THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

A Tale of the Irish War in the Seventeenth Century.

On hurrled Kathleen-on in eager pased under the blue, star-spangled vault of heaven on, anywhere, anywhere from that odious prison she had just quitted, from that strong. hold of evil looming behind her. Now she dashed through an intricate copse, where the rude brambles scratched her flesh and tore her clothing to rags; now she hurrled across a level waste of stony ground; and again she waded through a cool babbling brook. Her dark hair streamed behind her on the night zepbyre, which came in gentle whispers around her, kissing her cheeks and cooling her heated blood. Thrice she stumbled and fell on the rough ground, to arise with bleeding hance and face, but the pain only accelerated her

At length fatigue compelled her to reduce her run to a walk, and her walk soon became a slow, tottering pace, which ended in her scaking the welcome seat afforded by a mossclad rock. She was now many miles from Manor-Hamilton.

Our Wild Rose was in a truly deleful condition. Her face and neck, arms and feet, were smeared with the blood of many aching scratches. Her feet, in particular, gave her intense pain, bruised as they were with tharp stones and tern with piercing thorns, for caution had made her lay acide her snoes on leaving her prison. Her gaoler's plaid clouk

summer heaven.

After a short rost her first action was to kneel on the ground beside her rocky seat, and pour forth a fervent prayer of thankegiving, after which, feeling much restored and both. refreshed, she rose to her feet with a very per-Maent question trembling on her lips : Whitner should she go now?

The answer swiftly came—she should go to Dromahaire and acquaint her lover and her brother of their danger. A very commend. able resolution, no doubt ;-but how lay the road to Dromahaire?

oad to Dromanaire?

As she was mentally struggling with this perplexing query, a terrible sound in the by the so-onlied Frazar. direction she had come was borne to her ears and caused the blood to rush freezing to her in a whisper, "but about this O'Tracy you've heart. She listened with bated breath to just mentioned-know you if he was in the what seemed to be her death note.

The beging of bloodhounds! A long, weitd, savage yell, wailing far away over the bleak, night-shrouded moorlanddistant, but approaching nearer and nearer, until the trembling girl thought she could Well, what then?" distinguish, mingling with the voices of the dogs, the voices of scarcely less savege

Again Kathleen was afoot. Again she was winging her way as it were like a scared bird over the desolate country. No progression and she to cheer her on No signs of human life appeared on either hand of her dreasy path, save, indeed, the charred and blackened walls of roofles cabins a laugh, but it was a broken and hollow one. that had long before been visited with the torch of the destroyer.

At length, as she burried through a narrow gorge, while the pursuing bloodhounds seemed to cry her knell almost at her back, she thought she saw a light glimmering in the distance. She ran towards it with all her

remaining strength. "Stand! Who goes there?" rang a loud demend in her cars, and she saw the dara forms of a horse and its rider looming out of the darkness at her very side. It was a mounted trooper, and the light she saw was front. the red glow of his lighted match.

ane report of a musket rang ov on the night and foot, merching along the rugged road in mir, a lurid tongue of fire lit up the surround- | a long, snake-like column. It was made up ing darkness for a moment, and a bullet sang close by our heroine's ear.

Next instant the wild going reverberated the boolstrokes of the truoper's horse as he de hed after the flying girl. Not far had he to ride. The week object of his pursuit halted, tottered, and fell prone on the earth, nately low and excited tones. There was her overwrought frame and mind sunk in a deep and deadly swoon.

Digmounting at the spot where she lav. the man raised her limp and apparently lifeless body in his arms.

"Corp an discul!-a women!" he exclaimed.

A Puritan speaking Irlah! the reader may say, in surprise. Let us explain. The trooper who now held Kathleen in his arms was none other than Edmund Boy O'Hurb. the assassin of Lord Caulfield, and now a renegade as well as a murderer.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN IMPORTANT " PIECE OF EBRYIOE" PRUETRATED. "Hollo, comrade, what hast thou got O'hugh held the senseless Kathleen in his

witch?" oxied the speaker. "Gadzooke! what a bloody face it is!—is she dead!"

"I fancy not," replied O'Hugh; " but we'll I suppose ?"

"Exactly," said the interrogator;-" our ride is too rough for ladies—save the mark! Bt. Andrew to speed, I thought the rebale were upon us, and that we were in for another ambuscade; but better luck than that. Not to you be the credit, though, for your shot may spoil our night's sport, and, to boot, bring the whole rebelly Irish crew about our ears ina trice. Hark ye, Frazer, I wot our captain makes it hot for ye on this account."

