When by all the world forgotten, Lone, unnoticed 'mid the throng, When the loves, so blindly trusted, Prove as empty as a song, Silent is the voice of friendship, Sympathy no tear-drop blends, In the waves we hear sweet pity, Hall to thee, my sighing friends.

In the Pol we find no beauty,
Even facey fails to cheat,
Tired of selly of worldlings wenry,
Lo! the dakes at our feet.
Say this world befull of beauty, In the flowery both that tends, Hope to death, fair fading blossoms, Hail to thee, my silent friends.

When the face of fortunedarkens, In the lowering sky, no light Greets the weary heart that's waiting For an end to endless night. In God's firmament each angels, Light their lamps, the ray descents, Like a light to guide us homeward, Hail to thee, my watchful friends. GRACE O'BOYLE, Ottawa.

THE WILD ROS

OF LOUGH GILL.

A TALE OF THE IRISH WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued.) Who due bid Brian Roc O'Neill stand back ?" ejaculated the Ultonian sabreur. sharply and haughtily, addressing the last speaker; "who dares call him a 'fellow? Is't thou, thou spawn of vilest treachery Oho! Owen O'Connolly, I've heard of thee. though I've only become acquainted with thine evil visage to-day. Nay, never scowl on me, dog; at a proper time and place this good sword by my side shall await your gracious pleasure, though loth I am to cross blades with an unhanged miscreant. Come, O'Tracy, our men await us; your quarrel will keep, and no soldier of Owen Roe's should be deaf to the call of duty."

With a final glance of contemptuous defiance at O'Connolly and his principal, he linked his arm in that of O'Tracy, and wheeled the latter away from the scene of combat.

Scarcely had the train proceeded half-adozen yards, when the report of a pistol rang through the wood, and a ball whistled between their heads. Turning on the moment, both caught sight of the figure of Emon O'Hugh-again at his ruffianly work of assassination -dashing off through the trees from the spot where the smoke of the powder was still hanging over the underwood. Quick as thought O'Neill drew a pistol and fired,

"The murderous reptile!" he exclaimed. "God be praised, his aim was false. Come, now, let us hasten to our party.'

One hasty look Edmund cast back in the direction of his enemies, and, as he caught the eye of Harrison, that individual, who was leaning on his sword, wiping the perspiration from his brow, raised and shook towards him his clenched hand.

In a few minutes more our hero, after having partaken of some little refreshment, was again in the saddle, riding along in the troop of horse, and with his back turned to Dundalk.

The twenty barrels of gunpowder stipu lated for in the treaty between Owen Roe and General Monk had been delivered by the latter to the commander of the Irish detachment, whose duty it was to convey it in safety to his general in the county Armagh. wains with solid wheels, and was drawn along in the midst of the Irish footmen, while the troop of cavalry rode in the rear. In this way Colonel Phelim Mac Tool O'Neill disposed his Ifttle force for the return journey.

The men were in great spirits at the now all shock of its leader's illness. but complete success of their mission, and looked forward with satisfaction to the hearty welcome which they and the much-required powder should meet with in the camp of Owen Roe. Little apprehension of danger had the gallant fellows, and yet danger was near and imminent.

It was more than a month since Ormond had marched, at the head of an immenso army, numbering about 25,000 men, to attack the Puritans. With the major portion of this vast force, called the "King's Army Royal," which, on account of its strength and equipment was compared to the army of King Darius, the lord licutement was besieging Dublin, while his general, Lord Inchiquin, known to the Irish as "Murrough the Burner," was closely and successfully investing Drogheda, also held by the Parliament. At Drogheda, Inchiquin had tidings of the course of affairs at Dundalk, about sixteen miles off, and at once determined to intercept, if possible, the powder destined by Monk for O'Neill.

The powder and its escort had passed Castletown by about a mile, and were traversing a pass through a bog to the north of that place, when the presence of the enemy became manifest. O'Tracy and his late second were riding side by side, discussing leisurely the "affair of honour" which had been interrupted, when the sudden blast of a trumpet in their rear attracted their attention. Turning their heads, they saw rapidly approaching, about a mile off, a long, glittering column of cavalry, number-

ing about two hundred sabres.
"Friends or foes?" exclaimed our hero, inquiringly. "Foes, by the sword of Conn!" cried O'Neill. "If that be not a royalist trumpet

call, may I never cross charger more. Close up, my boys; look to your musketoons, and blow your fuses ;-there's battle in the air. Obedient to the command, the cavalry wheeled about and confronted the enemy, although the narrow causeway did not admit of their falling into line. The infantry

were already courting the fray and a hundred musketeers—about half the actual Irish force engaged on this occasion-were already extending in skirmishing order, and treading the moorland on either side of the causeway, as they advanced en tirailleur to meet the hostile cavalry. Soon came the irregular patter of musketry, which lasted not long until the royalist cavalry—a force detached by Inchiquin, under the command of Colonel Marcus Trevor of Rostrevor-were seen retiring in

"Victory, as I live!" exclaimed Colonel O'Neill; "now, my children, comes our turn, Spare your powder, and do the work with cold steel-forward !

