HRONICLE. ATHOLIC

THE ROSE OF DRIMNAGH.

Norman, once twanged his ghittern, as he went from castle to castle, relating in rousing and volu-

ble stanzas, the deeds of the knights of Si.

George." Among the most remarkable of these

interesting ancient structures is the Castle of

Drimnagh-the subject of many a legendary tale.

Could the hearded and noble old warriors who

once througed its halls awake, they would witness

many a wonderful change since the half forgotten

days when they lived and loved, revelled and

fought, conquered or sustained defeat. Where

the 'As la,' or mounted courier, once spurred

forth upon his basty errand, the lightning of hea-

ven now speeds by telegraphic wires to the

farthest corners of the land; through the craggy passes and along the level plains, marked some

centuries ago with scarcely a bridle path, the

mighty steam horse thunders over its iron track

with its ponderous load, and instead of the small

city which lay cooped up within its battlemented

walls around the castle, you see a glittering pa-

norama of streets and squares, docks, towers,

store-houses, and splendid domes, which spreads

eastward to the capacious bay, where, in place of

the crazy fleets of diminutive war-galleys and

merchant vessels, with their fantastic prows and

carved mast-heads, the huge hull of the steam-

propelled ship now rides at auchor beside the no-

pulous quays, or ploughs the blue waves beyond

the hoary headlands of old Ben Hedar, tike a

miniature volcano, with its attendant cloud-vo-

Retaining still some of its ancient appurten-

ances, such as its deep moat, curtain walls, etc.,

was founded in the time of King John, by a

kaight named De Bernival, who came to Ireland

a grant of the surrounding lands. From this

knight the different families of Barawell in Tre-

land claim igeir descent. His death occurred

about the year 1221, and his descendants held

possession of Drimnagh and the Terenure till the

During the great insurrection of 1611, it was

and had the rare fortune of escaping the destruc-

tion that followed after the arrival on these

shores of Cromwell and his stern legions. It is

still inhabited and in good preservation, and will

well repay the tourist who leaves the dust, and

toil, and din of the city, and sausters out along

the quiet country roads, to pay it a visit. Should

Le linger there, and hold converse with the sur-

rounding people, he will hear many a story and

romantic legend of days gone by, the particulars

ot which will prove no unpleasing accession to

his note-book. One of these we will now pro-

ceed to relate, and hope it may prove as inter-

esting to our readers as it did to ourselves, when

we heard it told one quiet summer evening, be-

During the reign of a certain English monarch,

whose name we need not particularly mention,

Sir Hugu de Barowell ruled with a high and

lordly hard in his feudal stronghold of Drimnagh.

He was a stout and stern knight, whose life had

been spent amid the commotions of the war that,

year by year, raged between the Palesmen and

and many a wound he had received since he first

the O'Byrnes, lords of Imayle, whose chief had

ments of Drimnagh.

lumes on the far horizon line.

vol. XVII.

mountain barrer into Wicklow. The chief was What thoughts but dark ones can fill my mind, that brought him maide the guard of his antagon-Whatever side we turn to around the city of Dublin, we are sure to meet mementoes that carry our thoughts back to those turbulent days ry. To his great personal beauty was added to which we are destined?" when lance and sword usually settled questions every accomplishment fitted for one of his high which are now adjudicated without disturbance, station, and when at the head of his bold horse save, perhaps, an occasional battle of tongues in our peaceful courts of law. Many of these anthe Pale, it would have been hard to find, in the cient fortresses, which like a crescent chain of whole campaign over which he cast his eagle eye, watchful sentingle, towered beyond the city for the protection of the Pale, still remain and raise their hoary heads over river-shore and valley, adown which, in 'bright array, plumed nobles, steel-clad knights, and men-at-arms rode gallantly iorth to battle, - where the weary creact lowed, after the foray in which they had been driven reasons for hating the O'Byrnes with such bitter- at a stake in the court-yard." from some far-off fastness of Imagle, Leix, or Ossory; and where the minstrel, balf Irish, half

Wicklow clans, Eleanora met Sir John O'Byrne | other mortal man could love thee.' at a nobleman's house in Dublin, on a festival day. Up to this time 'The Rose of Drimbagh' knew little of her heart; but she soon learned to love the young Wicklow chief, and, as a natural consequence, to look with indifference and coldness upon her cousin, who, after at length coining to the knowledge of the affair, swore to be avenged upon his rival. The truce was scarcely over when he was up and at work, and many a ished framlet and burning dwelling marked his track through the glens of Wicklow, and many a desolate widow cursed his name and race as she sang the keen over the bodies of her slaughtered ones, who had fallen beneath the spears of Sir Edmond de Barnwell and his ruthless fol-

