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TURLOUGH O'BRIEN;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER LIV.—OF GLINDARRAGH CASTLE AND ALL WHO MET THERE.

The events which follow are matter of history. The siege and treaty of Limerick—the death of the Duke of Tyrconnell—and the flight of the Wild Geese, as tradition still calls the departure of the Irish regiments for the shores of France, to fill, as they afterwards did, all Europe with the renown of the Irish Brigade—on these events we need not dwell. But one intervening occurrence of a private kind, and of small interest, indeed, to the reader, though of some importance to our tale, it is here necessary to record; this is the death of old Sir Thomas Neville—now past a full mouth or more—and to which, as an explanatory fact, and as such only (without disrespect to his memory) allusion has now been made.

It was in the month of October, 1691, that the French ship in which Sarsfield was about to embark, floated with her white canvas spread, on the bosom of the noble Shannon. Standing with one foot on the gunwale of the boat, which was about to row him to the vessel's side, Lord Lucan, for the last time, wrung the hand of Turloch O'Brien.

'Had you done otherwise,' he said, in conclusion, 'I should never have forgiven you; and what is more, neither would the king. You have redeemed your engagements to his Majesty well and nobly; honor imposes on you now another, and I trust, a happier allegiance. May she to whom it is due, prove all that rumor says of her—I can wish you no greater happiness. Remember all I've said to you of friends and country; and so, farewell—farewell.'

The boat skimmed the blue waves of the glorious river—a few minutes more, and the tall vessel floated down with wind and tide; the noble exile, as he stood upon the quarter-deck, waving his hat to the friends who watched his departure, under the shadow of that now deserted fortress—the ancient town of Limerick—which his energy and daring had so well defended.

Turloch O'Brien having watched the departing vessel until the figures upon her deck grew dim and indistinct, mounted his charger, Roland, and was soon far upon his way to Glindarragh Castle.

Upon the same day it was, that Sir Hugh's carriage, in which travelled himself and his daughter, Grace Willoughby, also approached, though by a different route, the castle of Glindarragh.

The last miles of a journey, especially when it is to end with home, are invariably the most irksome. The roads were broken, and the progress of the vehicle in which he sat, so intolerably tedious, that the old knight's impatience could brook it at length no longer. He descended on foot, to cross the fields by a pathway which, traversing the now desolate farm of Drumgunniol, led pretty directly to the bridge of Glindarragh.

As the old man strode firmly through the straggling bushes, and marked the blackened ruins of the farm-house—these striking memorials of the troublous times so lately passed suggested irresistibly their corresponding associations of persons and of adventure—associations which haunted Sir Hugh, until, as he walked through the shadowy ruins of the old abbey of Glindarragh, he involuntarily exclaimed—'Unhappy wretch'—ill-fated Tisdal! what chance, I wonder, has befallen him.'

He was startlingly answered by a groan; and looking a little to the left, he saw, at a distance of but a few yards before him, seated upon a fragment of some dislodged and ruined tomb, the identical Tisdal with whom his imagination even then was busy; his hair grown thin and grey; his lank hands supporting his stooping head, and his dress soiled and tattered—a spectacle, indeed, of wretchedness.

Sir Hugh looked fixedly upon him, and, perhaps, something of pity softened the sternness of his regard.

The man—who had, indeed, seen him as he approached—arose, and turning sullenly away, walked some paces slowly into the ruin. He stopped, however—hesitated—returned, and threw himself at his old patron's feet. Strange and various were the impulses which crossed the mind of old Sir Hugh as he beheld this spectacle. His generous nature triumphed, however, and in a tone of deep sorrow he called on him to rise.—It was long ere that call was answered.

A strange conversation ensued! it concluded thus—

'It seems, indeed, the wisest, if not the only course left for you,' said Sir Hugh. 'In the new world, with the ocean between you and the scenes of all your troubles and remorse, you will have security at least, if not happiness. Of your property here I will become the purchaser.—Agree with my attorney in Dublin—you know

him well—and for your present necessities take this.'

Sir Hugh placed some gold in his hand as he spoke. The wretched man was unable to answer. At last he said—

'A wretch like me has no blessing to give;—but—but your own heart will bless you for this.'

