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## THE LAST IRISHMAN.

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

### CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

"You have recognized me!" cried the young lady with surprise; "but you may well be acquainted with the sound of my voice, you have so frequently heard it. You remember, Daly, the time gone by when you sung me Irish songs, and told me the wild legends of the former chiefs of Wicklow; see now what those rebellious songs have brought the unfortunate people to."

"'Tis good natured of you to pity them any how, Lady Ellen," said the old man with a sigh; "but I was in hopes that you might have some other object in visiting my poor dwelling at this late hour, Lady Ellen."

"They watch my movements," replied the lady; "and I cannot get out when I like. I have some important things to tell you—leave us for a moment, Mrs. Jones. I shall rejoin you instantly."

The governess went outside the ruins, and began to walk up and down in a rapid step, lest the chill wind from the lake might affect her health.

"You gave me a letter from a person, the other day, in whose fate I am deeply interested. I imagine you must have some prompt means of communication with that person—am I wrong?"

"Explain yourself more clearly, Lady Ellen—not a bit of myself knows what you mean." "You understand me perfectly, Daly. Listen—the person I allude to is in the greatest possible danger, if he is not warned. Are you willing to help me to send him a paper on which his life depends?"

"What dangers do you mean, Lady Ellen?" "The dangers I allude to, and the means of avoiding them, are equally described in this letter. Daly, you know me—you know that I am incapable of betraying the brother of that dear friend I have lost. Then, what are you afraid of?" She spoke with great earnestness. Daly listened with a thoughtful air.

"Is it possible," he murmured. "I'd expect fire and water to mingle sooner than—but why not?—All is altered now, and old quarrels should be extinguished. It's enough, Lady Ellen—this letter shall come to his hands."

"But when, Daly, when? He may be ruined by a moment's delay, and he is certainly distant."

"Before you are half-way back, the letter will be on its road. Make your mind easy, he shall have it to-night."

"May Heaven reward you, my dear Daly," resumed Lady Ellen, with an accent of joy—"I am full of hope; but, Daly," she added with embarrassment, "my present proceeding may be invidiously interpreted."

"My tongue will never betray your secret, Lady Ellen—my heart is true to honor. Besides, it is a short time I'll have to keep your secret."

"What?" exclaimed Lady Ellen. "Are you so compromised on this fatal rebellion that you expect to endure the penalties which are certain to follow it? They will never venture to ask a poor blind man if he shared in a rebellion in which he could not possibly take an active part. But should the contrary be the case, you may always depend on my friendship."

"I am thankful to you, my Lady. But it is not the English, nor their jails, nor their transport ships; nor their gibbets that trouble me, Lady Ellen. I have lately received a wound that will end my days sooner than any devilment they ever invented. I am very thankful to you for all that, Lady Ellen; but if you have any power to deliver the poor boys from punishment, use it in favor of those that's younger, and braver and more useful than poor Daly.—They will soon have need of a powerful protector."

"I understand you, Daly," said Lady Ellen; "but should I prove unable to save the bravest of them all, at least, he shall not want consolation, if I were obliged—." She stopped blushing and paling by turns.

The old man kept his sightless orbs fixed upon her, as if he expected her to say more. "Lady Ellen," said he at last, "your imagination is easily excited; but your excitement and enthusiasm are not like a straw fire that goes out in a moment. Take care; bad days are beginning—you have been reared in pride and luxury;—you do not know what it is to suffer contempt, proscription, and misery. The only daughter of Lord Powerscourt may be subjected to this test." He waved his hand and re-entered the ruins, leaving the young lady strangely disturbed by his ominous words.

She wrapped her cloak more tightly around her and rejoined Mrs. Jones, and the two females furtively resumed their way to the village. They had not gone far when they heard behind them the sound of a horse. "That is a signal," thought

Lady Ellen," by which Daly had summoned a messenger to carry my letter to its address. The old man is an oddity, but full of fidelity. I trust I shall be able to prove to him in turn that I too am capable of courage and fidelity."

