THE PROPHET OF THE RUINED ABBEY. By the Author of " The Cross and Shamrock."

CHAPTER V. Soon after the cry of 'Maderee aultha,' reached Terence O'Mara's ears through the exertions

of his new only aid, Anglum, he resolved to retard, if not to defeat, the pursuit. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'why did I kindle that unlucky fire on the left, and thus deprive myself of the co-operation of my faithful followers? It

can't be helped. Darby,' he said, addressing his simpleton, 'we must make the best we can of a bad bargain.' 'That's thrue,' said Darby; 'it's a bad bar-

gain, if my good father is caught.'
'Listen, Darby,' said O'Mara, 'can you make a fire!

'Yes, yes,' answered he, 'can make fire.'

' Come, then, and help me.' Of they went to about the one-sixth of a mile up the road, where there was a quantity of turf or peat made into ricks and stacks. By the aid of the idiot, in a few minutes O'Mara had a large pile of the dry turf placed on the very centre of the road, and having set fire to it, he placed in front and around it, many grogawns, or tall piles of the turt, which at a distance very much resembled men in appearance. This done, O'-Mara flew to his cave for his rifle, his brass bugle, his helmet, and a polished steel corselet, or small cuirass, which one of his ancestors were when in foreign service. He procured also a great torch of chips of 'fat pine,' or 'bog deal,' and thus equipped, he took his stand behind the great rock called 'Clogh na gour,' which commanded the road which the pursuers, it about to come, must

The clatter of horses' roofs against the wellgravelled road was now distinctly heard, and O'-Mara ran forward a second time to give some new order to Anglum, whose mind, though a very refentive one, was able to grasp but one idea at a time. The light of the fire now reflected on the polished helmets of the cavalry, and its reflection on the sides of the mountain-ridges revealed to them with a dismal effect, the drearipess of the scene, and filled their imagination with fears, that in these dark caverns, which the unillumined parts of the mountains appeared to be, there might be secreted men in ambush, the whole military force of the town, including against whom, in such ground as this was, their the yeomanry, was called to arms. Picket guards ened their pace into a more cautious gait, and the advance-guard returned to the main body to report that a large body of rebels were on the mountain brow, shouting like Indians, and dancing around a great fire. At the communication of this intelligence the sound of a bugle was heard, reverberating in a thousand repeated echoes along the mountain-sides, and glens, and ridges, and neaks, and the troops having given 'three cheers for the king, advanced cautiously. In front of the large rock above mentioned, now appeared, standing in bold relief, by the glare of the fire, a man clothed in shining armor, and burnished helmet, who, on the approach of the troop, cried out, 'Who goes there?' A voice hourse from fear answered, 'The king's troop of fourth by the skillul stratagem of one man, the best dragoons."

Ball, under pain of death! cried Terry. 'I am the genius of this place. These mountains of a peasant. are my abode, and I will allow no invesion of my demains at this hour of night. They call me the enchanted warrior. My men are perched by every rock, and hid under every bush. Look at yonder fire, around which 100 men, warriors all clad in mail as I, keep guard. Advance, if side, repeating the rosary aloud, and with tears you dare."

There were whispers and confusion among the

'Listen again,' resumed the warrior. 'To show you I am what I represent myself to be, here I stand. Let any fire men of you dismount, or from where you sit, discharge your pieces against this breast; and if you find your leaden messengers have no power to hart me, then confess I am the enchanted warrior. But if I send my messengers of death after you, then woo be tide you! What say you? Will you try it? 'Yes. Stand forward, five guards,' said the

leader. Steady ! present! fire l' A foud laugh from the warrior followed this

discharge. The second guard presents and fives. The same effect follows.
'Go on-try it again,' cried the intrepid war-

A third discharge followed, and the hillet was into her face. flattened against the rock about a yord from his

· Ho! ha! ha! cries the warrior. . · Here are your leaden bullets for you again. There is one | yeomen.2 that has actually passed through my body I Let me now try my lack.