He turned abruptly, as it seemed, unwilling to trust himself with another word, and walking hurriedly through the mouldering walls, was soon out of sight; but the old knight thought he heard him sobbing as he went.

Oh, how immeasurably happier was Sir Hugh, as he pursued his homeward path, than if he had turned sternly away from the prostrate, though guilty, suppliant.

The happiness of that day no words of ours can paint. What blessings, what welcomes back again, what tears of joy! Old Sir Hugh—simple and eager as a boy in his delight—attended by his favorite dogs—bounding and yelping round him in affectionate ecstasies, and by many a beaming face of humble friendship—revisits his horses and his hawks, handles once more his trusty birding-piece, again tries the spring and balance of his pet trout-rod, and, in short, like an emancipated schoolboy, let loose upon the yet untried delights of holiday time, hovers in rapturous uncertainty among the conflicting attractions of a hundred joyous and familiar sports. As thus he whiles whole hours away, which fly almost like minutes, Grace, once more, with her old nurse, signs in her quaint, darksome chamber. Those who had not seen her since she went forth, full two years since, might mark some change, though not unpleasant, in the buoyant, impetuous girl who then departed—something subdued, more tender, though not sadder, in the rich nobleness of her beauty; her high and graceful carriage had more of settled dignity; her affections, too, not warmer, but more disciplined; yet was she still more simple, true, generous as ever, only she had grown less a girl and more a woman.

'Well, well, a cushla,' said the old woman, archly, as she held up her tremulous finger, and looked with a puckered smile into the blushing face and laughing eyes of her darling; 'did not I say the old song was coming out; if it did not come true one way, it will another. There he stood on Glindarragh bridge, sure enough, and the leaf of the shamrock in the bone of his forehead—as who can deny that same, and the jewel on his arm; it's well I mind that night, for the jewel was yourself, mavourneen, that hung so beautiful round his arm, that frightful evening. The Lord be thanked that it's over, and gone for ever and ever; an' a bright, precious, glorious jewel you were, an' are, my colleen beg inoe.—An' under the old hall, sure enough, where the cider, an' the beer, an' the butter, an' all the rest, is stored away—for though they call it the store-loft now, the old hall it is—an' the hall you might hear the old people callin' it to this day—under the hall, sure enough, he stabled his horse, an' into the castle he's coming now for good; and' so the old song's come true, and' all's out but the endin' of it. Well, well, ye can hush that betwixt ye; and if the castle ever goes away from the O'Briens agin—for the want of an heir, at least—it's your own fault, you rogue, an' no one else's—mind my words;—for there is not a handsomer or a cleverer gentleman in Ireland's grounds, than that same Colonel—that same Turloch Duv O'Brien.'

Ere the blushing and half-laughing girl could chide her old nurse, the clang of horse's hoofs were heard in the court-yard—

'He's coming, he's here,' she cried; and starting up, she threw her arms about the old woman's neck, and kissed her again and again; and then ran with a bounding heart and a glowing cheek, down to the stately parlor, with its dark wainscoting and its solemn files of ancestral portraits.

There, among those old family memorials, stood the breathing representative of that new alliance; which was to bury in love's oblivion, all the feuds and disorders of the past. Yes, Turloch O'Brien—happy, thrice happy, in the true love of this devoted, and beautiful girl, with tumultuous greeting folds her to his heart, and, with the privilege of the betrothed, kisses her burning cheek—nay, kisses her very lips. Oh, joyous meeting; oh, ecstasy unutterable; too wildly happy for tears—too deep for laughter; yet trembling and gushing with the mysterious confluence of both; what raptures of affection in every look; what boundless tenderness in the hushed tones of every word.

Leave we them to talk together, to look on one another—to talk and look, and look and talk again, in fullness of happiness, while hours untold fly by with giddy speed.

Alas! there is one for whom this welcome hour hath brought no joy; who sits lonely and sorrow-stricken in the midst of the general happiness. Near the deserted mill, upon the woody slope, in that quaint cottage, sheltered by tufted thorns and knotted oaks, and wooed and sung to

by the wayward stream—sits in the lone case—ment a pale, faded, but still beautiful creature.—Her wan cheek leans upon her little hand. Her deep, dark eye wanders from the waring bramble to the foaming stream, but vacantly, for images unseen by others fill its sad vision, and wet its lashes with glittering tears.