But at last a time came when a triumphant light shope in black on Edmond's eyes; for he thought of the day, near at hand, which was fixed upon for his marriage with the lovely 'Rose of Drimnagh.'

tains, to find him before the marriage revel. By the soul of a knight, an' I lay my hands upon him, but he shall rue the hour. Yes, rue it, for I swear to bring him in chains to look upon the up to where the light was now burning brightly bridal, and then to string him up, as I would one in Eleanora's window. Seating himself upon the the Castle of Drimnagh presents one of the best of his mountain woives, upon the gallows-tree, side of the moat in the shadow, and still looking specimens in the neighbourhood of Dublin of the before the gate of Drinnagh!

aucient feudal stronghold. It stands beside the way leading from Crumlin to the village of Clon- knew that at same moment Sir John O'Byrne which the following paraphrase may convey some dalkin, and within a few short miles of the city. was sitting quietly beneath the dark shadows of a idea: -According to the most authentic accounts, it tree outside the most, looking cautiously up at the little chamber in which Eleanora de Barnwell was sitting, weeping bitterly over the sail fate to in the train of that prince, and received from him which she knew but to well she would soon have to submit. As she sat thus, a low soft sound, like the cooing of a dove, fell upon her ear. She listened intently a moment, then stepped softly over to the single window of the apartment, and and, opening the casement, looked out. Again time of James the First, when their possessions, the sound stole up from under the dense foliage after a tedious lawsuit, feil to Sir Adam Loftus. that shaded the outer edge of the moat .-Eleanora least upon the sill, and looked down garrisoned for the king by the Duke of Ormond; into the gloom, but nothing met her gaze save the ghostly shadows of the trees upon the black belt of water beneath.

'It is his signal,' she whispered to berself as the sound was repeated once more. 'Ab, me! I tear he will get himself into danger on account of these nightly visits. And yet, I cannot-1 cannot bid him stay away.'

She muffled herself in a dark mantie, moved towards the door, opened it cautiously and listened, ere she ventured to steal down and meet

'I must and will ware him to-night to stay step she descended the winding stairs: 'ab, to lost its charm for him, as he had no longer her by his followers, and buried in the lonely gravestay away, and leave me to my misery. It is fair face to laok upon. He stood up, and, after | yard amid the mountains. The bridal train, inneath the shadow of the ivy-wreathed battlehard, but it must be done, otherwise he will assured be captured and slam?

emerged into the open air, and glided through a der. neglected postern out beneath a spreading beechtree, that shaded the inner edge of the moat op posite the spot whence the signal of her lover the Irishrie. Many a tough battle he had fought, proceeded: Again she peered into the gloom at to settle, fair sir, ere thou leavest this spot. I the other side, and saw there a tall dark figure am Sir Edmond de Barnwell? donned the knightly spurs, and it will not be standing beneath a tree on the edge of the wawondered at, therefore, when we mention that he ter. Well she knew the graceful outlines of O'Byrne of Imayle; what seekest thou from looked upon the native races around with no that figure, and fondly her heart throbbed me? small amount of hatred. Among those against at the sound of the voice that now addressed

whom his animosity burned most fiercely were her. Dearest, said the young mountain knight, in skeathing it, and then throwing belt and scabonce sacked his Castle of Drimnagh, and driven a low tone, 'I thought thou wouldst never come. bard upon the ground. There be a certain trunk of this tree behind me for the last half-hour breast-plate of thime. I seek to discover its old ballad, * This band of knights was instituted in the year watching for a light in thy window-pane. But fount with this !' and he extended his weapon. 1475, for the protection of the English Pale. A it seems that darkness pleases thee better. Ah, 'There be a certain tide behind thee, which troublesome life they must have led in those days, for Eleanora, I hope thou art not still indulging in thou art more likely to explore presently!' re-

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1866.

Barowell will never take place.'

'Alas! there is no hope,' resumed Eleanora. a man of more splendid appearance and gallant | Even to-day my uncle, the stern Knight of bearing. Sir Hugh de Barnwell had one son, Drimnagh, bath fixed the time for-to me-woewho was renowned throughout the Pale for his ful bridat. And thou, John-let this be our extraordinary prowess, and for the ferocity with last meeting - our last meeting, alas! in this which he always fought against the neighboring world. Wert thou taken prisoner by my dark chief of Imayle. The following will explain his cousin, he hates thee so, that he would burn thee

' Fear not for that, dearest,' replied the young Loving in his father's house at the time was | chief. 'And this bridal that thou fearest. Lishis cousin Eleanora de Barowell, who, in coase- ten, Eleanora. Before the hour comes, or perquence of her beauty, was called the 'Rose of chance at the very hour when he is about to Drimuagh.' To this young lady Sir Edmond de place the bridal ring upon thy filly finger, the gay Barnwell had been betrothed, and matters went gosshawk may swoop down and bear thee away on smoothly enough for some time, till, during a to his free mountains-amid their sunny glens truce entered into between the Palesmen and the and bosky woods, to love thee, darling, as no

'Ah, me,' sighed Eleanora. ' Would that it could be so. But I fear that we are tated to see each other for the last time to-night. I warn thee, John, to be wary hecceforth, for I am well watched. Hush! was that a footfall amid the grove yonder?' and the pointed to a clump of trees some distance to the right of where her lover stood.

