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THE "HIBERNIAN" NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE CAPTIVE OF KILLESHEIN.

(Continued.)

Fitz Thomas beheld the dusk mass that stretched across the river, convulsed for a moment, and writhing like a single being in agony; the centre then bulged, the line wavered, and there rose a cry of despair, from bank to bank, that drowned every other sound, as the whole multitude fetched away like the ruins of a broken bridge, tumbling and flashing in the irresistible waters. For a moment the river was alive with the rolling bodies of men and cattle, swept over and under one another, or swimming thro' the driving tumult, shrieking or bellowing as they were again thrust down by other strugglers, but the wreck of violence and plunder was soon swallowed up or hurried out of sight down the darkness, and into the next reach of the river. The cries came fainter and fainter from the distance, and in the silence that succeeded among the awestruck spectators—for no shout of triumph rose from the Irish, as they gazed in breathless wonder on the success of their desperate stratagem—might be heard the beat of a solitary lamb, as it stood alone upon the bank, up which it had clambered from the side of its drowning mother.

The first man to rouse himself to action, from the astonishment and dread of the moment, was De Ryddel. He was now cut off from the remnant of the Earl's army, as well as from the abbey; a raging torrent behind, a savage enemy before him. He did not consume his time in unavailing efforts to save the few that still clung round the bank beside him, but shouting 'Saint George for England!' charged at the head of his company right through the centre of the Irish, and gained the abbey gate with little loss. Fitz Thomas observed among his troops, as he entered a number of the native auxiliaries who had escaped from the fords. Their leader, a man of ferocious aspect, rode next De Ryddel; he was drenched with water, and bore the marks of a desperate struggle for his escape. Scarce had they gained the entrance, when the Irish, flushed with their success, rushed to the assault, and ere the gates could be closed were at blows hand to hand with the hindmost. A determined fight ensued, close under Fitz Thomas, but in the dusk twilight he could see nothing distinctly. The Irish auxiliaries fought with the bravery of their nation, but with the perverted hatred of their countrymen for which they have so long been infamous. They were slain almost to a man, for they rode the last of the retreating party, and had to bear the first onset of the pursuers. Fitz Thomas could no longer have observed the course of the contest, had not some indignant brothers of the plundered order, who accompanied the Irish, held torches to give their friends the better chance of avenging them. One of the enraged ecclesiastics mounted a portion of the ruin, still smoking from the fire which had consumed its roof and floors, and waving a link over his head with furious gestures, encouraged the assailants and denounced the defenders. By his light Fitz Thomas saw that the two foremost warriors among the Irish were O'Nolan himself, and Rory, his lieutenant of the galloglass. In a moment his determination was taken—to snatch the battle-axe from one of his guards, strike down the other, and make his way to the side of his friends. He turned to carry his purpose into execution; but his guards were gone. They had stolen out while he was absorbed in the interest of the battle, and had fastened the heavy door outside. He struggled to drag it open, but in vain. He ran back to the window; De Ryddel was fighting gallantly in front of his men; but his shield was cut open, and the crest of his helmet shorn away by blows of battle-axes. He was beaten from his saddle the next instant, and slain upon the ground by the knives of the kern. The captain of the Irish auxiliaries took his place and filled it courageously, but in vain. The English were borne down by numbers, forced back, and at last driven to take refuge in the tower. The Irish entered with them, and the fight was renewed in the hall. Fitz Thomas heard the noise of the battle ascend from story to story, as the defenders were successively driven from each post, until at length the blows, shouts, groans, and yells of the combatants sounded at his own door. The bolts flew open as from the shock of an engine, and the captain of the auxiliaries was driven in before O'Nolan. The apostate fought with the fury of despair, but he was staggering under the blows of his enemy as he entered.

'Stand back!' cried O'Nolan, fiercely, as his men pressed after him, bearing torches and naked weapons. 'Stand back, on your lives! I will strike him dead who interferes!'

'Come on, one and all,' cried his adversary; 'this is the first time I have fought the three best men of your clan.'

