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THE "HIBERNIAN" NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE CAPTIVE OF KILLESHIN. (Continued.)

At survise next morning, the woods of Castle Dermot resounded to the unaccustomed din of English drums and trumpets, as the army of the Earl of March wound their glittering way through passes that had been rarely trodden by Saxon foot since the time when the third Edward had withdrawn the barrier from Carlow Castle to the Naas. Their vanguard, cased in plate armour, and bearing gay streamers on the ends of their long lances, had entered on a nar-row strip of open ground that lay along the verge of a rivulet, and were deploying into a different order suitable to their less contracted line of march, when, on a sudden, the skirts of the wood swarmed with a host of assailants, and a shower of javelins fell among their astonished ranks. while two hundred Irish horsemen followed with their long lances to the charge. These were the Slieumargie galloglass upon their rout to Tully Phelim. The English, wheeling into line, with their backs to the river, received the shock

lances had been either cast or broken on either part, the fight was maintained at the point of the sword, and now, man singling man, it raged over the plan in a tumultous series of single combats. Quarter was neither asked nor given; there was nothing to be seen but flickering blades and prostrate men and horses; nothing to be heard out shouts and war cries and the clang of iron. Brian More O'Nolan had already struck down three antagonists; his blood was up, his frame dilated, and his whole aspect breathing furious

like gallant men, and the ground was soon cov-

ered with many dead on both sides. When the

purpose, when he suddenly checked the unpetuous course of his charger, and in a voice distinctly heard over all the clamor and tumult of the field, called off his men before whom the remnant of the enemy's vanguard was momentarrly giving grounds; for the main body of the

Earl's army was now in sight, and more than one shaft from the English longbow had already fallen among the combatants.

It was with ill suppressed reluctance that the

Irish leader prepared to withdraw from the field, where a few minutes more would have gained the marks of conflict. The sight of such a pure him a victory so complete as he seemed about and peaceful spot, stained for the first time, perachieving, and the more so, that one cavalier haps, since the waters had burst out of the amount the blood of slaught send it to her for a token that I have not foramong the English who had twice endeavored earth's green bosom, with the blood of slaught send it to her for a token that I have not forachieving and the more so, that one cavalier haps, since the waters had burst out of the achieving as she send it to her for a token that I have not forachieving and the more so, that one cavalier haps, since the waters had burst out of the achieving as she send it to her for a token that I have not forachieving and the more so, that one cavalier haps, since the waters had burst out of the achieving as she senderly sorrowful, that none present gazed upon the intruder, but as he snoke she to single him out, still continued to press through ered men, stung the soul of the chief with a gotten her in her sorrow. But we have already the thickest of the fray with a daring which, pang as bitter as unwonted. He leaned his wasted too much time. Farewell, Sir Robert, while it challenged his admiration, provoked his pride. The Englishman was sheathed in complete armor; his closed visor concealed his face, but his figure was slight, and, although he fought with distinguished valor, it seemed as if he had been indebted for his success hitherto, as much to the weight and mettle of the magnificent horse he rode as to his own personal prowess. The fortune of the day was now turned; the Irish horsemen again made for the woods out of which they had issued: for in the face of such a force as was now approaching, further contest on the plain would have been madness. The pursued were the pursuers, and foremost of those who hung on the broken rear of the Irish, was the mother now, my heart's treasure, your mother English caralier, whose sword had not been idle

for a moment during the skirmish. Brian More, seeing him again doing such galgave way to astonishment and admiration; but as the warlike boy sprung from amongst the intercepting blows of his antagonists, and came charging down upon himself, a sudden flood of seemed magically summoned up before his eyes. He gazed on the defenceless youth-for his sword-arm was disabled, and hung, at length, idly by his side—as on an apparition; the young Englishman, with equal wonder, beheld the red weapon, by which he had already expected his all that haughty defiance mingled with eager exmischief at thy hands!'

