An Mistorical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER I.

" WHAT a farious," cold, damp, dismal, howling wind this is! What a miserable companion for a night-watch! It is worse than a sullen comrade for a fellow-sentinel, or a cowardly captain for a leader; enough to disgust one with the life of a soldier, and induce him to wish he were back safe and sound again amid the fens of Lincolnshire. What say you, Ebenezer Lawson?-or why have you unloosed your military cloak, and needlessly exposed yourself to this pierc-

ing wild blast?" Hush! John Elliot. Silence is a portion of certain of that, of which I am now but doubtful; for in the midst of your talk, and with the storm blowing around us, I am almost sure that I detected the noise of steps stealthily approaching our post. Look then to your matchlock, and be silent. The postern gate in Dublin Castle is no light charge for wither of us."

The speakers of this dialogue were two stout Cromwellian soldiers, who, armed with matchlocks and lighted fusees, had been pacing for an hour in front of the narrow door, which afforded an entrance into that part of the Castle which lay between what was commonly called the Birmingham and the Wardrobe Towers. In front was a foriffied wall rising out of the deep ditch, ten with water from the Dodder; this ditch that, in reference to the purposes for which it had been formerly used, and the irregular range of buildings that now partially covered it, was then designated Sheep-street."

The first of the soldiers who had spoken, John Elliott, was a man about six feet in | deed. And what could be the reason for perkeight. His round, bullet-shaped head was placed erect on a large, broad, bulky person. Soft, mild-looking blue eyes, and a good-tempered face with an open halfof a farmer who had but encased himself, for a freak, with the iron belinet and breastplate

of a soldier. The comrado of Eiliott had been a blacksmith in Huntingdon. Ebenezer Lawson was an inch taller than Elliott, but unlike his companion in tigure, face, and deportment; for he seemed to be made up of nought else iban cordage-like muscles; his nose, long and sharp, protruded between two small, black, dazzling ferret eyes; his thin lips were drawn in upon a mouth, which seemed to sink linck into the face, as if he were destitute of into a smile, was apparently an accomplishment he never had mastered.

"What say you, Lawson?' said Elliott as a ruddy glow illuminated his broad face, whilst putting new life and vigour into his fusee, " what say you? Some one approachmust dream, comrade! What can any one are now over. Who is now strong enough to a-sail na ?"

"The Irish rebels," grufily replied Lawson. "Do not, however, talk; listen, and be watchful."

Edliott remained silent for a short time. At first he stood gazing at his companion, Elliott." watching every movement made by him; and then perceiving that Lawson went peering round every nook and crevice of the hattlements he imitated the example thus miven; and having, by his own examination, setisfied himself that Lawson had made a vain, he drew his cloak tightly around him, "Lawson, I wish you to answer one question I have long desired to put to you."

"What is it?—be brief, I pray you," answered Lawson, as he laid his matchlock down, and, like his companion, sought to shield himself from the harsh cold night wind, by drawing his thick overcoat above his mouth and ears.

"What is your reason for always speaking of the people of this country as if they had living or dead, in his hands the body of the done you a personal wrong? Why do you hate son of Colonel Fitzpatrick. That son is not the Irish?

" Because they are rebels."

"Bebels!" said Elliott in amazement-"how rebels! They have fought in defense of their king; we, on the other hand, have fought against him. If the term 'rebel' is to be applied to either, it more justly belongs to us than to them." "The Commonwealth of England is the

supreme sovereign of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The God of armies has already decided that our cause is just, and ear claim to dominion rightful; and the Trish having taken up arms against that just couse and that rightful power, are rebels," answered Lawson.

"Be it so. I who have shed my blood, and abandoned home, family, and occupation, in defence of the Parliament and liberties of old Hagland, am not, and cannot be the person to dony that you are right in saying the Commonwealth is the sovereign power in these scentries. But still I cannot see why you should have so strong a dislike to the Irish, merely because they are rebels."

"They are Papists as well as rebels," added Lawson

" Well, it is said by some, that there is no greater proof of piety than an abomination of Popery," continued Elliott. "I have been teld to regard Popery as a new-langled idelatry, and advised to do my utmost to exteminate it from the face of the earth; but Hest is not a sufficient reason for detesting every one who is so deluded as to be an adherent to the Pope of Rome. Why, I again ask yen, have you, what I might call, a personal hatred against the Irish?'