### CHAPTER XVII.

The letter addressed to O'Byrne, and confided to the blind man, was to the following effect:—

"Your efforts are heroic, but your cause is desperate. No efforts can save it. I implore you to abandon a struggle which is now without an object, and thus avoid the useless effusion of human blood. Do not attempt for your life to be present at the funeral to-morrow. If you do you will certainly fall into the toils of the enemy. My father, who remembered me at least, has written me a letter; he is not distant from this place. He is thirsting for revenge; and the moment the country is peaceable will cruelly punish all who have injured him. I expect to see him every moment descending like the scourge of God on these unfortunate villagers. But he is not the worst of your enemies. A man, who is equally to you and to me an object of execration and contempt, has (as Parson Bruce informs me) joined the royal troops, and got the ear of Col. Danvers, the officer in command. This execrable man knows his aggressor at Glendalough;—the deadliest rancor lurks in his base and perfidious heart, and you have everything to fear from his mean and cowardly malignity."

"Let me beg you, my dear Richard, to employ the few moments you have at command in flying from Ireland and returning to France. There are certainly cruisers in St. George's Channel, but the coast of Galway is unguarded. In that harbor you may find some vessel—some smack—to walt for a foreign country. Go without apprehension; for your betrothed will not forget her engagements. Lord Powerscourt (I must not conceal it from you) suffered a few words to creep into his letter relative to a family settlement, which the recent ruin, &c., of Powerscourt house renders, he says, more necessary than ever, but which I have been able to avoid up to the present time. Were I to incur poverty, or even the malediction of my father, I should never consent to wed the monster who murdered your sister. None but he whom I espoused at the death-bed of Julia shall ever possess my hand—may it wither ere another possesses it.—Adieu."

"E. W."

This letter contained a fifty pound note with a postscript, imploring Richard to employ the money in effecting his escape.

Every objection, she fancied, was obviated in this fervent letter; and O'Byrne, she doubted not, would comply with her advice. Easy upon this point, she turned her attention to the unhappy and beautiful friend whose remains the pitiless earth was to embrace the next day.

The morning fixed for the funeral was cloudy, chill, and rainy, as mornings in the month of May often are. The mountains were mantled with a mist that descended into the valleys and brooded over the town. The horizon was low, and the atmosphere pregnant with a microscopic rain, which rendered the ground muddy, slippery, and occasionally as tenacious as glue to the foot of the pedestrian, while every hollow became a miniature lake of yellow water. As the hour of the funeral drew near, the village seemed to frown into a more melancholy aspect. Groups of peasants in blue jackets began to lag and stream into the muddy streets, and began to form into knots around the house of the priest. Farmers on horseback, with their wives perched on pillows behind them, came occasionally jogging into the village, and gradually the place became full of people. As to the villagers themselves they intended to swell the procession with their whole population.

In a cabin near the main street, at no great distance from the house of mourning, sat Jenny and Betty curiously perusing the passers-by, and malignantly commenting on their appearance and character. Beside the table, on which stood two glasses and a small half-pint flask of whiskey, Jenny was seated mending an old black gown, while old Betty stood at the door, and made observations on which her companion furnished a running commentary.

"Oh! Jenny jewel! would you believe it?—Here comes Shawn O'Poole from Ballyglass, and his black pig of a wife, and their two long cranes of daughters. He that was foremost leadin' on the boys an' shooting the sodgers only the day before yesterday."

"Oh, mille murder—but that baugs the world!"

"Oh, the face of him!—Cross of Christ!—Oh, begor, here's more of them. Devil a boy that was out but is comin'—Darby Kelly, Tom Ryan, an' the whole of them. But I don't see Tom Kavanaugh at all—I wonder what's become of Kavanaugh?"

"Come in, come in, Betty, an' help me to put a stitch in this for the funeral. Fill out another

glass, woman, you'd need it afore the keen is over. Between ourselves," continued Jenny, when her friend had come back to the table, "his reverence is very niggardly about the whiskey. He says there ought to be no wakes at all."