The bewildered youth could only reply by an appeal of piteous amazement; but, at that instant, an arrow from the pursuing archery struck O'Nolan's horse through the flank, and the tortured animal plunged forward in the agonies of death. The chief sprung from the ground, still grasping the reins of the young Englishman's charger, and perceived that, short as the time occupied by this strange conference had been, the enemy had advanced close upon him and his prisoner, while his people, ignorant of his return to the rear, were already dispersed in the wood, and hurrying, by different routes, to the next place of rendezvous. There was no horse at hand, and to guide that of his captive, while mounted on that of another, would have been both difficult and retarding; so, laying hold of the high peak of the Englishman's saddle, he vanited on, behind the astonished but unresisting rider; and, giving the spur to his powerful charger, was soon out of arrow range, among the depths of the forest.

He had not borne his captive far when he perceived that he was severely wounded, and felt hier getting weaker in his arms. The flush of defiance had now left his face, and he leaned, with the sick repose of conscious belplessness, upon the bosom of his captor. Brian More felt his breast penetrated with a strange affection for the helpless being resting on it. The likeness to his own son seemed stronger at every look; and every moment revived his sorrow and softened his heart. When he found that they were safe from pursuit, he turned aside from the rude overshadowed track he had till then pursued, and bore his charge through briars and thickets into a glade of the forest, in the midst of which a clear spring reflected the open sky. Here he dismounted; and, lifting his faint captive from the saddle, like a sick child, in his arms, he laid him upon the margin of the fountain, unbraced his armor, and with his scarf staunched the battle-axe wound in his arm. The youth's faint eyes now expressed the utmost gratitude, and he murmured low thanks, but in a language unknown to Brian O'More. The chief sat down beside him, laid off his belmet and bathed his own brows and hands in the tranquil waters. The clear fountain was reddened as he washed away head upon his hand, and tears at length stole through his large fingers and dropped upon the water like a puritying sacrifice. A low groan from the wounded youth roused

his attention. He turned and beheld him stretched motionless in the swoon which stanched blood usually brings on a wounded man. His heart, already melted, now overflowed- Ever, my son,' he cried, 'you also are lying low! but Ever, child of my soul, yours is the swoon from which the wounded man awakens not in this life. Blame me not, my boy that other hands are about you, or that the faces you loved to see are not watching over you. You have met your and the three bright boys and girls that went before you. Tell her, and tell them, Ever, that I would fam be with them; but that my heart lant service against him, rode back with the de- sinks in my breast when I think of my lonely sign of encountering him hand to hand, but ere Una, the last-and oh, dear angels, forgive your he had reached the spot where his determined father if he do you wrong-the best and fairest champion was hotly engaged with two galloglass, of you all—Oh, heaven have compassion on my a blow of the battle-axe beat the helmet from lonely orphan!—look down upon her, sweet his head, and exposed the fair hair and flushed Saint Bride! Mother of heaven, guide her, features of a youth hardly past the earliest prime and guard her for ever !- And, Ever, tell our of manhood. The emulous hostility of the chief dark High that he need not blush to meet you. for that Tubberbawn has not run red with the only blood that shall yet be shed in your quarrel. -No, my brave boy, if you perished foully you shall be fearfully and fully avenged !- Ah, would tenderness and compassion rushed upon his heart to God it had been my fortune before I should for the calm disdain of the fine features, the die, to have seen you by my side fighting for waving fair hair, and the graceful figure of his your land and people, as I saw this gallant own Ever, as he had faced his death among young gentleman fight in the English van this MacGillpatrick's men, the morning before, day!—Alas, I cannot bear to look on his pale fair face, so like my own child's when they brought hun home fresh from the blade of Mac-Gillpatrick-so changed from the noble and ardent beauty that an hour ago reminded me of geous. Wounded, fevered, alone, he knew not Ever, as he rode out on that black morning to Shrule wood. Gallant boy,' he continued addeath-blow, returned to the sheath, and his now dressing the faint Englishman, now slowly reunmanageable charger bore him within arm's viving, does any father expect your return?—length of the Irish cuptain. Brian More seized does mother or sister keep a place at the evening his brielle as he dashed past, and gazed again on board for you? Ab, my fair youth, you may his ingenuous countenance, now animated with well look at me with thankful eyes—for I make a vow to Saint Bride, that when I shall have rectation, that he so well remembered in his own healed your wounds, and shown you our Irish ost boy. The illusion was complete; the fa- sports and hospitality, I will return you free of now reverberated as from an arched roof, as the ther triumphed over the warrior; his eyes filled ronsom to your people, as an alms to heaven, with tears, and he cried, unconscious of his that God may deal as merciful with me and hearer's ignorance of his language, Brother of mine. You understand me not, but I shall soon

earned you.' Brian More rose and teaving his } gauntiets and helmet on the margin of the fount, left his captive on the ground while he took a path that led into the woods, and was soon hid behind the close screen of thick foliage.