Forward at a rapid trot went the troop of cavalry, headed by their gallant leader, who, however, had reckoned without his host; for now the united call of many trumpets echoed over the moorland, and a strong body of cavalry was seen advancing at full speed to the aid of the discomfitted royalists. It was an additional force of three hundred horse, commanded by the sanguinary Inchiquin in

And now, their burnished helmets and breastplates glittering in the sunshine, their gay-colored banners flaunting in the air, and their bugles blowing a united charge, this bore down on the inoverwhelming force ferior number of the Irish. For a time the tance, but one fierce and determined onset hastened to the tents of his troop, got his men corridor leading thither was thronged with a

was over! One hundred and twenty of the Irish were sabred in their ranks, several of them made prisoners (who were afterwards held to ranson), and all the powder captured the O'Neills, and the mitre and cross-keys of swept the causeway from end to end. save one barrel, which was carried off by an Ulster horseman.

The next morning our hero was among the number of survivors of the fray, who rode weary and despondent into the camp of Owen

CHAPTER XXIX. A PATRIOT'S DEATH-RED -A TRAITOR'S DOOM.

"Oh, mourn, Erin, mourn!
He is lost, he is dead,
By whom thy proudest flag was borne—
Thy bravest heroes led! Thy bravest heroes led!
The night-winds are uttering
Their orisons of woe;
The raven flaps his darkling wing
O'er the grave of Owen Roe—
Of him who should have been thy king,
The noble Owen floe."

J. C. MANGAN. Did they dare, did they dare to slay Eogban Ruadh "May God wither up their hearts! May their blood

'May they walk in living death, who poisoned Eoghan Ruadh!"

About two months following the events tescribed in the previous chapter, there was a great stir and excitement in the camp of Öwen Roe O'Neill, now no longer in the county Armagh, but in the county London-derry—at Ballykelly, near the shore of the broad Lough Foyle, about midway between

Derry and Coleraine.

The circumstance that had brought the Ulster general and his army so far north requires to be narrated. It was another treaty with the Paritans-this time with the savage and bigotel Sir Charles Coote; this is the younger Coote-for the elder Sir Charles, al-Inded to in the early part of this tale, had been killed in the second year of the rising, shot at Trim by one of his own troopers, us was alleged. Coote, being besieged in Derry by the Scotch royalists of Ulster, under Lord Montgomery of Ardes—one of the prisoners formerly made at Benburb—had stipulated with Owen Roe to come to his relief, agreeing, in return for the service, to give him £2,000 for the payment of his troops, 2,000 cows, and a quantity of ammunition. In his desperate straits Owen Roe had not the power to refuse the offer. He marched north: after some slight skirmishes the Scots raised the siege and retired across the Bann; and Coote, throwing open the gates, received his deliverer and his staff "with great parade of hospitality and oxtraordinary plenty.

But ten days had passed since the relief of Derry-strange changes and events happening in the meantime-and, as already mentioned, the Irish camp was in a state of the greatest ferment and commotion. Alarm, anxiety, and indignation reigned by Every soldier in camp was more turns. or less affected at a great, sad stroke of misfortune that had befallen the army. For the dearly beloved and trusted commander was deadly ill-unable any longer to mount his horse and cheer his men with the sight of his almost sacred person-stricken down with a strange, prostrating, and mysterious disease that defied the skill of the physicians!

Owen Roe had made another and a last treaty. Five days after the relief of Derry, Oliver Cromwell set his blighting foot on the Irish shore, and the course of events soon showed the Irish Catholics that the time had come to bury their party animosities, threatened as they were with general destruction.

So that when messengers from Ormond arrived in the Irish camp offering any terms to O'Neill, the latter, who had just broken off The powder was carried on two lumbering all alliance with Coote, at once proffered his services against the Parliament, and promised to send 6.000 men against the cruel and perfidious Cromwell. But now that the day was come for the Ulster army to break up camp and march south, came also the depressing

It was morning, a beautiful harvest morning. The light breeze of autumn came fresh caressing from the Sperrin mountains, and gently kissed the bosom of the magnifi-cent Lough of "Feval the son of Lodan," while the line of breakers along the shore of ancient Ciennachta gleamed whitely in the sunshine. Up from the midst of the ranges of canvas tents and bramble-covered booths of the Irish encampment a hundred blue wreaths of smoke ascended from the expiring camp fires. The air was filled with the murmur of many voices, the cager and excited conversation of men blending with the barking of dogs and the lowing of kine in a confused medley of sound.