Alas! poor little Phebe—lonely, lonely watcher—desolate and gentle creature—hoping ever on, in spite of sorrow and cold neglect, and long delays. Alas! shall joy ever more light up thy pale face with smiles; shall the day ever come, indeed, when he shall fold thee to his heart again—when his voice shall murmur the charmed music of his boundless love into thy longing ear—when his lips shall kiss away thy tears, and bid thee grieve no more; or is the hope, the one hope on which thy very life has sung, after all, but an illusion?

Hark! the unwonted clank of horse's hoof disturbs the day-dream of the solitary mourner; and now a step upon the stair; a voice—oh! blessed sound!—oh, heaven; can it be? Like a startled bird, toward that voice she flies, and, with one wild cry of joy, drops senseless into Percy Neville's arms.

'My wife—my darling—my adored—my own! and! and do I see you?—and do I hold you fast, indeed; indeed, once more? Phebe, darling Phebe, speak to me!—look up!—it is I, Percy, your own Percy, who will never, never, while he lives, part from you more.'

Weeping; oh, how bitterly! with very ecstasy of joy, her thin arms strained about his neck, sobbing and nestling in his bosom she lay.

'And could you, could you think your own Percy would ever, of his choice even for an hour leave you? Oh, could you think that all the world would tempt me to forsake you, dearest, my own, my idolized? Yes, darling, smile—smile through your tears; for we are met, indeed, never again—oh, never, while we live, to part!'

Oh, what rapture of affection! what greetings! what tears and blessings! what hopes for long and happy years to come! hopes, unlike too many of their human kindred, destined to be realized. What confidence, what mingled tears and smiles—what shall we say? Better to hold our peace, and leave these to the kindly reader's fancy.

Never in the Hall of Glindarragh was wedding feast half so joyous before. The old knight sat again at the head of his board, the very impersonation of gracious hospitality and cordial welcome, Grace and Turloch O'Brien, as be seems the bride and bridegroom, at his right, and at his left Percy Neville and his own sweet Phebe; and beyond them good friends and neighbors true, and tenants and dependants. What hilarity, what happiness, what blushing and quizzing and laughter and toasting—what clattering of knives and forks, what huzzaing medley of many voices, what booming and squeaking of a full dozen of bagpipes, at least, straining in preparation for the coming dance, outside in the lobbies; what a jostling and crossing and confusion of servants, and not one sour or gloomy face to be seen among them all. Even Dick Goslin's sallow countenance glowed faintly in the reflected radiation of the general jollity and good humor, while Tim Dwyer in good fellowship and agreeability, absolutely overdid himself; and, as he was after heard to remark, despaired of ever coming up to it again, or anything like it, to his dying day.

But all this was nothing to Con Donovan; he was a sublimation of himself; his grandeur was never so grand before, his smiles never so luminous, his jokes were irresistible; the very twinkling of his eyes bewitching; his portliness seemed to have expanded and rounded; the very whiteness of his hair was whiter, and the redness of his face more rubicund. He was Con Donovan intensified and exaggerated a hundred-fold, as he stood, absolutely radiating with a kind of glory around him, behind the chair of his indulgent and beloved old master. This is, indeed, delightful, when every face you look upon beams with the glow of cordial, kindly merriment—when the tides of sympathy, like springs unlocked in sudden laws, gush genially and unrestrained; and all the clatter and rude uproar of jolly sound is harmonized by some soft undercurrent of pervading melody, as it were the sweet singing of so many hearts from very joy. Here, then, ere yet one coming cloud had thrown its shadow over the scene, drop we the curtain upon those actors, with whom we have grown familiar, and from whom the writer, at least, now parts for ever with something like regret.

