## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.-MAY 5, 1871

|  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | Innis |  |  |  |
| -tinted trees or of purple rocks where rich | flashing in the light, were spread beneath b | $1$ | ing to night a swrim of citizens is engaged in ren- <br> dem impregnable. I was examining the |  |
|  |  | ist |  | Trisu Rrgistuar-Gexzrit's Rapome.-The I |
| led them dovn iuto a deep and narrow glen |  |  |  |  |
| where, throwing off their embroidered togas | ${ }_{\text {ctas }}^{\substack{\text { stan } \\ \text { was }}}$ | indeed, , weing closed "by conmmad," and during |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| passes, the lithe and griectul Clotaire, who was |  |  |  |  |
| mplished |  |  |  |  |
| plunged and bent the carth and uir like a wild |  |  |  |  |
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| $\begin{aligned} \text { Hoon } \\ \text { Iryy } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| thou wo |  |  |  |  |
| ied Ulric, sullenly | and dale, over moor and brac, |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |
| est |  |  |  |  |
|  | tix |  |  |  |
| Nary, Conut of Hcideibery, I am no boist- |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| cinmetr, sad let us be liricus,") said Clotaire, |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Thou wilt forget my |  |  |  |  |
| I; but I itecept thy weqe, |  |  |  |  |
| his idecrssury. | nt |  |  |  |
| , | there, except those sweet sounds which tem. |  |  |  |
|  | Tuiize the soul in sotitude. The moan of the |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| joyons nuture, rejoicect that the amimosity |  |  |  |  |
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| se |  |  |  |  |
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| $\begin{aligned} & \text { eld in the intercourse of the two } \text { ra } \\ & \text { me friendship of Castor and Pollux. } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  |  |
| There is monel ness for us to-d |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| lifting his bright, expectint fike. "If the winds could tills, |  |  |  |  |
| ars from home. No. But it |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| tidings.". And he dipped lisis liand in a small | cn |  |  |  |
|  | 兂 |  |  |  |
| threw the clear witer from the hollow of hir hand on the cirth. "Now for thy news." | the sight of Momian insprired him tenderness. He tonclied her fice |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | vith green wreaths weund roumt their ly limets, ind |  |
| fin Yond |  |  |  |  |
| The stronghold on youder height be | Eaza on those beatutitu ind inotionless features | - |  |  |
| al heir, w |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| , it |  |  |  |  |
| of a hunt once mare.", exclaimed | "Flyl My brother Abirris approaches!- |  |  |  |
| flashing, |  |  |  |  |
| "Inte | It was the Prince of Munstr who spoke the wizrung. Ulic of Heidellery was with hin, |  |  |  |
| tee |  |  |  |  |
|  | pre |  |  |  |
| $\frac{\text { gallunt a bar }}{\text { But here lic }}$ | " |  |  |  |
| "We |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| are assembled, and wait our coming; the beat- gles are unleuslod, and tho wolfdors horvl to |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| "Wreapons? Trarge, slield, mud spear are |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | groom of the woods. By this time the wolf. |  |  |  |
|  | dags had fonud the eare,sssof the cruage beest |  |  |  |
| ${ }_{\text {cod }}$ |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| dimost | , | me |  |  |
| winds toward tie etronglıld of Imuistore |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| istore stood the noble mil 1 | on slic went, over the |  |  |  |
| Stine of Muns |  |  |  |  |
|  | wild weird connnotion of the surf leciting on |  |  |  |
| , | the clifs sadd rusking up into |  |  |  |
| lis honors bravely. His large blue eyes and | Wlich indented the shore sla | $\begin{gathered} \text { itisin } \\ \text { tion } \end{gathered}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| lotic figure aud noble atr, made hima a fine | gasping, panting, und trembling, and Iooked |  |  |  |
| ${ }^{\text {o of flue highier flasses of lis }}$ | Cagerly aroud for a place of shelice, when she |  |  |  |
| S findy-proportioned limbs were co |  |  |  |  |
| caftron-colorred silk, \#istenced with |  |  |  |  |
| ds | ba |  |  |  |
| thae closa sieeves of at aming mantle of some |  |  |  |  |
| as he could d |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | be Continued.) |  |  |  |
| of Bretagne, and followed by Ab |  |  |  |  |
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