"Ah, then, did you ever hear the like. Shure it was as much as I could do to get the dhrop of whiskey out of him the night before last."

"I wonder what the world is comin' to?" replied Betty.

"It's what the quality wants to put down all the good ould customs, hurlin', an' wakes, an' keenin' and everything."

"They had better put down the ould custom of dyn'" grinned the other hag; "but though they can cheat the poor by puttin' down the wakes, they can't cheat God Almighty by puttin' down the deaths, with all their knowledge, an' books, an' learnin'."

"Ha, that's a peg beyant them. There was Julia O'Byrne, that wasn't ould an' withered like us, but young and beautiful, an' she's dead to-day, an' we're alive," laughed the toothless crone sheaving her red gums. "Well, here's three cheers for our noble selves."

The cracked voice, half extinguished eyes, and tipsy leer of the old, hideous, winking drunkard, as she quaffed off her glass, made her appear to her withered and haggard companion perfectly diabolical.

"They say the young schoolmaster never slept a wink nor ate a bit since she died."

"If he goes on that way he's a gone chuck, an' we'll have another 'stiff' afore many weeks is about," laughed the other crone.

"Oh, here comes blind Daly, an' little Paddy Kavanaugh leading him," exclaimed Betty, who had resumed her favorite station at the door, "oh, fair, his nobles is come down to nine pence. Only two days ago he was paradin' the streets with the air of a lord. Oh, begor! it's small beer wid him to-day—he has grief in his face, an' a 'cruit' on his back like a dog scrapin' a pot."

"Betty, Betty, avourneen, whisht—whisht for God's sake," exclaimed Jenny in a low but earnest voice; "if he has bad eyes, Daly has good ears. If he heard you he'd curse you bell, book, an' candle-light; an' any one he curses comes to a bad end. Do you remember what happened to McDonough that killed his dog? He was burned alive. Let us mind our own business, and leave him to God."

The two Magaeas quitted the cabin and made their way to the priest's house. They found the street encumbered with crowds. All the O'Byrnes of Wicklow were apparently assembled, awaiting the funeral. A gloomy pre-occupation seemed to weigh upon their spirits, for they spoke in whispers, and often looked with anxious faces in the direction of the low lands. At last the coffin issued slowly from the house borne on the shoulders of four stout peasants. Behind the coffin walked Father O'Byrne in a black body-coat—for the intolerant bigotry of the Irish Protestants will not permit priests to appear in public in their sacerdotal ornaments. Around the coffin moved a group of women, amongst whom Betty and Jenny were conspicuous—who were paid for *keening*, or lamenting the dead. These two old crones raised the *caoin* of sorrow for the premature death of their young friend. Old Jenny opened the proceedings, while Betty was bound to reply.—The most melodious voices present joined chorus.

### THE KEEN.

Old Jenny—"Fair as the virgin snow on the mountain's side—stately as the swan on the blue lake—majestic as the bark under full sail on the ocean's bosom, was the angelic beauty of the lady that is now laid low."

Old Betty—"Like the blossom of the apple-tree was her smile—her breath was sweet as the fragrance of the rose—her countenance was bright as the rising summer sun—she was the full moon amidst the stars at night—she was the perfumed essence of the eastern mountains."

Old Jenny—"The princess is laid low—the clans of Guedhal shall ever weep the loss—torrents of tears shall be shed—princes, as well as peasants, shall mourn for Miss Julia, the Queen of the Fair—the angelic Julia is gone—she is gone for ever."

Old Betty—"Heard you not the mourning?—the mournful cries of the afflicted banshee on the rav. The fairy court of Dun-Criomthan, and even Aine, the Queen, herself, are weeping for the fair daughter of Guedhal. Oh, hear—the sea is bellowing with its hoarse voice of thunder, and the three melancholy waves of Eire are roaring with mournful cries for the loss of the pure, the good, the beautiful Miss Julia?"

Old Jenny—"The sainted priest is in sorrow, though he well knows his sister has a noble seat on the right hand of the Redeemer. Heaven hearing his moans has enshrouded the face of the sky with a dark cloud of mourning—the pride of Wicklow is laid low this day—oh, where shall we find comfort and consolation?"

