

French, was forbidden to fulfil the precepts of his faith, disgraced if he attended mass, or, like Patrick Spence, condemned to the dungeon and the lash for not following the service of another Church. If the uniform gave no security, the civilian garb was not likely to avail. The Duke of Richmond did, indeed, make a viceregal tour in the South, and, desirous of winning over the wealthier Catholics, did direct that no Orange symbols should be displayed before him, to the great indignation and disgust of the Tandon yeomen, who cast down their arms rather than obey; but in the North their brethren had it all their own way, being neither deterred by any agent of authority nor dissuaded by any sentiment of humanity. At Omagh three hundred yeomen fell upon fifty of the King's County Militia, because there was a green stripe on their uniform cap; they were ingloriously defeated, but had their revenge in the successful indictment of Corporal Hogan. They were happier still at Mountrath and at Bailieborough, where they shot down the parish priests, wrecked their chapels, and slashed at every Catholic they met. Those joyous peasants who, with their children, wives, or sweethearts, danced around the bonfire at Corrinshiga on a fair June evening in 1808, had a sudden and fearful surprise when they saw its flame reflected from the yeomen's guns, and heard the reiterated command, "Present, fire." One was killed, many were wounded, but no man was brought to justice for the crime. The magistrates of Newry, with that generous love of justice which so often has signalized the Irish Protestant, strove earnestly, and entreated the Government of the day to issue a proclamation and reward. Their application was rejected.

Thus were the Catholics of Ulster situated when, in the town of Monaghan, Charles Gavan Duffy was born. The shadow of the penal code fell over his cradle and darkened his early youth. More fortunate, however, than many, he was the native of a county where Catholics were comparatively numerous, and therefore comparatively secure. There, also, were many of his name. When, towards the close of the penal days, the existence of Catholic priests came to be legalized in Ireland, and it was directed that each should obtain two fifty-pound freeholders as sureties, it appears that one-third of the clergy of the diocese of Clogher found the required bailsmen amongst the Duffys. Nevertheless, though supported by Cavan and Louth, Monaghan was too closely beset by hostile neighbours and too much oppressed by domestic

foes not to have known the bitterness of supporting men of the old race, and Faith spoke low; they grew up, as Archbishop Hughes has said, with bowed necks. But they were not altogether bent in abject submission to servitude; the heart beat warmly beneath a cold exterior; a studied reticence veiled ambitious thoughts; the brow bowed down served to hide the flashing glance which might have unduly alarmed a tyrant. Trained to endurance, forced to resistance, the new generation grew up with pained hearts, but ready, resolute, and expectant minds.

What were their schools? Those who dwell in the rural parts had to seek education by the hedgerows, which gave shade and shelter to some wandering philomath. In the winter days, he abided in the farmhouses, not less essential because men remembered the time when such as he would have been hanged, drawn and quartered for teaching the alphabet. In the towns, the garret or the shanty held the school; what more could be expected even in Monaghan, where young Duffy was shown the barn in a backyard into which Catholics silently shrank on Sunday and holyday to hear Divine service? The youth who desired to pursue his studies further was compelled to resort to the Protestant school, where, too often, his feelings were irritated by the reckless offspring of the Ascendancy, taught to regard him as a serf anxious to be a rebel. It is related of one—perhaps of the subject of this memoir—that on reading in class how the Spartans treated their helots, he was forced by the tumult of his heart to withdraw so like he esteemed the case to that of his country. Then came the wondrous Muse of Moore, touching with magic wand the rock of history, laying open to his astonished gaze the concealed but brilliant treasures of the past, and calling back to vivid life the sleeping champions of his native land. Then first he learned that he had not only a country to serve, but a nation to be proud of.

Another power soon shook the land, in the eloquence of O'Connell and of Shiel. The Celtic Samson strove with the bands that bound him, and with strong vehemence tore them from his bleeding limbs. The victory exasperated the petty despots of the North, who, turning to vent their wrath on their serfs, found them free. This increased their fury. In those days young Duffy dreamed, amongst the green hills, of assisting in the work for Faith and Fatherland; and finally bade farewell to Monaghan. The Press had for him that irresistible attrac-