In a short time he returned, bringing with him an aged man, whose long beard and coarse gar-ment of black serge proclaimed a recluse. The then, in consideration of his youth and valor, restore him, free of ransom, to his friends.

'I have no friends,' replied the captive with a deep sigh; 'had I had friends to live for, I should not have courted death as I have done

' Who art thou?' said the hermit.

'Had I returned to the English camp to-day, I would be Sir Robert Fitz Thomas,' replied the youth, but the spurs that I have won I shall never wear: 1 am, I fear, dying.

'Not so, my son-with God's help, not so, cried the old man, hurrying to produce a phial of medicated waters, from which he administered to his patient with the air of one skilled in the treatment of the sick.

By this time, a score of the Sheumargie gallogiasses had joined their captain, and by his orders were busied in constructing a soft litter of wattled saplings. When this was finished, strewed with rushes and covered with a mantle, they placed upon it the young Geraldine-for his name associated him with the great house of Desmond—and elevating the whole to the shoulders of four men, awaited the further orders of the chief.

'Rory Buy,' said O'Nolan, ' to thee I entrust the care of the wounded gentleman and the command of these twelve gallowglasses. Bear him to the priory of Killeshin, with my instructions to the chief almoner that he want for no attendance or fit medicine. Lysagh Moyle, this holy hermit will accompany you; he desires a safeconduct to Killeshin, and will aid the sick gentleman in interpreting his wants. On your life see that he comes by no harm in your hands, and charge the same strictly upon the fathers .-Good Lysagh, take thou this scarf for the lady my children, mount, and ride for Ardnehue.' So saying, O'Nolan departed with one body of his charge, through the woods, in an opposite direc-

ing but the shifting clouds or receding foliage ple; the lady's face came near him; frowned overhead, as he lay supme upon his litter; but | the notion he had taken soon weighed down his eyes in total unconsciousness, and all seemed a blank till be awakened alone in a strange apartment, with a lamp burning by the head of the couch on which he lay, and an illuminated breviary open on a seat beside.

He attempted to raise his head, to convince himself that it was not a dream; but the stiffness and pain of his arm reminded him of the strange events of the last day, and the throbbing of his temples, and parching heat of his body, told plainly that fever was about to be added to the pain of his wound. Sounds, too, were ringing in his ears which he at first thought voices of persons overbead. They then seemed to be but the chiming in his own brain. Again they rose audibly from without; FitzThomas had never heard sounds so sweetly plaintive before. They grew nearer, clearer, and more wildly mournful at every note; now rising in almost painful sweetness, now sinking and floating away in murmured music, hardly to be disthen, again, drawing the very soul of the listener out in the ringing harmony of voices, mingling as they rose to a swell of lamentation inexpressibly touching. Fitz Thomas listened in doubt, nay, almost in terror; for his situation was such as might bave admitted alarm in the most courawhere, at the dead of night, approached by sounds of almost unearthly solemnity and mournfulness, his heart beat fearfully fast, and his eyes began to wander as he looked with momentary expectation of some equally strange appearance down the narrow vaulted passage, through which a bolf-drawn curtain gave the view of a heavy door at the farther end. Beyond, there seemed to be a large apartment; for the sounds were chanters, be thought, entered from the distance. Shafts of light now streamed through the crevices of the door, and soon after a gentle push hy boy, I would save you for that look, if there bring one who will tell you in your own tongue from some one in passing opened it far enough vere not a man of my clan that had not suffered what a sweet reward your valor this day has partially to disclose the scene without.