The Irish troops, both officers and common soldiers, were scattered in knots and groups all over the encampment, all discussing the momentous question of the hour, the illness of Owen Roe.

"We might all have known it," exclaimed the stentorian voice of Brian Roe O'Neill, in the centre of an excited group of officers; "by this right hand, we might all have known it! As heaven is above us, there can he no luck nor grace in the dealings with those infernal Puritans. Witness the treaty with Monk two months since, when the powder was snapped up by Inchiquin at one bite: and now see the end of our dealings with Coote-our general struck down and dying before our eyes, the victim of-of-"Of foul play, O'Neill," said the calm voice

of General Philip O'Reilly. "Of foul play," echoed the stern voice of Colonel Brian MacMahon of Monaghan—a kinsman of the devoted patriot who died on Tyburn tree; "ay, by my father's bones, 'tis true. The ruffian Coote has poisoned our general. Curse on the day Owen Roe sat down to table with a vile murderer!"

"Heard ye the rumour of the poisoned boots, gentlemen?" inquired Edmund O'Tracy, "'tis whispered through camp that those russet boots in which the general danced on the night of Coote's ball in Derry were poisoned. They were presented to him by one Plunkett of Louth.

"Humph ! a false rumor," exclaimed Mac-Mahon, fiercely tugging at his moustache; that demon, Coote, is the author of the evil.

"I ween, friends, we see our new commander," said O'Reilly, pointing to an officer who was riding towards them.

The new comer was a dark visaged young man of powerful frame, who rode his horse with singular ease and grace, as if "grown to the saddle." Dark glistening curls fell over his neck, and a pair of keen, sparkling eyes glanced beneath the broad leaf of his beaver. This was Owen Roe's major-general, the famous Hugh Dubh O'Neill, who in the following year made such slaughter of Cromwell's men at Clonnel.

"Comrades, we march within the hour," he said; -- "hark ye, general, the commander's litter requires an escort—your own horsemen, if you please."

"Be it so," responded O'Reilly, who was addresseed. "Here, general, Captain O'Tracy will attend you; his troop is ready at hand."
"Very good. You will bring your men, captain, to the general's quarters as soon as possible. 'Boot and saddle' shall be sounded

presently." The major-general rode off, the other of ficers hurried to their respective quarters to latter made a manly and veteran-like resis- prepare their men for the march, while our hero the O'Neills, and the mitre and cross-keys of maids and matrons, were weeping bitterly. St. Peter.

Another hour and the Ulster army, horse and foot, was wending its way to the south, monuar! for the last three nights the banshee conveying in its midst, in a litter borne between four horses, the fearfully prostrated form of the victor of Benburb!

A couple of days later, and after a march of close on sixty miles, the army reached Ballyhaise, in Cavan; and at this place O'Tracy witnessed a pathetic and ominous event, the last mournful parting of the brave general and his devoted troops.

The event took place on the verdant banks

of the river Annalee. Owen Roe was propped up on his couch of pain to make a last review of his men; and Edmund, commanding the mounted escort surrounding the litter, watched with keen and melancholy interest the workings of the commander's face. Lieutenant-General Richard O'Farrell and Hugh Dubh Yes, they slow with poison him they feared to meet with steel.

Was fad wither im their hearts! May their blood rode up to converse with Owen Roe during the review, and the march-pastcommenced.

Regiment after regiment of the Ulster

army, numbering about five thousand foot and four hundred horse, marched with drums beating and colors flying before the face of the commander. It was a sthring sight, that now presented by the valorous and well-disciplined Ultonians, the best-drilled troops in Ireland. Each regiment cheered and saluted as it passed the horse-litter. O'Neill's redoubtable clausmen, the hardy levies of Mac Mahou, Magenuis' men of Iveagh, Magnire's div sion, O'Reilly's East-Breffnians -brave fellows, whose blood was soon to run like water on the battlements of Wexford and Clonnel—stepped past with admirable order and precision. As they passed the litter Edmund perceived a faint glow deepen on O'Neill's pallid cheek, and a sudden fire sparkle in his sunken eye. Did the warrior's thoughts go back to the days when from the ramparts of Arras he bid defiance to the efforts of the three noted marshals of France-De Chatillon, De Chaules and De la Meilleraye? Or to the glorious day on the slopes of Blackwater, when Monroe's legions gave way before the fiery charge of the men of Ulster? Or did they dwell on the dark shadow of ruin which was looming over his unhappy country while he kay there weak and helpless, unable draw sword in her cause ? Butat length the review was at an end. Very soon the last horseman of the rear-guard had defiled across the narrow bridge that spanned the Annalce. One by one the officers surrounding the litter shook the wasted hand of O'Neill and galloped off to rejoin their men. The last faint cheers of the departing troops were faintly borne back on the autumn