'Dog of Ossory!' shouted O'Nolan, 'remem-

ber how you slew my son in Shrule; and, at the word, he cleft MacGilpatrick through his head-piece to the eyes, at one blow. Red Rickard fell with clenched teeth, and a grim smile of defiance; and O'Nolan stooping over him, thrust his sword twice through his body. 'Ever my boy, thou art now avenged!' he exclaimed, as he sheathed his weapon. 'I have now shed blood enough in thy quarrel; and, if God permit me to return, in safety to Killeshein, I will end my days in a holier life than I have led since I left it. But who? what? my generous friend and rescuer!' he exclaimed as Fitz Thomas stood before him. 'Ah, my fair youth, when I made thy life an aim-gift to Saint Bride, I little thought that heaven would repay me so largely by thy hands.'

'Noble O'Nolan,' cried Fitz Thomas, returning the affectionate embrace of the chief, 'I am again released from despair by thee: my life is still thine as much as when I lay by the margin of Tabberbawn:—I would spend it in the service of my mother's nation—command me in cause of Ireland, and I am thy true man till death.'

'Come to my arms,' cried O'Nolan, 'thou shalt be my son in place of him who is gone.—Rory Buy, what didst thou say of the clansmen's proceedings, on the rath, yester even?'

'May it please your nobleness,' replied Rory, 'the heads of the clan remaining at Killeshein resolved on electing Sir Robert the Ierna Oge.'

'Ha, Sir Robert, since thou art my tanist,' cried O'Nolan, 'thou must want for nothing to make thee a worthy chief of my people when I shall be gone. I grant thee the bonaghts of Shrule and Coole-banagher, and the coyne and livery of one half of Cloghreenan. Is there aught else that a willing man can urge me to grant, that thou wouldst have? For, by the bones of Saint Bride, but for thy good service in rescuing me this day, I would have had neither victory nor revenge.'

As he spoke he looked with fierce satisfaction on the body of Rickard Roe, still lying before him; but Fitz Thomas, taking his hand, led him aside, and addressed him with low and urgent words, which those around could not hear.—After a short conference they advanced to the clansmen, O'Nolan still grasping the hand of the young tanist.

'Mount and ride, my children,' said he, 'we will await the falling of the floods in Killeshein, and should we have a bridal to cheer us during that delay, we will but return the merrier to our friends in Hi Kinshella.'

'The bridal and the proclamation of the tanist I leave for another day,' said Turlogh; 'nor shall I now relate how Rory Buy kissed the abbess of St. Canice's, by mistake for a daughter of Cormac O'Conner's, nor all the penance he had to perform for that impiety—for it is now time to leave off, and go to rest.'

'I would but ask,' said Henry, 'how Froissard the French gentleman, relates that tale.'

'He tells a somewhat different story, I confess,' said Turlogh, 'but, as he was never in the Sacred Island, and speaks marvellously ill of the Irish, I think the Killeshein monks must be truer, as it is, beyond question, the pleasanter, relation of the two.'

'I care not for calumnies,' cried Art, 'tis well known they must either be such, or cannot have been intended to apply to us.'

'Turlogh,' said Hugh Roe, 'knowest thou how Mortimer got out of Hi Kinshella, after that gallant check of Graig-na-managh?'

'I have not heard,' said the bard, 'nor do I know whether that Earl of March was ever there. We, story-tellers, stop not at such difficult niceties where the plot needs thickening.'

'And does thou tell me,' cried Hugh, 'that the English were never swept off the ford by their own plundered bullocks?'

'A hard fight was fought at the ford of Kells in Kildare, during that expedition of the Earl of March,' replied Turlogh; 'but I know not of any truth in the story of the battle of the ford at Graig.'

'The more the pity, by Saint Colomb Kill,' cried Hugh.

'It reminds me of the battle between our houses,' said Henry, 'when my father, Shane, lost his army by the return of the tide at Farsaid Swilly.'

