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THE WHITETHORN TREE.

A LEGEND OF KILCOLMAN CASTLE.

From Legends of the Wars in Ireland, by Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D.

CHAPTER III. - (CONTINUED.)

"Rody," said he, "where is Remy of the

Glen and the horsemen ?" "They're below in the ould Castle o' Kilcolman, captin; but come on down to 'em, for they're in riglar currywhibles about somethin',

an' wanting you badly." When they had proceeded for some time through the forest, Rody stopped. "There captin, is the ould castle beyont there; an' here is the glin fwhare all the horses are left for me to mind. So come down now, captin, an' let me put your horse wid the rest.'

John of the Bridle dismounted, and, guided by Rody, led his horse to a deep hollow in the forest, with bushy precipices all around it; and here, feeding upon heaps of dried grass, stood between forty and fifty horses, accoutred, and ready for their owners. Leaving his horse among them to the care of Rody, John proment, the principal hall of the castle, lit by a

himself, at the very time we wanted him," ex-claimed the young man. "I bleeve 'twas the Good People themselves that sent him."

of the troops that came out from Doneraile?"

"First an' foremost, captin," said Remy of respect paid to his opinions by his comrades, appeared to have the command in the absence we're waiting to know would you come; an' second, we have a plan made out among ourselves that'll maybe settle with them throopers -for they're now coming over the hills back to Doneraile - better than if we met them on the hills; an' - aur vonom ! - 'twill give us ambush outside in the wood, an' five or six more are over on the height; an' the very minnit that the throopers get a look at them, they're to run back here, an' never stir out o' them out. Dhar Dhia! when we ketch himself and his throopers among these ould thraps o' walls, but I'll soon have a betther helmet that they soon had a great heap of half-witherthan this rusty ould grissid on my head at pre- ed boughs, grass, and fern, piled up beside the sent!"

see that this was an excellent plan for settling threw their bundles from them into the dooraccounts with the troopers. The only improvement he would suggest was that he should go | filled up with combustibles ready for the ignithimself and head the ambuscade. He found ing spark. The heap was now set on fire, and the men outside crouched among the thick un- all thronged around, - even the Reverend derwood of the forest, and waiting with impatience for the coming of their enemies. In to be a witness,-and stood in immense satisthe meantime those who served for a decoy sat faction at the idea of the sport they were to upon the summit of a steep height, looking have in the charitable work of roasting half-awestward upon a troop of about thirty horse- dozen of their fellow-creatures; and so intent ready to prevent his victim from making any men, returning from their murdering expedi- were they on the interesting operation, that movement of escape. John instinctively movtion. Suddenly one of the troopers looked up, summit, pointed them out to his leader, the led by John of the Bridle, came slowly but he was grasped first, and sword and dagger and, beholding the wild-looking figures on the into his horse's flanks, dashed towards them, these vengeful men, stealing through the brushfollowed by his men. Away rushed the others, making a circuit in order to avoid the hollow where the horses were concealed, and were just the rear of the terrified troopers; and at the in among their comrades when the troopers appeared in front of the castle upon the shore of | as by the blast of a tempest, from the doorway, the lake.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed one of them, as he en-

Boru, bud they have nate horses!" All inside now arose, and stood darkly around Remy of the Glen, their arms flashing in hate shining in their wild countenances as they | Zion, and a few others with equally astounding listened for the onset of their enemies. Remy now looked out, and beheld through the shat. The horse of John of the Bridle, hearing the lake, apparently deliberating on the best me- Rody, and darted down to scene of conflict. again to his prostrate captive.

The Black Captain now gave some orders, at were careering in all directions around Lough sore blow in the cave, an for crossing Thiege body of horsemen were now advancing, whom, which they all dismounted; and one of them, a Ullair. On riding somewhat more than a mile Folling Dearg in his love." And, so saying, notwithstanding the distance, he instantly low-sized, lank-visaged, but stout man, who in pursuit of Burn-the-Gentiles, who had turned he made John of the Bridle arise and march off knew to be his own comrades. As they drew went by the euphonious name of Corporal in a different direction from his comrades, John in the direction of the Fairy Whitethorn; nearer, he could distinguish that one horse was Ebenezer Kick-the-Goad, advanced to the gate- of the Bridle reined in his horse; for the re- Folling Dearg keeping close behind, with a without a rider, and that a female, scated beway of the eastle.