"Heaven be with you, my boys!" ejaculated General O'Reilly, who remained with O'Neill, "and may you give a good account of the foe when you cross swords with him! "Would I might accompany them!" exclaimed O'Tracy.`

breeze, the last dim glitter of helmet or cui-

rass glanced and disappeared in the south-

"It may not be, captain," said O'Reilly ;-your duty lies by your general's side for the Your longing for the battlefield will the foeman at our doors.'

Oughter, where boats were in waiting to convey the commander and his escort to the stronghold of the lake, described in a former chapter. Into one of those boats Owen Roc was carefully lifted, his small escort was soon embarked, the rowers stretched to their oars. and the great round tower of Cloughougher soon loomed up before the gaze of the party. A landing was safely effected, and the feeble form of O Neill was carried to a retired chamform of O'Neill was carried to a retired cham-ber of the eastle—earried to the couch on of Ulster—ay, and bid hearty defiance to which he was to struggle for months with his Noll Cromwell and all his Ironsides. An-

Again Edmund O'Tracy found himself in the quaint chamber, with its sculptured coatof-arms and its curiously decorated walls, it which he had spent a pleasant evening about seven years previously in the company of the O'Reillys and their guests- of the gallant Miles the Slasher and the fair and hapless Lasarina Cruise. And now poor Lasarina was no more, and the bones of the Slasher were smouldering beneath the rank grass in the ruined mon-astery of Cavan. As he gazed around the room it seemed to be peopled with the ghosts of the past. A train of olden memories surged in his breast. In fancy he saw gazing into his own the lovely face, though pale and wasted, of Con O'Rourke's betrothed; in fancy he their province. felt the manly hand-grasp and heard the deep, hearty voice of Miles tarian in Ulster may be described in a few O'Reilly. In no hurry to banish the words. Ere Cromwell quitted Drogheda he friendly phantoms of his mind, he sank into a chair and rested his face in his hands, for he was the sole occupant of the apartment.

He was roused from his reverie by a gentle touch on the shoulder. He looked A lady stood before him, in whom he recognized a former acquaintance—the Lady Rose O'Reilly, née O'Neill, the wife of General O'Reilly and siswife ter of Owen Roe. Instantly springing to his feet, he courteously took the proffered hand of the fair bantierna.

"Welcome once more to Cloughoughter," said she :- "My husband has just informed me of your arrival. I fear you may find me lint a sad hostess at present.

'Take heart, dear lady. Deeply, indeed, do I grieve at the mission that has taken me hither; but we will hope for the best."

"Ay, we will both hope and pray. My brother is in the hands of God, and may Ho spare him for the good of Ireland. But again, sir, I bid you welcome; make yourself at home. The leech is with Owen, and I will let you know his opinion presently. Two slow and weary months passed, dur-

ing which Edmund was almost continually in Cloughoughter, continually anxious as to Owen Roe, continually looking for news from the principal scene of warfare in the South. And doleful was the news that came news of the bloody massacres of Drogheda and Wexford, of the surrender of New Ross. and of the general triumph of the inhuman Cromwell. Meantime the general sinking fast beneath the pressure of his malady. During the first month of his illness, his own favorite doctor, Owen O'Shiel, "the eagle of doctors" whose acquaintance the reader has already made-was absent, and the physicians in at-

his services were too late. At length came St. Leonard's Day, the 6th of November, 1649. On the evening of that day-a dull and dreary evening, with the chill wind sighing wearily over the bleak bosom of the lake, stripping the last sere leaves off the trees, and rustling through the ivy on the lake tower—Edmund was sum-

his disease, treated him for gout. When O'Shiel did eventually arrive at Cloughoughter

moned to the sick-chamber of O'Neill. "Come with me," said General O'Reilly to him, "if you would witness his last moments, and aid his parting soul with your prayers."
Together they proceeded to the apartment where Owen Roe was breathing his last. The

into the saddle, and rode at their head to the kneeling multitude of both sexes, of the tent of Owen Roe—a tent marked by the banner of the "Catholic Army" of Ulster, a tors of the castle. Nearly all were engaged banner emblazoned with the Red Hand of in fervent prayer; many of the women, both

" Ululu! ululu!" sobbed one ancient crone, "another sun he'll never see. Monuar!

