## VOL. XXIII.

## MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1873.

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## THE LIMERICK VETERAN;

THE FOSTER SISTERS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."

(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER V .- TURNED ADRIFT.

few months old, which lay nestled in her bosom. | Montrose.\*

certain whether to give admission or not.

bairs to Auld Reekie."

master generally sat.

Her timorous knock at the door was answered | time being. by a gruff "Come in," and with her heart beatdoor and entered the room.

woman faint. She speedily recovered, however, | right side. and without noticing the exclamation of surprise at the unwarrantable intrusion of an old beggar she pulled aside the plaid which covered the now in a sling from a gunshet wound at Sheriff-

face of the sleeping infant. "I hae brought a puir bit lassie to your honor,"said Jessy, with a low curtsey. "The newly wedded, whom I introduced to you at

"Woman, what brings you here? Begone, old chateau at St. Germains. and take back the chield to its mither."

sie, the puir bairn has nos mither. I has brought it frac my mountain hame. Whisht! whisht!" she said trying to soothe the infant, who, awaking, began to make itself heard. head. "Tak her to my father, Jessy, when I am dead, said the winsome young leddy, and ask

him to be kind to my child,' and sae as soon as

"Gang awa, woman. I hae nothing to do chield;" and David Graham turned with aver- posal." sion from the unconscious infant.

"Hech, sir, you hae muckle siller and gowd; winna you help the puir bairn?"
"Woman!" roared the furious man, "gang awa frae my sight."

"Whisht, my bairn, and dinna let me mur-mur at my cross. I'll shake the dust frae your door staines off my feet, David Graham, and lang and sair and dree'd penance will ye do for the sin o' this nicht. 'Tis a fearsome thing, mon, to drive out a puir auld body and a wee from being careful of themselves. bairn, a chield o' your ain ane might a' most say, on sic a nicht."

As Jessy uttered these words she pressed the child to her bosom and hurried from the room. As she strode through the hall with the dignity of a queen. Effic, whose ear had been is in your hands, be it so, I shall feel much my after a vain endeavor to force the flask between caught her by the arm and whispered-

"Jessy, guidewife, tell me where are ye

"I canna say, Effie. The winsome bairn maun be cared for, and the wicked auld carle will hae nane o' her. I maun bide in Auld Reckie the nicht, and i' the morrow's dawn maun flit on my way to bonny Dundee. The bairn's father's aunt forbye may help me wi the child."

"Here is siller for you, Jessy, for sake o' nuld long syne, and do you go to the neighboring Close, off the Canongate, you ken where my cheek. sister the hosier's wife lives; say to her: 'Effie Craig will be unco glad if you will gie an auld cummer a bed and a mouth fu o' food the nicht.' "

"The thanks o' a puir body be wi you, lassie; and if ever ye come so far north, dinna forget thy auld kimmer Jessy bide among the Highlands o' Perthshire."

CHAPTER VI.-THE HUT IN THE GLEN.

The short winter afternoon was wearing "Puir bairn! puir bairn!" said a woman to away. Though the day had been bright and herself, as she threaded with weary steps the clear, the weather was severely cold, and the high street of Edinburgh, "wha shall I do wi dull sough of the wind as it swept in hollow ye if the old carle will not see your winsome dusts over the uplands seemed to sing a reface?" Then, suddenly pausing before the quiem over the blighted hopes of the Highdoor of a large house, she rang the bell with a landers, who, after taking a sorrowful leave of trembling hand, and pulling her cloak on one their friends in Perth, crossed the frozen waters side, pressed her lips on the brow of a baby a of the Tay and continued their march to

The summons was answered by a maid, who It was the day before the flight of the unstarted with surprise at what she imagined fortunate Chevalier from that ancient land he must be the wraith of Jessy McLaren, whose | had so much wished to behold. The battle of pale face was just distinguishable from beneath | Sheriffmuir had been fought, his army had been defeated and surrendered at Preston, and "Ehl lack a day, Effie! lack a day! here's a | news had arrived that the Duke of Argyli was change o' markets. I hae come frae my ain in full march to give them battle. That dull mountain hame, and must see the gudeman at torper which is the result of disappointed hopes once." "And, wha's bairn is that, Jessy?" said the enthusiastic men who had raised the standard git, still holding the door in her hand as if un- of the Chevalier, and who in proportion as the chances of success seemed more fearfully "Eh, lack a day! it is puir Miss Margaret's against them, their number being small as well baim. She fell unco sick, Effie, and whin she as undisciplined, thirsted to be led once more waur about to die, wi mony tears in her bonny against the enemy. But the defeat at Preston, blue e'en she begged me sair to carry her wee | and the long list of executions which were sure to follow, and which brought to the block, or to "His honor winns care to see the puir bit banishment, or poverty, many anoble victim in lassie," was the reply. "I dare na tak ye to the year 1715, had taught a lesson of prudence to those who were the leaders, and now, Then I'll gang to him by myself, lassie, in the quiet evening hour, with the clear, cold Hout na! I ken his biding place," and sometrays of the moon lighting up the purple mounwhat wrathfully poor Jessy pulled up the folds tains in the distance, three gentlemen, attended of her old grey cloak and hurried through the by one faithful servant walking a little in the ball to the room in which she knew her old | rear, have wandered and are holding secret converse as to future plans and safety for the

