugh, general-has been signalling to the enemy ;--search him." "Believe him not! believe not the villain"

cried the traitor.

What have we here ?" inquired a muskebosom 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-pos-session 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, Ed aund 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 thereunto 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 thereunto I subscribe my name."

"Ha, the Covenanting Oath!" exclaimed O'Neill, "and in the possession of my ruflian foster-brother, for whom the hemp has been in waiting for the last eight years, ever since he murdered Lord Caultield. Emon, we grew up together in our childhood, we sucked 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 shrift 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 com-

mand. Without more ado the soldiers dragged the

condemned man out of the house, and in less than ten minutes his body was dangling from a cross-beam that spanned one of the narrow

The breath had secreely left the body of the suspended traitor, when bung! came the report of the matchlock of a sentinel on the ruined ramparts, and next moment an irregular fusibile, a clashing of steel, and a series of shouts and commands resounded from the direction of the breach. The Parliamentarians, acting on the preconcerted 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 burricaded by the wise precaution of O'Neill, and had to retire in disorder under a volley of musketry. One determined band; however, managed to scale the walls, and now rushed on the Irish, headed by a during and resolute

"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 fooman-

confronted him for the last time.

"Ha, imp of the demon! you again—have at ye!" cried the Puritan.

A few clashes of the gleaming swords, a few quick nervous thrusts and glancing, lightning-like parries, and Harrison fell. The blade of his adversary had passed between his gorget and breastplate, inflicting on him a mortal wound. As he fell the cheers of the Irish announced the complete repulse of the surprise party. Panting with pain and ex-haustion, Edmund leant on his sword and surveyed his prostrate foe. A he did so and blest despite of the harassing question, the voice of Ninll O'Cuirnin sounded behind what should be the sequel?

i'A neat thrust, Emon; that Roundhead

has fought his last fight." The dying Puritan writhed painfully over on the ground from his back to his side, and with a last revengeful effort drew a pistol

it go far to find a fatal billet.
"Take that—curse you!" were the last

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 leve of heaven!" " Niall, Niall, my brother !" exclaimed

towards him he supported him in his arms. "Good heavens, Niall, can this be serious? are you deeply hurt?"
"It is all—all over with me, my boy—the

Roundhead's bullet has done for me-my days are over! I choke, I choke-God recoive my soul ! O Mother of God !-- Emon, Emon-

Yes, brother, yes." "My poor sister—my poor Kathleen— Kathleen!——" The death-rattle sounded in Niall

O'Cuirnin's throat, and he lay a corpse in the arms of O'Tracy. A wild and pitcons scream pealed through the night the lithe form of a woman bounded spectre-like through the darkness, and

Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin threw herself on her brother's corpse in an agony of grief.

Ere that night passed Sir Phellin O'Neill entered into a treaty of capitulation with Coote. 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 to the Parliament, Sir Phelim to leave Ireland and transport himself beyond sea within three

vernor of Charlemont. "Trememory, by heaven!" he ejaculated, the latter fortunes of that historic town under his breath; - "tis a signal to the it may be remarked that the second Charles purchased it from Lord Caulfield's successor

mere knave," was appointed by Coote, Gov-

The fate of Sir Phelim O'Neill may be reere their light revealed the villanous features lated 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 be-O'Hugh turned with a start of affright, but | trayed by another infamous O'Hugh. Taken

at the heart of his assailant. But the south-westwards into Connaught, were our wrist of the hand holding the weapon was hero and heroine. The route was a long and firmly grasped by O'Traey, and a despertte weary one, but they halted not until they reached the City of the Tribes.

LAURELS.

Luter Juverna curbos, urbesque Britannas. Postrema hostili Galvia capta dolo est.

Of all the Irish or English towns, Galway was the last captured by fraudful treachery." I ynou's "I'ita Kerorani."

<sup>6</sup> To Spain, to Spain, he now will sail, flis destiny is wroken — An evile from dear limisfail, Nor yet his will is broken.