On entering the chamber of death, Edmund was shocked at the sad appearance of the general. Fearfully pallid and worn, Owen Roe lay supine on his couch. He was attired in the brown Dominican habit, his attenuated hands grasped the crucifix; his hair and nails had fallen off. Several candles flared and flickered with sickly glare round the bed, around which knelt many persons, both lay and ecclesiastic, reciting the litany of the dying. The prayer was being read in a strong, clear voice by the patriotic prelate, O'Neill's staunch friend and adherent, Heber MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher, while the responses sounded with a solemn, fervent, and impressive cadence. And so, amidst praver and supplication, passed away the pious, brave, and people-passed away "in full sense and memory, a true child of the Catholic religion.'

Thus died Owen Roe O'Neill. Alas for Ulster! alas for Ireland! For the true national hopes and aspirations perished with the death of him, to use the words of O'Neill's secretary, "whose only name (if but like an echo uttered, and his life and breath in the decayed affairs of Ireland. What will the poor Northern people do now? Your father, ruler, general, is now no more l'

Two days after Owen Roe's death his corpse was conveyed for interment to the Franciscan monastery of Cavan (of which now no vestige remains), and there buried in the same clay with the heroic Miles O'Reilly. The funeral train was a large and noble one, among the mourners being the Bishops of Down and Clogher, and Archbishop O'Reilly of Armagh, whose venerable remains were three years later laid along with those of Owen Roe and the Slasher in a grave now unknown and unhonored.

But what of our heroine during all those years? What of fair Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin, since, four years ago, we left her in New Ross, after right bravely nursing her lover through his fever ?

She was safe and well, and in good quarters. Niall having returned to his old round of garrison life in Charlemont, replacing himself under his old commander, Sir Phelim O'Neill, in that stout and strong-walled fortress he had prepared a home for his sister. Hither he had taken her, and here, on the sweet, healthy banks of the Blackwater, though pent up in a town "girt round with battlement and fosse and many a dangerous tower," the Wild Rose bloomed as freshly and fairly as if on the shore of her native Lough Gill.

During the eventful time that had passed since his illness in the Vale of the Three Waters, Edmund's meetings with his betrothed had been of pretty frequent occurrence, events taking him often to Charlemont; and shortly after the death of Cromwell's agents are wide awake in Owen Roe an opportunity occurred which keep. Cromwell's agents are wide awake in JOwen Roe an opportunity occurred which the North, and, trust me, we shall soon have afforded him another interview with He was despatched by General The horse-litter was now borne along O'Reilly with some communications to Sir the river bank to the shore of Laugh Phelim O'Neill, and also a message to the

Scottish forces in the county Antrim. Reached Charlemont in safety, he delivered his despatches to Sir Phelim, and spent a deasant evening with Kathleen and her prother. He spoke to her hopefully and cheerfully, painting a rosy picture of their future. "Courage, arouraeen dheelish!" ho whispered; "the hour of our happiness approaches. It will go hard if Irish and Scots month or two alanna, and you sh mine at last."

Next day, shortly before noon, he rode out of Charlemont, with the written pass of Sir Phelim secure in his pocket, His horse was fresh and strong, and soon carried him to Portadown, where, after he was closely questioned, and his safe conduct closely scrutinized by the Scottisl officer there, he was directed where to find the force of which he was in quest. Very soon he was riding for the banks of the Lagan, musing, as he rode along, on the nature o his mission, and on the strange course o events which had induced the Scotch and Irish of Ulster to bury their deep and bitter animosities and join in mutual defence of

The situations of Royalist and Parliamenwords. Ere Cromwell quitted Drogheda he sent one of his principal officers, Colonel Robert Venables, a Cheshire man, with about a thousand foot and a hundred and fifty horse, to commence operations in that province, and ...e latin that province, and are latter soon reduced some small places in Down and Antrim. The main Irish army having marched south, as hitherto related, the prin cipal force to oppose Venables was that of the imperfectly organized Scotch Royalists, under the command of Sir George Monroe, brother of the defeated general of Benburb. But Monroe was now in Coleraine, and the chief enemy with which Venables had as yet to deal a party of about eighty horse, which carried on a species of guerilla warfare against him—watching his movements, harassing his picquets, and continually scouring the country around his quarters. This small force was under the command of a Colonel John Hamilton, and was the one of which our here was now in search.