"Can't help that, sergeant," growled D'Hugh, now under the dies of Frazer; this confounded hussy is all to blame."

"Bascals, who fired that shot?—where is the treacherous secondrel?" demanded a burly officer, as he rode into the midst of the

party.
"An't please you, captain, 'twas Frazer
here," responded the sergeant; "he fired at this woman lying here."

"A woman!-where?" enquired the officer. dismounting. "Ho! strike a light and let us see her. Has the bullet gone home?' "She is not dead, captain, but in a swoon,"

was the answer, and next moment the light of a torch fisshed on the group. Kneeting, the officer gazed into the face of the prostrate girl, and immediately started to his feet, with a loud, rapid oath of intense surprise. "Tis she, by heavens, 'tis she! How comes

this?" He gazed long and earnestly a second time at that pallid, hiood-streaked face, now so amazement changed into triumph and satis.

mamile.

"Frizer, my man, I forgive your imprudence for the prize you've made. Fill me your helmet with water from the stream you-

O'Hugh quickly did as he was desired, and Gilbert Harrison laved the face of his recaptured victim. A few dashes of the cold water, and with a long sigh Kathleen moved her limbs with a convulsive motion. She opened her eyes, but closed them again on catching sight of the mocking countenance of her enemy, and a violent shudder sgitated her frama.

"It is an evil dream," she murmured ;grant it, O Blessed Mother !- only a bad and frightful dream !"

"A dream, is it?" grated the malicious voice of Harrison ;—' no, no, my queen, but a will you longer resist the hand of fate that | for the nonce. How now, Harrison; -what | 83y." has guided your erring feet this way-brought | meant that shot? you again to my arms-ha, ha!"

the pass, and rushed straight at Kathleen, as since we quitted Manor-Hamilton." if they would tear her to pieces. She uttered ! piercing shrick as the animals' well reached her cars.

"The degal the dogs! - I am lost!" The troopers with difficulty drove off the

bloodhounds, and very soon a small party of men was seen approaching in the gloom. "Stand there, and give the word," shouted trooper, leveling his piece in their direc-

" Manor-Hemilton," was the breathless reply. "Is the girl caught?"
"That she is, my hearties—the pigeon is

trapped," said Harrison; "but we ourselves shall guard her for the same belog. Av. the and long-eared cap, which had stood her in damset of love excitement so merrily such good seem, had flown off in her ages, that we will even take her with us to Dro-

and only her on u gain onts, hanging about her mahaire, and treat her with the sight of in shreds and tathers, now covered her panting a cheering bonfire. There, my beauty, form. And so the poor fugitive girl sat slone you are yourself again, and Frezer will lend you a seat behind him. Oare her well, my man, for our dove is rather flighty." Our heroine was placed on horseback be-

hind O'dugh, to whom she was secured by a broad leathern belt passing round the waist of

"So, so," remarked Harrison, with approbation—and now, my beauty, he prepared to witness the last of that cub O'Tracy."

But Kathleen only hung her head in tearless and silent grief as the horsemen moved off with her in their midst. Harrison rods close beride his prisoner, as if still apprehensive of losing her, and crothey had ridden far he was cautiously touched on the shoulder

"Pardon, Captain Harrison," said O'Hugh, North in last winter?"

"What a question, fellow! Well, now that I remember, I believe he travelted there with that firebrand, O'Reilly-the Sasher, as the rebals call him ;-at least I'vo heard re.

"Then," whispered Caulfield's assassin, with a fierce emphasis, "it is the same our, and one l've aworn mortal vengoance against -sy, and I mean to keed my vow,"

"Your enemy !-- how?" " How_____

And the villain paused in a dilemma, for a true explanation would be his speedy doom. He paused in confusion, and then attempted "No matter, captain," he stammered at iengib; "e_cogh, he is my enemy, and I will

have my revenge. "Confound the men! what ails him?" blurted Harrison,

" Pass the Vord for Captain Harrison," sang out a vaice; _ " the colonel would speak with him "

right," exclaimed the individual "Frager, take good care of that

" 'ry wench." And spurring his horse he galloped to the

The Puritan force now executing a stealthy Instinctively recognizing an army, she light much on the castle of Dromahairo turned and fled with a faint ser es m of alarm. consisted of about six hundred men, horse

two hundred of Hamilton's own men and about four hundred men of the regiment of Sir William Cole, the latter detachment having arrived only that day at Manor-Hamilton.