Galway has fallen. He nine months' siege had been a severe one; great and obstinate the valour displayed by the besieged, notably by Farrell's troop of horse-the only cavalry in the town; and fierce and determined the teer, as he drew a folded paper from the sorties made on the besiegers' trenches. But Lucilow had come with his army to the aid of Coote, who commanded the beleaguering force; the governor of the town, General Preston, often heretofore mentioned, had made his escape by sea, leaving the town to make what terms it might; and now at length the flag of the Parliament flew over

the Tribes. Some months had passed since the surrender of the town, when in the house of an honest burgher and tribesman named Mark Kirwan a wedding party was assembled -- a wedding party in the midst of famine, plague and slavery-no gay dresses, no flowers, no bridal favors of any kind-and those who were now to be united in the solemn bonds of matrimony were Edmund O'Tracy and Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin.

As the reader will remember, the eleven years of the war had passed since their first meeting on the shores of Lough Gill, and time had wrought its changes on the persons of our hero and heroine. He was no longer the lithe, agile stripling, but a tall, soldierly man of robust and sinewy frame hardened by the rough toils and usages of warfare; she no longer the slender, pearly maiden of long ago, but a queenly woman of well-developed charms, stately, graceful, and beautiful, though withal there were traces of care visible amid the bloom of her countenance. And now, after their long period of courtship and most broken and irregular course of true love, their constancy was about to be rewarded by their being made one. With the money he had accumulated during the war our hero had determined to leave Ireland for Spain, there to take his chance of fame under the banners of King Philip; and Kathleen, friendless, trusting, and devoted, had consented to accompany him as his wife. So they stood there to be married, and a finer looking couple it were hard to find than our soldier

and his bride-elect. Besides the twain, only about half a dozen other persons occupied the apartment. The owner of the house, Mark Kirwan, was in prison with his son; but his spouse, a buxom, rosy-checked dame, was present, together with her daughter, who acted as bridesmaid, and a few of her younger children. There was also present a soldier comrade of Edmund's; there was the priest, who was surpliced and stoled for the ceremony-a venerable, whitehaired soggarth, who died in the prison island of Innisbofin some years later—and in a retired corner of the chamber sat by himself an aged ecclesiastic, clad in the purple soutane of a bishop. This was the guest of the family, the pious Francis Kirwan, Bishop of Killala, of old the celebrated preacher of St. Nicholas', and now a hunted fugitive with the bloodhounds of the Parlia-

ment on his trail. The clergyman opened his book and proceeded with the wedding ceremony. It was soon over. Slow but distinct sounded the mystic utterances which united two loving hearts until one or other of them should be cold in death. And as O'Tracy slipped which Kathleen was leaning as if by mere the golden hoop on the fair, plump finger of his bride, kissed her red lips, and knelt with her to receive the benediction of both priest and bishop in turn, he felt supremely happy

what should be the sequen?
"My clear children," said the officiating priest, as he closed his book, "your union has been made in the midst of woe and persecution, and you go forth hand-in-hand into the country of the stranger, exiles from the blood was now a-fire, seized the upland of your birth. But God who witnesses lifted weapon, wrested it from its posthe misfortunes of his Irish children, will, I seasor, and with one desperate blow of pray, bless you with happiness and prosperity in your foreign home, and sweeten your memories of old Ireland."

Integ weapon, wrested it from its post before a grating in the wall. Behind the grating were dimly visible a purple robe and the heavy butt stretched the Cromamild and venerable countenance, while a wellian apparently dead on the floor. All pair of lean, slender hands, protruded between the bars rections and it from its post before a grating in the wall. Behind the grating were dimly visible a purple robe and the heavy butt stretched the Cromamild and venerable countenance, while a stretched the floor. All pair of lean, slender hands, protruded befrom his belt, presented it, and fired, the ball | the misfortunes of his Irish children, will, I passing close by his slayer's cheek. Nor did pray, bless you with happiness and prosper-

We will say amen to that, mo colleentenderly into the dark, love-lit eyes of his newly-made wife, and read in those lustrous bound. ly the chamber door was thrown open, and an affrighted domestic, a man-servant, entered and rushed up to the lady of the house.

"Gome, madam," he gasped, in a voice of dismay; "come quick, for the love of heaven! Edmund, in alarm, as he perceived his friend dismay; "come quick, for the love of her tie ground on the ground. Hurrying The soldiers !—the Saturday collection!"

"Good God, preserve us!" shricked the wife of Mark Kirwan;—" hold them back, good Geoffrey, for two minutes, for heaven's

the bishop and the priest immediately mounted.

