THE HALLS OF TARA.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

There is deep pathos, in the deep lines of Thomas Moore, as be sings, in words that burn like diamond sparks, of the Halls of Tara. To respond; at least, every one to which tradition has sent down this solemn charge to ' remember the glories of Brian the Brave.'

For it was in those very halls that the good old king, Brian Borohme, of Munster, received the homage of his bitterest enemy, Malachi, King of Meath. Within sight of Tara's loftiest hill, two fierce and passionate men had fought for supreme power. Both were brave, both ambitious; but Brian's genius and talent enlisted ardent supporters, and the contest ended in victory to him.

Under his peaceful and gentle sway, Ireland prospered as it never had prospered before .-Peace and plenty were in the land. The con- sermed. vents, that bad been nearly destroyed by the half-savage Northern men, as well as the strong bolds of the country, were acquired during his period of the tenth century.

For nearly a quarter of a century, the country was quiet beneath that gentle sway; but then there was thrown into it, the root of bitterness. Two Kings-the King of Dublin, and the King of Leinster-joined together in making an incursion into the Kingdom of Meath, for predatory purposes. This unlooked for outrage woke up the lion heart of Brian. His son, Donough Borohme, who inherited his father's brave qualities, was dispatched at once to Leinster, at the head of a large force; and there seemed no doubt that the enemy would be speedily quelled.

Indisputably, it would have resulted thus, had it not been for the traitorous conduct of some of the good old King's own followers. Sick at heart, yet still as brave and unfl nching as ever, he rode through the ranks, bearing aloft the sacred Cross, exhorting the remnant of his sol Milesian chiefs, none presents a more powerful charge of ber. victory even now. He never flagged for an instant, until the night shadows began to close around. Then, spent and exhausted, some of left the result to the young and valiant soldiers, murdered before her agonized gaz. headed by his son. It was indeed a victory; but scarcely had the welcome shouts from Brian's own troops announced the fact, than his privacy was invaded by a straggling party, whose leader had sworn to avenge his defeat upon the good old King.

For this purpose, they pursued their way to his tent, where they found him upon his knees at rrayer. The first note of conquest had drawn his companions, and the King was left alone .-Alone, but for the presence of a boy, scarcely more than a little child, who had clung to him as to a father. Even then, the slight arms were were echod by as sweet a voice as ever came from buman line. Alas! what availed that childish class before the terrors of the savage intruders! Wounded and bleeding, Brian fell be-Brian's ponderous sword, as if to draw it upon wise. his murderers. One fell purpose filled their rethis moment of extreme pain, and grief to the trembling hand upon his shoulder.

did you escape that savage horde? and they were too mad with rage to notice me.' | spirit. 'O my child! what an escape you have had. L'most take you away before, they return? | body restless, and still the footsteps sounded be-

belt; his brave soldiers soon filled the tent. Liqok , he exclaimed, , look here brave saw it e light of morning upon the earth. souls I and see the price of our mictory.

bloody vestments of the dead, and swore eternal hate to the murderers. One lingered long, and gazad sadly on the calm, white face.

'They broke the noblest heart that ever beat. my comrades!' he said, as he arose from his

Solemn obsequies indeed, were those of King Brian. Not a soldier in the army that did not its sweetness and sadness, every tris' beart must | drop a tear over the glorious dead; not a heart that did not sorrow most of all, that they could see his face no more. The flower of Erm's chrylry lay there withered. The purest and grandest heart of all the Milesian chiefs was lying low, its pulses stilled forever.

But dearly as Donough Borobme had loved the father and his King bitterly as he wailed for his terrible death, there was a balm for his griefs, a consolation for all his sorrows, in the pure, unworldly love of the little page, who bad witnessed the dreadful scene of King Brian's death. He bore him to his beautiful home without any suspicion on the part of the soldiers who accompanied him, that the boy was other than he

Once safe within the wails, the page was never again seen; but a gen'le little lady, who might easily have passed as his sister, with the same reign; and Ireland had ber palmiest days in that | Moorish tint in lip and cheek, sat at Donough's board, pestled close beside him.

'Men called her angel, but he called her

Dearer by far, because the had seen the brave old warrior die; had prayed all night in his father's lonely tent; she was the only woman he ever loved.

