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#### CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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The

A LEGEND OF SARSFIELD.

From Legends of the Wars in Ireland, by Robert Duryer Joyce, M.D.

#### CHAPTER II.-(Continued.)

"With that my uncle passed on-bad scran to him! for if he answered and said the hour was come, Garodh Earla an' all his knights would be back here in the twinklin' of an eye, an' 'is short work they'd make o' the Sassenschs if they came. On an' on he went, till in the bottom of a green valley he came fornint a grand house; an' his heart leapt with joy when he heard the people inside rattlin' up 'Garry-owen' with a chorus that seemed to shake the rafthers.

""Be this stick !' said he, 'but they seem to be refreshin' themselves inside anyhow. I'll jast step in, an' p'rhaps it's a cead mille failthe I'd get to Tir-n-na-Oge from some one !'

"He did so; an' the first person he saw in-side was his cousin, Johnnie Harty, who, with

"Wisha! a thousand welcomes to Tir-n-naabove.'

and settle here as soon as I can, if it shuits to the worst." me, which I think it will to a T.'

show the place to my cousin, Rody Condon.'

"With that they all stood up, an' conducted freedom." Rody beyant their own boundary into another lin' matches, and bouts with soords an' all that, stig that kept the forest beneath.

placed one upon the other in the manner of Attend to me, boy. From this place there are those cyclopean structures, some of which are yet found in the country. Through a chink between two of these blocks of stone, a low, you saw the horses grazing,—see! here it is," sharp voice now grated on his ear, like the his | and he removed a sheaf of pikes from the wall, of a serpent :--

"Remember Ellie Connell, base Rapparee dog," said the voice in accents that Tibbot knew but too well, "and remember also how you crossed my path when it led to her love. Vengeance is in my hand at last; and, as sure as there is a hell beneath you, you and your companions shall swing from the best branch in the vood before set of sun."

"Try it," answered Tibbot, as he wrenched the cords that bound his arms asunder. Ha! may arms are now free; and when you come for us, you will find us hard to take. Miscreant undertaker! you will pay dearly for this if you come within reach of me, and as I now stand unarmed."

"Heed him not, Tibbot," said O'Hogan, creeping over to his lieutenant, in order to get his arms also unbound. "Gideon Grimes," he continued, as he felt his arms free, "I was

last, and that you are to be hung this evensure enough, an' p'rhaps fit for yourselves; ropes that are to settle all debts between us."

"'Tis a wondherful place,' answered John- bowlders of rock beneath our feet, if it comes ribs of the first of his pursuers that came up, nie, 'The first place you saw belongs to to that," returned Sarsfield, smiling grinly in gained the wood outside, and soon put several Garodh Earla, this to us, an' that beyant there the darkness. "By my faith ! an they come to the Fenians of Erinn. Come, boys, let us to take us forth, we can at least dash out some

encamped upon a hill; some engaged in wrest- ing about in the interior of their place of en- On a huge oaken table, in the midst of the d to be an Far in, in what seen urance. "There he's over at the edge of the camp Through this hole, after a great deal of ingeni-'an' there is Curigh MacDaire standin' beside truding his black head. After looking out be- listened to the wild and heart-piercing song.about twenty men undher an oak tree with me will stay here for one. Haven't ye a single | Black Gidcon in their midst, and they settlin' ropes, like hangmen, to four o' the strongest brauches overhead. Oh, wirra, wirra! what'll become of us?" "Ha !" exclaimed O'Hogan, "did you see where their horses were, Cus?" "Yes, sir," answered Cus; "they were all grazin' in a little bollow at the foot of a small "Now," rejoined O'Hogan, as if communing "The word was scarcely out of his mouth with himself, "I begin to recollect where we are. But we can soon settle that question," the rough stone. "By the blood of my body, my lord genwhat was in the cruiskeen, but it is a long time till they catch me again on Novimber night.' I thought. We are in the Gray Knight's "An' so that, my lord, is what happened to my uncle,' concluded Cus Russid; "but wait "An' so that, my lord, is what happened to "An' so that, my lord, what happened to "An' so that, my lord, doors open from it, and what a treasure is hid once set my eyes on Garodh Earla an' hiss there. Follow me, all; for there is not a mo-mighty warriors, if "\_\_\_\_\_ With that he lit another match, and led the way into the inner chamcovered the entrance to another chamber. On

THE HOUSE OF LISBLOOM. seemed to him, a wall composed of huge stones latter in the service you are about to perform. showing behind a low and narrow passage,— "the other is from the chamber outside."

