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(Translated from the French of Elie Berthel, by C. M. O'Keefe, for the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER I.

One gloomy Sunday in the month of May—most and windy—the Catholic inhabitants of M——, a parish situated in the folds of the Wicklow mountains, were huddled together in their ruined chapel, once a grand monastic temple. Their ruined church stood upon a mountain slope which commanded a view of the neighboring village. One entire side of the church had fallen, crumbled, subsided, and sunk into a formless mound or mass of rubbish, on which ivy and nettles waved in rank luxuriance. The large, finely-formed ogive windows at the other side were destitute of glass, and the winds, the rain, and the birds of the air found free admission into this mouldering sanctuary of monastic devotion and Irish piety. Here and there the naked walls which remained erect, were covered with a greenish scum, while the roof, unsupported upon one side, seemed upheld by the hand of God, desirous of sparing it to his humble adorer, who risked their lives to celebrate His Mysteries.

All pictures and statues—indeed, every species of ornamentation had been swept away from this noble and mouldering structure; and the depression of the people had made no attempt to replace the splendors of the past by the humblest description of pictorial embellishment.—The temple was as desolate as the fortunes of Ireland. A square table, covered with a white cloth, was the only altar which the fallen people could erect to Him they adored. On either side of the wooden crucifix—carved by the untutored hand of an obscure carpenter—stood two pewter goblets filled with wild flowers, culled from the rich green meadows of Wicklow—meadows confiscated to an English aristocrat. The humble chalice, lined internally with silver, was little better than a cup of wood. The sacerdotal vestments, which in Catholic countries are formed of silk rough with gold, were in this instance formed of chintz of an Oriental pattern. In short, the scene reminded one of the huddled Christians of the early ages of the Church, crowded together, in fear and trembling, to worship God with palms and lights in the deepest and darkest crypts of imperial and terrible Rome, while the loud tempest of pagan persecution roared and reverberated in the external city overhead, whose hasty pagans ransacked the houses athirst for Christian blood.

About twelve hundred persons were "hearing Mass" in this ruin. The men were draped in large, loose great coats of strong, substantial material, which was mostly threadbare and faded from use and age. Their stockings were destitute of feet, being what are termed *traiteens* by the peasantry. The likely-looking women, buried, as it were, in their large cloaks, concealed the shabbiness of their interior clothing by their ample mantles—the hood of which was often thrown back so as to exhibit the comely countenance and finely-formed head, of which the only ornament was the rich, glossy, braided hair. By the side of these women might be seen beautiful children, nestling in the folds of their mothers' mantles, with tresses luxuriantly falling in rolling curls on their snowy necks, with bright blue eyes, and an intelligent and even refined expression of face, but attired in the shabbiest possible garments—the cost-off wearables of the metropolis. Notwithstanding the indigence which characterized the congregation, you might see here and there, towering amid the crowd, finely-formed striplings—youthful giants—with massive frames and manly faces; and not far distant beautiful girls, with finely-chiseled features—complexions crimsoned with the rose, and sweet and genial expression of face. Though the temple was a ruin, a degree of feverish piety was perceptible in many of the congregation which is not always visible in temples glittering with polished marble and radiant with gold. The cup of trembling and sorrow which had been drained by these people had apparently obliterated all hope on earth, and nothing now remained to them but hope in God.

The gloomy aspect of the external heavens seemed in harmony with the gloomy feelings of the people—the hemisphere was mantled with clouds—thick and melancholy—which brooded congenially over a scene which was likewise clouded. Here was a green slope, beautifully mantled with the luxuriant trefoil which Ireland has selected for her emblem, and there below lay black, boggy marshes, dreary, dismal, flat and unprofitable. A gorge or great chasm in the mountains, sublime from its vastness of outline, revealed a glimpse of the misty expanse of ocean—that ever-turbulent sea which now clafed by a north-eastern wind was rolled and ruffled in angry volumes, tossing, tumbling, foaming and dashing against the distant shore as if they would beat their roaring way into the calm tranquillity of the centre of the island.