Click I went the rife of the warrior, and

desing torch of pine-chips, and finging it to- ers to God to save you and us from what I saw. ing towards the prisoner. The whole council en-

wards the dragoons, he leaped down on the road. horses turned round, and without as much as waittheir way back to the town.

The heath now on the mountain-side took fire, and the crackling with which that beautiful shrub burns, together with the screaming of night-birds, I know the church and the priest both tould you fore, were next introduced into the council-hall, very much the report of musketry, created in the and yet you see you are not doing their bid- fused, excusing themselves on the grounds of minds of these royal troops sensations akin to ding. those of men flying from a city on fire, and they never looked back till they were all safely intrenched within the walls of Cloughmore Barracks. Upon the troop being in line, and the roll called, it was found that two men were wanting, whom the lieutenant reported as baving fallen at the action at the mountain, where, as he stated, no fewer than 3,000 men were assembled in realso as his opinion that nothing less than the cap- day. ture of the town was intended, as he could hear the voices of men and the report of their small arms till he came very near the town. In evidence of the correctness of what he stated, he pointed out the blaze into which the northern and from behind the ricks of turf, took such deliberate aum 'at our men, that it is imraculous salutary terror into the 'rebellious' peasantry. how we escaped with such trifling loss-two killed only, and only a few slightly wounded.'-On being questioned as to why the lieutenant did not in the retreat recover the bodies of the two who had fallen, he stated, that in attempting to do so, the whole body of rebels rushed down on them. He could not say whether many of the many of them wounded, from the deliberate aim which the lights and fires of the enemy enabled his own men to take.

This mendacious report having been received by the colonel, the 'big drum' was beaten, and caped or changed dress without his seeing it. horses could do but little. The troop now slack- were appointed at the cross-roads, a cordon of sentinels on that side of the town next the mountain, and every order given and precaution taken that the military tactics of that period demanded. The colonel, in the meantime, with the advice of tle of Dublin by express, with a desire that a de- probation of his associates. tachment of light artillery should be sent immediately, to subdue this powerful and seemingly for- thony Sharper. midable host! 'The enchanted warrior,' in the meantime, in company with his useful fool, returned home, to snatch a few hours' repose, well satisfied that the fugitive was safe now, and that at all events, there would be no more hostile visits loyal to the crown.' to his mountain, for this night at least. Thus, military plans may be defeated, and the securest

When Terence O'Mara returned home, at the hour of one o'clock at night, he found a good warm supper ready for him at the fire-side, simmering in the skillet; and contrary to custom, rough. he found his fair wife and eldest child at the bedin their eyes.

What keeps ye up so late?' said Terry, lightning a 'alishogue,' or chip pine of bog-wood, and going into his bed-room.

Ah, it is we ought to ask you what keeps you up, and what keeps you out so late at this?' she cried, with a look that betrayed the agitation of

'Hold, woman,' answered Terry. 'I have good news to tell you. Father O'Donnell is

escaned. Thanks he to God!' said the pious matron. aiways thought the Lord would never allow his enemies power over that saintly man.

"What in the world ails you, though?" he resumed. 'Something must be wrong. Has anything happened suce I left-are my children well? Tell me what ails you, dear wife, he and I am sorry to differ with his honor the shercontinued, raising her up in his arms, and looking iff, he said, 'in his construction of that portion

Well, it's nothing but a direame that I had -the Lord save us - when I saw you shot down. and me and my dear cluldren massacred by the

· Well, what else?

That was all, Terry asthore; but it was so clear a direame, and so bright before my mind, the sergeant and a private fell dead from their that I actually saw the men's faces who did it, I thought, and could know them if I saw them now. Now, men, come to victory? he cried, pull- Then I roused up little Brulget and Michaeling a rope or cord to which was attached the Timothy was too young-and we said our pray-

As quick as lightning the whole troop of sixty before now,' answered the intrepid Terry .-'Don't you know the church and the priest tell ing for the word of command, made the best of you not to believe in dreams, nor credit them, the council turned its attention to other imporand you put your mind through and fro with tant deliberations. such phantoms?

and the loud noise of flocks of game, resembling to keep from night-walking and secret societies, but, being asked to give their evidence they re-

'That may be true enough, Nelly, my dear, But see what a country we have. Over-run locked up in jail for contempt of court, as well see me hand if I stretched id out from me. Inwith cut-throats, perjurers, and tyrants, all of as for being aiders and abettors in the escape of foreign birth or race.'