Lawson made no reply to this question in weeds, but unloosing his cloak, he stretched out his lett hand to his comrade.

"Bah !" said Elliott, "that is no just cause for persecuting to the death a whole race. In the same skirmish in which you received a stanning blow and lost two fingers of your left hand, I was unhorsed with a gash in my head, of which I am sure to bear the scar to my grave; but that, of a verity, is no reason why I should carry with me for ever a rankling resentment against the brave, valiant foemun, who in open fight, en-**vatered us. Instead of revenging the blow. I would, if I could, render a service to him whe inflicted it, and that man, I believe, was Colonel Fitzpatrick-

Was it a sudden blast of the chill wind that shivered through the frame of both soldiers? was it a suppressed whistling sound, like that of the human voice, that made both the Imglish soldiers start from the attitude of repose in which they had been resting, and rush forward to the same point of the wall, and leck:with piercing eyes down, its sides into What was it that thus the ditch beneath? end, and so startled them? They could

define the cause, but both stopped, leaning have to say to a sentinel on duty, whilst under the torture to extort from her the secrets of over the wall; and the first to resume the the Commonwealth." conversation was Elliott.

man, "I would swear; that in the midst of the fierco gust of wind I heard a person pronounce, and in the Irish manner, and with the Irish accent, the word 'Whisht!"

"I am sure of it," replied the suspicious our post. Would that I could discover him, and I would despatch him with as little remorse as I did the fugitives in the cave near Dundalk, where we smoked them out of their hiding hole."

"Lawson! Lawson! that was a dire and an accursed deed-one to be, if possible, for ever buried in forgetfulness; never, oh! never to be mentioned but with execration. You forget," continued Elliott, " I was a witness to the duty of a sentinel. Did not your tongue that transaction; but, thank God! I took no wag so ceaselessly and so loudly, I would be part in it. What injury had those wretched Irish fugitives done to us that they should have been so ruthlessly pursued, and so mercilessly put to death? Of all the actions of our Lieutenant-General Ludlow in Ireland, that was the worst-the most unprovoked, and the most cruel. The Irish rebels, as you call them, were utterly defeated; they had shortest possible distance from your comno forces in the field to encounter; their rade." bravest leaders were conquered or slain; or like him of whom we have been speakingother lands. And yet, because our general ment in his path, or I should not have his was told that a few persons were seen lurking laudation and his censure for the same course was told that a few persons were seen lurking or hiding in the hills, he set forth in pursuit of them, and finding that they had withdrawn into a cave, and would not come out nor yield feet deep and twenty feet broad, and filled themselves prisoners, he had the mouth of the cave stopped up, and the attempt made, by separated the Castle from a piece or ground closing all the apertures to it, and by burning wood around the mouth, to smother the fugitives! And then, when the cave was again opened, and our soldiers penetrated into its deepest recesses, the few who were still living were dragged forth and most of them put to death! Oh! it was a cruel and a barbarous

petrating it I cannot even surmise." "You forget," said Lawson, who appeared to be greatly excited by the strong language of his comrade, "you forget, or you are so smiling mouth, gave to him the appearance fond of Irish Papists, you do not choose to remember that before those bloody Irish rebels met with their deserts, they were summoned to surrender—that refusing to obey such a summons, my brother, Jacob Lawson, upon creeping into the cave, and shooting the first person he encountered, was barbarously mur-

"There was no barbarous murder in shooting to death a man who had slain another but an instant before. But what I want to know is, why these poor wretches were so beset? or, why did the Lieutenant-General seek to smother them? or, why, having made the atteeth; and the power of relaxing his features | tempt, he did not leave them, or the remnant of them, to the miserable fate to which they seemed to be self-doomed? Why, I ask, was there this merciless pursuit of a scattered band of the fugitive Irish?"

" As you seem to have made a hero of the Irish Colonel, since he knocked you on the our post by stealth! Oh, you head," sneeringly answered Lawson, "I will tell you. I suppose you have heard of is the feeling of your fellow-soldiers about have to do with us or our post? All dangers | the execution of the mother of Colonel Fitzpatrick?"