In that part of the church which had been once the choir, a young lady was seen kneeling

whose person derived an inexpressible grace and charm from the beautifully moulded outline of her form, as well as from the angelic sweetness of her celestial countenance, her fair complexion, rosy cheeks and coral lips. Her age was little more than eighteen, and the costliness as well as elegance of her dress indicated a social position superior to the majority of the congregation. On the present occasion a shade of melancholy clouded the beauty of her faultless countenance, and as she raised her radiant eyes to heaven they were seen to swim in tears. As if apprehensive lest their clumsy touch might soil her snow-white dress or offend her graceful person, an empty space was left around her by the people. Her richly bound missal on one occasion during Mass slipped from her lap and fell on the floor; a young peasant with indescribable alacrity, immediately sprang forward—picked it up and presented it to her with an obvious feeling of profound respect, which struggled through and blended with his bashfulness. This favor she acknowledged by nodding her head mechanically—without turning her fine eyes upon the blushing boy, who blazing with shame and crimson with pleasure, stammered, in a voice altered by evident emotion—as he stumbled awkwardly back to the still vacant place where he had originally knelt—"God bless you, Miss O'Byrne."

The priest, a man about thirty years of age, was a tall, finely formed person—with a dark serious countenance—the native sternness of which was blended and tempered with the holy benevolence of religion. The people, as he preceded through the crowd, after Mass on his way to the vestry—which strange to say was perfect, tho' the rest of the building was ruined)—knelt with oriental humility, and kissed his vestments with rapture. This priest—a brother of the young lady already mentioned—was supposed to be descended from the great Flagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne and the princely chiefs who once resisted the Palemen and ruled over Wicklow. The Irish, by the way, have very long memories, the crimes, quarrels, disasters and assassinations—the rivers of blood through which the reigning aristocracy—the basest in the world—have waded to their wide estates and lordly mansions and irresistible power. The priest and his sister—despite their altered condition, were regarded by the farmers of the parish—as the legitimate heirs of ancient and time-hallowed dignities, which neither time, fraud, violence, nor usurpation, had for a moment, they believed, tarnished, diminished or swept away.

The Mass was followed by a sermon which enforced patience and resignation as the principle resource of the people. Not a single word was breathed from the preacher's lips which betrayed a particle of rancor towards the robbers of the Church, and the oppressors of the country. "The kingdom of Christ and His saints lies beyond the grave—the darker their sorrows on earth, the brighter their rewards hereafter." The faithful people heard this consoling discourse with profound attention—tears glistened in many an eye while a vague smile of hope lighted up and played over their hard, brown, weather-beaten faces. But when the preacher, kindling as he proceeded—boldly asserted that the clouds which darkened over Ireland would yet be broken, and another Moses liberate another race of bondsmen, many a hand was piously extended towards heaven, and many an imploring heart craved the consummation of the prophecy while an indescribable sensation thrilled and agitated the wrapt and eager listeners.

So crowded was the ruined church that many, unable to find an entrance, remained outside.—Of these, one, more fervent or courageous than his excluded brethren, climbed to the top of the wall, and perched himself with difficulty on a narrow cornice, where he remained in an attitude of prayer, as motionless as if some forgotten statue had been spared by time and havoc to edify posterity. He seemed a fine, handsome, well-proportioned man, wrapt in a travelling mantle of foreign make, one corner of which lapped over his shoulder. A southern climate had apparently bronzed his face, while a profusion of rich black hair covered his neck and head. The singularity of his appearance secured for a moment the attention of the congregation, but their curiosity was repressed by the sanctity of the sacrifice, and heedless of his peculiarities they were speedily absorbed in silent devotion. He was apparently forgotten, until the preacher insisted on the necessity of patient submission, when his eyes flashed, and he uttered a cry which was heard in every part of the ruin. The eyes of the people were indignantly turned to the author of this scandal, but he was already gone—he disappeared like a flash—doubtless blushing at the violence of the emotion which had betrayed him into this irreverence, and where he had knelt nothing was visible save the mantling ivy waving in the wind, or the nettle beading to the breeze on the summit of the ruin. The sound was mistaken by the majority of the peo-

ple for the scream of some wild bird—the cry of a hawk—while others piously crossed their foreheads as if to avert an omen foreboding, as they fancied, gloomy and sinister future events.