Foremost of the group is the Chevalier himing wildly, the old woman gently opened the self. His usually pale countenance may this night vie with the sickly pallor of the moon Coming as she did out of the mist and dark- above his head. His eyes are clear, dark, and ness of a winter evening, the strong light of penetrating, and his tall figure a little bent as several wax caudles which burned upon the he inclines forward to catch more clearly the table for a moment dazzled her eyes, whilst the words that fall from the lips of his faithful warmth of the room turned the cold and weary friend, Marshal St. John, who walks by his

The Marshal is now a middle-aged man, erect as a dart, his hair just a little grey, his woman, for such at the first glance Graham and eye as bright as when in his youthful days he his wife believed her to be, she walked quickly wooed the Lady Florence. On his person he up to the former, and without any preamble, bears many a scar, and his left arm is even

Beside the Marshal walks a young man but wee thing is the bairn o' your ain chield, bonny the Hotel de Bretuel, and his girl-wife is pass-hiss Marguret that was. Hech, sir—" ing the early days of her wedded life in the ing the early days of her wedded life in the speakable desolation.

and take back the chiefd to its mither."

Lord Mar makes up the fourth of the party,

"To its mither did your honor say? Alack! the nobleman who had led the Prince's troops at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and who had the ing after a moment's survey. "I rejoice that good fortune to succeed in making good his the good fellow was with us," he added, as the at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and who had the retreat to France, and by so doing saving his party retraced their steps to their lodgings.

Jefer's History of the Pretenders.

I had streckit her out and laid her in her grave in the French vessel which is now lying in the you good." I lift my ain bit cottage for Auld Reckie to harbor. What if your enemies seize upon your bring your honor the bairn."

with the bairn o' Robert Lindsey and my fause reply. "I will not accede to such a pro-

"Allow me to explain," said Lord Mar; "that if you insist in remaining amongst the of the infant, the low muttering of the old remnant of your troops their danger will be increased tenfold, as also your own."

"At present the men can retreat amongst the mountains," observed St. John, "and their own safety will thus be secured; but if his Highness be with them, the loyalty and affection of his devoted followers, and their anxiety to ensure his safety will assuredly prevent them

Then there was a few moments silence; it was broken by the Chevalier himself, who said hut. in a voice tremulous from emotion:

" And these, gentlemen, are really the conscientious opinions you have formed. My fate applied to the keyhole of the parlor door, return to France with another enterprise unsuccessful. But you, my brave friends, would never counsel an ignominious flight, and it shall never be told to posterity that James the Third staid amidst his loyal and devoted people to good to me.' become their ruin."

"We have counselled your Highness to the best of our power," said the Earl of Mar and St. John both in the same breath, and as the latter turned towards the Prince to make an observation regarding the needful preparations for the meditated flight, he saw his eyes raised to heaven, and beheld a large tear fall down his

Unwilling to disturb his sorrowful meditations, he was walking on, when the wailing cry of an infant struck upon their ears.

"Whist, yer honor," said our old friend Denis of yore, the faithful servant of the brave Sarsfield, and who on his master's death had transferred his allegiance to that master's bosom friend and brother-in-arms, St. John.

"Arrah, thin, where's the wee thing? Shure and its mesilf that must see after the cray-

A little to the right of the road they were traversing, the bright rays of the moon revealed a miserable hut, and from thence the wail of the infant had evidently proceeded; it was now followed by a dismal moan.

"Ochone, my darlint, hould the noise till I see what I can do fer yiz," said honest Denis, as leaving the gentlemen he made for the but in question. The door, if such it could be Denis. called, for it was shorn of any support in the shape of a hinge, and partially rested against the wall, was open sufficiently to give admission to Denis, and a bit of candle stuck in a piece of clay revealed the horrors of the scene. On a bench beside a few decaying embers, which, as there was no vent beyond the partially open door, had filled the hut with smoke, sat huddled up, body and knees together, an aged woman on a few rushes. On the earthen floor was the child whose cries had attracted the attention of Denis, with the extended form of an evidently dying woman.