Soon after reaching the pleasant banks of the Lagan, O'Tracy plunged into a thick wood, stript of its leaves by the breath of winter. Acting on the directions of his instructions in Portadown, he followed o narrow bridle-path leading into the heart of the wood, and soon perceived the light of a fire among the trees in his front. Continuing to advance, he was soon challenged by a sentinel:

"Wha gaes—for the king or his enemies?"
"A friend—for the king."
Another few moments and he dismounted from his horse in the midst of the Scottish rendezvous, and handed his despatches to the commander of the party. Colonel Hamilton read the papers in silence and then shook his

"Ay, ay," said he to Edmund, "we might have the chance of a good day's occupation in tendance on him, ignorant of the nature of your part of the country; but we must bide our time, for our hands are full just at present. That must be my answer to General O'Reilly. But unless you are in haste to return, I would e'en ask you to tarry with us till to-morrow—that is, if you would see some sharp service." "It is settled, then," replied O'Tracy; "I

will remain with you over to-morrow." He approached one of the bivouse fires, and made one of a circle of troopers who were sitting around the blaze. The men eyed him with curiosity, until in a few brief and soldierly phrases he introduced himself, after which he underwent a round of hand-shaking

ride o't. Here, my bonnie bairn lay hold o' this; I ween ye ken the merits o' a stoup o' usquebaugh?"
With a few words of thanks Edmund took

and drained the proffered goblet, and then eyed the donor. The latter was a stalwart Scot in the prime of life—a man with a deeply-marked countenance and a profuse shock of fiery red hair.

"No thanks. Ye're welcome, reet welcome, friend—although, I trow, we've been black enemies only four months syne. Nac matter; let bygones be bygones, an' ye're nane the waur for meetin' wi' Jock Hamilton. Ah, my braw buckie, ye'll hae guid sport the morrow an'ye can handle weel that lang claymore at your side."

"Whither does the fortune of war take us

to-morrow?" inquired Edmund.
"Whither? Why, face to face wi' that infernal callant, who'll ride frae Belfast the morrow-ye've heard of Owen O'Connolly ?" "That I have," he replied; and at the request of the Scot he briefly narrated his rela-tions with the individual named.

"Aha, so ye've got a score against the runnion, too," said Jock Hamilton, after listenpatriotic spirit of the hest Irish commander of his time, of him who had been sent as if by God for the redemption of a prostrate after the discovery of the daft plot o' Maguire an' Mac Mahon, my braw Owen went over to England, an' got deep into the guid favor o' the Parliament, who sent him back to this country wi' an officer's commission an' a yearly lump o' five hundred pounds—deil the less!—for his services. Twis he white hore us orders to take the Covenant—weel we rename (if but like an echo uttered, and his member, mates, how we took it on our corse in a litter or chariot carried) would keep marrow bones in the kirk o' Carriekfergus, frae the lips o' our auld general, Monroe, wha is now in Loudon Tower."

A murmur of assent passed round the fire, and the speaker went on:

"The next we saw of the doings o' O'Congolly was whenhe so canally plotted with the traitor Brice Coghran to take Carrickfergus frae our men an' hand toun an' castle ower to General Monk. That was when Monroe was sent prisoner to England, and Owen was then a major. An' now here's the pawky deil come over again frae England wi' that accursed Noll Cromwell—come into Ulster a full colonel, an't please ye, to make uparegiment for the God-forsaken Parliament. But why hae I got my whittle in Owen? Bide a wee, an' ye shall hear. He's a hot-tempered chiel is Owen, but I've ne'er found out wha private pickeering led him an' my puir brother to cross claymores at Lisnagaryy some months agone-my ain brave brother, Captain Hamilton, o' Sir James Montgomery's regiment; but this I ken, that my brother was struck dead as mutton at the first or second pass, and that his bluid is on Owen Connolly's hands. It was a fairly honest scratch, bilbo to bilbo, sure enough; but I've sworn to avenge my brother-ay, an' I'll keep my solemn vow!"

The brawny Jock uttered the last words with cool and phlegmatic determination, after which, drawing his large plaid cloak around him, he relapsed into a moody silence during the remainder of the night.

During the night O'Tracy shared the shelter of a canvas tent with two or three of the Scots, and at an early hour he was aroused by the rereille sounding through the rendezvous. All was preparation for a march, The horses were rubbed down and fed, the men partook of a substantial repast, and ere the morning was far advanced the whole party, numbering as before remarked, about eighty men, was in the saddle and riding towards the north-east. They had not proceeded many miles when two or three horsemen, scouts who had been sent out by Colonel Hamilton some hours before, came galloping towards them with the information that the

enemy was fast approaching.