"Certainly-she was burned alive as a murderess, having been convicted as I heard, of putting English prisoners to death; and expressing as rabid a hatred of the English as you do of the Irish," replied

"She was justly put to death," observed Lawson. "She knew well what were the ginal Irish owners." rights acquired by us in lawfulwarfare-that the lands we had conquered by the sword were justly ours; and she was doing her utmost to defeat our claim, and render nugatory our mistake, and that all his apprehensions were rights. The broad lands, and extensive soldiers. There is Coote, for instance, who is estates, which formerly belonged to her son, she was endeavouring to retain for her grandson-that grandson she had put out of the way; but the estates were apportioned by our Commissioners to be divided between Colonel Axtel, the Governor of Kilkenny-the same brave man who led the tyrant Charley Stuart to execution—and the nepbew of the Lieutenant-General. The latter had promised to give one hundred acres of the best land in the Queen's Country to whomsoever will place, son of Colonel Fitzpatrick. That son is not now more than two years of age. It was believed he was with the fugitives in the cave near Dandalk, most of them a family named Geraghty, and cosherers of Fitzpatrick's fosterfamily. My brother lost his life in seeking for him. I am engaged in the same pursuit and you ask me, why I hate the Irish? I

have a right to hate them; for they seem to know I am struggling to lay hold on the boy Fitzpatrick, and they appear to take a malicious delight in bastling me, and every other honest Englishman engaged in the same pursuit." "You hate the Irish-first, because they

are rebels—then you hate the Irish, because they are Papists-and lastly you hate the Irish because they will not place an unoffending infant in your hands, in order that you may become, by the sacrifice of his life or liberty, a landed proprietor in Ireland. Are not these the causes of your animosity against the Irish?" asked Elliott.

"Exactly so," replied Lawson.

"And as a Christian man, Lawson-as a diligent reader of the great book of mercy and forgiveness, do you think you are justified in the sight of God in nurturing such sentiments against your fellowcreatures?"

"I do," answered Lawson. "We are the chosen people of God, and they are idolatrous Philistines; but silence, I pray you, Elliott There can be no mistake now, there are persons approaching our post."

" Shoulder you matchlock, Lawson. Who goes there?' "A friend," was the reply that came out of

the darkness which enveloped the ramparts of the Castle. "Advance, friend, that I may question thee,"

said Elliott. The steps of a dozen heavily-armed men became now distinctly audible; and when they had approached within thirty yards of the snot where E liott and Lawson were posted they were directed to halt, and the person who seemed to be their commander advanced alone and unattended towards the two sen-

tinels. "Stand where you are, friend," cried Elliott Guntil you have announced your name and quality."

"Captain Ludlow, nephew of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Horse," replied the new comer. "Advance, Captain Ludlow," said Elliot

you will find us watchful." "The Commonwealth relies on the diligence and zeal of such men as you, Elliot," answered Ludlow; "but my present business is with your comrade, Lawson-I would speak a few

words with him in private." "As you wish," replied Elliot; "but before permitting Lawson to quit his post, you will stand is directly over the torture-room of the was distinguishable the screaming, shrill slowly and solemnly, and as he did so his please, Captain, to give me the watchword of Castle; and I requested Axtel to take the accents of Captain Ludlow, directing the thoughts untiringly returned to the various

my command, has reference to the affairs of the rebets, the hiding-places of her kinsmen, the Commonwealth."

rulentn Ireland— Henry."

Ad the word was thus spoken, there was

not less than Lawson and Elliott, started as Lawson. "There is some one lurking about each seemed to hear the word repeated in whispering accents.

" One would fancy he was in command of raw recruits, and not veteran soldiers," remarked Ludlow; "what stupidity it is thus I must put a stop to this. Remain here-I. to repeat the watchword of the night; but I have things more important to do than to will pass by the sally port into the Castle. To chide these armed boors. Come hither, put an end to all cavil, I repeat for you the Lawson, I would speak with you." Lawson, I would speak with you."

"Stop, Lawson," said Elliott; " leave your matchlock with me whilst speaking with Captain Ludlow. I cannot permit you to take your weapon from the post you are charged to defend."

"Quite right, Elliott," observed Ludlow "a good soldier is never forgetful of the most minute points of discipline. Come hither, Lawson, I would speak with you beside this battlement, for I wish to remove you the

"Humph!" said Elliott to himself, "the Captain thought me over-scrupulous but a Colonel Fitzpatrick—they had become self- moment ago, and he now praises me for my exiled with their soldiers, and transported to diligence! I must be somehow an impediof conduct. The captain must have some wicked scheme a-foot-I will keep a watchful ere upon him."