"The Blessed Virgin and the Holy Saints protect us, what have ye's there, a craythur

living or dead?" "Hout mon, I ken naething," was the reply. She came here the morn, and had ganged a' the way frae Auld Reckie. She hae grat a' the day about the bairn, and wha can I do.

sae auld and sair pinched wi' want mysel." Denis said not a word, but went out to his are."

"Arrah, thin, shure if a man's heart is not made intirely of stone, youder is a sight to God-have mercy-" break it quite, yer honor. An ould woman, a 'Ah, shure, I see it all intirely. You fell wee bit of a babe, and anither woman, wid the ill on the road, and thin, the Lord presarve us, breath going clane out of her. Will yer honor spare me while I give her a sup of the rale craythur I have in my pouch; it may bring her to her sinses."

"By all means return, my good Denis, and give her all the help in your power," said the Marshal, "and in the morning you shall take them some money and remove the poor creatures from that dismal habitation."

"If yer honor would but just step this way and see wid yer own eyes," said Denis, with a low bow, "and thin I will be afther following you as soon as I have given them a drop of comfort."

Denis then made his way back to the hut. and the Chevalier and his companions stepped forward, and looking through the partially open door beheld a scene of misery and un-

"We can leave the poor creatures in no better hands than those of my faithful Denis." said St. John, turning from the scene of suffer-

We will remain awhile with Denis. "Dhrink a drap, my poor craythur; shure now if yez will only believe in me, and I'm not

"Let me retreat your Highness to embark the boy to desave you, only a wee sup will do

But the cold hand of the dying woman faintly motioned away the flask which the "I cannot think of such a step," was the honest and well-intentioned Denis would have placed to her lips, and then she lay perfectly still and motionless.

For awhile there was no sound save the wail crone crouched on the hearthstone, and the sighing of the wind as it swept down the deso-

Denis was a brave soldier, but he averred afterwards that his flesh crept as the hours passed wearily by. All the old stories he had heard in his boyhood thronged thick upon him, and he was quite prepared to her the wail of the Banshee or to see some of the "good people" pecping in at the door of the ruined

At last the dying woman moved and uttered a deep sigh, and Denis poured a little whiskey into the palm of his hand and wetted her lips, her teeth.

"Gie it till me, mon," exclaimed the old woman in the corner, "deil knows it canna save sic a body as that, but it'll do muckle

It was almost a relief to Denis to hear a human voice, and handing his flask to the woman he made her drink, and nothing loth would she have been to empty it of its contents, for she only removed it from her lips on his exclaiming-

"Arrah, thin, hould a bit, lave some for the poor craythur; she may drink a wee sup yet." At last a low faint whisper fell from her lips. The good man bent down his bead to

"The bairn," was all he could distinguish. "Thrue fer yez, the wee thing must not be left alone intirely. Denis is not the man to let

it starve. Be it a boy or a pretty colleen?"
"A girl." "Arrah, thin, more's the pity. If it was a boy I'd rear it to fight for King James, but as it is a colleen, well, thin, she shall be a daughter to me, and I'll stand by her intirely. So

die in pace and His holy Mother be wid yez." " Margaret Lindsay-a-a cavalier-her

Then there was silence in the hut, save for | be done?" the gasping breath which told the end was at hand.

her?" burst forth from the lips of honest

"Ye maun e'en let her dee. I mind me ance when my gudemon died, six years syne Martinmas," responded the old woman,-Sicean a fright as I got for twal hours, and then he waur ca'ed hame at last, and a suir as a sunbeam. She's as pretty a girleen as weird I hae dree'd broken down wi age and ever lived, at all, at all." weird I hae dree'd broken down wi age and heart-break."

"Shure and I'll bring yez help from his honor. But, whisht now, the life's going out o' the poor sowl anyhow."

Poor Jessy, for she it indeed was, made an effort to raise her hand. The rustle of paper struck on the ear of Denis, and putting his hand across her bed of rushes, he perceived a folded paper, crumpled and worn, which the dying woman evidently wished him to have in his keeping.

"I'll give it to his honor, misthress, and die in peace, because your wee bit of a colleen shall and niver say anither word about it? There's niver be forsaken. I wish though you could make me aisy and say its not dyin o' hunger yez by colleen like Widow Regan to give suck to

"No, good man—no—ganging awa wi the bairn—to a freend in Montrose—fell sick—

"Ah, shure, I see it all intirely. You fell its here yez come to die."

And the babe had whined itself to sleep in its cold and its hunger, and the withered old crone, still crouching over the smouldering peat, had sunk into a restless sleep, and poor Denis shivered with cold and trembled with the awfulness of the solitude; the dark, lone glen without-within, the woman writhing in the agonies of death.