By my faith, but it may be so,' he answered; and so thou hadst better return to thy chamber. In the meantime, I will wait here till I see the light in thy window once more, and until thou biddest me farewell from the casement.'

Again they listened and heard a slight rustling sound amid the trees to which Eleanora had pointed. It ceased, and then the fair Rose of Drimnagh trembled at the thought of her fierce her eyes as she thought thus of her lover. cousin, waved a loud falewell to her mountain lover, and then gliding through the postern once more, ascended the stairs to her chamber. But the bold Knight of Imayle was not to be fright-'Once more,' he said, 'I will seek the moun- ened away by the sound, whatever might have been the cause of it. He moved in beneath the shadow of the tree, listened for a time, and hearing nothing further, advanced again and looked fondly upward, he commenced, in a voice low It was nightfall as he spoke thus. Little he but distroct, a lay in praise of his mistress, of

> Oh! wilt thou come and be my bride, Oh! wilt thou fly with me, Where wild streams glide by mountain side, By glen and forest tree; And thou'lt be lady of that land, And like a queen shalt reign O'er shore and strand, and mountain grand, And many a sunny plain!

I've found a lone and lovely cave Where gleams a little lake; Where the wild rills fling the silver wave, And the birds sing in the brake -The lake gleams clear, the rills dance bright, Down gorge and rocky pile, But the darkness of a starless night Is in my soul the while.

And naught can light it save a glance. A beam from thy jet-black eye, And naught can break my heart's cold trance Save thy watching song or sigh.

Then come!-I've decked that cave for thee, With summer's fairest flowers, Away, away o'er the hills with me, To the forest glens and bowers!

The moment the song had ceased, the fair form of the Rose of Drimnagh appeared at the casement overhead. She waved a fond farewell to her mountain minstrel, and closed the window, of Eleanora's palfrey. This ended the fray .away.' continued she, as with a light and stealthy but the light that shone through its pane had now gazing once more at the casement that glimmered stead of proceeding to Dublin, returned to the like a star amid the dark masses of masonry After stealing down an infinite number of dark above, was turning to depart when he felt the passages, corridors, and stairways, she at length beavy grasp of a steel clad hand upon his shoul-

> ' Stay!' exclaimed the intruder in a deep, stern voice, whose tone the young Knight of Imayle | Castle of Drimnagh. Search was made for her knew but too well. 'Thou hast a small account | throughout the surrounding country, and even in

'And I,' answered the other, 'am Sir John

'That thou shalt soon know, skulking hill-cat!' replied de Barnwell, unbuckling his sword, un-

torted O'Byrne. 'Ha! ha! 'ware the hill cat's t destas a segundo

still living at the time our story commences, and when I am ever thinking of the danger thou in- ist, whose waist he instantly encircled with his had two sons, the youngest of whom, named Sir | currest by coming here so often-and thinking, | sinewy arms. There was an ineffectual attempt John O'Byrne, was a knight of unwonted brave- too,' she added after a pause, 'of the woeful fate to plack forth their daggers, and then Sir Edmond de Barnwell was hurled from the stalwart 'Think no more on 't,' said her lover in a arms of the brave Knight of Imayle, and sent cheertu! tone. 'We have hope yet, Eleanora; plunging headlong into the black waters of the men, he rode down the mountains, on a foray into | for, mark me, thy marriage with Sir Edmond de | mont. Leaving his foe to scrambling as best he could from his dangerous bath in the fosse, O'Brene glided through the thicket and sought his steed, which he had left in a lonely grove hard by, and was soon riding in headlong haste across the plain towards the stern mountain barrier that lay between him and his native gleus. And now, De Barnwell, after extricating himself with great difficulty from the treacherous waters, stood dripping upon the firm bank, bis burly frame quivering, not from the chill of his immersion, but from fury at his mishap. Pursuit of his late antagonist was, he knew, of little use now; so, plucking up his sword which lay beside him, he raised the cold steel blade to his lips, kissed it, vowed a stern vow of vengeance against O'Byrne and his race, root and branch, and then striding down by the water-side, crossed the draw-bridge and sought his chamber, where he sat till long after midnight brooding over various p'ans of bloody and merciless retribution.