'Ay,' cried Art, 'and when the sea and the O'Donnells had left scarce a hundred men on our nation, the English of Derry attacked us on our return. They stood but to have ten men slain, yet now their historians maintain that it was by the valor of one captain (Merryman, I think, was his name) who commanded the sally, that the flower of Tyrone were cut to pieces.'

'The English historians are an ignorant race,' replied Hugh, 'but we need not revive our family feuds to prove what hath never been doubted.'

'But is it possible,' Turlogh, questioned Henry, 'that he who made the tale could have

invented that treachery in the Earl of March?—'I would be slow to defame the memory of the Earl, upon such authority,' replied Turlogh.

'Then, if I were a king,' said Henry, 'I would make a law that no bard should be allowed to tell any thing but the truth.'

'Alas, my prince,' replied Turlogh, 'if that were the case, we should now have had a melancholy night's entertainment.'

THE END.

THE CITY VISITORS.

(From the French.)

CHAPTER I.—IN TRANSITUE TO THE SEA SIDE—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A young gentleman and a young lady, both of remarkable elegance, were leaning on the railing of a steamboat plying between Nantes and Painboeuf. Both had turned their eye-glasses towards the groups of travellers dispersed about the deck, and were amusing themselves by making satirical observations in a low tone. By their elegant toilet and their affected language they would have been instantly recognised as Parisians, had not their contemptuous astonishment at all which met their view sufficiently revealed the fact.

The young man had an intellectual countenance, though somewhat vain, notwithstanding his beard a la Henry III., his long hair, and his grotesque cap, all evidently designed to give him an air of fashion. He carried under his arm one of those little morocco portfolios which designate the artist, as certainly as the pen behind the ear indicates the clerk. As for companion, she was extremely handsome, and dressed in a style of studied negligence which greatly added to her attractive appearance. Her face had the freshness of early youth, but some shadows on her brow announced that she was already habituated to gay fetes and late hours; her features were those of a young girl, but her assured manner revealed the successful belle. She was laughingly communicating some remarks to her companion, when a new traveller appeared at the top of the stairway which led to the cabin. At sight of him the two Parisians uttered an exclamation of delighted surprise.

'Monsieur de Sorel,' cried the young lady. The traveller raised his head, recognised the others with surprise equal to their own, and extended his hand.

'You here, Garin?' he exclaimed to the artist.

'Where are you from?'

'From Spain.'

'And we from Paris.'

'And you are going—?'

'To Pornie.'

'So am I.'

These questions and replies rapidly succeeded each other, while M. de Sorel shook the hand of the young painter, and kissed that of his companion. All three retired apart to converse more at their ease.

'And what happy chance has brought you to Brittany?' asked the new comer of the two Parisians.

'First, the health of my sister, to whom sea-bathing was recommended; then the desire of studying your shores. But you—how came you to return so soon? I thought you were making the tour of Europe.'

'I was tired of the role of pilgrim; isolation oppressed me. I have decided to lead a more regular life—to settle.'

'And you are looking for a corner in which to make your nest?'

'I think I have found it.'

'Where?'

'At Pornie.'

'At Pornie?' repeated the brother and sister in surprise.

'Yes, I have there an uncle whom I have not seen since my childhood, but who has frequently requested me to come and establish near him.—He's my last relative—he loves me, and I have resolved to accept his proposition.'

'What, Monsieur,' exclaimed the young girl, 'can you quit Paris, renounce the Tuilleries, the Italians, the concerts of the Conservatory?'

'I shall have in their place the sea, the nightingales, and people who love me,' replied the young man, with a smile.

'All that will do for a month,' said Bertha; 'but what will become of you—afterward, in a country where there are fields for streets, and trees instead of houses?'

'I will give Sorel six weeks to get weary of it,' chimed in her brother. 'But you come from Spain, as you have told us; let us then talk of the war. Have you seen Marsto? Is it true that the Queen's troops are obliged to make shoes of their hats? Tell us all you have heard, all you have seen.'