Amalekites, or ye shall die the death of wolves. whom ye imitate, betaking yourselves to dens and caverns to avoid the path of the just and chosen!'

The answer was a couple of bullets from the inside, one of which stretched him by the gate. wounding him severely; the other breaking the leg of the Black Captain's horse, which stood on the shore in almost a direct line behind

" Now, by the soul of Abraham !" said the captain, "they shall die. Follow me, children he first cast away his own old rusty helmet, of Zion, and we'll send their souls from you and arrayed himself in the bright morion and den flash now illuminated the far-off horizon. upon him, when the female sprang lightly from unhallowed den to get an eternal taste of the punishments awaiting God's accursed."

at length, he stood before the ruined outworks side. The besieged, on their part, were not a satisfactory manner. of Kilcolman. Here he was met by a short, idle; for, as the troopers came clambering up Whilst engaged in admiring themselves in dark man, who stood as sentinel by the broken the gateway, and through the ragged apertures their new habiliments, they heard a shrick begate, and who told him to go in at once, for of the outworks, they were saluted by a volley hind them: and, on turning round, beheld those inside were impatiently expecting him. from the doorway which killed several of them. Alice O'Brien running towards them, pursued On entering the dilapidated doorway, before and sent the Black Captain rolling over and by a tall, dark woman who seemed blind with him opened an arch-roofed and gloomy apart- over in his death agony almost down to the fury, for she still came on quite unheeding the shore of the lake. Finding their reception a threatening gestures of Remy and his comrades. great fire of blazing wood; which, as the chim- little too hot, the rest retreated behind the shel- Remy ran towards Alice, who fell fainting into ney and windows were all stopped up, filled the ter of the walls, in order to get time for a little his arms; and a few others laid hold on her

twenty men, -some of the owners of the horses. "an' his helmet an' back-and-breast are mine. ment described in the beginning of the first

polished arms that strewed the floor, or lay upon a gigantie, iron-visaged man, the tallest of remained hidden during the morning. Then against the craggy walls. One young man, the troop, who, as he said himself, had east came the noise of the fighting, the silence, and turning round, saw John of the Bridle, or the away as an unhallowed thing his name of the the distribution of the spoils; and Alice, hear-flesh, but amply recompensed himself by taking higher cousin Remy's voice, could hear the always led then on their wild forays. "Arrah, blur-an-ages! here is the captin the-Gentiles. This changing of names was the through a ruined window, she clambered down universal custom of the Puritans of those days, the old broken wall, pursued by the woman. Burn-the-Gentiles held the rank of sergeant, and was thus happily restored to her friends.and was an experienced and courageous soldier. The old woman now seemed calmed a little in "Twas not, then, Shamus, but the very The ambuscade had not yet come out from her fary; but, in all the varieties of abuse that worst of people that sent me here. But why their hiding-place, and it is necessary to ex- the human tongue is capable of, she commenced are ye sitting thus? and what account have ye plain the reason. The Black Captain, on to demonstrate to her capters that she was not picketing the horses, had left them in care of at all afraid of them or any thing they could Cu Allee and the Rev. Hezekiah Shout-the- do. the Glen, -a tall young fellow, the boldest and Word-from-Zion; who, although a preacher of a Take the ould bird of Satin into the castle, merriest looking of them all, and who, from the the Word, was perhaps one of the keenest-eyed an' roast her like a throut, upon the fire," said soldiers of the troop. At the moment of the one of the horsemen. first attack, the ambuscade, therefore, could | "Tie her to one o' the horse's tails, the ould of John of the Bridle, -" First an' foremost, not by any possibility come unawares on their banshee, and let him whip, like a thimble-man. enemics. Various methods were now suggested | through the forest wid her." exclaimed another. by the troopers for dislodging the besieged, but "No," said Remy, "let her go her own Burn-the-Gentiles at length proposed one which ways. We have got plenty of her already." was universally acceded to.

"the cunning of the Amoritish slaves hath pre- upon her tongue, she walked off round the lake. what we hadn't this many a day,—a little vailed for the moment. But it shall avail them and took her way in the direction of Donsport. Twenty o' the boys are now lyin' in not. Even as Sampson burned the vineyards. so shall we burn to the death those children of sin in you accursed house. Depart. Gather ye fern and the dried grass of the forest, and place it even as a burning and suffocating and this till the Black Captain begins to smoke scorching barrier before the door of the heathen."

