

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT a furious, 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-soldier, or a cowardly captain for a leader; enough to mope as I did the fugitives in the cave near Dundalk, where we smoked them out of their hiding hole!

define the cause, but both stopped, leaning over the wall; and the first to resume the conversation was Elliott.

have to say to a sentinel on duty, whilst under my command, has reference to the affairs of the Commonwealth.

the torture to exert from her the secrets of the rebels, the hiding-places of her kindred, the plots and projects if any were known to her of the loyalists.

wide 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 light of at least twenty torches borne in the hands of his followers.

What, said he musingly to himself, what can be the reason that a young person so exalted in rank, and of such ancient lineage as one of the Ludlows of Wiltshire, should seek out as his associate, and the confidant of his secrets, a person so low in birth as Ebenezer Lawson? What common interest can bind two such persons together?