"There is great danger," murmured Mrs. Kirwan, as they ascended; -- "keep close in the private closet on the garret for the pre-sent; you may afterwards get out through the attic window, and cross the roofs to Dame Blake's. I will send Geoffrey to help you."

The two old elergymen, thus hunted like beasts of prey, disappeared up the stairs, and their protectress drew the sliding panel back to its proper place. Scarcely had she accomplished this when there was a confused noise in the corridor on which the apartment opened—a trampling of many feet, a discord of rough voices, and the clatter of musket butts on the flagged floor. Immediately there was a loud knocking on the floor. It was opened by the domestic at the command months. So the Red Hand of Tirowen was of his mistress, and instantly nigh a score hauled down from over the last Irish strong- of armed soldiers, headed by a sergeant, clanked into the chamber. At the same moment the blast of several trumpets, mingled with the roll of drums, resounded through the street without, proclaiming to the Galwegians the advent of their weekly per-

This was the infamous Saturday collection. Oneach succeeding Saturday the of the Cromwellian troops in pav Galway was exacted from the inhabitants with circumstances of the utmost atrocity. "On these occasions," says a writer of the period, the soldiers entered the various houses, and. pointing their muskets to the breasts of men and women, threatened them with instant death if the sum demanded was not immediately given. Should it have so happened that the continual payment of these pensions had exhausted the means of the people, bed, bedding, sheets, table-cloths, dishes, and every description of furniture—nay, the very garments of the women, torn off their personswere carried to the market-place and sold for a small sum: so much so, that each recurring Saturday bore a resemblance to the Day of Judgment, and the clangour of the trumpet smote the people with terror almost equal to

that of dooinsday."
"Well, missus," said the sergeant, on ill-favoured ruffian, with an insolent and overbearing air, "so you've let us in at last, have ye? Now, then, we've been waiting long enough, so look sharp. Pay is scarce enough to-day, so turn us out your allowance right cheerily, or fore the Lord Harry, there'll

be crotchety work afoot.' "Have pity, sir," exclaimed the lady addressed, with a mixture of dignity and entreaty; -"in this house we have barely the means of life, though, alas! that the wife of a Galway Kirwan should be compelled to say so! My husband and son are in prison, and we are left poor and defenceless. Oh, sir,

have merey!—pass us by."

"Tush! the old story. Come, men—the usual thing, you know. Spread over the house, and be not shy in any room from garret to cellar. Take the best and leave the worst, say I. Do the articles as little damage as possible, else they may take confounded small figure in the canting. Mark me, I'll flay the rascal alive who loses me a penny of my honest pay. So to work."

His plundering crew needed not the second the last important Irish stronghold, and the Cromwellian was lord in the fine old City of room, and commenced carrying them out into the street. Elsewhere through the house the looters were also at work, while poor Mrs. Kirwin and her family looked through their tears at the ruthless plunder of their property and the demolition or disappearance of their various household goods. As for our bride and bridegroom, they stood side by side in a retired part of the chamber, unable to do aught but look with distress and indignation on the scene passing

pefore their eyes. "Hallo, comrades, what pretty gimerack have we here?" cried a tall musketeer, as he emerged from a small closet bearing with him the object of his curiosity. It was a wooden tahernacle, ornamented with gilt mouldings and burnished candlesticks that glittered in the light. This sacred article which Bishop Kirwan had intended for some church, was speedily surrounded by the soldiers, who examined it with ribald jests and laughter.

"Spare it—spare the abode of the Lord!"

shricked Mrs. Kirwan, as she rushed forward and threw herself on her knees before the profane wretches, raising her clasped hands

entreatingly. "Gadzooks, a little Popish Mass-house!" exclaimed the villainous serjeant; "stand aside, my children, and I'll soon make an

end o't. Dashing the tabernacle on the floor, he raised his musket butt and brought it down way. On three sides of the quadrangle with a crash on the object of his wrath, gleaned the steel caps and corselets shattering it to pieces and strewing the floor of serried ranks of soldiery, and shattering it to pieces and strewing the floor of serried ranks of soldiery, and with splinters of the gilded wood—an act at the dead wall which formed the fourth which elicited a low wail of grief and horror and clenched their hands in impotent wrath.