The contents of the warm skillet, and they were not to be despised, were soon made away with by " the enchanted warrior' and his aide-decamp, Darby Anglum, and they retired, the one bellion, commanded by experienced French and to the settle-bed, and the other to his sleepingforeign officers. The same gentleman gave it chamber, to rest after the campaign of the past hoard, and Sir Anthony moved again that, as

CHAPTER VI.

Now, Tuesday, the day appointed for the execution, dawned; but the victim whom the gallows claimed by British law, had escaped its fangs .-What was to be now done? This was the leadside of the town was converted by the enemy, ling head of deliberation among the civil and mi-He exaggerated the dangers of sending so few litary council sitting at Cloughmore this eventful and if this gentleman, holding such a high commen to rout such a formidable force, not forget- morning. Shall the gallows be defrauded of its ting to point out the advantageous positions of usual tribute? Shall there be preparation for the enemy, who, he said, planted behind rocks, an execution, and no execution take place !- dience to a low instinct of vengeance, or to Somebody ought to be hanged in order to strike a salutary terror,' as it is called, you can-

Lord Barterborough was present as president of the council. So was Sir Anthony Sharper, of your course.' the patron of the town, and Sheriff Juggler .-A. B. Westrop, J.P., and Colonel Chive, with Lieutenant Scarecrow, completed the number. It was not yet clear daylight, and the council had the road to cut off their retreat, that the horses sat for several hours. Witnesses were called became restive on hearing the yells of the rebels, from among the officials of the prison, who genewho flung lighted brands on the road to frighten rally swore that the present prisoner was the priest, and that the man who left resterday was to remember.' foe had fallen, but he was certain there must be the same who entered, and nobody else. The very guard who watched at the cell door, whom we have before introduced as putting back the ly on the prisoner, and that he could not have es-

'My opinion is,' resumed the sheriff, 'that we had better execute this present pisoner, as we have advertised an execution. It does not appear to me in evidence that this is not the pries' who was sentenced to death. At any rate, there appears to be a doubt, and as there is a doubt. we ought to make sure of our man, and have the his council, thought it prudent to communicate execution for the public good. What think you, the report to Lieutenant Scarecrow to the Cas- gentlemen ?' he said, looking around, for the ap- king.'

'I second your motion, sheriff,' said Sir An-

'I likewise,' chimed in A. B. Westrop. 'We ought to make an example, and whether or not this is the person we-the law, I mean-condemned, matters not much if he is guilty, or not

'Hear, hear,' followed this speech of the Cromwellian.

'You, Mr. Sheriff, and Sir Anthony, ought to designs of tyrants may be frustrated by the bravery | be the best evidences in this puzzling affair. You both live in this very town. Surely you must | Majesty's crown may need its sacrifice,' said the have known the priest O'Donnell, and you ought | chivalrous knight.' to be able to say whether the prisoner is the identical individual,' said my Lord Barterbo-

> 'As for me,' said the sheriff, 'I knew lum by sight, that's all; but I go according to evidence of the turnkeys, who swore positively that this barony.' is he. I know nothing as a private individual .-My ca-capacity as sheriff raises me above priv-

private rights or feelings." His lordship similed and looked towards the colonel, who never opened his lips during the examination of the worthy witnesses. There was really great danger of the captain at this juncture, who, on attempting to prove himself what he was, had a pistol of one of the guards presented at his breast, with a threat if he 'spoke one word,' that he should die instantly. Colonel Clive at length broke silence, and said, that notwithstanding the apparently consistent testimony of the jaders, he had a strong doubt as to the jailers, he had a strong doubt as to the identity of the present prisoner with the one lately convicted, of British common law regarding 'the doubt,' which should be always interpreted in lavor of a prisoner, instead of against him. Indeed, there is hardly a doubt in the case, as it is almost selfevident that the present gentleman is not the bels. same whom I saw in the dock at the late assizes. It is better that a thousand guilty men should escape, than that one unocent man should suffer death untustly."