"I know it, captain," interrupted Cus. "It lades to the other *lios*, in the very thick o' the wood. I went through it twenty times. But I didn't know this one."

"Very well," rejoined O'Hogan. "You are to escape through that passage when Gideon and his men come in for us. You will go through it like a weazel, while we get out through this passage, seize three horses out-side, and then ride for our lives. Be sure to make a good noise to draw Gideon and his ruffians after you; and, if one of them should overtake you at the far-off end of the passage, you know the use of half-a-dozen inches of cold steel. Once you reach Lios na Cummer, it will be easy for you to escape through the his companions. Age seemed to have little woods. We are going to Glenurra Castle, where you can rejoin us."

"Never fear me, captain," exclaimed Cus Russid. "If one o' them overtak's me afore "Think of it not," answered Gideon, in a Give me a couple o' matches, captain. There, mocking voice through the chink. "Think that'll do," and he crept out into the second Oge, Rody,' said his cousin. 'Here, take a mocking voice through the chink. "Think that'll do," and he crept out into the second jorum o' this to refresh yourself, an' then per- only that you are in safe custody here; that chamber, and replaced the stone against the haps you'd tell us some news from the worldt your nicce is safe under lock and key in Lis- aperture, thus shutting out his companions bloom; that my vengeance is in high train at from the observation of Gideon and his myr-"(I'll tell you one thing,' said my uncle, last, and that you are to be hung this even-afther emptying the cup, ' this is a sweet drink tide as high as Haman, for I have sent for the covered the main outlet, and let it fall with a loud crash on the stony floor. At the same sure enough, an prhaps at for yourserves, ropes that are to settle an ueous between us. but, if you don't give me something stronger to wet my windpipe on this blessed Novimber right, I'll die with the druth. I'd rather have one glass o' Tom Fraher's potheen than a one glass o' Tom Fraher's potheen than a the right. Every thing fell out just as O'Ho-gan had planned. He and Tibbot and Sarswhole gallon of this wake thrash !" "My lord," said O'Hogan, in a low voice, "Well,' said his cousin, "we can give you nothing stronger at present, Rody; but haven't that this mishap has befallen us, not for my fell upon and slew the three men left outside you any news?' "Devil a much,' said my uncle, 'an' so I'll let it alone till I hear what kind of a country this is to live in; for I mane to come me to find some plan of escape before it comes the passage with the agility of a fox, waited at the worst." "We will trust to our arms, and these small his dagger, as he had promised, between the good miles between himself and Black Gideon.

O'Hogan intended to meet at Glenurra Casof their brains, and then make a rush for our the young Hugh O'Ryan, another and one of the to lie in wait for a troop of cavalry who began part, where he saw all the Fenians of Erinn through his noose, like an cel, had been grop- stronghold, they were welcomed to a sad scene. Lisbloom." great hall, lay the dead body of poor Hugh, ous screwing, he had at lenth succeeded in pro- one of the domestics, and, without a word, with them ere long." 'an' there is Curigh MacDaire standin beside him. They're the best frinds now, although in the worldt above they often had a rattlin' fight about the beautiful Blanaid, who lives now over there in that bright palace above the stream.' "Wisha! faith then,' said Rody, ''tis lit-bit desarved a palace for lavin' her lawful in the roof inside there, just large enough for slowly and mournfully:-

"It is Marion Creagh, the betrothed wife of field as one of the most remarkable he had ever

EAttness,

poor Hugh," whispered O'Hogan, as he directed Sarsfield's attention to the young girl who had sung the lament. "But here comes Hugh's father, Owen O'Ryan, to welcome us. God help him! he has a sad welcome on his war-worn face. We shall now learn all about the death of my poor lieutenant."