At the head of the column its three commanders rode abreast, conversing in alter-Sir Frederick Hamilton, mounted on his strong destrier, ble broad-leaved beaver drawn low over his truculent countenance, one hand twitching nervously at his cross-belt, and the other holding his horse's rein. Next to him, the middle figure,

was Licutenant-Colonel Acheson, of the Ennishtilen regiment, a stout and soldierly man; and on Acheson's left rode a grave and elderly personage, of semi-clerical, semi-military appearance, his sober looks falling from beneath a low-crowned hat, and a white neckcloth knotted in a great bow under his chin. the ends hauging over a steel corselet. This was Dean Berkeley of Clogher, the son-in-law

of Sir William Cole. "Believe me, gentlemen," Hamilton was there?" inquired the foremost of a band saying earnestly, "this piece of service we of horsemen that, alarmed by the shot are upon to-night will well redound to our of horsemen that, alarmed by the sant credit. Dromahaire is garrisoned but by a few poor Irish rogues under their colonel, the rebel, Owen O'Rourko, and they cannot hold "Thunder of war! friend, hast thou a winged out against us. Besider, think how good the work of removing such a thorn as you castle from our side, and of releasing Sir Robert Haunay and his family from their long cap

find that out presently. By-the-by, what shall we do with the baggage—fling her here, "Granted, Sir Frederick, granted; but, though we have agreed to this undertaking, pray remember Sir William's orders to us on our leaving Envishillen were most strick and peremptory," said Acheson, quietly; "wa must not be forty eight hours from our garri-

gon." "Forty-eight hours, indeed | having to perform in that time forty long miles march through woods and mountains; let any man judge what service in that time is fit to be

ventured on." "Laugh as you may, elr," struck in Dean Berkeley, tartiy, "an't, please ye, remember the lying message that has brought us here ay, sir, a false, lying message."

Hamilton bit his lip in silent irritation. "Ay, colonel," continued the deau, "your nessenger tells us ye are blocked up with a strong camp of rebels about your castle, and we ride poste-haste to your relief. Lo and behold ye! the fields around your castle are

clear;—we see no rebels." "Nor have we ourselves seen them for nigh three months at least around our castle," replied bir Frederick, wrathfully; "and methinks, gentlemen, since God has mercifully blest my undertskings, hitherto with my own handful of soldiers, it were better not to engage the honor of what further service I intend upon such strict orders from Enniskillen, the success and event not being fit to be

limited with time." He suddenly reined up his horse as if to turn back the way he had come and relinquish motionless and tranquil. Quickly his his design on Dromabaire for the time being, though really he had no intention of so doing. ment she drew the weapon from the renefaction, and he looked up with a stronge The feint was a crafty one, but it appealed very gade's belt; in a moment she turned its little to the mind of the warlike churchman, muzzle into the air and drew the trigger.

who merely halted, following Hamilton's ex-

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ample. "Have with you, colonel," he exclaimed, sententiously, 4 have with you with all my

beart." But Colonel Acheson wized Hamilton's rein. "No, no," he said, "we will continue our march, and perhaps it may be successful in the end. This is no time for division and dissension. What would the Lords Justices 88y ?"

As Acheson's hand was laid on his borce's bridle, Hamilton smiled sarcastically, but immediately brought his charger to a halt.

"Very good, colonel," he remarked, drily; let us hope our worthy dean will raise no further objections-for if he ope his godly mouth with another, 'nay,' verily the sword

"In fruth, very little," replied the indivi-Suddenly the deep baying of bloodhounds dual named, who had ridden up at this mowan heard near at hand, and presently two ment: "in fact nothing, cave the recapture crowlers to make a breach in the walle. The geographers as "the high hills of Benbolbin, dogs of that kind came bounding through of one of our priseners who had escaped

"A prisoner escaped!-how so?' asked Hamilton.

"Davil knows, colonel," responded his officer, with his house laugh, "though perchance there may be treason or witchcraft in it. All I know is that our little Papist ring-dove managed to fly from our rough dove-cot, and that we've just trapped her and clipped her wings."

"Humph! confound the weach," grambled the Puritan leader; "had I myown way with her, little trouble she'd give us more. But the night is wearing for hway -in as push

on speedile Quick march!'

And with increased speed the long column of horse and foot wended lis way towards Dromahaire.

