CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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## by richard faulener.

There is deep pathos, in the depp lines
 reppond; at least, every, one to whicb tradition the glories of Brian the Brave?
Forit was in those reiry halls that the old kiog, Bran Borotme, of Munster, reecired King of Meath. Wilbin sagbt of Tara's lofties hill, twa fierce and nassionate men bad fought for supreme power. Both were brare, both ambin
tious; but Brian's genius and talent enlisted ar dent supporters, and the contest ended' in victory to hem. Peace and plenty were in the land. The con rents, hat had been gear! f destroged of the
balt-samge Northern rea, as well as the stroog bolds of the country, were acyulired duriog -h century, the counti was quiet beneath that gentle sway; but then
here was thrown into it, the root of bitterness here was thrown into it, the root of bitterness.
Two Kings-the King of Dubliu, and the King of Lenster-jnined together in making an incurpurposes. This unlooked for outraze woke up he lion heart of Brian. His son, Donoug lites, was dispatched at once, to Leinster, at the that the enemy would be speedrly quelled. Indisputablp, it would have resulted tbus, ha not beed did Kirg's own follo wers Sick heart, ret still as brese and uoflaching as eve be rode through the ranks, bearing :aloft tio cers to stribe home for the fatti. Of all the Milestan chiefs, ocne presents a more powerful
and striking picture ic the imgugution, han this ght for the rei gion of the $S$, Thats stil Crucifis. fixed the eyes of ilhe little batad, and ictory eren row. He never flagged for an in stand, wat11 the night shadows begin to clos
around. Then, spent api exhausted, some o
bis old warciors assisted him to bis tent, and he eft the result to the goung and valiant soldiers, headed by his sern. It was indeed a victory; but
scarcelf had the welcome stiouts from Brian's wo troops anounced tie fact, this privac uas inraded by a straggling party, whose leader
had sworn to avenge bis defeat upon the goou For thas parpose, thes pirsued their way to bis rager. The first note of conquest bad draw his companons, and the Kiog was lefi alone. Alone, but for the presence of a boy, scarcely more than a litte child, who bad clung to him as 0 a father. Even then, the slight arms were
bout his neck as he: prayed, and bis prapers ere echod by as sweet: a' voice as ever came rom turnan̆ lips, Alas! what a vailed tiant child ! Wounded and bsion save fell beealh the furious stabs that pierced that nobl eart. In vap the terrifiaid boy shirieked for and Bran's pooderous sword, as. If to dravithe upo his nurderers. One fell purpose filled their re pung stupling they neitber saw screen their ictum from their rage. The body fell to the ground with a dull thud, that struck terror to the was no mosom. He the lion beart bad: broken! : A this moment of extreme pann, and grief to the to the tent. With a wail that might almo bleedıg bods of his father, and bis King. He land had stricken down, but the a a murderert notil the boy crent round and laid bis warn ond reinbling hand upon his shoulder.
par, mp darling! are you he:e, too? What
errube late led you 10 thus scene? And how Tou was pranat sarage beside lum trithen lies came they trere too mad with rage to Imost take sou' away - before, they: return'And sounting a silver bugle thiat linef at his - Lithis brave solviers soon filled lhe tent.


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## man rentied, proudly. 'She comes of a brar <br> Citzen De L'Orme.' said the stern-qisaged

 a-e, and is worthr of it.'The stranger, who, by the way, was dressed in
ridng sult of the period, threw at the other riding sult of the period, threw at the other oll man from lhead to foot

- May I renture,' be said, 'to iack th
'hosa to whom I am so deeply indebted

The girl looked annously at ber graadfather renlied:

- Our name is De L'Orme

The stranger started, and drev bark a step.
"De L'Orme!' he exclamed. 'Citizen, tha
a dangerous name in these nerilons times: 'The
ing of arictrcracy is in it; and many s prnud
ead has already fallen for no other crime than onstogg that aristocratic prefix to a name.'
'It is true,' the old man said sadir, but with out any show or fear; ' your republican rulers hare shed profusely the proudest, and noblest
blood of France. But De L'rme is not name to be ashamed of, or disown; and if the
harmes of the Convention, stall unsatated, decire to glut their longing for more, blond, the life of much. Bul-, be naused, and his cheek grew pale-‘ mp poor clilid.
The grirl serzece his hand, and nestled ciose to him. The stranger regarded botl a moment in © You are the the father of the Couat De
C'O me, said he, 6 who was killed at -, 'O me,'s said he, who was kild man proutly inter rusted. ' $\mathrm{M}_{8}$ France sattle, figbting azainst the enemies of France. And now none of vur noble iine re
mans, but one poor old rian, and this orpha child
For an instant, a gleam of commassion-a ras from the celestal countenance of the angel of
pity-lighterl up the dark, stern face of the stranger. He paused for a moniment, as if smi'e that had the grimness of a frovisa in it,
-Citizen, these are dangerons tires for snch as you and this lovely child. Bitt I am not an
ungrateful man, and I owe you a life. If danger rou.'
He drew a tablet from bis portiat, as he sooke, and wrote unon it a few hasty lines.
'Hure, ctizan De L'Cime', he siud. 'Kee any time, it may be-if he who writes it still re tans his own bead,' he said this, witi a sm!le -