So soon as the sermon was over, the people poured out, and spread themselves in garrulous knots and groups over the platform or green, or yard, which extended before the half ruined portal. From this platform were plainly conspicuous the black roofs of the adjacent village, perched in irregular and straggling clusters on the slope of the opposite mountains. It was a large huddle of mud cabins, with black holes in the broken thatch by way of chimnies. In the rear of every house a garden of potatoes, separated by a hedge from a neighboring garden, likewise of potatoes, was perfectly visible. Towering above a massive park wall, nine feet high, you might see in strange contrast with this scene of squalid poverty, a rich amassment of noble trees, which here and there betrayed through the green chasms of their foliage the marble terraces and lofty roofs of a princely palace, built in Italian taste, and quite worthy of Italy. The nobleman who owned the miserable cabins already described, and other villages in which indigence starved and festered—indeed the whole country for ten miles round—lived in that paradise—rich gardens, velvet lawns, marble kiosks, and parti-colored flower-beds, surrounded by a lofty wall and iron gates, the stern line of rigorous demarcation which separated gorgeous pride from abject humility, luxury the most unbounded from misery the most hideous.

The village, from every hovel of which his lordship extracted rent, did not consist exclusively of mud cabins. The modest whitewashed home of the Catholic priest, the more ample and dignified manse of the Protestant minister, together with a new handsome Protestant church, on which architecture had lavished its choicest ornaments, towered high above the low lying clusters of black and feted hovels. The congregation, who enjoyed ample room in this beautiful church, consisted of thirty persons. The paucity of their number was compensated by the dignity of their station—they were nearly all members of his lordship's family or household.—On this day his lordship himself honored the church with his presence, and his magnificent carriage, and proud, sleek, and massive horses were drawn up in idle state before the church gate for the admiration of the humble Catholics, when they came swarming out of their ruined chapel.

One group of gossipers who loitered before the chapel door, was attracted by an old blind man, whose hair was perfectly white, while his face was radiant with intelligence. He wore short inexpressibles, *traiteens*, or half stockings, and a caubeen or pot-shaped hat. By profession he was a piper, by taste an Irish scholar, and possessed a rich store of Gaelic songs and poems in his strong box, and a whole legion of Irish tunes in his retentive memory. Such was Thighe O'Daly, or rather such he used to be, for he had lately, from motives of a religious nature, discarded his pipes, and the cabins no longer resounded with those tunes so dear to the sons of Erin—the *Coilin* or *shane breec*. In 1798 he had been plunged into a dungeon for suspicion of high treason, when the dampness of his prison had injured his constitution, and deprived him of sight. The old man had become a kind of hermit, and lived at some distance from the village, in a state of religious retirement. He derived his subsistence from the generosity of the farmers, who occasionally asked and always rewarded his advice, together with the gifts of the O'Byrne family, who treated him as the representative of their ancient bards. Indeed the condition of the pipes was so comparatively comfortable that it might well be regarded by many of his poorer neighbors with feelings akin to envy.

The group had melted one by one from around him, and O'Daly in an attitude of deep thought, was seated alone on a block of polished limestone, rolling his glassy eyes occasionally in a solemn manner, as if in search of light, when a voice exclaimed: "The top of the morning to you, Mr. Daly. Faix, it's yourself that looks young and well, God bless you. Ah! then, where's Brann, the beast? Faix, its chasing he is, I'll be found in the demesne. That's the knowngest dog in the seven parishes. Give us the hand, Mr. Daly; shure I'll be after helping you down the precipice. By gonnies it's a dangerous way, and a body having the sight of their eyes and all. Give us the fist, Mr. Daly."

The old blind man stood up slowly. "Thank you, thank you, Tom," he exclaimed, "I'm very much obliged to you. But I can shift for myself. I can go down the precipice quite well, thank God. It's waiting I am for Brann, the beast, you see, for I drove him away before I went into Mass, because Father O'Byrne said the Sunday before last 'twas 'nt right to be bringing dogs into the chapel.'"

"Ah, then wouldn't it be better for you to

have a gay slip of a gorsoon to be guiding you, that could go into the chapel with you so *sorry* and nice, instead of that heathen of a dog that dare not put his nose in the chapel, but goes skelping off after hares and rabbits."