Whilst Elliott was thus communing with himself, Captain Ludlow and the soldier, Lawson, advanced towards the rampart.

"Let us both lean over the wall, and look into the fosse," said Ludlow, "so that there may be the less chance of what we say being overheard by that brute, Elliott, or any of my followers. Have you heard the news from England, and what are the plots now on foot, Lawson, for undoing all the labors of our greatest statesmen?"

"I have heard my fellow-soldiers say," replied Lawson, "that there is the determination from within may require to be allowed to isto get rid of the Protectorate of Richard sue forth. What am I to do? Hollon! fel-Cromwell; that some are planning to restore the old Parliament to its former power, and that the adherents of Charles Stuart are taking advantage of the dissensions amongst the republicans, and seeking to replace him on his father's throne."

"It is true," replied Ludlow-" it is but too true. The fools are fighting with each other, quite forgetful of the fact, that if the royalists are restored, the life of every man who aided, directly or indirectly, in putting the tyrant Charles to death, will be forfeited; and that every acre of land we have acquired by the sword will be restored to the l'apists in Ireland and the malignants in England. My uncle Ludlow is for the old Parliament; Fleetwood is for the government of the Commonwealth by the officers; and others, who have acquired name, power, and influence amongst us, are suspected of intriguing with Charles too, for the purpose of placing the sceptre once more within his grasp. What

these plots and intrigues?" "So far as I have been able to learn," replied Lawson "they are indifferent to what is the form of government—whether it be by a Protector, a Parliament, or a Board of Officers: but they are to a man hostile to the restoration of the Stuarts; because they know that restoration would be followed by a redistribution of the forfeited estates amongst the ori-

"And they are right in their conjecture," remarked Ludlow. "Would! that the officers of the army in Ireland were gifted with the same sense and prudence as the common more than suspected of underhand intrigues entland and England, to the land again with the plague of monarchy. Fools and knaves as they are, do they sup pose a king can ever be forgetful of his father's blood, or pardon any one who has aided in shedding it? And then, looking nearer home, regarding as every man gifted with the smallest sagacity is bound to do, our own interest, what chance have I, or even you, bound up as we are with Axtel in the retention of the Fitzpatrick estate, what chance, I say, should we have of possessing even a single acre, were there a Stuart king once more crowned in Westminster Abbey? what avail all that we have done to gain that land, of your oaths against the old woman, the grandmother of the heir, of your search for the heir amid the corpses in Dundalk cave, of your tracing the boy from hamlet to hamlet, until you at last tracked him to the hostelery in Oxnantown; where I rejoice to tell you he was last night arrested with his

"And I hope his foster-father and foster brother also," interrupted Lawson.

"No," added Ludlow, "they escaped through the stupidity of the men sent to arrest the entire party.' "Then, so long as they are abroad, "added Lawson, "and the boy is alive, neither your

life nor mine is safe, nor is the property secure to you or Colonel Axtel."

"Pshaw!" said Ludlow, "what care I for such miserable wretches, whilst the heir to Colonel Fitzpatrick, the boy Vincent, is, as he is at this moment, a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin; or, as he shall be before the morning sun has arisen, a captive with his nurse on board a vessel, bound with some hundred other Irish boys and wenches for the island of ing for them, or of finding even a clue to Jamaica, there to work as slaves, and there to die in the course of a few months, as so many thousands of them have already perished in consequence of the heat of the climate, bad food, and over-work. The soldiers that now attend my orders will be the escort of the boy and nurse from this postern gate to the Custom-house, at the end of Winetavern-street. where now lies the ship, the Aune of Bristol, on board of which will be placed him, who, if he lived, might be the claimant of the estates I now hold. I feel then perfectly secure for the present and the future, had I not reason to dread the consequences of the disputes now raging between those that the strong firm hand of the great Protector was alone

capable of retaining in due subjection." As Captain Ludlow spoke these words a person enduring intense agony. Little cloak, and then, crossing the more than two-and-twenty years old, his appear suddenly from sight! countenance was marked with the haggard lines of senility, and his large grey, greedy He stamped his high heavy boots with rage upon the stony flagway, as he muttered in the helmet of the stranger.

