DAIPEEN AND FITHIR.

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In ancient days whon the Roman Adrian had a wall built across Britain to keep his hold over that country, the Irish people had a glorious king of their own who reigned over the whole of Ireland. His name was Tusthal and he was the greatest. monarch of all those who ever caused the rolden stone of Tara to grown at their coronation.

His forefathers had governed Ireland for upward of a thousand years. since the days of his great ancestor Milesius In his time the royal palace at Tara was the abode of all the beauty and bravery, both of Ireland and of foreign lands. The song of the hard, and the music of the harps were never silent.

The King's two daughters, Daireen and Fithir, were so levely that no prince was thought good enough to be the husband of either. They had been instructed by their mother, who was the daughter of the king of Finland, in all the curlous arts of the

Daireon, the elder, was like a swan; ber voice was sweeter than any hard in the hall; and so full of windom were her words, that not only were those in the palace always watching to catch the sound, but it was said an voice from the kingdom of souls. that which we now call scho used to repeat her sayings to those outside the walls.

Fithir, the younger sister, was as gentle as a coning dove, and fairer and more modest than the snowdrop in Spring. She was several years younger than her sister, whom she adored with all the veneration due to a superior being. Indeed, so fond were those two royal maidens of each other that it was said by some that the reason they refused the marriage offers of many illustrious menarchs was that they might never be separated. Others believed they had made a vow to dedicate their lives to each

Daireen, who was proud and haughty to all the world, was as gentle as a lamb to her lovely sister; while Fithir would overcome the timidity of her disposition to accompany the more adventurous Daireen when she went to chase the wild deer in the forest.

The most valorous and handsome

youth of that age was the Prince of Leinster. He often visited at the court of his royal kinsman, and was sure to win the prize in all martial exercises, as well as the oak-leaf crown, which was bestowed by the fair hands of the princesses themselves for the best songs and poems. Above all he excelled in calling forth tones from the harp, which were said to draw tears from the starry eyes of the baughty Dairean; and that this lady, who had never looked on any other man but to command, and who caused even the King her father, sometimes to quall beneath the glance of her dark eves was seen to smile on the young prince; and yet, strange to say, the Prince of Leinster was the only visitor at the court who had not sought the hand of either princess.

Some thought he was perplexed between the loveliness of both, and knew not which to choose Fithir, indeed, looked on the handsome youth with admiration, as well she might; but she seldom addressed a word to him, though the seemed to enjoy listening to his eloquent dis-

course with her sister. At last a change came over the princess Daireen. She was no longer the oracle of the court; the roses forsook her cheeks: her harn became unstrung, and the heart of her father was sad. The noble youths who had been haughtily refused by her were delighted to see this, and many were the hopes her softening manner gave rise to

Some say that about this time the Prince of Lienster declared his love for the gentle Fithir, and that he was rejected either by the maiden herself, or by the King her father. who would not suffer the younger to meny before the elder. How this was can never be known; but, however, it came to pass that after a time the Prince of Leinster and the beautiful Daireen were married.

The nuptials were splendid; to eight days and eight nights the sound of music and mirth never cessed in all Ireland; and the many brillians colors of the robes worn by the joying people canned the face of the country | Fithir was received with enthus to look like a rainbow.

At the end of this time the young prince conducted his bride to his own home in Leinster, and both he and Daireen implored permission to take the Princess Fithir with them, but the King was unwilling to part with

light and life of Tara's balls and the brilliant court, and neither minatrels name to be mentioned. nor tournaments enlivened the silent One evening, about aix months

The King caused physicians and others noted for their skill in the healing art to try and restore the spirits of bis darling child; but nothing seemed to succeed. At last the Queen, who knew how little medicine can avail when the mind is sad, and who was well aware that the heart Daireen, implored the king to allow them to visit the young pair in Leinster. He consented, and preparations were making for the royal progress, when the melancholy intelligence reached them that the birth to her first-born son.

Soon afterward the Prince of Leinstor visited Tara. He was attired in deepest mourning, and everyone was struck with the change his incompolable grief had made in his appearance. He was gloomy and sullen. No one ventured to speak of Dairson in his presence: the sound of her ame seemed intolerable to him.

When poor Fithir contemplated the change which sorrow had wrought in the countenance of her brother-inlaw, she exerted berself to control her own angulab that she might comfort him. He was brought with the infant of her adored sister; sad moment from her sight. King Tunroused by it from the state of hopeless lethargy into which she had carees it for hours.