"Oh, you're joking, you're joking, Mr. Kavanagh," said Daly, with a kind of slight guttural laugh, for he saw what Kavanagh was aiming at.

"Ah, then, the divel a joke," answered Kavanagh, "there's little Paudeen—the best *gorsoon* in the seven parishes; and if you had him, it's well he'd take care of you. There's not such a boy in the school as the same little Paudeen, either for learning or good behaviour, and if you have any doubt of it, here is Mr. Morris, the master, and he'll bear witness that my words is true."

"Is it auctioning off your son, you are, Mr. Kavanagh?" asked Morris.

"Now, isn't he a bright boy, Mr. Morris?" asked Kavanagh.

"Well, there's worse. He is certainly bright at his book, but then he's arch, and fond of his own way, and—"

"Oh, *na-bac-lis*," exclaimed Kavanagh, alarmed at this enunciation of the bad or questionable qualities of his son, "sure he's better nor Brann, anyhow." He'd guide Mr. Daly better than Brann, or the devil is a witeh."

"By Gor, that's not so certain," said the schoolmaster. "Brann is the dog for catching the rabbits; it's seldom he comes home empty-handed. But we must not say much about game, for if Lord Powerscourt heard the wind of the word 'twas all up with poor Brann—he'd be swinging from a tree before night."

"Well, if Brann is hung, my son Paudeen is sure of a place, isn't he, Mr. Daly? Sure beasts oughtn't to be doing Christians' work.—Here's myself with seven children, and sorra know I now what to do with them, or how to feed them. And there the villains seized my pig last week for the rent, and— I duana what'll become of me."

"Oh, never grumble man! Sure you're as well off as the most of us."

"How can any one be well off when they raise the rent the moment you're able to pay?"

"Oh! it's true for you, Mr. Morris; it's well I know the time of the last rise, I'd never be able to pay it, and no more I'm not. But what could I do? Shure I was obliged to agree to pay it, or be put out. But, to tell the truth, it is not my lord I blame; his steward, Jameson, is worse nor himself."

"I wonder, Mr. Daly, will we poor Catholics ever get out of the claws of those lords, and middle-men, and tythe-proctors?" asked Morris.

The two speakers turned their eyes to the old man, as if respectfully awaiting his opinion; but he remained silent, as if he had not heard the question. Finding the old man make no reply, Morris exclaimed—

"Did you mind Miss Julia at Mass? I wonder what was amiss with her?—she never stopped crying all the time."

"Sorra know myself knows," replied Kavanagh; "but some say that her brother, who was so long in the French army, was killed in India—and that's what ailed her. But whether she has got news about him or not, I think it was his *fetch* I saw in the chapel at Mass."

The blind man, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, exclaimed—

"What are you talking about, Tom Kavanagh?—what is it you saw in the chapel?"

"Faix, then, I saw nothing but what the whole world saw—a fine, handsome man, and he bearing Mass, just the same as the rest of us, until Father O'Byrne finished his sermon, and it's then the man gave a shout, and it's gone he was in a jiffy—just like a flash of lightning.—Didn't you mind him, Mr. Morris?"

"I heard his shout, sure enough," said Morris; "but it wasn't it I was intending—it was poor Miss Julia—God help her, whatever ails her."

"Could you be certain who he was?" asked the blind man.

"Well, I couldn't say, for certain," answered Kavanagh; "if he is in India, he can't be in Ireland."

"Isn't it Richard O'Byrne you mean—isn't it the heir of Branduff—isn't it the Chief of the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, and O'Kavanaghs, you are speaking about, Tom Kavanagh?" asked the blind man.

"Well, if I must confess it, it's the great Count himself I thought I saw, on the roof of the church."

"I thought I knew his voice," said the blind man. "But surely it's impossible," he added, after a moment's reflection; it must be his *fetch* or *Taise*. It's the bad sign for the descendants of Branduff."