The particulars of his subsequent cruel raid into the glens of Wicklow it is unnecessary to relate, and we shall now come to the day which his father had fixed upon for his marriage. It was early in the morning, and the fair Rose of Drimnagh, surrounded by her lovely maids, looked sadly upon the gorgeous white bridal dress which lay on a table beside her, and which she was at last about to put on.

'Ab, me,' she sighed, mournfully, 'that it bath come to this. In vain I have watched for him to appear in the accustomed place by the most, but his promise is broken, and what could have broken it but death?' and the tears gathered into

'Cheer thee, Eleanora,' exclamed her cousin, a young and gay city dame. 'I warrant thee that such a bridal as thine was never seen in Dubiio; I only wish I were in thy place.'

Alas, that thou art not, returned Eleanora. Something tells me that what thou sayest is but too true—thai such a bridal as mine was never seea,' and with the help of her maid she now began to don the dress.

stant a large body of men, headed by the young Knight of Imayle, sprang from their concealment, and fell upon the escort, front, rear and flank. It is needless to go minutely into the dethe Minstrel's Cross, as the spot, was called .-The escort were at first put to flight and pursued by the O'Byrnes; but on returning again to the charge, the light kerne of the mountains were born down by their heavy horses, though they fought it out bravely to last. The Kinght of Imayle, after badly wounding the bridegroom, was shot through the heart by the old Knight of Drimcagh, as he attempted to seize the bridle The body of the young knight was borne away Castle of Drinnagh, where Sir Edmond' de Barnwell was laid upon a bed from which he never rose.

Three days after the fatal battle at the Minstrei's Cross, Eleanora disappeared from the the neighboring city, but it was of no avail; she was nowhere to be found. At length a party of the O'Byrnes, who were driving a "creact" of cattle across the mountains, halted beside the solitary churchyard to pay a visit to the last resting place of their young chief, and upon the fresh sod that lay above his gallant breast, they found the lifeless body of the ill-fated . Rose of Drimnagh.' They hollowed ber a grave beside

"These lovely hearts of fortune blighted, By sorrow tried full sore, In life apart, in death united, Sleep side by side for evermore."

A STORY WITHOUT AN END. THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

AN EAST INDIAN STORY.

There was a certain king, who, like many Eastern kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exections of all his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear .-At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever. he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage: but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, but should fail-that is, if the story did come to an end-he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months ; poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure; but all in vain. Sooner or later they all came to an end; and, one after another, the unlucky story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last forever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger; they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking: and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:

'Oh, king, there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a រាកបរជាតិសាក

'This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up tast on all

'But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary.— And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. The marriage was to take place in the city, So one locust went in and carried off one grain and Sir Edmond de Barnwell had summoned his of corn, and then another locust went in and kinsmen of the Pale, with all their fierce retainers carried off another grain of corn, and then in order to strengthen his escort for the bridal another locust went in carried off another grain train, which, at last, in splendid array, crossed the of corn, and then another locust went in and cardraw-bridge of Drimnagh, and then moved along | ried off another grain of corn, and then another the winding road that led to the western gate of locust went in, carried off another grain of corn, Dublin. This road was crossed by another mid- and then another locust went in and carried off way between the cambe and the city, and within another grain of corn, and then another locust a wood which stretched down from the moun- went in and carried off another grain of corn. taxes to the shores of the Liffey. About half and then another locust went in and carried off the bridal train had passed the cross, and the re- another grain of corn, and then another locust mainder, with the bride and bridegroom before went in and carried off another grain of corn, and them, were moving gaily forward, when all at then another locust went in and carried off anonce, the wild war-cry of the O'Byrnes resound- other grain of corn, and then another locust went ed from the wood all around, and the next in- in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn-'

He had gone on from morning to night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for tails of the terrible fight that then took place at about a month, when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with:

'Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards.'

To which the story teller answered, very acliberately:

'If it please your Majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first.'

And then he went on again:

And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn.'

The king listened with unconquerable pa tience six months more, when he again interrupted him with:

Oh; friend, I am weary of your locusts !-How soon do you think they will have done!' To which the story-teller made answer:

'Oh, king, who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit each way round the inside of the hole, and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides; but, let the the herds pertaining to it over the southern I have been standing like a statue against the tide which men call blood, coursing beneath that that of her lover, and there, in the words of the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time.

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going on as before. ' And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn TART WEEK HE WINCE TO BE AND A CONTROL OF THE AND A CONTROL OF THE ADDRESS OF THE

they did not cross swords with some of the neighbering Irish clars.