As if in a drann. K.thicon Ny-Unirala found herself borne along on horseback bahind O'Hugh. Sho was chilly and faint, trembling and exhausted. The rainty bruises and lecerations she had received in her wild flight were bitterly aching, and she falt as if red-hot needles were plusged into her flesh. As already mentioned, a strong leathern belt bound her to the renegade, but this left her arms free, affording her a little relief. She felt deadly week and ill, and every jolting motion of the horse on which she rode was torture to her weak, girlish frame Placing her hands on the renegade's shoulder, she endeavered to repose her drooping head upon them, but in | manugh. vair. She was kept rigidly awake to her nahappyposition, and was carried rudely onwards, surrounded by an array of dark figures, by the tread of horses' hoofe, and the jingle of

arms and accoutrements. At length she was conscious of a halt, and then a horseman brushed hustily by her

eide. "The main body halts here for orders," said the voice of Harmon, " irout files ad vance; dead allenes on your lives."

O'Hugh was one of the horsemen to side forward at the command of Harricon, who again urged his steed close beside that of the former, in order to whisper hoursely in our heroine's car:

" Here we are at car journey's end, and now. my birdie, you shall see a little excitement. Pray for O'Tracy, if you wish, for the poor fellow shall not live to the dayiight."

"Bee-there is Dromalisire," he remarked ere they had ridden long together; and Kethleen beheld the familiar old tower of the O'Rourke's Castle rising before her, cut out clearly and equarely against the starlin eky. She was still gazing in a whiriwind of emotion at this object, when Harri-con dismounted, and the next instant she heard the voice joined in eager converse with those of Hamilton and others almost at her elhow.

She listened mechanically, and a shudder of horror passed over her as the discovered that the Purlian leaders were plotting the doom of Dromahairo. She continued to listen, and every cold-blooded suggestion of treachery and crueity made her blood irceze, as she dwelt on the sad fate now being prepared for her lover and her brother, and the other Irish within the walls of the castle now towering before her-the castle shortly to be wrapped in flame and currounded by thirsty ewords.

"Exactly," Sir Trederick was saying, in reference to some foregoing remark, "exactly; there is a strong growth of lvy from the ground to the battlements, so that those brave fellows will have no difficulty in climbing straight into you den of treasco, and then---"

"Then," struck in Colonel Acheson, "all the bishops in Kilkenby shau't says the old rookery from destruction.

" Nor the Phillstines frae the edge c' the sword," remarked the dean.

"Nor the rate and other vermin from the blazis," said Herrison.?

"Right," quoth the chief Paritan, gruffly but let them laugh who win. As yet the rogues have no suspicion of our presence, but we shall introduce ourselves in good Now, my lads," he said, addressing time. some half dozen men who stood near, " you know your work. As soon as you've gained the battlements and brained the rebels sleepy centries, make straight for the chief portal, throw it open and leave the rest to

us. Come my gallants, make haste." The men addressed stole off cautiously to wards the castle and disappeared in the dark-

"Is the rest arranged ?" inquired Hamilton

of his colleagues." 'Yes," replied Gilbert Harrison.
Stewart's company is gone round by the wood, ready to pop in the gute as soon as those brave fellows yonder throw it open, which heaven grant they may!"

"Amen to that," rejoined the other in low. excited tones; "but keep the men silent-the least noise might rain all."

Then there was a pause—a dead, silent paus. It seemed an age of weary dread and acklety to our Wild Bose, as she sat behind O'Hugh, her breath coming in short, quick gasps, her heart beating rapidly and violently, her eyes fixed in a long, painful, and intense stare on the doomed castle, while her mind dwelt on the terrible carrival of fire and sword about to be enacted before her face. Oh, could she save that heavy castle and he inmates from impending doom! Oh, could she thwart the evil design of the merciless crew that surrounded her! How could she play the part of the herois maid of Brognez, and by a timely warning save her people? How!"
"The least noise," said the Furitan leader,
"might ruin all." Could she cause that noise? She might scream, indeed, but her weak voice would scarcely be heard at such a

While she was thus painfully musing, there fisshed upon her mind an idea happy as an inspiration from heaven. With a fervent mental proyer for its success, she at once proceeded to put it in execution.

Cautiously stealing her hand round her captor's water, her fingers onme in contact with a hard and cold substance, which she at once gresped. It was the brass-mounted butt of a pistol-the object of her search. In a mowildly in sudden alarm, and O'Hugh, turning ing breakers caught the morning light on in his saddle, selzed the captive by the their white create and the captive by

throat. A scene of great confusion ensued.