This order was obeyed with such alacrity outer wall. Of this, each took a portion; and, John of the Bridle was strategist enough to stealing round the corners of the eastle, they way, and in a short time had the whole space Hezekiah himself coming up from the horses for, on looking up, the young horseman beheld to be a witness—and stood in immense satismen equalling themselves in number, which, wood, like panthers approaching their prey .-Suddenly, with a savage yell, they sprang upon same moment the burning heath was scattered, and out rushed Remy of the Glen and his remaining followers. Shot after shot rang around and dashing wildly up and down the hollow, tered, "we have the bloody murtherers caught the ancient castle, shout and groan and sabreat last, and by the morthial big soord o' Brian clash woke the sullen echoes of the lake: but, after some moments, a few groans, scarcely louder than the murmur of the waves against started Cu Allee with a shrill yell of vengeance, the shore, fell upon the ear: for all the troopers, and all bleeding from the fall; and, with his the red firelight, and the glow of revenge and except Burn-the-Gentiles, Shout-the-Word-from appellations, met their death in that wild onset.

useless to pursue him any farther.

In the mean time, John's men had recured make any hostile movement.

whole space inside with a thick cloud of smoke. deliberation before they renewed the attack. | pursuer, who struggled and kicked and bit in Around the fire, in various attitudes, talking, laughing, and eating, were congregated about when he saw the Black Captain rolling down; Alice and the woman were still in the aparttwenty men,—some of the owners of the horses.

The fire blazed and crackled, its red flame lighting up the wild visages of the horsemen. The command of the besiegers now devolved and glinting with picturesque effect on the half-

And, with that, she was liberated; and, leav-"Comrades in the chosen path," he said, ing Alice and the horseman, with many a curse

CHAPTER IV.

But oh! one morn I cloub a hill, To sigh alone, to weep my fill, And there Heaven's mercy sent to me My treasure rare, Ben-Erinni! Irish Ballad.

Reining up from the pursuit of Burn-the-Gentiles, John of the Bridle dismounted in a deep hollow of the forest, in order to fasten a strap of his armor which had become loosened in the fray. On sheathing his sword, and while in the act of buckling the strap, he was seized around the body and arms as if in the grasp of a giant, and dashed roughly on his back to the ground. And it was truly a giant; with an expression of triumphant hate in his massive features, and his skean in his hand, been; but the belt had been unbuckled when at this moment the attention of both was attracted to another object. It was Cu Allee, who had made his escape from the battle, and who now, darting from the thicket, was instantly clinging, like a catamount, to the saddle of John's charger. The horse, not at all relishing this companionship, commenced rearing till at length, by means of an agile spring to the bottom of a rough, gravely drain. Up long dagger gleaming in his hand, rushed after the horse, which, clearing the thicket at the verge of the hollow, gained the more open part

thod of capturing the fugitives of the castle.— John sprang upon his back, and with a few "Ha, ha!" he almost yelled, with a savage gether. He sat himself upon a fragment of Among them stood Theige the Wolf, like an others, who had each appropriated a trooper's laugh of triump, "hur is caught at last. Dhar stone, and looked around. Beneath him, tower evil spirit, grinning with glee at the prospect horse, galloped away in pursuit of the fugitives. Vurrhia! but it was like a riffinly little dog ing over the green forest, lay Kilcohnan Castle, of the exercise he was apparently to have in his while the remainder of his men rushed after follyin on the thrack of a wild wolf. An a Between him and the skirts of the forest spread darling profession of skibbioch, or hangman .- the chargers of the other dead troopers, which dog's death Shane na Shrad must die for that a slanting and rushy moorland, across which a doubtable sergeant fled with such reckless short gun ready pointed in his hand; and Cu hind a horsemon, camo on in the front of the "Come forth," he exclaimed, "ye robbing rapidity through the forest that it was quite Ailee closer still, his dagger ready to be plung- cavalende. Without waiting to see more, he

