

JAN. 24, 1865.

unconscious arms, and Mr. John Danson was hauled carefully up and tenderly carried to his hotel.

Doctors set his shoulders and wrist, and settled down to nurse him through a violent fever, which disordered his brain and brought forward memories in which the name "Mary" often figured. The tenderness in his poor voice as he called this dear name would sometimes cause tears to moisten the eyes of the watchers.

Thirteen days after the fall upon the mountain the sufferer opened his eyes. Feeling faint and weak, he dreamily cast them about the room, trying to solve the question of where he was and what was the matter. As consciousness dawned upon him, he feebly conjectured that there were enough doctors in the room and paraphernalia to finish any undertaking the most valiant might leave incomplete.

He looked at a door opened somewhat and a lovely face was framed in it, with stary eyes, which looked anxiously toward the bed. His weak lips framed the whisper "Mary!" and his wondering eyes grew large with eager hope that the vision would not vanish.

"How do you feel, sir?" asked the doctor. "Pretty well, thank you," murmured the invalid.

"Smiled the physician— "You will soon be all right now," and gave the patient a glass of weak wine. "Your friends have been uneasy about you."

"Have they?" Then it occurred to Danson that he had made no friends at the hotel. "What friends?" asked he. "When you get a little stronger I will tell you," said Esculapian.

"All right, doctor. Excite my curiosity, and make the fever rise—I'll be stronger right away," snapped the patient, with rising colour and faint contempt.

"Can you bear a surprise?" asked the good man, kindly. "He asks a man that has tumbled over a precipice, and is still alive, if he can bear a surprise?" pondered Danson, aloud.

Satisfied with the reply, the doctor looked toward the door and beckoned. And while Danson was staring at the ceiling, wondering how a sane man could propound such a question, a light stepped across the room, and a soft, tremulous voice said—

"Good evening, Mr. Danson." He turned his head quickly and saw Mary Willing, sweet and beautiful, looking tenderly at him and trying to smile, and making a doubtful success of it. "Said he—

"Mary! I did not dream, then. Is it you?" "Is really you, Mary?" Joy sent a surging flush over his white face, lighting his eyes with happiness. She took his hand and held it, soft clasped in both hers.

"I heard that you were hurt, and I came to you," said the simple thing, timidly. "My dear—pure heart! What a precious friend," murmured the sick man, mixing his words somewhat—his eyes feeding upon the lovely blushing face. "You were sorry, then, at my getting hurt, Mary?" asked he. And his face grew radiant as she bent her head and murmured, the long lashes over her eyes—

"Yes, I thought I should die—we were so long in reaching you." "My Mary—my Mary!" he said softly. "And your father and mother—were they willing to come too?" "Indeed, yes. Did you not save me for them? They were as anxious to get to you as I was—nearly—and the truthful creature stopped, blushing.

"When are you going to leave me, Mary?" "Not until you are quite—well," hesitated she. "Then I'll stay ill," said the lover, with prompt resignation. "Am going to be ill a long while. Mary—a very long while."

"No—don't!" whispered she. "Get well, John—Mr. Danson."

PURITAN PERSECUTIONS.

ARCHBISHOP MORAN'S HISTORICAL REVIEW OF ENGLISH BARBARISM AND BIGOTRY.

Archbishop Moran's "Historical Sketch of the Persecutions of Irish Catholics under the rule of Cromwell and the Puritans" should be read by every Englishman, says a reviewer in the London Month, and if we, Englishmen, after reading it are not ashamed of ourselves, we must be lost to shame. Nor can we flatter ourselves by laying all the blame on Cromwell and the Puritans, for, putting aside the fact that Puritans or not, they were English, the English monarch and the English Parliament, on the Restoration, confirmed by the act of settlement the English robbers in their ill-gotten possessions, and set their seal to the impoverishment of the Irish Catholics. It is a wonder Catholicity has not been extirpated; it is, indeed, a wonder that when the Catholics in the diocese of Dublin, in 1657, had been reduced to 5000, there are now, after 200 years of almost uninterupted persecution, well nigh 300,000 Catholics in that diocese. Three parties, to speak generally, are concerned in the events related by Archbishop Moran; the English Royalists, the English Puritans and the Irish Catholics. The English monarchy had thrown off its allegiance to the Holy See, what wonder that its subjects should throw off their allegiance to itself? The English monarchy had created Anglicanism by act of Parliament in opposition to the protestation of the English church, what wonder that Anglicans should drift away into Puritanism? Both Royalists and Puritans persecuted the Catholics; the Catholics took part with the Royalists rather than with the Puritans, as the less bad of the two; but when it served the turn of the Royalists to provide for their own security at the expense of the Catholics, the latter were left to the tender mercies of Cromwell and his myrmidons, and extirpation was the order of the day.