The secret of ber birth, and the place where bey found her secreted, was only known to the good old King Brian, and his son. For many years the child had dwelt in the castle, arrayed in the dress of a page, lest by wearing the clothes of her sex, she might be spirited away by the people who had held her in bondage, and who might recognize her. When Brian and Donough went to battle, she begged, with many tears, to accompany them; and the King at last consented to her going, provided she would promise never to desert his namp; diers to strike home for the faith. Of all the where he would leave a faithful servant in

and striking nicture to the imagination, than this ! Here, then, the girl passed the lonely dive in gray-haired old mun calling upon bis children to tears and prayers for those she loved. Here, sion wound through the over-shadowed nathway, fight for the religion of the Sunts. That still on bended knees, she supplicated the Gold of on its way back, one who stood near asked the stately form, the un vithered hand clasping the battles, all through that dreary night, guarded by grave-digger whom he was interring there? Crucifix, fixed the eyes of the little band, and the soldier who was never to leave ber alone for Brian almost believed that they could win the a moment, and who well fulfilled the trust. And here Brian found her, when he returned, a con-'queror, elas! for a brief moment, in which the dark eyes had hardly time to recover their look his old warriors assisted him to his tent, and he of sunny gladness, ere she saw him ruthlessly

Donnugh's friends boned that the sovereignty would be tendered to him, as his father's successor; but had he wished it, there were too many whom Malachi bad won over to his side; and almost before Brian's ashes were cold, his rival re-ascended the throne of death; while Donaugh retired to his castle among the hills of Monster, with his beautiful bride.

Brian bad named the little fondling Ivar, after one of the three famous sea-kings; and she would not now relinquish the name so endeared to her by remembrance. They were married on the very night of their return, and from this time, about his neck as he prayed, and his prayers she ceased to fear the persecution of the foes of her childgood. Absorbed in the love of her husband, life became to her as one long summer day. Simple as a cottage girl, she could be as queenly as any of the consorts of neighboring neath the furious stabs that pierced that noble ings, were statement of heart. In van the terrified boy shrieked for aid. was worthy of her high estate—worthy to be ing.

How is he now, grandpana? In vain his slight hand clasped the handle of the mother of Kings, but fate decreed other-

Malachi, King of Meath, was a brave man; vengeful breasts, and they neither saw nor heard but a King, more powerful than himself, conthe puny stripling, who dared to screen their quered him at last-the King of Terrors. He victim from their rage. The body fell to the died in 1022; and Donough should have sucground with a dull thud, that struck terror to the ceeded him to the Kingdom. But his right was child's bosom. His protector, his second father, once more oprosed. This time, Donough's was no more—the lion beart; had broken! At | heart; was interested in the conquest, and he fought like a hon for his right. He was Brian boy, Donough Borohme, the conqueror, rushed Borohme's heir-' Brian terrible in battle, wise into the tent. With a wait that might almost in counsel, a man who had stood, head and have wakened the dead, be knelt beside the shoulders above every Irish King that had been bleeding body of his father, and his King. He born for centuries. It was the bitterness of saw nothing, felt nothing, but that a murderer's death to him-this defeat-for defeat came. He hand had stricken down the poble old warrior, grew morbid-almost insane under the blow.until the boy crent round and laid his cold and Sad and depressed, he walked the solitary rooms of the castle, unheeding that Ivar sat alone in 'Ivar, my darling ! are you here, too? What her chamber, awaiting the advent of his child .-terrible fate led you to this scene? And how She heard the sound of his footsteps tramping the stone floors, and shuddered to find that even I was praying beside him when they came, her tenderness had no balm for his wounded could do was little."

Midnight came, but the unquiet soul kept the And sounding a silver bugle that hurg at his neath her. In that dark hour, her child's brief life ing borse close to one's head, when one is lying came and went; and its beautiful mother never almost insensible on the ground. Had it not

They knelt down, and each cone touched the happy King resigned himself to despair. He

hung wildly over the beautiful remains of the man replied, proudly. 'She comes of a brave mother and child, perfectly distracted with grief rare, and is worthy of it.' and anguish. For days, he kept them from burial, and would not be persuaded that they a riding suit of the period, threw at the other a could not be restored to life. At length, when decay touched the sweet faces with its effacing the old man from head to foot. finger, he resisted no longer.

The next day after the mournful burial be resigned his kingdom, and went out an exile from the home of his fathers, to wander away in foreign lands. The heaths of Ireland felt his springing footsteps no more. Life was hateful to one who had given up wife, child, and kingdom, in a single day. Wandering thus, he chanced to seat himself one day, near the gate of a convent. The cool, gray walls seemed to woo the sufferer reposing in their shadow. Next to death, the convent seemed to hold a place of rest for the weary; and he rang the convent bell, and was admitted. Lonely and silent-never speaking to the brothers, and holding slight communion with the head of the monastery, he lived years in blood of France. But De L'Orme is not a the performance of his duties as one of the order, name to be ashamed of, or disown; and if the vet so mechanically that one would have said there was no heart in that thin body-no central to glut their longing for more blood, the life of here! fires in that dumb soul.

It was a day in summer; so bright, so beau tiful with the blue sky bending so loving above, | pale-'my poor child.' and the emerald grass lying so quietly beneath, that earth seemed as lovely as Heaven. A quiet gravefard it was, where the sunshine kissed the stern science. grass, and the shadow of tall trees lav over an open grave. Presently there came down the pathway from the convent, a long procession of monks, bearing a bier.