Betrayed, betrayed! exclaimed several of

the Puritans. "Selze the traiter!" commanded Bir. Frederick Hamilton, in a terrible voice; and immediately O'Hugh and Kathleen were dragged from their agats and bound with cords. They were scarcely secured, when the men who had started to scale the castle walls, came hurrying back.

"No use, colonel," panted the foremost; "that shot, ourse on whoever fired it! has alamed the rebels; some of us have been happy reality. Now, my sweet Kathleen, of the Lord and of Gidson must be sheathed shot like owls among the twy;-no use, I

Again the Puritan leaders held a rapid whispered council, which ended in a number of sappers being despatched with picks and the famed mountain known to the Elizabethan up en Oyster Island, showing that its invadattempt proved futile. A conchling of musketry sounded from the battlements and loopholes of Dromahaire and through the darkness the quick, bright flashes were seen leaping down like fiery arrows on the assailants, who were driven back in disorder, one of Hemilton's musketeers being shot dead on the spot, and another morially wounded.

The grim Sir Frederick clenched his hands and stamped his feet in impotent wrath; and his chagrin was increased when Colonel Acheson advised him to relinguish the attack on the castle for the time being, and

return home. "Ay, ty," chimed in Dean Berkeley, "lot us reining forthwith. Verily the hand of the Lord is against us this night. Come, gentlemen, the time limited by our governor is up, and we must e'en draw homowards. What a dance we've been led, forscoth! In good faith, Sir William did not send to to ake in casties, but ----

"I would advise you, doso," interrupted Hamilian, anguly, "not to meadle with what is out of your element."

"Holty-tolty, Sir Frederick," was the tart reply; "let your temper blde; water is out of my element, and yet I can swim."

" Gentleman, even let us tarry here till more," said the other, in angry entrexty. "By your leave, colonel," returned the dean, " whoever would command the Ennis killen men must speak to mo. Not an kou will we stay here, but home at once to Fer-

"Yes, if you will," cried Hamilton, in a rage; "but, by heaven, not with a cattle prey from the county Leitrim. Have you, then, only come hither to make use of my force to prey a country for you? Observe, I pray you, the unworthy carriage of your Eanistillen soldiers. While we are spending our lives and blood in this sorvice, your horsemen are rambling the county, driving in herses and cows, and your footmen running after muttons, catch. ing, killing, and wasting under every bush . Colonels and esptains, it is a shame for ye seeing je are six times our number, to offer to take anything from us; neither shall ye. Ho, Harrison, Dougail, lot your fellows seize those cattle for our own use; by hell, no Leltrim horse, beef, or mutton shall pass the gates of Manor-Hamilton."

At their commander's word a number of Hamilton's men spurred forward and surrounded a number of horses, kine, and sheep, which the Ennishillen men had collected from the surrounding fields.

Colonel Acheson and his brother efficers looked on at this move of Hamilton's with assumed indifference, and their men pliantly enough relinquished their prey. But Dean Barkeley by no moans relished the arrange-

" Yorily this is unfair," he exclaimed in an caught with my own two hands within this

hour-I demand him. "No, dean," replied the Undertaker, with bitter earcasm; "since you have deserved no batter amongst us you shall carry no horse hence to brag of. But, mark me, I would that the best two horses in my stable, with £500 to boot, had been sent ere this to yoursalf and your father-in-law in Ennishtilen, so that you might not have come this march; for, by my faith, you've carried yourself this night more

Ake a davil than a dean." "The compliment is worthy of Sir Frederick Hamilton," rejoined the dean, coolly. "Come, gentlemen, right about, and he for Enniskillen."

And the Enniskillen force set off on their homeward march. "Plague go with yon," murmured Hamil-

"Now," he said, sternly, addressing Gilbert Harrison, " take six men and shoot that traiter Frazer, like the dog he is ;-come,

despatch." "It was not Frazer's fault, said a trooper, deferentially, "but the girl's; it was she who fired the shot."

"Humph! well, release Frazer and send him about hic business; may my curse go with him, for the rascal has spoilt our

scort. "Whither shall I go, colonel?" orled

O'Hugh alias Frazer, piteously.
"To the devil, sirrah, and be thankful your life is spared.

"And the girl?" inquired Gilbert Barrison. hoarsely. "The treacherous wench shall back with us; 'fore heaven, the hangman's rope shall

mark her puny neck-she shall swing. March !" The Puritan column retraced its route to Manor-Hamilton, and when the gray morning light made objects visible there was no trace of an enemy around the castle of Dromahaire pare a few dead bodies and a few scattered

CHAPTEB XV.

muskets.