As he spoke Sorel pointed out to Sorel an empty bench, towards which all three directed their steps. While they are seated there, and

Sorel is replying to the multiplied questions of his companions, let us make the reader better acquainted with one who is to play the principal part in our story.

Deprived of his parents at an early age, Edmond Sorel had received in a Parisian Institute an education at once solid and brilliant. Arrived at manhood he became at once master of his own actions and of a considerable fortune, and he neither abused his liberty nor his wealth. He had an upright mind, and the principal fault that could be imputed to him was a little indecision. Fashionable society had imparted to him its habits and tastes, but he carefully avoided passing the narrow limits which separate elegance from affectation. The uncle to whom he had alluded was the brother of his deceased mother. He had a daughter destined from her birth to her cousin, and whom the latter had been accustomed to regard in that light. But since his last visit to La Cheviere eight years had passed, when M. Dubois wrote him that Rose had left the convent school and was expecting 'her little husband.' Edmond, weary alike of isolation and the pleasures of Paris, had replied by announcing his approaching arrival, and his design of settling near the captain. This reply might be considered as an acquiescence in the plans of the family, and the young man looked upon himself as a lover about to join his betrothed.

He was not, however, sufficiently occupied with thoughts of his cousin to render him indifferent to this meeting with Garin and his sister. A sincere admirer of the talents of the first, he was not less so of the wit and beauty of the young girl, who passed for beautiful and accomplished even in the elegant saloons of the capitol. She had, in fact, all that could secure success; gaiety, a taste for pleasure, and egotism sufficiently graceful not to wound, and vanity enough to avail herself of these advantages.

CHAPTER II.—THE GAY PARISENNE AND THE SIMPLE GIRL OF BRITANNY.

The voyage passed pleasantly to our three travellers. Just before they arrived at Pornie, Sorel asked Paul Garin whether he had procured lodgings for the time they were to pass on the sea-shore; the latter looked at him in astonishment. He had hoped to find an establishment with billiard-rooms, a library, and a ball-room, as at Baresges. He was surprised when Edward informed him that there was at Pornie only one inn, in which a room could rarely be obtained, and some peasant's cottage, always let in advance. Garin and his sister looked at each other.

'We have then only to take the road to Dieppe, my sister,' said the former in a tragic tone.

'But where shall we sleep to-night?' asked the disappointed young girl.

'Do not be trouble,' interrupted Sorel, 'my uncle is not expecting me alone. Desvoisins was to have accompanied me; you can take his place and I promise you a welcome. Accompany me this evening to La Cheviere; to-morrow we will together seek a room in the village.'

There was no other course to take, so the invitation was accepted.

The day was drawing to a close, when they perceived the habitation of Captain Dubois.—This was an old chateau recently repaired, at the sight of which the young painter uttered a cry of indignant horror, and exclaimed:

'What barbarian has lowered those towers, enlarged the windows, plastered the wall and made a kitchen garden of the moat?'

'Alas! I fear it must have been my uncle,' replied Edmond; 'he lived for many years in the cabin of a brig, and is better versed in navigation than artistic architecture.'

'Sacrilège!' murmured Garin, 'to touch this old manor, crowned with ivy, which makes so magnificent a foreground. To take from the landscape all its character. And for what?—To be more comfortable. Ah, we live in an age of selfishness; Sorel; poetry and the picturesque have passed away together, and painters will soon have no other resource than to manufacture signs for our society of advocates or merchants!'

At these words he heaved a sigh. He almost repented having accepted the invitation of Edmond, and felt an instinctive repugnance for the man who had so spoiled the foreground of a landscape. So he entered the great gateway of La Cheviere with the most unfavorable prejudices against Captain Dubois. Bertha, on her side, cried out at finding the alleys leading to the manor covered with stones which cut her thro' garters, and bordered with briars in which her muslin blouses were caught. She sincerely believed herself transported among a set of barbarians. But it was still worse when, having passed the threshold, she found herself in a court carpeted with tall grass, in the midst of which a number of chickens were clucking. The gate was guarded by an enormous dog, chained, who attempted to spring at her; the young girl start-

ed back with a scream, but a voice from the steps quieted the dog; it was that of the Captain himself who had perceived his guests and come to meet them.