car of his associate Lawson :-"The fools! the dolts! the idiots! They have mistaken my orders. Where we now

"I am not suspicious—I am certainly not apprehensive of any danger; but as I am a swered English word for the name of our present was a woman's shrick in her agony. It is a living man," said the bold-hearted English word for the night is the name of our present was a woman's shrick in her agony. It is a Axtel has netually applied the torture. That haggard eyes being illuminated with the red seek out as his associate, and the confidant for was a woman's shilek in her agony. It is a light of at least twenty torches form in the crystoch as never can be mistaken for that of a man. I must at once put an end to it i. We are ruled—I, at least, am ruined, and all my projects hought, if my uncle hears of this, or if the Protector's brother, Henry, learns we have been misusing, for our private ends, the the sound as if of some movement beyond and are rulined—I, at least, am ruined, and all my outside the ramparts; and the new comer, projects nought-if my uncle hears of this; or have been misusing, for our private ends, the powers confided to us. Lord Henry Cromwell can endure no abuse, from which he is not to derive a direct personal or pecuniary benefit. will return directly. By your leave, Elliott, I

" Pass, Captain Ludlow," said Elliott, as he gave the military salute to the officer, when he had unlocked the postern-gate; and then carefully relocking it, and fastening the key to his girdle, he turned about and said in a loud, and what was very unusual with him, an angry tone of voice:-

"Lawsyn-Private Lawson-return to your

post." There was no response to the command

"How is this?" cried Elliott in amazement "Can Captain Ludlow have conspired with Lawson to play a trick upon me? Has Lawson slipped into the Castle without my being able to notice him? Oh! that is an impossibility. I am sure I only opened the door sufficiently wide to admit the thin, spare parts. figure of the Captain? But why should they attempt such a prank, when it would entail disgrace and punishment upon both? But what has become of Lawson? When I last saw him he appeared to me to be leaning over the wall, and looking down into the meat.

Can he have tumbled by accident or slipped by design into it? For what purpose The moat is full of water. What am I to do? I dare not, on peril of my life, quit this sally port, as I do not know the instant persons low-soldiers, here is my comrade has deserted, or been spirited from his post, I cannot tell which; come, come, quickly, I beg you, and help me to search for him."

"Is that John Elliott who is calling for help?" said the soldier in command of the detachment which had been led by Captain Ludlow.

"It is, it is," replied Elliott, " come hither, I pray you; my comrade Lawson has I fear fallen into the most, and I cannot stir from this, as I have to watch the postern gate.'

"I am very sorry to hear it, John Elliott," replied the soldier, "but as you obey orders in remaining where you are, so we must obey orders and stop at the place where we have been posted. Captain Ludlow halted us here, with special directions not to advauce nor retreat a single step unless he himself issued the command to do so. We wish you well, John Elliott, but we are, like yourself, soldiers, and can obey none other than our officers."

"I would not ask you to do so," rejoined Elliott; "but whilst we are talking our poor comrade may be drowning, for I fear some such calamity has befallen him. But who comes here?" said Elliott, turning round, as from a direction opposite to that in which the Captain's band of soldiers had been posted. "Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the stranger, on whose head was a trooper's helmet, and whose face was concealed, and his person covered by the

long, heavy cloak of a soldier. "Your business?" "Admission to the castle by the postern gate."

"The watchword."

"Pass, friend," said Elliot, as he opened the gate, then carefully re-locking it as before, he again fastened the key within his girdle.

John Elliott was a fair average specimen of the country to which he belonged. He was an honest, rough-spoken, right-thinking, and well-intentioned Englishman, more remarkable for good nature than for wit, and for rectitude of purpose than liveliness of fancy. His faults were attributable to the prejudices engrafted upon his mind, not so much by ignorance as by mis-education, and the consequence was, that he had been for a long time struggling in vain to reconcile with each other the statements impressed upon him from his youth with respect to Ireland, the Irish and the Papists, and his own actual experience of facts to which he was an eye and an ear-witness. The perpetual endeavour of a slow-witted and honest-hearted man to unravel the truth, kept him in a constant state of doubt and perplexity; and hence it cannot be a matter of surprise that when an event. such as has been just described, of the sudden disappearance of a comrade, in a manner alike strange and unaccountable, had occurred, that it should have thrown Elliott into a state of nernlexity that he did not know what to do, and not knowing what to do he remained qui-

escent, and did—nothing.