Fithir joined her entreaties with sister's name. those of the king that he would leave Fighir loved her husband with all part with all that remained to him able at his prohibition. It was no of the beautiful Daireen, the dear unusual thing in those pagen times pledge of their love, the only object to marry a kinewoman or sister of the widowed days.

often clasped round her snowy near, there by fulfilling a sacred duty. and therefore, he lingered day after last that he was as much in love with Fithir as he had been with her beautiful sister, and had succeeded in gaining her affections and obtaining her father's consent to their nuptials; and soon the rumor was tend her. confirmed by the preparations for their marriage"

The wedding was as splendid as that of Dairsen's; but tradition says there was a gloom over the whole scene. The harp of the chief bard suddenly broke while he was chanting the marriage hymn, and the airs brilliantly lighted bails became dim. and the torches outside refused to

However, "all these ill-omena which were considered to bode bad luck by the sages of the court, did not seem to attract the notice of the roong couple, and if the Prince of Leinster was not so joyous a bride groom as formerly, it was no wonder considering how recently he had buried the Beautiful lair-en

Fithir, though timid and ret ring had from childhood been of a inyous disposition; and the King and Queen forgot all their sorriew in witnessing the restored health unit beauty of the beloved princess. They saw her depart for her splendid home in Leinster without regret, resolving before a mother fremelf, but she doubted

long to visit her there. asm by her husband's people. Flowers were strewed beneath her steps, and she found everything in the palace as splendid as all she was accustomed to at ber father's court; but nothing could cause her to forget the dear sister whom she had loved so despite. Often did she vide the outre white

always till this moment been the vall upon her huband to accompany her in her daily visits to the grave: joy of her father's soul, now secluded indeed, he often chid her for allowing herself from dance and song. A anything to disturb the seroulty of gloom was cast on the hitherts her life, and never suffered Dairson's

after their marriage, as Fithir was returning through a lonely part of the garden from her eleter's grave the heard sounds of distress. The scomed to proved from a tower which fanked the ancient part of the old castie, which she understood had not been inhabited since the death of the late princess. Fithir paused of Fithir was bound up in the absent to listen, and then, urged by curiosity and a wish to relieve the sufferer. attempted to clamber up the steep bank on which the tower was situated but the increasing darkness rendered this diminit; and the timidity of her disposition made Princess Daireen had died in giving her fearful of she knew not what There was something, too, so melancholy in those plainting sounds that it inspired her with a vague apprehension. Could it be that the spirit of her slater bovered over this shot? She was accustemed to think Daireen me im a state of blick she well knew the purity of he mind; and her great comfort was in considering that she was in the enjoyment of the happy hereafter they had so often talked of together Could that dear sister be suffering from the amission of some rite or sacrifics and thushave incurred the rengreence of the offended goder

Full of painful and perplexing Fithir never suffered it to depart a thoughts als returned to the castle. There was a brilliant entertainment that, though he suffered intensely that evening, but Fithir's heart was from the loss of his beloved daughter, and; she longed for the last guest to was glad to see that Fithir, though depart that she might tell all her at first nearly overwhelmed by the lears to her husband, who knew and agony of this sudden blow, seemed entered into her every thought and feeling

The time at length arrived; but no been plunged since Daireon's depart sooner had she begun her tale than ture. The care of her sister's child she was mirroed at the dark and had given her some object in life; gloomy expression that lowered on and though her soft blue eyes were her husband's brow. He rebuked her often bedrewed with tears she would apprily and refused to listen to the amile on the beautiful infant and excuses of the trambling princess He burried out of the apartments Soon the Plince of Leinster talked after having extorted from her a of returning to his own territory, promise never again to mention ber

father refused, and, indeed, no one but the memory of her sister was to wondered at his unwillingness to ber so hallowed that she was miserwhich could east a ray of joy over his deceased, which custom was probably derived from our speestors, who On the day previous to the one received many ideas of religion from fixed for his departure he had a long Mosco and the Israelites. This being interview with Fithir; many were customary. Fithir never imagined the tears they shed together over the that the prince's conscionce could be unconscious babe, who smiled inno-troubled by the idea of having made cently upon them both. Perhaps the her the uppersor to his first wife; nor widowed prince thought it cruel to had she feltany compunction herself separate Fithir from the object of at having stepped into her sister's her love, whose little arms, were so place, because she believed she was

There was in the detle an oid day and month after month at the attendant who had a companied calace. It began to be surmised at Dairson to Leinster and who was ardently attached to both princesses but her spirits had never recovered after the death of Dairesn, and she seldom caune into the presence of a small, low room, faintly filmater Fithir unless when summoned to at-

and the next evening was accompan, loved sister. In a memory with ied by her in her pilgrimage to her classed in each other's arms. He sounded like mournful dirges: the care of Fishir; and the began to re- spiritual shedow of their once bank proson herself for having disturbed tiful mistisses. her husband's mind by her vain imaginings. She redoubled her attentions smiled through their teams in 1 to him, and peace and happiness some time unsincing of anything it. memod again rentored.