M. Dubois was a man of about sixty years, with a countenance weather-beaten, but frank and benevolent. He received his guests with a hearty cordiality which the strangers deemed rough; made them enter the saloon, and opened the window to call Marguerite. An old servant appeared in the court, asking in a tone of ill-humor what was wanted.

'Tell Rose that her cousin has arrived,' said M. Dubois.

'She knows it,' was the laconic rejoinder. 'Then why does she not come?'

'She has gone to make her toilette.'

The old sailor burst into a laugh. 'So the little one is adorning herself,' said he. 'In the meantime we will go, if you please, to take a walk in the garden and gather some cherries for supper. Marguerite, bring the basket. Then, turning to Mlle. Garin he added with a loud laugh: 'This will be like Montmorency. You Parisians go there every Sunday to eat cherries. My cherry orchard is called the finest in the country. I furnish all the confectioners of Nantes. I will explain my method to you. Well, are you coming?'

'This question was to the servant who came trotting up and exclaiming: 'Here I am, sir.'

'At last,' said the Captain, hastily taking the basket. Then, lowering his voice he added,— 'The old woman no longer navigates under the sails of fortune—but she is the wreck of what was formerly a fine ship, and we must not be ungrateful.'

While speaking he conducted his guests into the garden, carefully laid out into parallelograms, bordered with box or sorrel, and planted with trees in full bearing. Arrived at the end he looked at the artist with a smile of proud satisfaction.

'Well,' said he, 'what do you say to all this? You have here land which our best gardeners might covet,' was the reply.

'I defy them all to show an asparagus bed equal to this,' resumed the old Captain; 'and as for my artichokes, you shall eat some this evening. But they have cost me much care; the soil, like all in this neighborhood was rough and light. I have improved it, enriched it, transformed it.'

'That must have cost you much trouble!' observed Garin, smiling a yawner.

'You shall judge, sir,' said the Captain, enchanted at having led the conversation to his favorite subjects.

And he began to relate the successive modes of procedure he had employed; how many times the land had been turned over, enriched and moulded.

Paul and his sister, overcome with ennui, cast at each other despairing glances. Strangers to the labors of the country, they could not take an interest in them; beyond art and pleasure nothing existed for them; their ideas having been turned in a single direction, their minds had lost the faculty of perception elsewhere, and they despised everything they could not comprehend.

CHAPTER III.—NATURE VS. "POLISH"—AN OBTAINED STORY—SLOGGARDS.

On returning to the saloon they found the Captain's daughter, who had finished her toilette and was awaiting them. At sight of her the Parisian belle made a little gesture as if she perceived some strange object; a smile hovered on her lips, and she exchanged with her brother a glance that was equivalent to an exclamation. In truth, to persons accustomed to the graceful fashions of the capitol, there was something singular in Rose's apparel. Each part of her dress belonged to a different period, and gave, so to speak, a specimen of the fashions which had succeeded each other for the past ten years. The result was a combination singularly devoid of harmony. Unfortunately her manners did not redeem this defect in her dress. A natural bashfulness in meeting her cousin, added to the embarrassment of one unaccustomed to meeting strangers, made her awkward and confused.—Even her pretty face expressed an uneasy restraint, and all her movements, as Bertha observed, were left handed. With a deep blush she saluted her cousin, made a short curtsy to the strangers, and retired to the most obscure corner of the department, where she sat silent and unmoving.

'If I had not touched her hand I should insist that she is a patebeard doll, with enamel eyes and ivory teeth,' whispered Paul to Bertha at the first opportunity.

'She wears prunella shoes,' replied Bertha. 'And a hair chain,' added Garin.

'Did you hear the Captain call her ZoZo?'

'And she replied: My papa—I am desolate at not being able to draw a caricature of her.'

At this moment old Marguerite entered to set the table. She had a long discussion with the Captain as to whether it should be lengthened;