Father O'Gara continued to hold his place as almoner after his regiment had been taken into the pay of France. He accompanied them thro' several continental campaigns, and finally retired into an humble monastery in the north of Italy—in whose library are, we believe, still to be seen, several volumes inscribed with his name. Thomas Talbot retired to the court of St. Germain's, where he subsisted, nominally, upon his wretched

pension, but in reality upon play, at which he was an adept—and which maintained him in those debauched and expensive courses to which he was addicted—until at last his vicious career was suddenly cut short, and he was found, early one morning, in a narrow lane, in an obscure part of Paris, lying stark and stiff, in a pool of blood—his body pierced with a hundred wounds, and his broken sword still gripped in his cold hand, attesting the characteristic resolution with which he had contended for his life.

The fate of Miles Garrett was somewhat remarkable. When Ryan, familiarly known as Ned of the Hill, retired to the Slievebelm mountains, the centre of the ancient patrimony of the O'Moel Ryans (the sept whose representative he claimed to be) none of the bordering proprietors suffered at all so severely and so often from his predatory excursions, as did the renegade proprietor of Lisnamoe. Bitterly did Miles Garrett resent the pillage which thinned his broad pastures of their choicest kine and horses; but unable with such a retinue as he, unaided, could command, to contend against the numerous band which the rapparee kept constantly about him, he secretly arranged a plan by which he and two neighboring gentlemen, Waller, of Castle Waller, and Bourke, of Glubbally, were to meet upon the heights overlooking Muroe, and thus to concentrate their forces for pursuit on the next alarm. This was not long deferred. One fine autumn morning, the herdsmen came running into the castle of Lisnamoe, with news that the outlaw and his men were driving off the cattle. Messengers were despatched in hot haste to those who had promised their assistance; and Miles Garrett and his men, making a long sweep to intercept the outlaw's retreat, halted at the head of Capperullin Glen, overhanging the little village of Muroe. Here, having dismounted, Garrett pursued the tangled and narrow path which wound along the edge of the precipitous glen, descending toward the village from which quarter the expected assistance was to arrive. Tradition says, that on turning a corner of this precarious and giddy path, he was encountered, face to face, by the rapparee himself. A brief and deadly struggle instantly ensued, in which, Garrett's footing failing him, the outlaw ran him through the body with his rapier. Whether the wound were a mortal one or not, the result was the same; for, standing upon the salient angle of the pathway—suspended a hundred feet and more above the craggy base, among whose rocks a swollen mountain stream was flashing and foaming—he reeled backward, and fell over the unguarded edge of the precipice. Headlong through the air he tumbled, and touching a branch in his fall, turned over, and so, head downward, reached the rocky bed of the torrent, where his skull was shattered like a gourd; and he lay huddled together among the stones and foam until hours after, the ghastly corpse was found by children gathering *fohans* in the depths of that lonely dingle.

THE END.

NICOLO PAGANINI.

A May day under the bright enchanting sky of Italy, what a charm it has! We children of the North cannot account for it; we can feel it only in our dreams. It is there that the earth puts on her brightest robes, and illumined by the softest, most brilliant rays of the sun, appears to her best advantage; it is there that the air is filled with fragrant odor, and even the heart of man, softened by the splendor which meets his eye at every gaze, expands; it glows and rejoices in the fullness of joy. A cold, stern countenance as, in Italy, as great a rarity as an icicle.

In this glorious country, one day in May, in the year 1793, a youth was seated on the beach near the town of Genoa, intently gazing at the smooth surface before him. He was about ten years of age; his form slight, his finely cut face pale and strongly contrasting with the rare looks that clustered thickly round his brow; his eyebrows strongly marked, and from beneath them flashed a pair of large black eyes—eyes wonderfully changing their expression; now flashing with anger—pride; now mournfully soft—sad as death.

A child's sweet silvery voice suddenly broke in upon the stillness, and interrupted the youthful dreamer.

'Nicolo, you naughty boy, where have you been all this afternoon? and she kissed him repeatedly, while her large, soft brown eyes tenderly sought his face, and she suddenly overshadowed him with orange-blossoms, myrtle, and wild roses. This folly aroused Nicolo from his dreams. He smiled, almost joyously, and smoothing down her long tangled curls with his hand, said, softly—

'I escaped from father, for a little while, Giannetta. I wanted to dream for a few hours in this lonely spot. Don't you know this is my favorite resort?'