To add to her lor, the King, her meeting. Perhaps, teles father, and the Queen, her mothes, were instinctive street were expected on a vinta and the lest the charts of the redelicated Fithir was busy proportion would be broken: for their reception. The day previous members should be write to that fixed for their arrival the might plungs them in an Prince was absent on a hunting on woe. could now walk alone, and began to moments of life before the began delicist her with its innocent prattic. light of another day was one She was in expectation of soon being forever. Intense, even for her own offspring, said the for which has been do It was the first time the priote had like the lever and which to with that tenderness mingled with Hardshee. Her are the sadness which a first reparation from their that Friends is an a beloved object superimes causes acceptanged of the and lackshoot by relicitions on the

As the street on the been suintenent trassib set bou swe where ber land was sporting. Dittie eremon rambled toward the benk on which the rained tower was arrest ted, and in childish wavwardness clambered upalmost to the summit of the precipitous bank. The old attendant, Scota, was the first to perceive his dangerous situation, and prudently abstaining from screenings. she called her lady's attention to him. They both followed as quickly as they could elimin up the pertions ascent. Fithir's nimble feet brought her first to the boy, and clasping him in her arms, she returned thanks for his preservation.

But tedescend was not so east. After a fraitiess attempt she desiated, and received to to and reach the summit. It was with considerable difficulty, while holding the child on one arm, that she at last reached a sort of recess year the heak, but below the friendstion of the old tower wall. This recess the found to be a graded aperture or windows it was too closely barred to allow of horbassing through; and sesing so Children and second to employ the called Scota to soud some attendants with a ladder to resous her from this dangerous and diery beight Speta new to execute her bidding, and Fithir sat down on the window-sill, to repose after her fatiraing effort. Was it famoy, or did she really bear that plantive voice within. which had once before met her este? Nacit was not the wind-andrian volue seemed to pronounce her own name. Fithir shudders

"Am I so soon then to dier" said, careening the child. live to see thee a man?"

Agein-"Withirl degree Fithing rae distinctly proposessed. "I will so to thee my st

love, "asid the weating primates. In those old days people were said to bear their own name presonn before they died by the valor of the dearest friend who was some before them to the land of epirits. Fiffice first thought, therefore, majorative was that her summone was come and her days in this world were numbered. She listened breathless ly, expecting to bear once more the spiris's voice; but it was an annal from the abode of the deserted at the conviction was too strong the those were the living, suffering, plaintive accente of a mortal, to admit of doubt

"lithir, mr own darling duties, come to me! I am dring!" was and tered is still fainter and more than imploring tomes.

At this moment the m arrived with a ladder. The impulse of the bewildered Fisher was to cause the ters of the window, and a to be broken in. Trembling with as described awe and apprehension, she submed the shared she dark chamber and canada a sile series and canada a sile series as a sile series and canada a sile ment energy to be made. A serie was procured, and by the light's new stime now staircage was discovered. A live. mosning seemed to process these overbead. Fithir, in an army of a pectation, was the first to mount the stairs, and soon she femal herest in sed by a parrow alit in the wall

On the ground lay a pale and our To this old dame, whose name was classed forth; and is this will Scots, the princess coulded her cares, mortality Fithir rengalist her sister's tornb. On their return they er spoke for a time. Old from and named near the old tower, but no the astonished servanta stood making sounds of lamentation were heard, with speechless horror, not happing Days and weeks passed away, yet no whether the wretched object the to which the guests danced at night mysterious sounds sgain reached the besteld was the real frame of the live want

The two sisters went and thin this world but the intente

currion in the mountain; and Fither, It was as if they improved on the lacrate of the attended by old Scota, was taking her brow of a precipies down which diverson in the beautiful gardens of thes were destined to be hurled-ten the palece. Her doer sister's child solved to make the most of the last

But at hot he sighted from whether her town would be so Detreen sould be longer sales. as for the little Heremon, who had at the sight of her maker had beat at the features of her adored eleter, a glow to her hollow cheek- a motile been about since their marriage; and brighter the moment before it is at

who is my straig that I have been the impreciation of Fleaven and have sucity boad. Who who has denies me of my husband's love?"

"Bival" can it be there Prince of Leinster—on he brown

"Know of let It was ble arms that dragged me bere; that cast my structing form into this borrid danroom. It is for him I live you to rengeance of him, the father of my obild!*

Stanged by the terrible disclosure bese words convered. Fithir week ppen the dungeon foor. Her bus hand-her idol-he whom thought so periods it was

They ran to miss her from dungson floor-she was dead.

Detroom's shattered frame retain the weary maria outy long enough to learn that it was the prince's mility al had test takes are yes not oplaned award har sufferings. Too soon that fedal truth was jobil but fay from chariating revenue against but then cent rival, also clear with the course of decade to the liteless from at his riches, and her had also was breathed. open the boson of his childhood's friend.

The venezues of Line Treshell was terrible. He invaded 48 book of a longo arms. the of his pully and have been a whole previous and lexical a 's on the Lincolne of Lab