A full half hour had passed away, and John Elliott still remained standing in the same position, with matchlock in hand, and his left foot resting upon the weapon of his companion Lawson. Thus he stood completely silent and his faculties in the same state of bewilderment, utterly incapable of unravelling a meaning out of recent events, or of account

them. This confusion of thought was at length put an end to by his hearing a loud knocking at the inside of the postern gate, with the repetition, as in hurried accents, of the watch-

word-" Henry." Elliott at once opened the door; and then emerged the same stranger who had entered the Castle half-an-hour previously. From the manner in which the stranger had his cloak folded over his breast, Elliott fancied he was bearing something bu ky concealed beneath it. Whether he so supposed at the moment, or that the notion subsequently occurred to him, he could never distinctly tal; but to Elliott's great astonishment the stranger stepped hastily over to the same point of the ramparts where Captain Lud ow and Ebenezer flush covered his thin pale features, and his Lawson had previously been standing and weak, fragile, boyish-like form seemed to be there, as it appeared to Elliott-for the darkshaken with rago and terror, for a sound to ness prevented him from distinctly perceivwhich his ear was well accustomed had just ing anything—he saw, or thought he saw, the reached him,-it was the long piercing cry of stranger divest himself of his helmet and Little | cloak, and then, crossing the battlements, dis-

"Holloa!" exclaimed Elliott, at length aroused from his stupor-"There is treason cyes, his pursed-out long lips, his thin sharp at work here—I must alarm the garrison;" nose, and his peaked-out chin, gave to him the and as he so spoke, he discharged his appearance of an aged and heartless miser. match-lock, aiming the piece at the only object he could see to fire at-the discarded

At the same moment that the shot was fired. Elliott heard the clamour of several voices at the postern gate, and amongst them able distinctly tell—they could not positively the night, so that I may be sure what you boy's nurse there, and by threatening her with postern gate to be opened. Elliott flung it events that had passed before him.

open, and on the same instant Captain Ludlow, his face covered with blood, and his sword drawn, appeared on the ramparts, his pale, distorted visage and haggard eyes being illuminated with the red

not, Captain, whom you mean. A man who claim to be associated with them. Then it gave the word but this moment passed the must be some one that is entitled to lare. postern gate."

"Where is he? Where has he gone? In what direction are we to pursue?" asked Ludlow. "The man I speak of passed direct from this gate to the rampart opposite. He then I think, cast away his helmet and cloak, and

Ludlow stopped to hear no more, but rushing with the men who bore the lighted torches | death, of texture, of slavery, he exposed him. over to the battlements, he caught up from the ground the helmet and cloak of a Cromwellian trooper. For an instant he stopped to examine the helmet, and then startled Elliott and the other soldiers by the exclamathus peremptorily given. Elliott looked to tion-" Why, this is the head-piece the spot where a few minutes before he could of Ebenezer Lawson — his name is differn, even in the darkness, the tall form of | written inside-and oh! horrible! he must differn, even in the darkness, the tall form of laws now have been murdered, for here is the mark laws he spirited away from the laws of a bollet which has penetrated it. Return the ramparts? I hope he may live.

> rebels!" "Revenge - revenge - revenge upon the Irish Papists!" was the hoarse echoing response of the infuriated men who, with torch and matchlock, stood upon the ram-

> "Where did you say, Elliott, did the murderer cross the wall?" inquired Ludlow

"The man seemed to me," said Elliott, to clamber over the rampart at the very place where you are now standing. He did not do so with great agility, as he seemed to bear some burden with him; and as he disappeared, I fancied I heard the smothered cry of an infant."

"You heard aright," answered Ludlow; the boy thus spirited away is the son of one of the most notorious rebels, and whose transportation for the West Indies had been specially directed by his Highness the Lord Protector. The importance of the boy may be seen from the efforts of his adherents. To rescue him, you observe how Lawson has been barbarously murdered to rescue, him-to take him out of my hands -the traitor, who has just passed through our lanks unscathed, assaulted me in a passage leading from the torture-chamber, struck me to the earth-but why stop wildly talking here when he, the villain, as well as the young rebel he seeks to rescue, may be captured. Here, soldiers, use your torches, examine wall and moat, and then pass to the other side; leave not a house in Sheep-street unexplored."