to indicate the short absence he contemplated, struck him with no less admiration than surprise. only remaining columns of some gigantic portal. the edifice which came within the scope of his eye, showed that it was the scene of some solemn religious ceremony. Presently a bier was borne past on the shoulders of wildly attired men. tombs and sculptured crosses, some of them full hermit, kneeling by the sick youth's side, spoke | Monks followed with a multitude of tapers. to him in broken English, telling him not to be Then came female mourners with dishevelled carvings richer than he ever had seen on similar cast down, for that his generous captor would hair, singing the dirge. It died away at length, monuments before. detain him only till his wounds might heal, and and in its place single voices were heard alternately chanting what seemed to Fitz Thomas, from the few words that he occasionally caught, slope of the stream's further bank. Close by, to be the Latin service of the dead. This was there was a romantic hollow, overhung by pensucceeded by a voice more animated, as of one dant rocks, and luxuriant wild rose bushes .pronouncing a funeral oration; but the language Here, the brook falling in a tiny cascade from was unknown to the listener. The emotions of its blue channel of state, gushed with a pleasing the speaker were, however, so strongly expressed murmur, through trailing festoons of briars and that the character of the mingled lament and ground ivy, and dimpled into a shallow pool that panegyric, with all its passionate appeals and discharged its waters by a narrow outlet, overtender eulogiums, could not be mistaken. When arched with the red laden branches of the mounthis had ceased, there was a stir among those without, and a lane seemed to be opened down Into this sweet recess Fitz Thomas penetrated on the nave of the church for the approach of some the first day of his enlargement, and bither he one of superior rank. At the same moment, the door, through which the scene had been till now but partially visible, swung back as the throng the falling water. It was the fourth day of the pressed to the wall, and gave to the view of Fitz Thomas the whole eastern end of the choir, with its high altar glittering over the heads of the rock and waving bramble. To gain the fairy people in the light of innumerable tapers. On a spot it was necessary to cross the stream above, raised platform, immediately in front, lay the corpse of a young man, the rigid white features painfully distinct against the shadow of the corice above. Ecclesiastics stood round in tissued vestments that flashed dazzingly in the light at every motion of the wearers; the crowd beneath kept an awful silence, broken only by occasional sobs from the females. The lane now closed behind the advancing procession. The persons composing it were concealed by the intervening messenger from that other world was awaiting crowd; but when they ascended the steps leading from the base of the platform, Fitz Thomas beheld a young and lovely girl supported by two sisters of a religious order, kneel down by the side of the corpse, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, while her lips moved in silent prayer; and a hush, like that of the grave, fell over the deceived me and driven me to intrude upon the spectators. At length she rose, kissed the cold could refrain from tears and lamentations. Fitz Thomas felt his breast thrilled with the contalook to your charge, Rory MacRanall. Now, gion, and would also have wept, but no tears language of my nation's enemies.' would moisten his burning eyes. In vain he tried to dispel the choking sensation that was men, while the remainder proceeded with their rising about his heart and would not melt. His vereign: I fought not to injure you, but to serve eyes grew hotter, his beart fuller; the scene rose and tell, flickered and whirled before him. The Sick and faint, FitzThomas could mark noth. | corpse seemed moving over the heads of the peoupon him; her words fell on his ears in altered and terrible tones—he groaned in the anguish of despair and pain, and thenceforth beheld nothing but shifting scenes and monstrous phantoms through three long days of delirious fever.

The recovery of Fitz Thomas was slow and doubtful: but he wanted not for assiduous and affectionate attendance. The hermit of Tubberbawn visited him daily, ascertained his wants, instructed him in the Irish language, or read for his entertainment from the voluminous lives of saints and martyrs with which the priory abound- | blood.' ed. From him Fitz Thomas learned that he was in the hospital of Killeshin, in O'More's county, and that the sight he had witnessed in the commencement of his fever was the funeral of Sir Ever Oge, the son of his captor, who as I love the bumblest flower they trample on .was interred in the chancel of the adjoining chapel; that O'Nolan was still absent in the wars heartedness-I fought from despair-I courted against the English of Kildare, but that he him- death because I abhorred the life I was destined self, so soon as he was able to travel, was, by the pious generosity of that chief, at liberty to I thought it raised to release me from a tyranny return to his own people, free of ransom, if he that would make me miscrable for life, and break tinguished from the sighing of a night breeze; preferred that course to remaining among his the heart of one whom, if I cannot love, I would present friends. Who the lady was whose face and voice were still so fresh in his remembrance he did not ask; for from what he had incidently with your reproaches. I am the nephew and beard from Lysagh Moyle, he was satisfied she could be no other than the sister of Ever Oge, and he already cherished the imagination that he might yet be as deeply indebted to her as to her lif he can torce me into it the greater portion father. In pondering such fancies, he had a motive which will bereafter appear. Time at length restored his health so far that