'The child did not heed the question. 'Your father is a cruel man: I know he will

kill you. Mother often says so, and I know she is right. She says you are not strong; that your intense love for music will wear out your life, even if your father does not succeed in working you to death. He gives you no rest night or day; it must kill you.'

'No it will not,' said Nicolo, firmly. 'You must not think so. I shall not die! I cannot die until I have grown up to be a great man, great man, Giannetta. I am not weak; look here.'

He rose. His form seemed to grow, his eyes flashed, and a strange smile illuminated his countenance. He put forth his arm, and grasping Giannetta firmly, raised her from the ground and held her out over the waves that were dashing round his feet. She did not tremble, but a low, soft sigh escaped her lips when he again put her to the ground. She kept her eyes fixed on him, without uttering a word. Soon, however, her tongue was again at work. She talked of all her little plans, her birds, her flowers, and when Nicolo, instead of attending, again allowed his thoughts to stray, a kiss, a tap of the tiny hand of the beautiful little creature, immediately roused him.

Thus they sat, Nicolo's stern old young face a sad contrast to the happy, blooming countenance beside him, till the rays of the setting sun, which were shedding their golden light around them, had fled, and night came on. Then they walked, clasping each other's hands, through the streets of the town. In one of them stood, opposite to each other, and overran with vines, two houses. One of them was Giannetta's home, the other Nicolo's. A fond 'good night,' and the children parted. They went in; the boy to meet the reproaches of his stern parent; Giannetta to be welcomed by a kiss and a tender embrace from her mother, who had long anxiously been expecting the return of her wild darling.

On entering his lonely room, Nicolo heaved a deep sigh, then quickly threw up the window to let in the cool evening air. He took from its case an old violin, and pressing it passionately to his heart, commenced to play. The clear, peculiarly affecting tones soon filled the little cell with a flood of harmony; till it seemed as though the walls must burst. With the first sound that issued from the instrument, a very large spider, beautifully marked, emerged from the fine leaves clustering round the window.

'Welcome, my Silvercross,' whispered Nicolo, and stretching out his hand, put the spider on the neck of the instrument. It clung tightly to the strings, and without again moving listened to the sounds Nicolo was calling forth. He played till his arm grew lame, till his eyelids began to droop, and the first beams of the rising sun were stealing into his little room. He laid aside his violin and carried the spider to the window. It soon disappeared among the leaves. And now a feeling of desolation and intense longing crept over Nicolo, as was always the case when this peculiar little friend had left him. He dearly loved the little creature, who at the first sound of the violin came forth from its hiding-place, to which it did not return till the last sound died away. At times, when Nicolo, lost in a deep reverie, dreaming of the fulfilment of his fondest hopes, his most ambitious desires, unwittingly drew his hand across the strings of his violin, Silvercross would glide in quickly, softly, and touch his hand. Even this mark of affection from a spider touched his heart; he would close his eyes, and for a moment try to forget that he had no one to love him. His father, at the same time his teacher, was a stern, cold-hearted man. Nicolo could but fear, not love him. His kind, gentle mother had long been dead. Boys of his own age seemed to stand in awe of him. Giannetta was his only companion, and Nicolo's heart was divided equally between her and Silvercross, the spider; the latter, however, was no favorite of Giannetta's.

'Spiders are vicious,' she often said. 'I cannot bear them.'

And the spider seemed to feel that it was not wanted, and never left its hiding-place when Giannetta was with Nicolo. At such times the little girl would creep into a corner and listen to the music with breathless attention; and she was never satisfied to have him cease playing. And when his arm grew too tired, she would beg for a story. To have him relate some wild ghost story, or bloody legend, or to have him talk of his own wild dreams, of his ambitious plans for the future, seemed perfect happiness to the little girl. She never grew weary of listening, never interrupted him, and answered only with her large melting eyes, and by pressing his hot, feverish hand between her own.

One day his father had been cruelly tormenting him for many hours; by making him play the most monotonous exercises; he was tired almost to death, scarcely able to move his arm or hands; his head burning, and his eyes glowing with an unnatural brightness. He suddenly heard some one call to him repeatedly. 'It was Giannetta's mother. Giannetta had been taken ill with a fever.'