Old Betty—"The sister—the daughter—the nurse of the poor is now laid under this board. Gone for ever is our protectress—there she is. Ochone, and the orphan and the widow, and the weak and aged, may now lie down and die. Are we not the bereaved?"

Old Jenny—"She was the Rose in June—she was the *bugh* of the blue eyes. No; she was better; she was the agent of God on earth—she was God's own dove."

"Old Betty—"A bright angel is now praying for us before the throne of heaven—let us rejoice."

In such strains as these did the "keeners" lament the decease of the good Miss O'Byrne, while the assembled multitude of females took up and repeated their sweet, simple, but mournful plaint.

At the moment when Julia's corpse was issuing from her brother's house, the astonished people saw two horsemen ride rapidly into the outer street of the village. A long black mantle covered the person and a portion of the horse of the foremost cavalier, while his hat, slouched down upon his darkened forehead, permitted the alarmed peasants to destroy only a part of his lividly pale face, lighted by two flaming eyes.—His companion, mounted on an inferior steed, was dressed in the clumsy garb of an ordinary *scologue*. The travellers seemed very anxious to reach the elevated spot on which the funeral procession was forming, and were often observed looking anxiously in the direction of the funeral. The outskirts of the village, which the horsemen first entered, were lonely and destitute of inhabitants, as the cottagers had deserted it, and flocked up to Julia's obsequies. Thus the cavaliers met no impediments to relax their speed, and continued to spur their horses up the steep ascent of the village street.

Their way led them by the parson's house.—This house was shut; no sign of life was externally visible; it was silent as if it had been abandoned; but its tranquillity is easily accounted for. To exclude the odious sight of the "popish ceremony" the parson had buried himself and his children in the back part, and carefully curtained or barred the windows of the front.

"A piercing cry issued from this sober house the moment the horsemen came before it."

"Richard, Richard, have you not received my letter?" exclaimed a lady in tears, pushing the curtain aside. "In the name of God go back, Richard, Richard, you are lost!"

Richard raised his hat, reined in his horse, and made arrangement to approach the window.—But at that moment some persons inside seized upon the lady, and seemed to reason with her in a warm tone of expostulation. Richard pointed with a smile in the direction of the funeral, and, followed by his comrade, passed from before the house like an arrow. On his way he gazed backwards once or twice, but the immovable window was irrevocably closed, and the minister's house seemed wrapped once more in a morose, forbidding, and gloomy repose. The crowd who formed the extremity of the procession yielded place and ran to either side, as the two horsemen rode up; but they soon came crowding round them, full of respect and astonishment, when they recognised the riders. The head of the O'Byrne family—the brave defender of the Irish cause—was hailed with cheers. The people were overflowing with admiration for this great example of fraternal affection. The crowd became so dense about O'Byrne that he found it necessary to dismount: throwing the bridle to Jack Gunn, he took off his hat and advanced towards the church yard. All were eager to make room for him; and expressions of sympathy and admiration often fell from their lips.—When the news of his arrival reached Daly, he caused his little conductor to lead him to the spot. "Oh, where is he—where is he?" asked the blind man with profound emotion, "I knew he would come—I was sure all along that no human consideration would keep him away."

"Friend!" said Richard, in a low voice, "I have not been found worthy to give success to the great cause, yet you know the painful sacrifices I have submitted to. We shall meet again. I hope I shall see you again, Daly."

"In heaven, my lord, in heaven," said the old man, "for it's there where I'll have the light to see, your honor." They shook hands and separated with a melancholy conviction that their adieu was eternal. Richard reached the head of the procession, as the coffin was entering the ruined gate of the church-yard. The priest stopped at the broken portal in order to repeat the usual prayers, when he suddenly saw his brother a few paces from him. The sacred words expired upon his pale lips, and the book tumbled from his hand. Richard made a gesture, as of entreating him to go on. "Do you think, Angus?" he murmured, "that my love for Julia was less than your's?"