So much for the bauble," continued the sergeant, with a brutal laugh; "and now, my brave ferrets, to the search. There are Popish priests near at hand; come, scent me out the vermin in double quick time. Guard the door, corporal, and let none pass in or out until we have our prey safe in hands. Bustle, my heroes, bustle."

The Cromwellians now instituted an eager and diligent search for the suspected clergymen, and bitter were their oaths of disappointment as they failed to discover any traces of their victims. They scowled fiercely on the other persons in the room, assailing each with threats of vengeance for not of a human soul rolled and reverberated through disclosing the whereabouts of the "l'ope's the courtyard—a noble Milesian, Colonel pedlars," and sought out their pray in every Edmund O'Flaherty, of Moycullin, being probable and improbable place they could amongst those sent to their last account. conceive. At length one of them commenced sounding the wainscoting with repeated blows of his musket around the walls, continuing the process until he came to the particular moving panel already mentioned, against

accident—though, in fact, her design was to foil, if possible, his investigation.

"Come, my dainty wench, stand aside, will you? I'd fain test the carpentry at your back. Come, hence with you, I say." He rudely seized her by the arm and cach of the lower windows of the prison was dragged her aside, but her place at the panel collected a crowd of excited people holding was immediately taken by O'Tracy. Cromwellian instantly rushed at the latter with clubbed musket, but our hero, whose

uproar. Edmund was promptly seconded by

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

enemics for the time being.
"Bravely done, my heroes," ejaculated the sake. Come, father—come, my lord; to your hiding-places, or we are lost."

She touched a concealed spring in the wainscot of the room, and a large panel, sliding aside, revealed a small staircase, which the higher and the misst increase or on the higher and the misst increase in the mission in the misst increase in the misst i your heads be it. Take up poor Dobbs and bear him to the barrack; d-n 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 might be called his condemned cell, herded burning thirst, overwhelmed by the bitterthoughts of Kathleen's misery! He had seen ment was now a pair of pantaloons, and who her conducted, like himself, to jail, but knew nothing more of her.

He had been nigh 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 Francis can monastery on St. Stephen's Island, now capital charge of raising a weapon against a soldier of the Parliament, the proofs against him were deemed indisputable, and he was sentenced to be hanged, said 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 concealto the authorities. Amongst these unhappy criminals was Kathleen, pale as death. bloated judge on the bench commented warmly on the gravity of the offence, and was to be publicly whipped, and further punished by the amputation of the cars! A chorus of piteous shricks and cries for mercy arose from the unhappy culprits ere they were removed to make room for fresh victims.

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 somewhat in front of him, 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—

A strange circumstance happened to our

now lonely, and unoccupied save by himselffrom 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 ne'er expected to wear it, but time change, and and principles change with them. But I grieve to find you in doleful dumps again—tell me, prithee, how comes your present misfor-

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 Galside of the square stood a tall man, of rich from the females in the room, while the few natire and noble appearance, confronting a male Catholics present blushed with shame grim file of musketeers. Scarcely had and clenched their hands in impotent wrath. Edmund's gaze taken in the speciacle when the sabre 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 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 commence ment of the war.

This execution was followed by others. Nigh a half dozen times, in rapid succession, the loud fusilade that announced the parting

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 filled the air with the most plaintive cries of lamentation, and threw themselves on the bloody payment in the frantic violence of their grief. Around 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 the heavy butt stretched the Crom a mild and venerable countenance, while a warmly by the hand.

wellian apparently dead on the floor. All pair of lean, slender hands, protruded be warmly by the hand.

wellian apparently dead on the floor. All pair of lean, slender hands, protruded be out, too!"

we warmly by the hand.

"What, General O'Reilly! You going tween the bars, resting a while on each little out, too!"