CHAPTER III. - IN WHICH EDMOND OF THE HILL APPEARS UPON. THE SCENE, AND CUS RUSSID AGAIN BRINGS NEWS OF ELLIE CON-NELL; SHOWING ALSO HOW SARSFIED AND THE RAPPAREE CAPTAINS MARCH TO MEET THEIR FOES AT THE BRIDGE OF TERN.

Owen O'Ryan, the father of the young Rapparce officer who lay stark upon the table, was a man of about fourscore years of age, somewhat low of stature, with a white beard descending upon a chest of unusual prominence, and with a pair of shoulders so broad that they almost seemed to fill up the doorway through which he now issued to welcome O'Hogan and other effect upon the old gentleman than that of thinning his features, and giving a clearer outline to the long acquiline nose that projected between his sharp gray eyes; for his figure was still as brawny and creet as when, nearly fifty years before, he had donned morion and backand-breast as a captain of horse under the Kilkenny Confederation. He had been too much accustomed all his life long to scenes of blood and sorrow to be much affected, at least ex-ternally, even by the death of his last and youngest son, yet as he grasped O'Hogan's hand with a silent greeting, and glanced at the woful figure upon the table, there was a tear in his eloquent eye, and a twitch upon his wrinkled face, that told the working of the brave but troubled soul within.

"I would," he said, still keeping O'Hogan's hand in his, "that I could give you other greeting than this. But war is always the same. It has long been sapping the founda-tions of my house, and now it has taken my ast son.'

"He died the death of a brave man, however, like his brothers before him," said O'-Hogan, his heart swelling and his eyes also glistening at sight of the old soldier's trouble.

"Yes," rejoined the latter, "he died at least in harness. This morning at rise of sun he rode forth at the head of the men of Coonagh, During all this, Cus Russid, who had slipped bravest of his lieutenants. But when at sun-bravest of his lieutenants. But when at sun-set they walked into the hall of that ancient carried their booty last night to the House of

"It must be the same party that our messenger told us of," said O'Hogan

There, erect as a spear-shaft, stood a young man, slightly above middle height, with eyes black and piercing like those of an eagle, and a sun-embrowned face eminently beautiful in its contour and proportions. A bright morion, in the crown-spike of which was stuck a spray of heather with its purple flowers all in bloom, defended his proud head; and from beneath it flowed down a mass of raven-black and shining hair upon a glittering steel corselet, under which in its turn the skirts of a light green coat fell in graceful folds over the manly leg of its wearer. Over the corselet was flung a broad green leathern belt, from which depended a heavy cavalry sabre and a long skean or dagger, with the hilt of which latter the hand of its owner was playing nervously as he still stood gazing sorrowfully upon the pale face of the corpse. Such was Eman na Cnuc, or Edmoud of the Hill, one of the noblest gentlemen and bravest of Rapparce captains that ever drew sword and shook bridle free in the cause of the worthless and weak-minded King James the Second.

At Eman's appearance in the hall, the caoinc. or death-song, recommenced wilder, more vehemently, and more distressingly sorrowful than before, the women bending over the table with clasped heads and streaming eyes; one of them, in the intervals between each portion of the heart-breaking cry, relating, in a voluble and mournful recitative in her native tongue, the virtues and various gallant actions of the dead youth, dwelling particularly on those done in companionship with his dauntless cousin, Edmond of the Hill. A number of men now filled the hall, each of whom wore a sharp iron spur upon his heel; and whether he carried a light green cap or iron pott \* upon his head, having a sprig of blossomed mountain heather waving jauntily in its crown,-a badge by which they were known through the wide country round as followers of their bold captain, Eman; just as the men who acted under the command of Gallopping O'Hogan were re-cognized by their plumes of green waving fern. Several of these immediately joined in the cry; and so contagious did their grief become that Sarsfield was at last glad to retire beyond the immediate sphere of its influence into an inner room of the castle, where, with the aged, but still warlike Owen, with Edmond of the Hill, and the others, he sat consulting on the best and speediest method of settling accounts with Gidcon Grimes and the blood-thirsty troopers who now garrisoned the redoubtable stronghold of Lisbloom,

People from all parts of the surrounding

Where's Cuchullin ?' asked Rody.

leaning on his spear,' answered his cousin:

husband, Curigh, so fly with Cuchullin. If things my head. I looked out through it, and saw are carried on in this way, the devil a fut o' dhrop o' the crathur to wet a poor fellow's whistle afther his long journey ?'