"The astonishment of the young priest, however great, did not cause him to neglect his re-

ligious duties. He hastened to repress his feelings, and began to repeat the office for the dead anew. The body, followed by a numerous escort, was meantime introduced into the church-yard. The religious ceremony was performed in the manner usual in French church-yards.—Whenever any alarming noise or commotion was heard outside, Richard became an object of general attention, and eyes were turned on him with an expression of painful apprehension. On his part, he stood melancholy and calm before the coffin with his arms crossed over his breast; he seemed to think of nothing but the beautiful girl whose inanimate form lay mute and lifeless before him. When the service was ended—

"Richard," said the priest, "you have done enough. Heaven has spared you doubtless at the intercession of our poor sister. Now, for God's sake, go away; your life is no longer safe—soldiers are in the neighborhood."

"I know all that, Angus," answered Richard in a firm tone; "but nothing on earth shall hinder me from doing honor to the remains of my unfortunate sister. I have made up my mind on this point—you must respect my scruples. No one understands them better than you."

"Richard, in the name of our poor dear mother—in the name of Julia herself, I beseech you to remember—"

"Don't be afraid, Angus, I have now very little time to spend with my friends, whether living or dead, I cannot consent to abridge it.—I have, I assure you, taken some precautions. Whatever happens is God's will. Let us go on."

Angus was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his brother's character to persevere. Meantime, rain began to fall, and was seen hanging in liquid pearls on the clothes of the mourners. The procession was moving round the church-yard; but the narrowness of the way embarrassed the ceremony and produced a slight commotion that disorganised the multitude.—Richard was thus separated from his brother who continued to precede the coffin. While Richard was endeavoring to make his way to the side of the priest, a woman whose face was concealed in the deep hood of her cloak touched him on the arm. "Richard, Richard O'Byrne," she exclaimed in his ear.

"Lady Ellen," he cried with an expression of surprise, "why did you come here?"

"Parson Bruce would persuade me that if I assisted at your ceremony I should renounce my own religion," replied the young lady, with an air of agitation. "They even endeavored to retain me by force; but when I knew that in spite of my prayers and expostulations, you had come to the funeral, I resolved to meet you.—If no danger could hinder you, who are her brother, from being present at her obsequies, why should danger hinder her sister from being likewise present?"

"Thanks, Lady Ellen! If anything could attach me to life, after the ruin of all my projects, it must be the affection of a woman so generous and intrepid in devotedness as yourself. I cannot, however, approve of your proceeding—you were the first to apprise me of the dangers which lurk in this part of the valley—such dangers are real. I fear every moment lest scenes of disorder and violence interrupt these ceremonies of tranquil religion and pious mourning. I beseech you, then, retrace your steps. You have said yourself we shall see better days."

"No, no;—you do not know me, Richard;—I am, like you, bold and obstinate. Since you are determined to brave danger, why should not I likewise encounter it? Julia was dear to me as well as to you; and I loved the holy cause of Ireland as well as either of you. Why should you regard me as a stranger and an enemy? I am determined, and will remain; and if they attack you I will share your danger."

(To be continued.)

### THE BLIND MAN OF ARMAGH.

(From the French of Emile Souvestre.)

In the year 1795, there lived in Armagh, a little village of Ireland, a blind man named William Kennedy, who excited the admiration of all the country about by his wonderful skill. He made all kinds of stringed instruments, watches, furniture, looms for manufactures, and, above all, wonderful bagpipes, which were in great demand in the country. People wondered that a man shut out from the light could manufacture works so complicated; and, while he was working in his little shop, he had always near him some idle person who looked on while he worked.

Among the spectators might often be found George Fitzell, the son of a neighbor of William's, who had already reached the age of fifteen without taking any step in life for himself.—George was not ill-disposed, but he loved to stand by, whistling, with his hands in his pockets, while others were working, and to spend his days according to his fancy, idling about in the meadows or leaning against the gate before his father's house. The elder Fitzell deeply regret-