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THE SOLDIER'S MESSAGE. The smoke of the battle already was clearing from the field where the dead and the dying lay still; The angel of strife, for a moment, was sleeping, Where the voice of the cannon had rang o'er the hill;

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL. A Tale of the Irish War in the Seventeenth Century. CHAPTER XII. A HOT ENGAGEMENT. Here they come! here they come! hush'd in the midnight drum,

CHAPTER XIII. THE WILD ROSE IN DANGER. A high gibbet, whose gaunt and hideous limbs were green with rain, and from whose fatal cross-beam many a poor Irish rogue, had been launched into another world, stood on the hill adjoining the castle of Manor-Hamilton.

CHAPTER XIV. THE WILD ROSE IN DANGER. The beams of the rising sun shone on a dreadful spectacle—on the torn and mangled bodies of men and horses lying amidst rocks that were sprinkled with their gore.

CHAPTER XV. THE WILD ROSE IN DANGER. The rapid passage of that black steed awoke an intense and thrilling emotion in the heart of Edmund O'Tracy; for, to his unspeakable surprise, he had caught a glimpse of the face of her whom he held dear to the wide earth passing swiftly within a yard of his own.

ber ye the burial of your father or grandfather, or who'er he was—devil take his bones, say I—in the old Papist rookery of Oreevea yonder? 'Twas in autumn last. You will bear in mind the howl and the scuffle, I warrant me, and the blow which your ancestor, O'Tracy, dealt me—may his hand wither for the act! Now, now, I doubt not but you remember Gilbert Harrison.

CHAPTER XVI. THE WILD ROSE IN DANGER. The Puritan had arrived within six miles of Manor-Hamilton. To their left spread a great bog—a flat wilderness of purple heath, the haunt of the lonely "oak-ruby," or heather hen—a wild morass, abounding in deep, miry holes, their surfs covered with the green, treacherous sphagnum, or bog moss.

CHAPTER XVII. THE WILD ROSE IN DANGER. The Puritan looked round and presented another pistol, taking deliberate aim—and, oh, what a malignant eye glanced along the barrel of the levelled weapon.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE WILD ROSE IN DANGER. The man was puzzled what to make of the girl, now that she was indeed all weak and helpless in his clutches. At least his conduct towards her implied as much.

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