"' Not a taste but metheglin,' they all answered.

"Well, that settles the question,' said Rody, giving his cuthamore a shake. 'Dang the bit o' me will ever stay in a counthry where there isn't a dhrop o' potheen to be had for love or | lios in the wood." money.'

when the whirlwind caught him up again. an' he was tossed an' tumbled an' rowled between | he continued, as with a sudden start, he drew its roarin' wings out upon the very spot where from his pocket a tinder-box, and struck a he had sat down some time before to refresh light. The blaze of the burning match fell himself. He felt for his cruiskeen, but found it empty. dimly upon the opposite wall, and there showed the half-obliterated figure of a knight carved in it empty.

"'Well,' said he, as he stood up an' began to walk home, ' the fairies must have played a thrick on me,—bad luck to Traneen Glas, that eral!" exclaimed the brave Rapparee, the mo-imp o' perdition! He an' his comerades drank ment his eye fell upon the weird-looking and

till I find out the door into Tir-n-na-Oge, an'

He was not allowed to finish his sentence; for in an instant there was a rush from the ber. Here he pulled away a tall, thin flag trees behind them, and, before they could turn | that seemed to fit into the side-wall, and disor gain their feet, poor Cus and his companions were seized by a number of men, disarmed and entering the latter, they found its dry floor pinioned, and, with horse-cloths thrown over strewn with weapons of all kinds from the old their faces, dragged through the wood despite | matchlocks and battleaxes of Queen Elizabeth's their struggles, and at length thrown rudely time to the musketoons, half-pikes, and swords into a confined place like a cavern, where, when | used in the days of the second Charles. they succeeded in shaking the rough cloths "Now, general," said O'Hogan, "choose from before their eyes, they endeavored to look your weapon. As for me, I will have this round, but found themselves in total darkness. | sword," and he took up a huge, rusty one that Tibbot, who happened to be the last thrust in | rested against the wall. "You, too, Tibbot. put out his hand, as well as he could, to feel You, Cus, take a short pike, and that dagger for some support, and rested it against, what lying at your feet. You will mayhap want the " The woods of Drumlery Are greenest and fairest, And flowers in gay glory Bloom there of the rarest ; They'll deck without number A red grave and narrow, Where he'll sleep his last slumber, Young Hugh of Glenurra!

The canavaun's blooming Like snow on the marish, The autumn is coming, The summer flowers perish ; And, though love smiles all gladness. He's left me in sorrow, To mourn in my madness, Young Hugh of Glenurra!

Sweet love filled forever His kind words and glances ; Light foot there was never Like his in the dances, By forest or fountain, In goal on the curragh, Or chase on the mountain Young Hugh of Glenurra!

When cannons did rattle, And trumpets brayed loudly, In the van of the battle His long plume waved proudly : As the bolts from the bowmen, Or share through the furrow He tore through the formen, Young Hugh of Glenura !

Alas! when we parted That morn in the hollow, Why staid I faint-hearted ? Why ne'er did I follow, To fight by his side there The red battle thorough, And die when he died there? Young Hugh of Glenurra!