'That is, provided the innocent man was not as deserving of a gallows as the guilty,' rejoined Sir Anthony seriously, shaking his head and look.

pense of the knight of the red nose, and the colonel having ordered the prisoner back to his cell,

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Mrs. O'Donnell and the remainder of the fa-'I know that well,' she calmly answered, 'and mily who made the visit to the prison the day betheir relationship with the party accused as well ridicule of the colonel's simplicity. 'How could as the escaped prisoner. They were consequently I see whin it was as dark as pitch? I could not as the escaped prisoner. They were consequently the priest.

Colonel Clive was opposed to this rigor also, but the remaining members of the council, including Lord Barterborough, being adverse to him, he had to succumb. The question of a substitute for the escaped priest was still on the this foreign gentleman bore such a likeness to the priest, he should suffer in his stead.

'Why, Sir Anthony,' said the colonel, somewhat warmly, that is now decided. This course you recommend would be barbarous as well as unjust. Besides, it would be dangerous. We are now at war with France, our natural enemy mission in the celebrated Chasseurs de Vincennes, were to be sacrificed in cold blood in obenot foresee the consequences to the whole nation -nay, the whole empire; besides the injustice shouls for liberty or other treasonable exclama-

I do not care about consequences, let them take care of themselves,' said Sir Anthony. 'Al I ask is vengence on rebels, conspirators, and Papists. And as for justice--'

But, Sir Anthony, I do care for consequences, and if that gentleman is to be hanged, he must be hanged in spite of my troop. That I beg you

'Well, colonel,' said the knight, 'I yield the point; but if you are at a loss for something to hang, I have a useless old butler about the height clock, swore positively he kept his eye continual- and a little above the age of priest O Donnell and he is a Papist besides, though a simple and if you please, to produce the desired effect.'

'Good God! what did you say, Sir Anthony ? Have I misunderstood you? Do you propose the murder of an old and faithful servant to prop up a falsehood, to give currency to a delusion? Monstreus proposition!

'I am a loyal subject, Mr. Colonel,' answered Sir Knight, and I will do anything to serve my

'Very well,' said Sir Anthony, 'but your king, I doubt, would reject such a service as you would offer. I am convinced, however, his majesty would accept the sacrifice of your own life, that the losing of your head in battle for the king would be a very meritorious act, but I should consider that the hanging of your faithful butler would not be regarded by his majesty as anything like a compensation for the honor that would accrue to him by the loss of your own life in the service of your king."

'My life is at his service any day that his

'I am very glad to hear you are ready. Sir Anthony, for we are just going to dislodge those rebels who are, if report be true, intrenched on the brow of Knockmeldown, and I will expect to tion by travel. On this excuse his applicay was see you there at the head of the militia of the accepted by the colonel, who, after excerting the

At this stage of the proceedings a messenger was introduced by an orderly, who stated that on his way from the market of Dungarvan, about half-way up the mountain road, he fell in with the bodies of the two soldiers killed in the encounter last night, and they were now at the 'gate waiting to be released by your honors paying me for the fure of the two dead juttemm.' Upon being informed by the sheriff that it was no more than his duty, as a loyal subject of the king, to do that piece of service for nothing, the cuming little red-headed carman, named & Skith Flanagan, answered that as far lyilty he didn't think that he had less uvit than his neighbors; but he knew he had but very little money, and he didn't think their honors or the king would ask him to work for nothing."

Colonel Clive hunded the carman a guinea, who, with a most profound how, was about to depart, when, on the suggestion of Lord Barterborough, it was agreed to ask him a few questions about the number and strength of the re-

'Your name is Flanagan P

'Yes, your honor.'

You came down the mountain road, did you not, on your retuin train market ?