Lord Stairford (History, I. 215), "had grounded their own authority and strength on such foundations as were inconsistent with any toleration of the Roman Catholic religion, and even with any humanity to the Irish nation and more especially to those of the old native extraction, the whole race whereof they had upon the matter sworn to extirpate." As early as Dec. 8, 1641, an act was passed in Parliament to the effect that the Catholic religion should never be tolerated in Ireland; and in order to carry this act into execution, the lords justices issued the following order to the commander of the Irish forces: "It is resolved that it is fit his lordship do endeavor with his majesty's forces, to slay and destroy all the said rebels, and their adherents and relievers, by all the ways and means he may; and Lure, destroy, waste, consume and demolish all the places, towns, villages and houses where the said rebels have been received, harbored, and all the hay and corn there, and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting able to bear arms." The Lords and Commons of England enacted, Oct. 24, 1644, that

"NO QUARTER SHOULD BE GIVEN to any Irishman or to any Papist born in Ireland." "Way has its horrors and men are disposed to make allowance for great horrors on the ground that they are committed in war, but when the war is waged in cold blood against those whose only crime is loyalty to God and king and fatherland, the murders committed in war become more detestable, because they are perpetrated under the mask of legal justice. So Pilate crucified our Lord; so England decimated Ireland. Archbishop Moran's history first describes the reign of the chief cities in Ireland which were held by Catholics and Royalists for the king, and by Catholics for the Faith. It is a harrowing repetition of the same courage and endurance in the Catholics; the same trimming policy of the Royalists; and the same diabolical hatred of the truth, masked by religious fanaticism, of the Puritans. We have seen many different chapters the narrative of the different parts of the Puritan power of Dublin, Cashel, Cork, Drogheda, Wexford, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Waterford, Limerick, Galway. There was one principle on which the Puritans acted, "Delenda est Ecclesia Dei." In Dublin Sir Charles Coote, Sr., one of the ring-leaders of Parliament in Ireland (whose career closed in 1642), made no exception in the barbarous orders of the soldiers when they were let loose on their bloody hunts amongst the Irish Catholics. When appointed by the Irish justices to the command of the Puritan troops in Dublin, he swore on a naked sword and musket placed on the table before him that he would not desert from prosecuting the war.

"THE IRISH WERE DESTROYED." The Royalists in 1647 under Ormonde treacherously betrayed Dublin to the Puritans and left the Catholics who had fought for the king in the lurch; by public edict it was commanded that all Papists should quit the city; it was death for Catholics to exercise their religion within the walls of Dublin. On Oct. 25, 1656, instructions were given to the mayor of Dublin to "take effectual measures to remove all the Papists that might be then dwelling in the city within forty-eight hours, under the publication of the order." The chapters which record the treatment of the Catholics in other cities mentioned above are full of similar cold-blooded barbarities, diversified with accounts of the heroic charity of many of the sufferers. For the pillage of the Cathedral of Cashel and the heroism of its archbishop, Dr. Wall, for the plunder and banishment of all who adhered to Popery in Cork; for the massacre in St. Peter's church at Drogheda; for the slaughter of 30 women at the market cross in Wexford; for the martyrdom of Kilkenny; for the heroism of Hugh O'Neill at Clonmel; for the heroic defence of Waterford, the Parva Roma of the sixteenth century, and the zeal of Bishop Comerford; for the labors of the missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul in Limerick and the prediction of the saint, that the blood of these martyrs (the Catholics slaughtered by the Puritans) would not be forgotten before God, but sooner or later produce

"AN ABUNDANT HARVEST OF CATHOLICITY;" for the nine months' siege of Galway and the rapid devastation of the Catholic priests and the plunder of the Catholic citizens, we must refer our readers to the work itself of Archbishop Moran. The way in which terms were kept by the Puritans when once their adversaries were in their power may be illustrated by one instance among many, in the case of Newry, A. D. 1641. A pamphlet published in London in 1662, "A collection of some of the massacres, etc., committed on the Irish in Ireland since Oct. 23, 1641," tells us: "The burgeses and inhabitants of the town of Newry, meeting the English army on their march to besiege the castle of the said town, were received into protection and after quarter given to garrison of the said castle, the said inhabitants, to the number of 5000 and upwards of men, women and children, were brought on the bridge of Newry and thrown into the river, and such of them who attempted to escape by swimming were murdered." There is much to learn from Archbishop Moran about the planting of Englishmen in Ireland with possession of the estates of Irishmen, and the transplanting of the Irish from their homes of possession into waste and poverty in Connaught: about the sale of Irish slaves to Barbadoes; about the oath of abjuration and the conduct of the inhabitants of Cork in rejecting it; there are accounts of whole massacres, and of the perseverance of individuals to the death; and there is finally the act of settlement by which it is proved that God's truth and God's church are hated alike by Puritans and Anglicans.

REV. DR. CAHILL.

AN UNPUBLISHED SPEECH BY THE LEARNED AND PATRIOTIC DIVINE.

The following pious and eloquent tribute of the gifted Dr. Cahill, paid by him to the services and valor of Irish-American soldiers in the war of the Union, was delivered in this country over twenty years ago, but never before published. The manuscript copy of it was sent here as a gift quite recently to an admirer of the great divine, by a friend in Dublin who has charge of his literary effects. Dr. Cahill's complete works, it is said, are to be published in Ireland. The interest re-awakened in everything pertaining to this most illustrious Irish patriot and orator by the proposed translation of his remains from Boston to Galway in Dublin we believe will invest the production of this Irish-American military sermon at this time with more than usual attraction and gratification to our readers.

Rev. Dr. Cahill ascended the altar and delivered the following discourse: "Laudemus viros gloriosos, et pariter nostros in generatione sua: Let us praise these glorious men, our own kindred in their generation. Ecclesiasticus XIV. 1. The touching religious solemnity which unites so many within this sacred edifice, to show our respect, or pour forth our prayer for the fallen soldiers of our country—the noble Irish brigade—reminds one most forcibly of what is related in the twelfth chapter of the second book of Maccabees, our own kindred in their generation. Ecclesiasticus XIV. 1. The touching religious solemnity which unites so many within this sacred edifice, to show our respect, or pour forth our prayer for the fallen soldiers of our country—the noble Irish brigade—reminds one most forcibly of what is related in the twelfth chapter of the second book of Maccabees, our own kindred in their generation. Ecclesiasticus XIV. 1. 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