Ah, woe is me! woe is me! Love cannot wake him; Woe is me! woe is me! Grief cannot make him Quit, to embrace me, This red couch of sorrow, Where soon they shall place me By Hugh of Glenurra!"

knew and some preparing for the chase of a great inner chamber of their prison, he had discover- surrounded by his weeping friends. As the they would not go to garrison Black Gideon's the Castle of Glenura, although it was nearly ed a round hole cut downward through a huge three entered, the caoine, or death-song, was house without spilling some blood upon the midnight, when Cus Russid, completely worn sandstone flag that formed the side of the roof. Through this hole, after a great deal of ingeni-ing to custom, upon seats provided for them by hands in practice. But we will settle accounts the room in which Sarsfield and the Rapparee

"It was for that purpose my son went forth," crossed the Bridge of Tern, and just caught the Lord pardon me for swearin' before your sight of the English cavalry coming out into lordship !" answered Cus, addressing the latter carbine-shot from the wood hard by struck him through the heart, and there he lies." And he pointed sternly to the table. "Ycs, there he lies; and there be who say that it was the man you mentioned but just now who fired the shot, -Black Gideon Grimes."

was a base and coward shot," said Tibbot.

"Young man," returned the brawny patriarch of Glenurra, "curse not, for words are idle and worthless in times like this. One good glens bethune my carkiss an' the pisthol good sabre-cut on the crown, or slash across the o' Gideon Grimes, says I to myself, 'Be the

"In the method you favor," said O'Hogan, "I can safely say Tibbot is not slack."

"I know it," answered the old man, " and he will soon have opportunity enough for prac- lord, an' found that, instead of one throop o' tising it; for I've sent for my nephew, Eman dhragoons an' a cannon, that there were two na Cnuc,\* whom I expect here momently with his men. Ha! Marion," he continued, his together with Black Gideon's men, to defind gray eyes flashing fiercely, as the young girl the house an' pass. I heerd all this from one again commenced clasping her hands and moan-ing piteously at the head of the table, "your into the wood when I whistled for him,-be loss will be well avenged ere many days are the same token, the signil bethune him an' me over."

murderous dog whose shot laid poor Hugh low," said O'Hogan: and he related the news luck to them !" brought by Cus Russid, and the adventure that befell them in the chamber of the Gray Knight. He then introduced Sarsfield.

The old soldier of Glenura cast an admiring glance on the great cavalry general with whose name all Ireland was now ringing, took his hand with a clasp like that of a vice, and gave him a welcome, sad enough indeed, but still cordial, to his castle. While engaged in the conversation that followed, a slight rustle was heard in the room; and, on turning round, they beheld standing silently at the foot of the table, and gazing fixedly at the corpse, a figure that the old chief and the two Rappares leaders knew well, but which at once struck Sars-

· Edmond of the Hill,

country were still crowding into and around leaders were holding their council of war, and stood before Tibbot Burke.

"Well," said the latter, "I hope you have no worse news to tell us."

"Indeed, then, sir, be my sowl ! I have,---portion of his sentence to Sarsfield.

"What is it, my man ?" asked the latter.---"Methinks it cannot prove much worse than every thing happening around us.'

"This is it, my lord," answered Cus; "an' you, Captin O'Hogan, an' you, Edmond o' the Hill, an' all o' ye consarned, ought to mind it "A curse upon the hand that fired it; it well, When I stuck my skean into the ribs o' the first man that overtook me undher the ground by Lios na Cummer, an' then got out into the free air o' the wood, an' put three breast or face, is worth ten thousand words in redressing a wrong." hole T my coat, an' be the blessed stone of Imly! Cus Russid, but you're no man, but a mane sprissaun, if you don't whip off to Lisbloom to see how matthers are carryin' on there. I did so, hop at the venthure! my was the whistle of a hawk questin.' The "We have all an account to settle with the other throop an' the companies of infanthry were sent there to furrige the counthry,-bad

"I fear me," said Sarsfield, with a grave face, turning to the others, "that it will be now impossible for you to take this strong house, and to come : t your man. Oh! if I had but one troop of my Lucan horse to aid us, we would make short work of them.'

"Not altogether impossible, my lord," answered Edmond of the Hill. " Outside in the wood I have two hundred men, half of them foot, and well armed with pike and gun; half of them light horsemen, who will follow me to the death. My uncle Glenura can bring, at least, fifty more horse and foot at his back; and O'Hogan can have his men drawn down

• Pott,—the helmet worn by the common cavalry men of the time.