"The wind shakes up the fleecy clouds To kiss the ruddled morn, And from their awful misty shrouds The mountains are new-born: The sea lies fresh with open eyes; Night-fears and mouning dreams, Brooding like clouds on nether skies,

Have sunk below, and beams Dance on the floor, lide golden flies, Or strike with joyful gleams Some white-winged ship, a wandering star Of ocean, piloting afar." W. Allinghan. The first graf dawn of a September morn-

ing was beginning to break over the bay of Sligo. By degrees the lofty surrounding hills had come forth ghostlike from the gray shroud of mist which enveloped them; by degrees the dark-rolling clouds, which had warred furiously over the broad heaven during a wild night of thunder, lightning and rain, had diminished their forces, until at length none of them remained save a few gigantic nimbl, the survivors of the elemental pattle, which now, crowned with a crimton coronal of victory by the rising sun, moved in a selemn march of triumph across the

deep blue firmament.
Out from the mist came slowly the features

Lond rang the report, a lurid streak of fire blended with the serene and cultivated—out they came slowly and steadily, until the tosstains raised their summits boldly and distinctly against the glowing eastern sky.

In the crimson dawning light every rugged cliff and mountain along the romantic coast of Sligo seemed to have the memory of its own historic association or weird legend olinging around it like a spall, and to be hunted by the shades of the valorous chieftains who frequented those shores in the days of old, though, indeed, at all ages since the remote time when the prows of the magic Tuatha de Dansans grated on its pebblyshore to the modern year when the mysterious. Jacknel appeared and vanished, Flying Dutchmanlike, on its water, the bay of Silgo has had a more than ordinary share of celebrity. To the northeast arose in rugged grandeur

where yearlie timbereth a falcon esteemed the hardlest in Ireland "-hoary, magnificent Binbuilal sacred to the Ossianic lay, on whose side the . alorous Diarmuld panted out his life, while Fionn watched in gloomy elation the death throes of Crainne's hapless champion; and around whose base clashed for centuries the blades of the contending hosts of Connaught and Tirconnell, Streeching from this celebrated hill to the sea lay the fertile plain of ancient Machaire Eabha, once the territory of "O'Scannzill of the sweet mouth," sprinkled over with remarkable sites; amongst which may be instanced Ouldreimne, where was fought the bloody "battle of the book" that drove Columb. hille into exile; and Lissadili, where the individe son of song, Murray O'Daly, slew with his are Finn O'Brolloghan, the ass graidh or etoward of O'Donnell More O'Donbard a fugitive through Ireland. Out in the ocean to the north of this plain, its iron precipices hurling back in foam the white waves of the Atlantic, lay the lenely island of Inishmurray, once the sacred retreat of St. Dicholla and his monks, and the first part of the West to witness ine de- Donegal. What a pretty bout they shall be scent of the voracious Danish ravens. To the southward, beyond Oyster Island—which Comwell's estiling agents would plant, like | the muskets were faintly borne over the wa-Coney Island, with families from New Eng- ter, as the contending parties on there land-and beyond Bishop Bron's lonely ruin. ed church on the shore of Cuil-Iorza, rose ment lasted not long until the Pari. the lofty sides of Knocknares, crowned with tan troops were seen retiring among the and further off in the misty distance to the east

gray perspective to the west. The low-lying hills and dales, the rushing, impotubus streams, and the sweeping belts of a large row-boat, well manned, which was dark, silent wood as yet lay in cold, sombre shadow, and a raw and chilly wind was walling le low, dreary menotone around the

two birds, while the long, irregular ridge of

Sliave Ghamh stretched away obliquely in

On a large tongue of land projecting into Sligo Bay was posted a party of the Irish in- than an enemy; but it's likely we'l' overhaul surgents. The torque of land alluded to is a her ere she crosses our track." remarkable one. It was anoiently called Bos Celde, and is now known as the Rosses. In the middle of the thirteenth century it was the scene of a bloody battle between Celt and O'Dowds and our hero were seated happened Saxon, in which the heroic Godfrey O'Don- to be the foremost; hut, 'hough its rowers nell, of Tirconnell, engaged Maurico Fitz. continued to pull lustily, the suspicious beat gerald, the founder of Sligo Abbay, hand-to- crossed its course abrut a cable's length hand, and gave him his death stroke, receiving shead. At this mome at O'Dowda hailed the himself a wound from the effects of which he | latter craft : died while borne on a bier at the head of his clansmen at the fight of Lough Swilly. The friends," he show ted; -"who and what are old walls of the church of Creadran-kille you?" mark the site of the main conflict, and it was Irish soldiers were congregated.

