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THE HALLS OF TARA.

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

bloody vestments of the dead, and swore eternal hate to the murderers. One lingered long, and gazed sadly on the calm, white face. 'They broke the noblest heart that ever beat, my comrades!' he said, as he arose from his knees.

hung wildly over the beautiful remains of the mother and child, perfectly distracted with grief and anguish. For days, he kept them from burial, and would not be persuaded that they could not be restored to life. At length, when decay touched the sweet faces with its effacing finger, he resisted no longer.

man replied, proudly. 'She comes of a brave race, and is worthy of it.' The stranger, who, by the way, was dressed in a riding suit of the period, threw at the other a rapid, enquiring glance, that seemed to measure the old man from head to foot.

'Citizen De L'Orme,' said the stern-visaged man, 'what has happened? Some great trouble has befallen you.' 'The tablets!' exclaimed the old man, 'you have received them?'