"They are coming!" excitedly whispered Jock Hamilton to O'Tracy, who rode beside him -" they are coming over by the hills frae Leel. Owen O'Connolly is coming, and, by the horns o' Satan, I mean to gi' a guid account o' him! See, see, "continued the eager Seot, as the basnets of a force of cavalry dimmered in the distance, " there come the leil's own children—the blessed bairns o' the Parliament. Galso! they just nigh number ourselves, and heeh, laddie, what a braw bit o' pickeering we'll hae!—claymore to claymore, and the better trooper has the palm." Colonel Hamilton at once prepared his force

for the conflict. Dividing his men into two parties, he drew up one party so as to face the advancing enemy, and posted the other behind a limekiln, out of sight of the Parliamentarians, using them as a reserve. On came the opposing cavalry with-

out ever drawing rein. Confident of victory they rode at a steady and increasing pace towards the Scots, who waited their onset in stern silence. Nearer and nearer they came, and at length the advance guard or "forlorn," led by no less a personage than Colonel Owen O Connolly in person, came charging six abreast up a narrow lane leading to the Scottish position.

"Give fire !" rang the deep tones of Colonel Hamilton, as the boreen was filled with the long stream of charging horsemen. The head of the Parliamentarian column recoiled in some disorder as the Scottish musketoons rattled and flashed; and immediately, sword in hand, the Scots burst through the smoke of their volley in a fierce and impetuous charge on their wavering foc. At the same moment Hamilton's reserve dashed out from their ambush behind the limekiln and charged the enemy hotly in their unprotected flank.

For a few minutes the lane presented a cene of desperate conflict, and resounded with the clash of swords, the explosion of pistols, the cheers of triumphant and the shricks of wounded and trampled men. The combat was waged with great valour and determination on both sides, and was short and sanguinary. Victory declared for the Scots. The greater part of the Parliamentarian force was placed hors de combat, its leader was made prisoner, two captains of horse who commanded under O'Connolly, one, named Lestrange, escaped, while the other named Reaner was killed. "Just merely the fortune of war, colonel,"

remarked O'Connolly, after the fray was over; -- "well, what do you intend doing with me?"

"I mean to send you straight off to Coleraine to Sir George Monroe; doubtless he'll be happy to see you." "The devil he will! A favor, Hamiltonallow me to ride thither on my own mare,

and I'll feel obliged," "Be it so," replied the Scottish colonel. "Be right wary of your prisoner, Colonel Hamilton," said Edmund O'Tracy;—"trust

me, you have a cunning fox to deal with."
"What, you here, whelp!" exclaimed
Owen, on catching sight of him; "hang me
but this is good! Look you, colonel, you've got a low Irish Papist in your midst-a puppy whom you would do well to tuck up to the nearest tree."
"Dinna mind, Owen," said Jock Hamilton,

drily; "the Irish Papist has blooded his claymore rather weel the day on you beagles. He's a gude braw soldier o' the king-de'il O'Connolly muttered an oath as he turned

ments, comparing notes with his comrades, or recalling the memories of his companions who had fallen in the fray. Some yards in front rode the prisoner, in charge of a single horseman. Several miles were covered without the occurrence of anything worthy of note. At length there was a sudden shout of alarm

from the foremost troopers. "The prisoner—he's off! he's off!" The alarm was a true one. By a dexterons usage of hand and foot Owen O'Connolly had tossed the trooper beside him backwards off his horse, and was spurring off in one dar-ing dash for liberty, his flect mare hearing

him safely and well. Jock Hamilton gave vent to a mighty oath, and was after the fugitive like a shot. Far sooner than he expected he came up with the fleeing O'Connolly, for the animal ridden by the latter suddenly stumbled and swerved throwing its rider with violence to the ground. Ere the fallen man could regain his feet, his vindic-tive pursuer had gained on him, leapt from his saddle, and rushed towards him. One tremendous and resounding kick from the heavy foot of Hamilton, and the writhing form of the traitor and renegade hecame rigid and motionless. Owen O Connolly was dead. His slayer was justified by the laws of warfare.

As O'Tracy gazed on the upturned face of the dead man, with its last distorted expression, he recalled the memorable night in (by. mantown, its incidents and their results the failure of the patriot's design, Coote's bloody reign of terror, Maguire and Mac Mahon strangled on Tyburn Tree, and the rankling fetters of Ireland made faster and more galling, And here at length, stark and lifeless, struck down in his strength and pride by a brutal and ignominious death, lay the Judas of his country.

Thrown like a sack across the back of a horse, the body of O'Counolly was conveyed by the Scots to a small town where they spent the night, and next day it was brought to and interred in the churchyard of Antrim.

So passed away one of the most treacher ous, enterprising, and remarkable men of his day, whose character is so concisely summed up in in a quaint couplet by the trooper-historian who describes the manner of his

"The man was as stoute as could be desired. But of no more conduct than a man hot ired.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LEAGUER OF CHARLEMONT-NEMESIS. "They pushed their trenches in our teeth,
Their muskets smote our stoutest spears,
And fire rained on us from the press
Of capped and cuirassed grenadiers."