As Ludlow was thus speaking, the whizzing of an arrow was heard, and at the same moment the Captain was observed to fall upon his back, even though the weapon which struck him was ropelled by the strength and thickness of his breastplate.

A cry of indignation burst from the Cromwellians, when they witnessed this assault upon their leader.

"The rebels challenge us to the conflict, said Ludlow, as he raised himself from the earth. "Instead of evading pursuit they he heard the steps of a person approaching | court it. Look, men, to the other side, and if you can see any living person there, discharge your pieces."

"I think," cried one of the soldiers, "I can discern something lying on the edge of the mont on the other side, that has all the appearance of a human body stretched upon the earth, as if the person so lying were seeking to conceal himself."

"Fire, soldiers, at whatever you can see that bears the semblance of a forman," cried Cantain Ludlow.

A discharge of musketry succeeded this command, and it was followed by a heavy groan on the other side of the most, whilst, as if in reply to it, there was the flight of a single arrow, which, directed with a botter aini than its predecessor, struck slantingly on the cheek of Ludlow, inflicting, as it ploughed its way, an awful and ghastly wound, and dashing him with a cry of agony to the earth, where he lay without sense or motion.

The soldiers gathered for an instant around their fallen commander; but perceiving that the wound, though severe, was not mortal. they eagerly inquired what was to be done.

"In consequence of the disaster that has befallen your leader," remarked Elliott, as he stood upon his post, "I would recommend you to remove him at once to his own quarters, where he can be visited, and his wound tended by his own chirurgeon. I would then advise a file of men to pass to the other side of the most, and look to the condition of the person whose moans are so plainly to be heard even here. Be the person friend or foe, he should, because wounded, be attended with care."

Soldiers are more accustomed to obey commands than to inquire into the authority of him by whom they are issued; and, therefore, the directions of Elliott were at once acted upon. Captain Ludlow was removed from the

Castle ramparts in a state of insensibility; and a file of soldiers, divesting themselves of headpieces, breastplates, and cloaks, plunged into the mont, and chambered up to the opposite bank, where, in an instant afterwards, one of them was heard thus crying out :-

"Help! help! help!"
"What is the matter?" asked John Elliott. utterly forgetting, in the excitement of so many unlooked-for events, the strict performance of his duty, and rushing over to the rampart where he heard the dismal cry for help. "What is the matter with you? Why do

you cry for help?" asked Elliott. "Help! help! help!" exclaimed the soldiers on the other side of the mont.

"What, I say, is the matter?" cried Elliott. impatiently.
"Help! help! help! Oh! the dismal

"What is it? Why do you not speak?" ngain asked Elliott. "Ah! poor Ebenezer Lawson!" said the soldier.

"Well-well-well-what of him?" asked

Elliott. "Ah! here he is wounded by the discharge of our musketry. We found his mouth gag-ged, his arms and legs tied together, and his clothes as wet as if they had been steeping in

the Castle ditch for half an hour. We have cut the cords that bound his limbs; we have removed the gag from his mouth; but still he is unable to speak—he has, we know not how many gun-shot wounds in hands, legs, and body. Send us aid to remove him." The wounded man had been removed; the

silence of the still night had succeeded to the clamorous cries of infuriated troopers; the followers of Ludlow had dispersed, and John Elliott was left alone and solitary in charge of the postern gate. He paced up and down

"What," said he musingly to himself. what can be the reason that a young person so exalted in rank, and of such ancient line age as one of the Ludlows of Wiltshire, should sock out as his associate, and the confident for "Slain him!" exclaimed Elliott; "I know too young for an infant with any rightful estates in Ircland—probably the head of som clan-like that of Owen Roe O'Neill. Lawson said something of a Colonel Fitzpatrick-yes that must be the case; and then the braven of the young Irishman-for the person who twice passed me, I marked him well, could not be more than eighteen years of age. What a gallant, glorious, fearless youth he must be 77hat risks; what peril of life and limb, o self to for the purpose of preserving a young child that may never live to repay him even with barren thanks! And these things are not only attempted but achieved by the Irish whom I have been taught to despise and coutemn, and that Lawson says he hates-an now that I think of Lawson, how richly he has deserved all that he has received venge-revenge-revenge upon the Irish if it were only to explain that my. tery. Mystery! mystery! what is one. entire life, but an incomprehensible myster, What this whole live-long night but at almost incredible mystery, in which the only thing that is plain to me, and the only matte of which I am positive sure is, that the headpiece of Lawson suffered no injury from an Irish rebel, and that the bullet that pentrated it was discharged from no other mateilock than that which my own hand grasp. I am sure of that—I am in doubt about every. thing else-in doubt and difficulty upon all I have heard, and all I have seen. It was I fired at, and shot through Lawson's helmet that I know, and beyond that I know nothing."