The cause of their being that posted re- men. excited tono; "why should we give up our mains to he explained. All through the long "Ha; I guersed so much," excisimed spoil to you? There is a horse here which I hours of the stormy autumn night they had O'Dor, rdn. "Now ma bouchals, take sure which lay within the bay, where they had fir ye cast anchor the previous year-two rabishlooking, black-hulled vessels, whose appearance boded no good to the Irish exuce 1.2 Bligo. As yet the vigil of the night pir get had been unrewarded with any remar'sable

results. "No movement as yet," exclaimed the officer in command. "I scarcely thought those s'aarks would wait the daylight to carry Out whatever black work they have in hand. Well, by the bones of Dathi, this is lucky. Let the rascals but wait till the sun comes dancing over Binbulbin, and they'll

find their design shall run foul. The speaker was the redoubtable sergeantmajor of the Bligo regiment, Telge Reagh O'Dowde, of Castletown, at the mouth of the Easky River, on the Sligo coast, one of the bravest, most energetic, and most de-termined of the insurgent officers of Connaught. He it was who supplied the troops in North Connaught with powder. In O'Conor Sligo's force he ranked next to Licutenant-Colonel MacDonogh; for the rank of shouted frantic and vehement orders the sergeant-mejor was a more important one in while. the Irish army than we might opine nows-

"Had we even one poor piece of ordnance," continued O'Dowda, "those craft yonder would keep a respectful distance, or have their sides plugged; but luck is against us ourse. There she sat, her pale face there. All we can do is to watch and wait, and see what clear daylight may bring us. | while arms stretched out for the protection

good look at the fos."
With this address to the coming sun he wrapped himself closer in his large cloak and | face, and now turned with a malignant exsettled himself more comfortably on his scat, which was by no means a soft one, consisting as it did of a fallen fragment of the crumbling wall of the old church. "Now, O'Tracy, my heart, pass me the flask;—there's nothing like usquebaugh to

" Slainte, sergeant major ." "And now, my friend, please give me the details of the last rampage of Hamilton's into those parts—that is, what occurred about and her head turned towards that in which a fortnight ago; for I was away in my own sat our heroine and her enemy. The stage

The sergeant major and Edmund sat apart along the shore of the Oyster Islandfrom the rest of the men, who were gathered on which the second Irish boat had landed around the red glowing embers of a small fire, her crew—and both were already under the

"The story is easily told, sad though it be." said our hero; "the Albanach wolves eluded" our vigilance again in one of their night able to respond through fear of wounding gallops, and blazing cabins and dead bodies the meiden, who sat in the fugitive's stern.
marked their course through Carbery. But, On went the two boats, the pursuer gradually hoaven be praised! they got as good as they orceping closer and closer to the pursued gave when we met them fairly, musket to The voices of the men in either boat was musket and pike to pike. Our slaughtered hushed. There was no noise save the innocents were avenged, and—ha, the signal."

As the roport of a musket discharged by a sential on the shore was borne on the chill morning air, all started to their feet and hurried to the beach, gazing whence they soon perceived the cause of the alarming shot. The two suspicious vessels had put out their suspense the turn of events. The distance boats, which were pulling rapidly for Oyster between the two boats was it seening every. Island.

" Ho, fire the beacon," commanded O'Dowds: "our boys in Sligo are on the alert. Ready of the picturesque landscape, in which the the boats, and let us get affoat at once; the wild and savage of nature was curiously sea is rather rough, but we must weather it."

His orders were quickly obeyed. On the highest part of the promontory sprang up a bright tongue of flame, warning the people of Sligo of the events atoot. The soldiers pro-coeded to laurob two large boats. The heavy breakers made this a matter of much difficulty, but perseverance trlumphed, and very soon the two beats, each well filled with armed men, were pitching, toiling and strain. ing among the white surges.

"Pull for the Orster Island," shouled O'Dowds; and the oars, pulled by strong arms, rose and fell with good time and regularity, driving the boats onward, plunging through the green water. "Well done, Sligo ! exclaimed Edmund

O'Traoy. "See, there goes the answering elgnal." He pointed to a pale point of light sur-

mounted by a dark column of amoke, visible far away on the coast towards Sligo. At the same time several lurid tongues of fire sprang ers were already busy in their work of plunder. At this spectacle orles of anger and vengeance arose from the men in the two boats, and the sturdy oarsmen bent them to their cars with fresh energy.