he was permitted to leave his sick chamber. On coming out he found himself, to his increased astonishment, among such marks of civilisation and security as he had not supposed any part of the country, save that inhabited by the English, to contain. The arched door-way, by which he sought the open air, was a work of such ele-

Fitz Thomas beheld a portion of the interior to twice the elevation of the loftiest buildings, of a church, the richness and splendour of which shot up into the blue sky before him, like the He could not see the altar; but a silver censer | On his left, among the trees, a castle stood on swinging across the foreground of that part of the green eminence, and down upon his right, between bim and a hidden rivulet, the noise of which rose from a neighboring copse of dwarf oak and bazel, stretched a wilderness of grey four times the height of a man, and covered with

His first walk was to the well of the patron saint, a fair fountain flowing from the greea tain ash, and the thick cover of the sloe thorn .-returned day after day, as he recovered, to enjoy the coolness of the shadows and melody of convalescence, and he wandered forth alone to his accustomed seat, under the secluded ledge of and thence, following the course of the water, to return upon its sylvan den by the channel from beneath.

As Fitz Thomas bastened to his favorite haunt, he started to hear a ronce singing in low cadence a dirge of his own country. The tears gushed to his eyes, and his heart beat with redoubled velocity as be hurried down the briery bank and along the stony channel, to see what him. He gained the spot; there by the water side sat the lady of the chapel, weeping as she sung alone, and beautiful as a spirit.

'Ah, heaven " cried he, as he beheld her rise pale and aguated at his approach, 'did I hear the voice of an English lady, or have my ears presence of one to whom I cannot justify my

gazed upon the intruder, but as he spoke she recovered from her alarm, and said in English, 'I am not a Saxon, although I can speak the

'Lady,' said Fitz Thomas, 'blame me not that I did the duty of a subject by my own soyou.

'Noble, Sir,' she replied, 'I blame thee not; aud if I guess aright in supposing that to be the young knight whose life my father hath spared, I can well believe thou wilt not abuse that generosity by drawing thy sword again against our race.2

'Alas!' replied FitzThomas, 'when I last drew my sword, I never hoped to have bared it again.

'Yet I have heard,' said the lady, 'that thou didst do battle against our people, valiantly it is true, but more unrelentingly than duty could demand of any soldier not spirited on by other motives-hatred, or revenge, or the thirst of

'Lady,' said F'(z Thomas, 'hear me, and I will justify myself. I thirst not for the blood of God's meanest creature; I would to heaven that all mankind did love one another but half so dearly I fought, neither from cruelty nor from hardto live-I smiled upon your father's steel when rather die than injure. Lady, I entreat you to hear me out, for you have stung me to the soul ward of the Earl of March; he would force me to wed one that I cannot bear affection to. Vast possessions in England depend upon this union; folls to himself. I am but nineteen, and for the next two years his power over me is absolute.-I have already endured such tyranny as I blush to tell; imprisonment, starvation, blows-do you wonder that I was weary of my life?

"Was there no law to appeal to? hadst thou no means of escape?' inquired the lady.

'None,' replied Fitz Thomas; 'the eastern sultan practices not more unmitigated tyranny on the lowest of his slaves, than does the feudal gance and art as he had never seen surpassed .- | baron over his ward. I have neither father nor Delicate, intricate, grotesque and elaborate, its mother nor protector to apply to. I have been clustered columns, rich friezes, and antique in- watched and guarded like a felon, lest I should scriptions, proclaimed a long cultivated know- throw myself at the feet of the king when in ledge of the arts. A slender round tower rising England; but here I have no redress, unless I

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