CHAPTER 11.

The old tavern or coffee-house, vii. Cock," in Cook-street, was for a long time onof the most celebrated houses of entertain. ment in the City of Dublin; but at no period was its same better established, nor its publiroom more crowded from mid-day to mki. night, than during the last ten years of the reign of Charles the Second. It was the reson of persons of various classes and conditions in life. Courtiers from the Castle, merchants from the quays, wealthy shopkeepers from Castlestreet and Dame-street, and the gentry from distant parts of Ireland, all met on terms of perfect equality within its walls, and cach could select for himself a small box or compartment, which served the purposes of private room whilst acting as the hostowards those he chose for the night as his associates.

In the large dining-hall of "the Conthere was thus combined together all the advantages of select society and of general publicity. All sat within view of each other; but each box or compariment was regarded as a reserved spot, into which no stranger ventured to intrude, unless specially invited to do so by the person who had first taken his seat there.

"The Cock" was not a tavern or entiaghouse alone; for a considerable portion of the premises was devoted to the purposes of an inn, and hence there might not unfrequently be seen cowering in the darkest corners of itpublic room persons of an inferior condities. in life to those who composed its usual com-

pany. These strangers were easily distinguishable for the most part, not less by their coandress, and the humble fare of which they parook, than by their broad Irish tongue trast as great to the pure English spoken by the Castle office-holders, as to the assumed Anglified tones, or bastard English accent of the Anglo-Irish citizens of Dublin.

Upon a warm summer evening in the Year 1679, there might be observed sitting alone it one of the boxes of the public room of "the Cock," a small man of middle age, and is whose face or appearance there was nothin, remarkable beyond the fact that on his right cheek there was a long, red streak, which seemed to be the trace of an old wound. This man had not, with the exception of the sear upon his face, the semblance of ever having been a soldier His head was stooped, hiface thin and haggard, his large, grey, covelous eyes, which he seldom raised to look around, and his shrinking, timid, reserved manner were the embodiment of a man whose life was devoted to some unmilitary, lucrative pursuit, and in which profit was sought for by every means it could be grasped at. The dress a plain grey suit of fine cloth, was in accordance with the seeming mercantile profession of the wearer; and the sword he wore, then the indispensable emblem of a gentleman by birth and position, was not in contradiction

This man might be observed (and he was noticed from the moment he entered the cofee-room) to look up from time to time towards the door, as if he were waiting the arrival of some one with whom he had made an appointment. The degon of claret which he had ordered upon entering the room lay was tasted before him, whilst his only amusement or occupation was to twine his fingers from time to time in the well-crisped curling riselets of the long jet black, and in contrast to his features, too youthful peruque which corered his head, and flowed down upon his back

neck, and shoulders. In a box almost directly opposite to this man there was scated alone, and apparently fully occupied with his dinner of a roast fowl and a taskard of fosming beer, an aged smooth-faced, coarsed-dressed countryman. whose full, dark eyes were seldom raised from the table before him, and who sitting with his face half turned away from the company, and towards the wall, had, by chance or derign. thrown himself into a position in which, without seeing the company, he could be certain of hearing the general conversation going en around him.

Truth compels us to say, that if this was the design of the rustic, such was the tone of morals then generally prevailing, that noither the topics that were then fashionable, nor the mode of discussing them, could have tended to his edification or instruction. He might have learned amid sneers, and jibes, and laughter, what vices of the English court had been imported into Dublin, and he might have informed himself what was the nature of the last profane joke, or loose poem, or disgustias, ballad, with the habits and previous lives of the most popular actresses or Whitehall belief. All that tavern knowledge which contaminates by communication was within his reach, if he chose to take advantage of the opportunity of acquiring it. It was almost certain that he did not do so, for his manner, his attitude, and his look, were unchanged whilst this vain and wicked prattle was going on around him. Such however, was not the case when he heard, from the box opposite to him, the words:-