"Come, captain mine, a penny for your thoughts."

The speaker, a bronzed and helmeted soldier, slapped the hero of our story familiarly on the shoulder as he uttered the words. Elmund O'Tracy and Niall O'Cuirnin had met

Their meeting was on the bridge of Belturbet—on the quaint structure that spanned the stream issuing from Lough Oughter. The East-Breffnian town was all astir with military life. Soldiers strolled in listless groups through the streets; soldiers dotted the highways leading into the country; soldiers lolled in idle converse from the casements of the cage-work houses-soldiers of the Irish army of Ulster, now in course of reorganization.

"Holla, Niall, ma bouchul! Your hand my trooper; what news!"
"My faith, none to speak of, save that which you know yourself-that in an hour we shall know the name of our new general

Heaven send he may be another Owen Roe! "Amen to that. But how fares your "Oh, Kathleen is as fresh as a rosebul, and sends you her love, gossip-ay, in troth, such a tender article that I feared, rude soldier that I am, to break it to pieces in the carriage-ha, ha? No matter, you've got it and care it well, I advise you in all solemnity, for

"Niall, trust me I will care and treasure it as the jewel dearest to my heart. "Never doubt you, brother-in-law that i to be-that is, when the air has lost its smell of powder. But whom have we here?" Soho, Jock Hamilton, is it you?"

claimed O'Tracy, addressing a tall Scot whe strode towards the pair of friends. "That it is, my bairn, just my aia sel, and glad I am to greet ye. How has ye fared sine the day, four months agone, when O'Connolly got his kail? Gadso, ye look real

brawly."

"And brawly enough I am, as you say.

Here, Niall, is one of the keenest sabres in
the North—the man who sent the informer Connolly to his account; you've heard the

"Ay, that I have, and enjoyed it," replied the Breffnian. "Dae ye speer, my friends, wha's the most likely general that you conventicle may choose?" inquired the Scot.

"In good sooth, I know not."

"Nor I." The three men turned with mutual inclination, and gazed musingly in the direction where sat the "conventicle" alluded to. In an open space of the town were drawn up three ranks of horsemen, mounting guard before an unpretentious house, from a window of which drooped the colors of the Ulster army. This house was the residence of Owen MacSweeney, Catholic Bishop of Kilmore, and in it the convention of Irish officers and gentry was being held, which was to choose general for the Ultonians.

"Well, 'twere hard to venture an opinion,' remarked O'Tracy, meditatively; "the candidates are many. There are General O'Ferrall, who commanded our fellows in Munster; Hugh Dubh O'Neill, who punished Cromwell at Clonmel; Sir Phelim O'Neill, who holds Clarlemont; Henry Roe O'Neill, the son of Owen Roe; Daniel O'Neill, a favorite of King Charles; Owen Roe's old friend, Heber MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher, who, they say, has a good chance; and Lord

"Hark, friend," said Hamilton, seriously, this election bids to lead to ugly wark Look yonder; see the guid man in the black gown mounted on his grey gelding amang out troop. That is the goodly minister o' the Gospel, Muster Humphrey Galbraith, sent frae Enniskillen wi' us yestreen wi' a message tae yer captains—sent e'en by Sir Georg Monroe himsel'—whilk message I ken fu weel. 'Gin ye make the Lord Antrim gener we Scotch Presbyterians are wi'ye heart an han' for the king; but 'gin ye elect onybody else, especially the bishop, ye put ye're foo in't, an' deep an' gruesome is the gulph 'twis' Scots and Irishry for the future."

"Come what may, friend Albanach," said O'Cuirnin, with hauteur, "we abide the re sult of the election."

"Ay, an' become our mortal fees again remarked Hamilton. "Even so," remarked the other sternly and what of that? Hurrah for another

Benburb, and fareer gair for Owen Ros at the old times!" The Scot's face grew purple, and he graspe the basket hilt of his claymore in sudde to regain his saddle.

From the scene of conflict the victorious wrath. O'Cuirnin, on his part, stepped back Scots turned their bridles to the North. They wards and half drew his falchion from it wrath. O'Cuirnin, on his part, stepped back rode along in great spirits, commenting with sheath. Edmund hastily interposed between satisfaction on the incidents of the late combine twein. As he did so, a loud burst and became a bon camarade,

Satisfaction on the incidents of the late com- the twain. As he did so, a loud burst

"I speer, friend, ye've had an unco guid bat, each t rooper relating his own achieve- cheering in the town caused the two oppone

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