"Monuar for the poor people youder!" ejaculated O'Dowda; "those pirates are playing the devil; -heaven send us in time to stop their pranks. Manam an diaoul but the roois of the poor cabins are all afire. There go the blazes-there, and there, and there. Stretch to it, ma bouchals; stretch to it, for life or death,"

The beads of sweat were rolling down the rugged cheeks of the carsmen, but gallantly they tugged and strained at the buge oars.

"Hallo ! look there !" oried O'Tracy, pointing towards an old castle on the mainland. around which was visible a large multitude of people, all moving hither and initior as if in great excitement; while further off, in a neil-which event drove the rash gorge between the hills, glittered the arms and accoutraments of a large party of soldiers, horse and foot.

" Ramilton's Albanachs, 1'il stake my life og it !" exclaimed the sergeant-major, indicating the latter force, and yonder are our means, the O'Donnells and O'Callaghers, of presently !"

Even as he spoke the scattered reports of closed in deadly strife. The engageits conspicuous cairn, the Missgan Meidhbhe; hills, still harassed by the victorious Ulstermen. At this last stage of the fight O'Dow. appeared Sileve-da-en, or the mountain of the da's men sent up a lusty cheer, which was echoed from the shore. And still on sped the two boats through the angry water. Oyster Island was already close at hand,

when the attention of O'Dowda was called to standing directly across the course of the two boats, and making straight for the strange hospile vessels lying in the bay . "By heavens," mused the Irish of liger.

sloud, " that one seems less like a friend " Look to your arms, men," Lo added ; "methinks this is a Scottish Wolf, so be ready. Of the two Irish boats, that in which

" Ho, there, lie on your cars, if you be

The answer was an irregular roll of musin the chadow of this venerable roin that the ketry, and a shower of bullets whistled over the heads of the sorgeant-major and his

been attentively watching two large ships and don't waste powder and ball; -give The Irish volley flashed and rattled, and a sories of sharp ories from the hostile boat

betokened that some of the bullets had had their bilidis. As the sulphureous smoke was wafted away on the sea-breeze, the fugitive czuit was discerned daching off at unabated speed, the water feaming and hissing in her wake. And her course was straight for the two ships, privateers, or pirates, or whatever they may bo.

But new a long, shrill scream, a woman's scream of distress and entreaty, came over the waver, a cry which made Edmund O'Tracy start convulsively to his feet, and gaze with straining eyes after the receding beat. The scream was repeated-again-again.

Then Telge Reagh O'Dowds and his men, gazing on the erect figure of O'Tracy, were astonished to see the young man shake his clenched hand florcely towards the enemy's boot, tear off his hat and wave it wildly in the air, and plant his foot on the bulwarks as if he would spring into the sea, while he

For after two months of ead conjectura and black despondency, our here was now having ane .. r glimpse of bis darling Flower of Lc. Gill. Yonder, before his eyes, sat K. ... Ny Cuirnin in the stern of that actures: amploringly towards him, and her so hurry up, old Grian, and give us another he could not give. And there, by her side, his arm thrown ground her, and his evil visage now learing mockingly in her agonised pression of triumph and hatred towards her maddened lover, gat black Gilbert Harrison. "After them! after them, for heaven's sake!" excisimed O'Tracy, in his fearful ex-

oltement; -- "pull-pull-pull!" "Ay, pull," echoed O'Dowds, taking in the drive the ice out of one's stomach—nothing situation at a glance. "By the sword of old save love, or joy, or revenge. Well, here's Brian, ma bouchals, we must save the poor colleon from that black-muzzled scoundfel!" Well done: another few strokes like that and we'll run them down."

By this time the boat's course was altered place at the time—pox on my bad luck, of the chase which ensued was now most exciting. Both boats were flying forming a picturesque group worthy of the guns of the strange vessels, which were pencil of Salvator Boss. opened a brisk musketry fire on their pur-suers, to which fire O'Dowda's men were unrumble of the cars in the rowlocks, the plash of the water, and the dropping reports of muskets discharged by the pursued. Two of the Irish were already hit by the bullets of their enemies, but even they nursed their wounds without complaint, awaiting in silent moment, and it seemed as if the Paritans' boat must be overtaken long ere she could reach the vessel for which she was making

which yessel her crew were now excitedly (Continued on Third Pape.)