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 Confirma-

The day wore on, and shortly after noon the Cromwellian soldiery again marched with martial clank and tramp into the quadrangle, and formed a hollow square in the midst o which two or three of their number now set about erecting a strange contrivance—nothing else than the flogging 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 than a pursuivant with stentorian lungs called upon all loyal subjects of the Parliament to witness the punishment of was thrown. His wedding night!—in what enemies of the public peace and religion. might be called his condemned cell, herded Hardly had he finished his speech when a postwith unfortunates situated like himself, ern door of the prizon opened, and two stalbreathing a hot, tainted air, parched by a wart troopers appeared, leading between them the first victim of the lash. This was an old ness of his lot, and ten times more by the man of patriarchal aspect, whose only garblanched and tottered as his conductors thrust him rudely forward. He was immediately bound to the triangle, and a sturdy 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 bleed-ing streak to mark its fall, and stripe converted into one of "Cromwell's slanghter- succeeded stripe until the old man's back was houses," as the iniquitous places of Puritan one red and lacerated wound, the continu-'justice" were then termed. His trial was ous roll of the drums drowning the viet m's short one. Thrust into the dock on the cries, if there were any. The flogger now took a large pair of seissors 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 cars 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 indig n tion ran around the quadrangle, outside the bristling lines of steel, where dense masses of ment of a priest and not disclosing it tye Calway 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 postern door, through which the form of the second victim then awarded the full punishment which the was now emerging—a form almost divine in law prescribed, viz., each of the delinquents 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, his eyes starting from their socke's, and his whole frame paralyzed by the violence of his emo-

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

In 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 oaken 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 windowsill into the yard below.

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

Hearing his voice, Kathleen looked up, recongised him, and uttered a piercing scream that seemed to cleave his heart asunder. Then the whole dread picture without danced a moment before his eyes, and 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, leaped from the saddle, and tossed an official-looding 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 bone and sinew of military Ireland—the fragments of the dashing battalions that had opposed Monroeat Benburb, and Cromwell at Clonmel, and Ireton at Limerick -were going into exile. In order to get rid of the fighting Hibernians in as 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 prestigo were so well known and appreciated through out 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 embarking 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 swordsmen into exile. All along the wharves was a dense crowd of men, women and children—a sud, excited, and tearful multitude. Many and mournful were the partings-partings of father and son, of brother and sister, of lover and beloved, of loving and devoted Irish hourts 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 benefac-

tor!" "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 shock

the hands of our hero and heroine for the last time, and then disappeared in the crowd. With his wife lean-ing 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. On gaining the vessel's deck, Edmund greeted by a familiar voice—that of General Philip O'Reilly, of Cavan, who shook him

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

There was a movement in the crowd on the quays as the people drew saide to make way for a melancholy procession. A double-file of Parliamentarian soldiers, both pikemen and musketeers, appeared, conducting be-tween 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 clergy were thus being conducted like convicts on board the ship, which was to convey them also into exile—a vessel bound for the port of Nantes.

"O God, help us! O God, pity the poor Irish race!" exclaimed O'Reilly; "forth we go in sorrow. priests and people, exiles from the sweet and holy land of our birth, Eire 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

"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 jurgled 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 sols and cries; a multitude of fervid embraces. "such as press the life from out young hearts;" a shower of parting kisses on pallid lips; a rending asunder of fond and devoted 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 ife 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 McGale's Compound Butternut Pills 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 lox, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGale, chemist, Montreal. 95 tf

The Aurora (Ont.) Borcalis office keeps 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 its 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 recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing or using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Hudson River Strawberry crop was

10-19 eow

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 stanp. A. H. DIXGN & SON, 365 King street west, Toronto, Canada.

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 sailed for England. It was subsequently ascertained that he had made several visits to a clock and watch maker before leaving. The cable was used to cause his arrest on arrival, and a trio of metaphysicians were summoned to open the bag, which, in view of probabilities, were regarded as patriotic heroism of the highest order. The official verdict reported 23 samples of Johnston's Fluid Beef, 10.000 circular ability of the contraction culars, 4 shirt collars, and a box of tooth-picks.

The valedictorian of the Atlanta, Ill., High School is a colored boy.

DR. LOWS WORM SYRUP will remove all kind of Worms from children or adults.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING
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the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr.
Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a
delicately flavored beverage which may save u
many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious
use of such articles of diet that a constitution
may be gradually built un until strong enough may be gradually built up until strong enough may be gradually built up until strong can't to resist every tendency to disease. Hundred of subtle maladies are floating around us read of subtle maladies are floating around us read to the control of of subtle maladies are floating around us read to attack wherever there is a week point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our selves well fortified with pure blood and properly nourished frame,"—Civil Service Gazette Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold on ly in packets and tins, (4th and 1th) by grocer labelled, "James Eprs & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Farmers near the alleged diamond farm Palmyra, Wis., are selling out at high price

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough purgative, acting upon the biliar organs promptly and effectually.

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