Suddenly, from the little chapel, there arose upon the summer air a chant so swee', yet so heart-breaking in its sweetness, that the very birds hushed their mid-summer carols to listen. Nearer and nearer 'charging the deep cellars mourners stopped beside the still grave. The bier was lowered, and the face of the dead cleamed up white, yet with a Heavenly serenity, that told of ineffable grace. A solemn burial said: service succeeded, and then arose a strain so grand, so joyful, so expressive of a sublime hope. and triumph beyond that low grave, that it seemed almost to be the departing spirit upon its power and might. When all was over, and the proces-

said the old mank, devoutly crossing himself.

' Did you know his name in the world?' 'What matters,' rejoined the monk. 'I only

know that there he lies. 'But I know. He was a King-almost a demigod. He was the brave son of the Irish king, the good Brian Borohme, Father and son -both murdered. Truly may you say. God

rest that tempest tossed, world tried soul.' Another spadeful of earth, and the face of Donough Borohme was hidden from the light of day: but we know that in the Heaven'y king dom, its likeness is shining in the Archangel's face, with a light that shall not grow dim through all eternity.

JULIE DE L'ORME.

CHLPTER I-SAVED.

The old man came to the front of the humble cottage. His head was white with the snow of seventy winters. But his slender form was free from the stoop of age; and there was something peculiarly high bred and aristocratic in his bear-

The speaker, who sat on a rustic bench, under the twining rose tree beside the door, was a lovely girl, whose cheek bore the bloom of seventeen maiden years.

'He is better, my child,' the old man ans-

Perfectly restored ! said a deep voice; and a tall stern-looking man emerged from the cottage. His straight black hair was close-cut; and his dark face wore a savage expression, which was by no means lessened by the strip of plaster which covered a fresh wound, on the left side of the forehead.

'Saved!' he sad. 'Young Jady you have saved my life. One moment later, and that vicious brute would have kicked my brains out. The young girl looked up, blushed, and then

'Monsieur exaggerates his danger? she said. What I did - what a weak girl in such a case

'I am not unaccustomed to danger, mademoiselle, the dark featured man replied, 'I know what it is to have the hoofs of a frightened, plungbeen for mademoiselle's courage and ready hand, into the room. . Fully awakened by his double loss, the un- monsieur, I had locked upon my last sun.

- Julie's a brave girl, the white-haired old true.

The stranger, who, by the way, was dressed in ble his befallen vou. rapid, enquiring glance, that seemed to measure

'May I venture,' he said, 'to ask the name of those to whom I am so deeply indebted?'

The girl looked anxiously at her grandfather; but the latter drew himself up with dignity, as he The other pushed him to a chair; but he heeded enlied:

Our name is De L'Orme !'

HRONICLE

The stranger started, and drew back a step. De L'Orme !' he exclaimed. Citizen, that her?' s a dangerous name in these perilous times. The ring of aristocracy is in it; and many a proud head has already fallen for no other crime than boasting that aristocratic prefix to a name."

'It is true,' the old man said sadly, but without any show of fear; 'your republican rulers have shed profusely the proudest, and noblest harmes of the Convention, still unsatiated, desire an old man, grey in poverty and suffering, is not much. But-' he paused, and his cheek grew

The girl seized his hand, and nestled close to him. The stranger regarded both a moment in

'You are the the father of the Count De L'O me, said he, who was killed at -

Ave, the old man proudly interrupted. ' My son fell to battle, fighting against the enemies of froom, with a speed that seemed to defy the fec-France. And now none of our noble line re- bleness of age. mains, but one poor old man, and this orphan

For an instant, a gleam of compassion -a ray from the celestial countenance of the angel of his just then. Higher thoughts (represented by with all mournful chords, until the long troop of pity-lighted up the dark, stern face of the the young girl, who was the noblest type of hustranger. He paused for a moment, as if ab sorbed in deep thought. Then looking up with a smile that had the grimness of a frown in it, he he spoke:

> * Citizen, these are dangerous tures for such i as you and this lovely child. But I am not an blaspheme it. Andre, my friend, some wine. ungrateful man, and I owe you a life. If danger I feel sick ! comes to you, it may be in my power to save

He draw a tablet from his pocket, as he spoke, and wrote upon it a few hasty lines.

'Here, citizen De L'Orme,' he said. ' Keep He was brother Adrian - God rest his soul! that tablet, and should danger come to you at any time, it may be - if he who writes it still re tains his own head," he said this with a smileprove of service in your need.

He turned back into the cottage, and came out again with a whip in his hand, and a large heavy cloak on his arm.

'Maiden,' he said, taking the girl's hand, and raising it respectfully to his line, " We should be. by rank (for I am of the neonle, and you of the noblesse) and heritage (for I am ouly a proletaire, a sansculiote. if you will) enemies. But I owe you a life, no matter how small you may deem it worth, and I am grateful.'

