

Donal Kenny.

JOHN K. CASEY.

"Come, piper, play the 'Shak an' Reel,' Or else the 'Lasses on the Heather.' And, Mary, lay aside your wheel. Until we dance once more together. At fair and pattern oft before. Of reels and jigs we've tripped full many. But ne'er again this loved old floor Will feel the foot of Donal Kenny."

Softly she rose and took his hand, And softly glided through the measure, While, clustering round the village band, Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure. Warm blessings flowed from every lip As ceased the dancers' airy motion; Oh, Blessed Virgin, guide the ship Which bears bold Donal o'er the ocean!

"Now God be with you all!" he sighed, A down his face the bright tears flowing—"God guard you well, avie," they cried, "Upon the strange path you are going." So full his breast he scarce could speak. With burning grasp the stretched hands taking He pressed a kiss on every cheek. And sobbed as if his heart was breaking.

"Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone, For sake of all the days passed here. The days you spent on health and bawn, With Donal Keadh, the rattlin' rover. Mary, sign your soft brown eye Has willed my fate" (he whispered slowly). "Another holds thy heart; good-bye! Heaven grant you both its blessings holy!"

A kiss upon her brow of snow, A rush across the moonlit meadow, Whose brown clad hinds, trembling slow, The mossy breen wrapped in shadow: Away o'er Tully's bounding hill, And far beyond the Iny river; One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill, And Donal Kenny's gone forever.

The breezes whistled through the sails, O'er Galway Bay the ship was heaving, And smothered groans and bursting wails Told all the grief and pain of leaving. One form among that exiled band, Of parting sorrow gave no token. Still was his breath and cold his hand; For Donal Kenny's heart was broken.

WRITTEN FOR CATHOLIC RECORD.

CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. KENAS M'DONNELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., ETC.

PART II.

Some account of the Jacobite rising of 1745 will not be out of place here, as it involves the history and the fate of the Catholics of the Highlands, and, indeed, of all Scotland. Contrary to the sound advice of Bishop Macdonald and other gentlemen of repute, all friendly to his cause, Prince Charles Edward landed from the French ship in which he had come, disguised as an abbe, and accompanied by seven of his leading adherents. He immediately raised his standard at Glenfinnan, and in an incredibly short time was surrounded by a body of devoted followers. With this force, small enough for the conquest of an empire, he proceeded to the Lowlands, capturing towns and laying the country under contribution far and wide. It was not long till he reached Edinburgh, the capital, and as he had numerous friends there, it became an easy conquest. He was keeping his court in this city at the palace of his ancestors, and preparing for further and still more daring operations, when Sir John Cope, the commander of the Government forces in Scotland, advanced in order to check his progress. The armies met at Preston-pans, near Edinburgh. The result was a brilliant victory for Prince Charles, which gave eclat and prestige to his cause. Encouraged by this success, the prince resolved to invade England. He succeeded in taking the important city of Carlisle, and thence proceeded without any serious interruption as far as Derby, within 127 miles of the British metropolis. He had evaded an army commanded by King George II.'s second son, the Duke of Cumberland. This army was two days' march behind that of Prince Charles, and never could have overtaken the active Highlanders. A council was held and the chiefs decided on returning to Scotland. To this the prince most reluctantly consented, for he considered, and rightly, that to retrace his steps was to give up the cause. So judged also the numerous friends who were hastening from Wales to join his standard. A General, William, Duke of Cumberland, George II.'s son, ordered that all the wounded should be put to death, and they were despatched accordingly, the general overseeing the cruel massacre. Such of them as had found refuge in private dwellings were ruthlessly torn from those asylums where they were tenderly cared for, and barbarously murdered in the open fields. The house of that most benevolent gentleman and zealous supporter of the Hanoverian dynasty, Lord President Forbes, who escaped being slain at Culloden, became, like himself, wanderer through the country, at every moment in danger of being taken. Many of them indeed were caught, and of these a considerable number were delivered to the executioner and murdered with all the circumstances of barbarian cruelty. With the exception of men of high title, who enjoyed the honour of being taken, and the numerous, who fell into the hands of the enemy, including chiefs and gentlemen of the highest rank, were subjected to the like treatment. Three minutes on the rope, and then, whilst still in life, the horrid butchery of disembowelling and beheading.