He turned back into the coitage, and came out again with a whi
'Maiden', he said, taking the grl's's band, and sing it respecit of 10 . nobesse) and hrritage (tor 1 am oulf a prole owe you a life, wo matter bow stnall you may Heem it ivorth, and I am, grateful.
He dropped her band, and the next moment
The old man rend the lines inscribed upon the
ablet ; and with an exclamation of astonishment haoded , it to hiss grand-daughter.' Jule D

Orme, as she read, grew pale.
He: The enemp of our race, and class,
Oar enemy no longer, thank Heaven.'

chapter if-the appeal.

Dafs pass by ; bit terrible eveats pars faster Paris, a man was seated at a desk writio apidy. Two other men near him, to whom be
dictated brifi orders now and agan, were writing likewise. OA and on, persons came turrying n, who whispered hasty messages in bis ear, a apidly departed.
Thas man who sat alone, and whose pen moved with such nolsy rapidity, was dark an
stern, woth closely cropped bair. So cold an stern be sat. he might liave been a creature turned into stone, but for that pervous mintion of The door was noiselessly opened. A man, with the silent tread of a cat, entered, and walk up to him. On the desk of the writer; he laid
set of wory tabiets, and then siaod bp, mutel walting. he sight of the tablets, and opening tiem hur iedly. read what wis mritten miside.

## hastily

## 'An old ma

The man instangly, varisthed
In a few moments a hasty, tottering step, was heard upon the stairs; the door was thrust open,
and an old man, with a wild, eager look;' rushed into the room

I hare
ble his befallen vou.' 'The tablets!' ex 'Yes; and I know that their arrival here ,eans that danger menaces you. I remember my premise well. Now, what is it?
The aged noble paused, and gasped for breath Tbe other pushed him to a char; but be beeded My grand-daughter!'
Your grand-daughter! Heaven! Whato - She is in prison-che has been denounced by
wretch, whose insolen wretch, whose insolent addresses she spuraed. eck will be benesth the gullotine, of pour her er a hife, and prove false to your word.?
orror.
'Citiz'n Andre,' be said to one of the secretaries, ' your 1 st - quick. Ab! here it is.-
Hearen grant, I may not be to late. Here, He rushed to bis desk, seized a sbeet of paper, 'A war, citizen!' he cried. 'Waste not moment. If gon would sare your chald's life
turry to the Place de Greves, and rreseat The noble grasped it as a starsing man might utch his nroffered fonct, and dashed from the oo:n, with a speed that seemed to defy the fetThe dark stern man sunk back on his chair.The mere cold, inthuman' thought of working out
what is called an 'idea'-let us hope-was not is just then: II igher thoughts (represented bp be young garl, who was the noblest type of huis mind at the moment. After a short puuse

Heapen grant he may be in time!' He had sed the sacred name but littie of late, except to
aspheme it. "Audre, my friend, some mine. blaspheme
I leel sels
fearful scene was that, on the Place de he losrible seallid, the frueon; frame, the
 a fearfut scene was that in the distance.The tumbril came rolling alorg the rugged pare-
ment, filled with its freght of human riclims ged matrons, and tender maidens were there mockery of life, was ther ghastly levtity, and miserable bumanity was that, with the migh shade of death hangny ore all! Some prajed
 lapfully jested to the last. They were cool nu brave, these men, worthy of the death of the

Out of the tumbril, and un the stens o and elamors of the mob. Oie graceful young voble, of bandsome features, and lordly mien femate victims of this borrid blood thirst of the he suddenly dre back, and, is if tere on the perron of the palace at Versaiiles, Le lifited his aid. 'place aux dames'-ladies first! He ma the graad-son of an Irisbman, thrs, of one of the heroes of the great old brigade. Even in that The tideous butchery began. A young girl before the frame, Tbe executioner stood by, silent anid grim. "The howlugg crowd bushed its inarticulate noise in grace, and celestral heroism; ; and then a The white robed maiden advanced, and kissed he cross: The hradsunan prepared for his fune - Tenez ! tenez! ! - 'Held! hold

And the forne of an aged mast, whose white anne, rushing formard ivith trantice gesture the anne, rushing !arward with trantic gestures.
Oaward le came. But the miden did not eem to lieed ham-nor the crow, ; except- some on 118
$-\quad$ per.
-1
Tenev"! tehte? are hivory oeck was bowed. The" wairing severef heád dropped into ?hat herp of blood