Tom Kavanagh and the schoolmaster listened with respectful deference to the language of the piper; but as they had been long accustomed to such vaticinations, their countenances betrayed

very little surprise. After a moment's silence Tom Kavanagh resumed:—

"Mr. Daly may be right, for his *Leannam Sigh* inspires him; and shure enough it's a bad sign to hear such a cry in a chapel; but we are so used to bad luck that we easily can bear a little more of it. But I have good news for you: Widow Flanagan has got a keg of pot-teen; and a few of the boys will be dropping in about this time. You may as well come down—well see what's going on—an ounce of sorrow never cured a pound of debt."

Though the position of Morris was somewhat more elevated than that of Tom Kavanagh, he was nowise offended at being invited to the sheebeen house. "Thank you, Tom," said he, "but I want to see Miss Julia, and she's not yet come out of the chapel."

"Oh! you are always thinking about Miss Julia," resumed Kavanagh; "but never mind, if you won't come another will; there's many a man in the parish glad enough to get share of a dram. So God be with you."

So saying, he took his departure, sneering at the school-master who was filled with confusion. A couple of peasants, whom he invited as he proceeded, willingly accompanied him to the public house. They had entered the door which was carefully closed behind them, when a sudden noise arose in the valley; furious cries and frightful howling, were followed by the detonation of firearms. Morris, who was standing beside the blind man, could see a cloud of smoke, and a wounded dog flying out of the village, as it mad. A game-keeper, in the livery of Lord Powerscourt, was pursuing the dog, which fled, as if for refuge, in the direction of the Church.

"Faix, Brann is in danger," exclaimed the schoolmaster, "and McDonough, the game-keeper, the turn-coat rascal, will certainly kill him—oh, Lord!—oh, Lord!"

On hearing the cries of the dog, the blind man suddenly stood up.

"Brann, my only friend," he cried—"oh, don't kill him—don't hurt the poor dumb beast!"

A magnificent black dog, covered with blood and sweat, came scouring, in a state of agitation, to the spot where the old man stood trembling, laid a water-horn, which he carried in his mouth, at the feet of his master, and fell dead. His body, streaming with blood, had been pierced with two balls. All the villagers came swarming and crowding to the Church, in a state of hubbub and commotion, groaning and hooting the gamekeeper, who faced them with an air of defiance; his hat perched on one side of his head, and his fowling-piece on his shoulder.—"McDonough the traitor!—McDonough the turn-coat—McDonough the dog-killer!" cried a number of voices. And the whole crowd uttered simultaneously that harsh and guttural cry or groan which, in Ireland as in England, is the usual expression of popular dislike.

CHAPTER II.

McDonough, who now stood in the midst of the exasperated villagers, flourishing his firelock, and bidding defiance to them all, had been reared for charity by one of these villagers. A benevolent farmer had adopted the fatherless orphan, and rescued him from the Protestant asylum by rearing him at his own expense. But when McDonough reached manhood, he preferred apostacy to poverty, and exchanged the religion of his fathers for the livery of Lord Powerscourt. This he knew made him hateful to the people, and he returned the hate with deadly malice and "mortal dislike." The bitterest passions on one side were answered on the other by passions equally deep and deadly. He had besides made love to one of the farmer's daughters, and when the girl refused the apostate's hand, he had served an ejection on the family, exterminated them from the estate, and banished them from the country.

"Well I know how you tattle behind my back, you dirty pack of Popish cowards. But show me the man that dare say it to my face.—Show me to me, and I'll make an example of him. You know what I can do. I'll teach you to respect Lord Powerscourt's people, you cowardly Popish, priest-ridden gang."

Thus he went on roaring defiance and hatred at the subdued and silent multitude.

"Oh! you may well boast of what you have done," exclaimed Thighe Daly, inconsolate for the loss of his favorite, "you have killed a blind man's dog. It's a fine exploit—to kill a poor harmless dumb brute like that. A man like you, that's come of decent people, should behave himself better. But what could we expect. You have renounced your religion and denied your God. But, mark my words! the day you die you won't have a dog to follow you—since you sold yourself to the devil for the sake of a suit of livery."

McDonough's face turned alternately red as fire and as white as chalk—with execrations rushing to his lips, and the most satanic expression in his livid countenance he looked perfectly frightful; as he exclaimed in a hoarse voice—