Yis, your hours, the mountain road exackitly.

At what home did you come by that part of the road which is called Cloghnagour ?'

Well, Nelly, I thought you had some sense joyed a laugh of very limited duration at the ex- neither saw moon, stars, nor sun, and I'm too poor to carry a watch,'

'You can't say, then, but that it was late at

night?'
'Yis, your honor, very late at night. So it was, your honor."

"Did you see any men there in arms, or were you interrupted by any sentinels or guards at that part of the road ?"

'Did I see?' repeated Skith, as it were in deed I have neither cat's eyes nor owt's eyes, thank God, but neat Christian ones, and I can't see impossibilities.'

" Mind what sort of answers you give here, my good fellow,' said his fordship. 'You must tell the truth, and the whole truth.

'Tell the thruth! I'm sure 'tis the truth I'm tellin', and nothing else. You are the fast who doubted Skith Flanagan's word in all me life, so you are.'

On your oath did you meet any armed men on the mountain, or could there be such men there without your knowledge?"

"Without my knowledge! Faix, there could be millions of men there without my knowledge. What knowledge could I have uf um at the hour of midnight or second cock-crow, as I'm sure it was when I came that road.'

'As you saw nothing, then perhaps you beard something such as the report of shots of small arms, blowing of horns or bugles, or rebellious tions ?

'Axclumashums! In troth there was plenty of that, and I heard some shots too, and foud skneeding 'Bunan leans,' bitterns, and plovers, and woodcocks, and grouse, and many other wild animals who were coasting in the buring heath. There is no doubt but I heard dreadful cries, skrieches, and all such things. You could see pins on the road by the light -so you could.

'That is something to the point,' said Lientenant Scarecrow, who frembled in his boot for fear of the invalidation of his false report.

But the knave contradicts himself,' remarked the colonel. ' He said a few minutes ago that harmless one. You may hang him, gentlemen, he could not see his hand by the darkness, now he says the whole mountain was in a blaze, and that you could see pias on on the road.'

'Yes, your honor, but that was only while the fire blazed; but when it was out it was twice darker than before the fire was lit. When the fire was lit I was far south of the Knock; but with my slow horse and heavy load, when I reached the place your honor mintioned it was as

black as ould Nick. Skith was now dismissed; and after a resolution was passed that if no better substitute for Father O'Donnell's head could be found, the head of one of the dead soldiers should be affixed to the court-house bell-tower, to awe the pensantry, the council, after having sat for over four hours, was now dissolved. Before quitting the council-chamber, however, the colonel, after the departure of the under-officials, invited the party to his quarters, where he told them something m the shape of a 'dejuner a la fourchette,' awaited them after the fatigues of a sleepless and anxious night. The invitation was accepted by all save my Lord Barterborough, who pleaded as his excuse for declining the feast, that his son and beir, Lord Edward, was preparing this morning to set out on his Continental tour, to perfect his educalord to the carriage that stood at the gate, returned to conduct the rest of the party to his well-provided breakfast-table. Thringh an expersenced physiognomist could not but read in the naturally-calm face of the colonel something like a cloud of disappointment at not having his board honored by the presence of the ford, for whose chief and special pleasure he intended this compliment, yet it required but very ordinary powers of observation to perceive the effect which his absence had on the rest of his guests. In fact, the faces of Sir Anthony, sherill Juggler and A. B. Westrop, J.P., were all smiles, and nothing contributed so much to this genial inlanty as the absence of my lord.

When thirst and burger were appeared, and the appetite no longer sustained its ingent calls for generous wine and all-sustaining heef, the knight, with a tumbler full of glowing Burgundy in his right hand, proposed,-

. Here's a health to the king; God bless him ! and may we, his loyal subjects, in this day's expedition, prove to his majesty how ready we are to sacrifice our lives for the stability of his throne. Here's success to this day's expedition !?

"Hip, hip, hurral," followed three times three.

The proper honors were paid to loyal toasts, by each of this gallant company, who, now well pleased with the entertainment of the colonel,