He dropped her hand, and the next moment was gone.

The old man read the lines inscribed upon the

tablet; and with an exclamation of astonishment, handed it to his grand daughter. Julie De L'Orme, as she read, grew pale. . . He! The enemy of our race and class.'

Our enemy no longer, thank Heaven.

CHAPTER II -THE APPEAL.

Days pass by; but terrible events pass faster. In a front room of a house in a narrow faubourg of Paris, a man was seated at a desk, writing rapidly. Two other men near him, to whom be dictated brief orders now and again, were writing likewise. Of and on, persons came turrying in, who whispered hasty messages in his ear, and rapidly departed.

This man who sat alone, and whose penmoved with such noisy rapidity, was dark and stern, with closely cropped bair. So cold and stern he sat, he might have been a creature turned into stone, but for that pervous motion of his fingers, and that grating sound of his pen.

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 a set of every tablets, and then stood by, mutely

The dark and stern looking man started at the sight of the tablets, and opening them hurriedly, read what was written inside.

Who gave you these?' he said, looking

hastily up. 'An old man, citizen, with long white hair.'

Show him up."

The man instantly varished.

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

'Citizen De L'Orme.' said the stern-visaged man. 'what has happened? Some great trou-

'The tablets !' exclaimed the old man, 'you have received them?

'Yes; and I know that their arrival here means that danger menaces you. I remember my promise well. Now, what is it?

The aged noble paused, and gasped for breath it not. At last he spoke -

' My grand-daughter!'

'Your grand-daughter! Heaven! What o

'She is in prison-she has been denounced by wretch, whose insolent addresses she spurged. She is condemned to death; and in an hour her neck will be beneath the guillotine, if you owe her a life, and prove false to your word.

The other started with an exclamation of

'Citiz'n Andre,' he said to one of the secretaries, 'your 1st - quick. Ah! here it is .--Heaven grant, I may not be to late. Here.

He rushed to his desk, seized a sheet of paper, wrote basuly upon it, and thrust it in the old man's

'Away, citizen!' he cried. 'Waste not a moment. If you would save your child's life burry to the Place de Greves, and resent that.'

The noble grasped it as a starving man might clutch his proffered food, and dashed from the

The dark stern man sank back on his chair .--The mere cold, inhuman thought of working out what is called an 'idea'-let us hope-was not manity he had ever seen), may have occupied his mind at the moment. After a short purse

'Heaven grant he may be in time!' He had used the sacred name but little of late, except to

CHAPTER III - LOST.

A fearful scene was that, on the Place de Greves, on that bright summer day. There was the horrible scaff ild, the indeous frame, the olork, and the glittering knife. Soldiers fenced it around: and a howling mob, thirsting for blond, filled the whole square.

A fearful scene was that in the distance .-The tumbril came rolling along the rugged pavement, filled with its freight of human victims. Aged matrons, and tender maidens were there: gay ruffl og nobles-what a grim and grote-que mockery of life, was their ghastly levity, and gaity now! What a many colored picture of miserable humanity was that, with the night shade of death hanging over all! Some prayed: some moaned; some looked cold and stern; others, those once gay young pobles, smiled and playfully jested to the last. They were cool and brave, these men, worthy of the death of the soldier, not the felon.

Out of the tumbril, and un the steps of the platform they went, amid the stares and clamors of the mob. One graceful young noble, of handsome features, and lordly mien, had placed his foot side by side with one of the female victims of this horrid blood thirst, when be suddenly drew back, and, as if he were on the nerron of the palace at Versailles, he lifted his hat, and, with a gracious smile, and sweet bow said, 'place aux dames'-ladies first! He was the grand-son of an Irishman, this, of one of the heroes of the great old brigade. Even in that dark hour, he was the polished gentleman still.

The hideous butchery began. A young girl, in a robe of simple white, approached, and knell before the frame, at the feet of the Confessor. The executioner stood by, silent and grim. The howling crowd bushed its marticulate noise awhile, at sight of that girl, so lovely to ber virgin grace, and celestral heroism; and then a murmuring of something akin to pity, filled the

The white robed maiden advanced, and kissed the cross. The headsman prepared for his functions. She knelt again. A wild, weird shriek

burs' upon the air-, 'Tenez! tenez!'-' Hold!'.hold!'

And the form of an aged man, whose white hairs floated on the wind, was seen in the distance, rushing forward with frantic gestures.

Onward he came. But the maiden did not seem to heed him-nor the crowd, except some on its outward tringe. Onward, waving a

Tenes! tenes!

The vory neck was bowed. The waiving hair flowed over the white brew, and pallid into the room.

I have, found you, monsieur!! Then it is cheeks. One word: the knife fell! and the dissevered head dropped into that heep of blood-