now crowded in front of the eastle, dividing the gay sunshine had flooded hill and valley; but, glad shout of recognition; on which, the led spoils of their fallen enemies. Some of their as the morning advanced, the sky was over- horse, breaking away from the rider that held own comrades had also fallen, their bodies lying strewn by layers of dull, copper-colored clouds, him, dashed down across the glen, and with side by side with those of the troopers. In the which came moving up from the eastern hori- many a gladsome neigh, came bounding toabsence of their captain, Remy was necessarily zon with the slowness and regularity of a well. wards the spot where John of the Bridle stood. the umpire; and it was amusing to see with disciplined army proceeding to battle. Not a lt was his own steed. After escaping from Cu what tact and rapidity he managed the affair. breeze stirred the leaves on the thickets; and Allee, he was caught by Rody, in the forest, Putting aside the horses to be disposed of ac- a dead and oppressive silence reigned around, an i brought in with the other horses. But a cording to the judgment of John of the Bridle. which was at length broken by a low, rumbling that more welcome surprise now awaited John, sound behind the distant mountains. A sud. The party had crossed the glen, and were close corselet of the Black Captain; then to one of It was succeeded by others, which, as they his men he gave a back-and-breast, to another came, traversed a wider arch of the heavens, ment John of the Bridle was clasping fondly All now advanced towards the gateway. fir- a sword and belt, and to some one else a belinet and by thunder, each successive peal waxing to his breast his long-lost and long-sought ecceled quickly along the forest pathway, until, ing as they went, their shot killing a few in- and so on till the whole spoil was disposed of in louder and more hollow, till the very earth love. Alice O'Brien. As the wild horsemen seemed bursting behind the hills. At length, circled round, and surveyed the meeting of the and just as Timothy of the Red Cloak and his lovers, their rugged countenances lit up with ill-favored companion, with their captive, were pleasure; and each began to tell with many descending the side of a bare mountain, a bright | rough oaths and contradictions, how and where ball of electric fire burst from the bosom of a luley had rescued Alice. black mass of cloud on the summit, and, dart | "Arrah, by the holy staff of the saint!" exing in a zigzag course along the sky, burst, claimed Remy of the Glen, "but if we're not overspreading the whole wide arch with a flood | real fortunate men! There I was this mornin', of blinding and intense brilliancy. Then came with a bare breast, an an ould rusty pot of a a dead silence, only broken by the patter of a [helmet: an here I am now with the black few heavy rain-drops, which was succeeded by ould Parliaminther's back-an'-breist, an' a an explosion so fould and hollow that the very helinet as bright as the flamin' diamond of rocks seemed tottering from their firm foundad Lough Lein. But what is it all to the bringin tions. A black column of falling rain, like a back o' my sweet cousin Alice into the arms of waterspout, now advanced up the eastern our captin, her own true an dear lover, as she heights, and spread and spread till the dark says herself? I'll bet my new belinet against moorland and steep valley were one universal Jack Burke's ould spurs that I'll grind the hiss and clatter of falling drops.