"Its a purty position, to be shure," said he to himself. "But fair and I'll be afther saying my beads, for the poor sowl is in her agony. And closing his eyes, to shut out if possible the ghastly sight, none the less vividly present however to his mental vision, he recited the Rosary with all due fervor.

Suddenly the long, load gasp ceased. The spirit of poor, faithful Jessy, had passed

"Now, Denis, my boy, what will yez do? I say the best thing intirely is to get out of this place, and take the wee thing wid yez. Thin, later, ye'll be able to take it aisy and maybe give a decent burial to the poor sowl, God rest her. So good night, or rather good mornin to yes, mother," he added, apostrophizing the

sleeping woman, "I lave yez in very quiet company.

Then, tenderly as a woman, he raised the baby in his strong arms, and with a fervent "the Holy Virgin be praised," he passed swiftly out into the gloom and darkness of the night, or rather morning, for it was nearly four o'clock before he reached his master's, He was sore distressed, however, as to what to do with the unfortunate little waif of which he had become so strangely possessed, for the child began to set up a piteous shrick before he arrived at the place of his destination.

"Arrah, thin, what will I do wid yez? Its afther wakin up his honor ye'll; and I cannot get yez a wee sup of milk till six o'clock; its a rale pity."

Fortunately, however, for Denis, the child ngain whined itself to sleep, and resting it gently on one arm whilst he admitted himself with a pass-key, he stepped quietly up stairs and most valiantly discharged his new duties of nurse until the Marshal's bell summoned him as usual at seven in the morning.

"Shure and there's nothin to be done but to take yez along wid me," said he, rising with his sleeping burthen. "Ye'll be a purty colleen, but how I'll get yez to France, is a question I can't answer intirely. Faix, his honor must settle that."

Denis presented himself then in his master's chamber, bearing what at first sight appeared to be a bundle in his arms; but, ere he reached the bedside, a loud squall from the hapless little waif made known that it was a small specimen of babyhood, in the full possession of very good lungs, which he had brought with him into the room.

"Why, Denis," exclaimed the Marshal, in no small surprise, "what in the name of fortune have you broug t a child here for? Are you out of your senses, man?"

"Piase year honor, I've got a wee colleen here which I mane to be a father to, if yer honor has no objections. I thought the wits would clane lave me afther ye wint away last night. The poor sowl niver died till nearly four this mornin, and I tould her I would take care of her child."

"My good fellow," said the Marshal, rising, 'your feelings do you credit, but you know, Denis, you cannot take care of it. What's to "Ah, what's to be done? Shure and its

wind.

"The poor craythur, what will I do for tion yerself. Denis is not the boy that can do it. But she's a swate purty thing, isn't she yer honor?" And here Denis gently opened the plaid in which the babe was swathed, and displayed its well-formed limbs and sweet face. "When she's awake, yer honor," he added, "she has eyes as black as a coal and as bright.

"She is indeed a beautiful child, Denis. But this is a serious business, my man. Situated as we are, we must think what had best be done with the child."

"I must take her to Erance; yer honour; that is, supposing yez are agreeable. And a thought strikes me," continued Denis. "The child of Mrs Fitzgerald, the wife of the captain who yer honor knows was shot at Preston, is bein nursed by Widow Regan. Whisht, thin. Wouldn't it be a rale good thing intirely to give her two babies to fade from her breast a power of things harder to do than for a prettwo babies at once, and Denis O'Sullivan's the boy that will make the matter straight and clane intirely."

But the Marshal made no reply. He was counting in his own mind the great difficulties attendant on conveying two tender infants to France in the same vessel in which the prince was to sail that night, over and above the serious increase of work to Mrs. Regan, who had been engaged by himself solely to nurse the baby of the widow of a brother officer who died in giving it birth, and which the good Marshal had resolved to adopt in place of the daughter whom death had reft from her parents in early

This he had considered a most hazardous undertaking on account of the tremendous difficulties attendant on their journey to France; but the request of honest Denis, which he was unwilling to refuse and yet felt it imprudent to grant, made the attempt yet more froublesome. Suddenly the infant opened its large, dark

eyes, and held out its tiny hands towards the Marshal, as though to second her rough, honest-hearted protector's request.

"You will find it a very difficult task to accommodate Mrs. Regan to your ideas, Denis. I expect she will give you a flat refusal. However, you have gained your point, as far as I am concerned. I will not take it on myself to cast that innocent helpless shild on the charity of others."

Thin may the heavens be yer honor's bed. Shure its the happy boy that I am. But, yer