# The 

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

# a legend of rilcolman castle. 

From Legendo of the Wars in Frrelund, iy Robert Duyyer
chapter m.-(continled.)
"Rody," gaid he, "where is Rewy of the
Gen and the horsemen? ?
"They're below in the ould Cnstle o' Killool.
man, captin; , but conve on down to ele, for
they re in riglar currywhibles about somethin'
an wanting you buady
When ohey had proceeded for some time
Whrough the forest, Rody stopped. "There
captin, is the ould castle beyaut there; an'
herc is the glin fylare all the loorses are left
for me to mind. So come dotin now; , captin.
an lot me of the Bridle dismounted, and, guided by Rody, led his horse to a decp hollow in the forest, with bushy precipices all around it; atood between forty and fitty horses, accoutrel and rea them to the care of Rody, John pro-
anong
ceeded quickly along the forcst pathway, until. at length, he stood before the ruiued outworks
of Kilcolman. Here he was wet by a short,
dark man, who stowd as sentinel by the bruken dark man, who stood as sentinel by the broken
gate, and who told him to yo in at onec. for
those inside were impatiently expecting hium. nentering the dilapidated doorway, before
im opened au arch-roofed and gloomy apartment, the principal hall of the castle, lit by great fire of blazing wood; which, as the chim-
ney and windows were all stopped up, filled the hole space inside with a thick eloud of swoic. jaughing, and eating, were congreyrated about Thenty fire blized and crackled, its red flame lighting up the wild visuges of the horseme and ghinting with picturesque effect on the hath-
polished arus that strewed the floor, or lay against the craggy Walls. One yountr in:in,
turuing round, saw Jolno the Bridle; or the
Captain, as they called him; for it was he that Captain, as they called him; for it
almays led then on their mild forays
 himself, at the rery time
clained the young nan.
Good People themiselves "Ihat sent him.
"Twas not, then, Shamus, but the very
worst of people that sent me here. But why are ye sitting thus"? and what account have se
of the troops that came out from Doneraile ?! of the troops thitt came out from Doneraile ? the (glen,-a tall young fellor, the boldest aut respect paid to his opinions by his comriades, appeared to have the command in the absence
of John of the Bride, -" First an' foremust, we're waiting to hoow would you come; an'
second, we have a plau made out among oursecives that'll maybe sictle with them throopers -for they're now coming orer the hills back to Doncraile - better than if we met them on
the hills; au' - aur vonom / - 'twill give us what we hadn't this many a das,-i little sport. Twenty o' the boys are now lyin' in
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, in' never stir out $\mathrm{o}^{\prime}$ this till the Bhack Captain begius to smoke
them out. Dhar Dhia! when we ketch himuself and his throopers anong these ould thraps $o^{\prime}$ walls, but I'll soon have a betther belmet
dam this rusty ould grissid on my head at pre-

John of the Bridle was strategist cuough to
sec that this was an excellent plan for settling sec that this was an excellent plan for settling
accounts with the troopers. The only improvement he would suggrest was that he should go himself and head the athbuscade. He found
the men outside crouched ancor the thick underwood of the forcst, and wiating vith impitience for the coming of their conemies. In upon the summit of a stecp height, looking Westrard upon a troop of about thirty horse-
men, returning from their nurdering expedition. Suddenly one of the troopers looked up, sua, beholding the wild-looking tigures on the Black Captain; Who, sticking his longs spurs into his horse's flanks, dashod towards them, followed by his men. Away rushed the others,
making a circuit in order to avoid the hollow where the horses were concealed, and were just peared in their comrades when the troopers ap-
the lake.
!' exclained one of then, as he entered, "we have the bloody murtherers caurht
at last, and by the morthial big soord o' Brian at last, and by the morthial big
Boru, bud they have nate horses
All inside now arose, and stood darkly the red femy of the Glen, their arms flashing in hate shining in their wild countenances as they now looked out, and beheld through the shat-
tared outworks the troopers in a cluster by the
lake, apparently deliberating on the best me-