which the Ounanar, now swelled into a great torrent, rushed downward on the rocks, whirling along its jagged banks with a roar that al- they had mutually told the sorrow each felt most drowned the frequent reverberations of during the time they were separated, "little the thunder overhead. Before them the stream | you knew, when speaking to Theige of the Red tance to the junction of its two branches, stole upon me that evening at the milking bawn where its bed was broader, and consequently in Glenisheen, and took me first to his but bemore shallow. Here they changed their order side the fairy whitethorn. The black traitor! close behind, with his long dagger still glittering in his hand. Close above them the two boiling pool, whose waters, as if eager for more rock that obstructed their way to the narrow I hope, to part no more." and torn channel some distance below. The three were now past the middle of the torrent! thoughts, it is time to return to Foll-A bright blaze of lightning for an instant illuing Dearg and his sweet-faced companion. minated the gloomy valley, when, with almost They made no attempt to pursue their captive, the suddenness of the electric flash, John of for the simple reason that it was impossible for the Bridle turned round, snatched his sword- them to cross the flood; but, turning upwards belt from the shoulders of Cu Allee, and dashed along the edge of the glen, they soon reached headlong downward into the whirling current. That will current, reinforced by some roaring outer apartment Theige na Meerval was sitting tributary, now rose with fearful suddenness before them; and, to judge by the expression higher and higher, till it became too powerful of his countenance, he seemed in no very elysian for mortal strength to contend against; so the humor. They stood silent for some time, the disappointed pair, after a few unsuccessful face of each indicating in its own peculiar manplunges, were fain to scramble to the bank be- ner the dark passions aroused by disappointfore them, and leave John of the Bridle to the flood, which they supposed would dash him to pieces against the rocks beneath them in the didn't you bring Shane na Shrad here, as you glen. But the sudden swell saved him; for, promised, an' let him take his last swing from just as he was about to be shot downward through the narrow channel, he was raised high maybe he escaped ye. Ha! you said this enough to eatch at the naked roots of a giant mornin' that your revinge was so strong that ash-tree which grew upon the edge of the bank. | you could seent Shane na Shrad's footsteps With a mighty effort he heaved himself upward, and clutched one of these; scrambled they never observed the approach of a body of ed his hand to where his sword ought to have higher still, and stood all blinded by the yellow foam upon the bank where they first look for a ford across the torrent. At length he turned summit, pointed them out to his leader, the led by John of the Black Captain; who, sticking his long spurs surely to the attack behind them. On came thrown to a distance from where he lay. Just round, and shook his sword at the two as they arms, an' tore him from between us, an' threw For answer to his defiance, a bullet from the musketoon of Folling Dearg whistled across the glen, and struck with a shrill clang upon his breastplate, but, unable to penetrate the good | "why didn't you do the work you got for yoursteel, glanced aside, striking off the head of a self? There is a difference between bringin' sappling that grew hard by. Little relishing a strong man across a floody river, and coming another visitor like this, John of the Bridle round the colleen you have inside there. I struck upwards through the wood; and, on thought ye'd be in love with each other in a one side and a demivolt, he landed his rider in gaining the open heath, took his way in the minnit. Why didn't you do that work with direction of the spot where he was made pri- your sleight-o'-hand?" oner that morning.

"I'll do it yet," answered the little man, in
After crossing a high, plashy bog, he began all the energy of vindictive passion; "an' if I soner that morning.

to ascend a stone-strewn hill, on whose summit | can't," continued he, laying his hand upon his rose a cairn,-probably an ancient landmark, dagger, "there's some sleight-o'-hand in this, or some monumental heap, creeted long ago of the forest, and was soon safe from the resent over some chief who had fallen in battle among maker." new tooked out, and benefit through the snat. The noise of John of the Bridle, nearing the ment of his pursuer. Felling Dearg turned the hills. The rain now began to abate, and, the hills. The rain now began to abate, and, as he stood beside the cairn, had ceased alto-upon Cn Allee's gad," said Folling Dearg.

ed into the back of their captive, should be now set off across the moor, as quickly as he could, towards a deep glen at the same time. the horses, and brought them in; and were. During the early part of that day, a burst of they soon observed him, and gave a wild and behind Remy of the Glen, and the next mo-

iss and clatter of falling drops.

Unstayed for a moment by the gloom and their weddin'! And, with that he turned loud deluging of the storm. John of the Bridle his spurs inward, and, in the excess of his deand his captors proceeded over the bogs till light, commenced driving his horse in an inthey reached the edge of the deep glen through | finite number of capers and gambadoes around the splashing bog.

"Little you knew, John," said Alice, after was too deep and violent to attempt a passage | Cloak about restoring me, that it was be and across; so they proceeded upwards some dischis men bore me away into the hills. They of march, and began to wade the torrent, Foli- did he think that I could give my heart to such ing Dearg in front of the captive, and Cu Allee as he, -a betrayer among his own companions, and to his native country? When he found it all in vain, he took me away to Kilcolman, and streams rushed into one, forming a black and left me with his sister, to sell me to the Black Captain,—he who, they tell me, lies beyond noisy strife, issuing out, foamed and hissed and there by the wall of the eastle. But I am roared hoarsely around the many fragments of rescued; and now, my dearest John, we meet,

> Leaving John and Alice to their happy their hut, opposite the whitethorn. In its ment. Na Meerval was the first to break it:

"Cu Allee's work is over, is it? An' why the branch of the whitethorn outside? Or thro' coom an' forest, wherever he went.'

"My curse upon this roarin' flood undher us!" exclaimed Folling Dearg, "when we were crossin', and so far that we couldn't get back here agin, it, I may say, took him in its him safe upon the bank we left. An' he's gone. My black an' heavy an' burnin' curses upon him, night, noon, and mornin'!"

"Yes: Cu Allee's work!" said that worthy: round the colleen you have inside there. I

an' I'll make it help me, an' be my match