tomed valour and won a signal victory. At Inverness they were not so fortunate. The Duke of Cumberland met them there at the head of a superior army, which was well provided with artillery and otherwise well appointed. The Highlanders, on the contrary, were worn out by hunger and fatigue. Under such circumstances it was vain to attempt a night surprise on the pitchfork ground. The march over difficult ground in a pitched battle could not be accomplished in time. But the fatigue of such a desperate journey remained, and was a source of weakness in the ensuing battle. Now was the time, one would say, for retreating into the mountain fastnesses, which were so near at hand, and where the Highlanders could have renewed their strength and recruited their army. How much wiser would not this have been than to meet, on Culloden moor, ground unsuited to the Highlanders' mode of warfare, an army twice their number? Desiring that the English army should be the first to attack, they gave the enemy too good an opportunity of thinning their ranks by the deadly play of their artillery. They charged, at last, without waiting for command, and with their usual bravery and skill, although without their wonted success. It was not a time for denying their honored rights and privileges. It had been the privilege of the powerful Clan Macdonald, ever since the days of King Robert Bruce, to fight on the right wing of the army of Scotland. On the fatal day of Culloden they were placed on the left. They were unable to overcome the mortification caused by what they considered their disgrace, and when the battle was against their cause, they were too dispirited to make any effort in order to retrieve the day. What remained of Prince Charles' army retired in good order to the Highlands. The Prince himself was with difficulty led off the field. The ill-advised expedition of Prince Charles Edward was attended with the most disastrous results to the Catholics, especially those of the Highlands. Such of their chiefs as were not killed in battle, or barbarously murdered, when wounded on the field of Culloden, suffered severely in their property, while not a few perished by the hand of the executioner. Their castles and mansions were given to the flames, and they were obliged to wander from one place of concealment to another in their native land. The common people had no better fate. The fields from which they derived their subsistence were laid waste, their cottages destroyed and themselves reduced to poverty and in many cases to actual starvation. Under such circumstances the offices of religion could not be publicly performed, nor could the clergy fulfil in private the duties of their sacred calling. Their flocks, deprived of instruction, fell away in part, and before the end of the unhappy time became greatly diminished. The Right Reverend Bishop Macdonald fared no better than his more humble brethren. He persevered in the fulfilment of his duties until he was seized, and what is not a little remarkable, tried not as having favored the insurrection, but as a "Popish Priest," and sentenced to banishment; but not actually banished. He withdrew to a retired place called Shenval, near the Seminary of Scotland, in the mountainous region of the Catterick; and from thence, as often as possible, especially in summer, visited his afflicted flock. The army of Prince Charles Edward consisted almost entirely of Catholics, with some non-juring conservatives of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. It is highly to the credit of these men that in the days of success they never practiced any cruelty against their fallen enemies. After their brilliant victories at Preston-pans and Falkirk they gathered up the wounded of Cope's and Hawley's armies and kindly tended them as if they had been members of their own force. This generous humanity was but ill repaid by the opposite party when they at length won a victory. Many brave Highlanders lay wounded and helpless on the bloody field of Culloden. The Hanoverian General, William, Duke of Cumberland, George II.'s son, ordered that all the wounded should be put to death, and they were despatched accordingly, the general overseeing the cruel massacre. Such of them as had found refuge in private dwellings were ruthlessly torn from those asylums where they were tenderly cared for, and barbarously murdered in the open fields. The house of that most benevolent gentleman and zealous supporter of the Hanoverian dynasty, Lord President Forbes, who escaped being slain at Culloden, became, like himself, wanderer through the country, at every moment in danger of being taken. Many of them indeed were caught, and of these a considerable number were delivered to the executioner and murdered with all the circumstances of barbarian cruelty. 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THE BELOVED NAME. BY PHILIP O'NEILL. There is one name among all other names that must forever stand the first in the Christian calendar. So great is the miraculous power, the mysterious virtue, the honied sweetness, the marvelous glory, and the wonderful merit of this name, that the whole world should keep silence around when it is even mentioned. I blush to tell it—there are some of my readers who use that beloved name in the form of a curse in low and vulgar conversation. God pity them, for they do not realize the shocking enormity of their crime. When the great debt against us had borne us down in ruin and dismay, and we were to be cast out from our inheritance forever; in that distressful moment when living nature was filled with omens of evil, and malevolent spirits rioted in malignant joy at our destruction, One came and saved us. Would you know the Saviour's name? Written high upon the cross on Calvary, where He paid the debt, behold the beloved name. It is Jesus of Nazareth, O, what a name is there, my friend! We will cherish this name down deep in the sanctuary of our hearts, where daily we shall offer it reverence and love, and holy thoughts, and pious aspirations. We will never be in the company of reckless men who take that beloved name in vain—we will bless this name and call upon others to bless it always. The love of St. Paul for this holy name is shown in its repetition in his epistles. The great Apostle was almost a seraph in love; his zealous soul could not tolerate a half-hearted Christianity; and when from his earnest lips came forth the ringing sentence, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema," he spoke as became a soldier of the cross. It must, indeed, have been a sublime pleasure to this loving disciple to be beloved for the sake of Christ. That holy name was like honey on the lips of the chosen Apostle of the gentiles, as it was a flame forever burning in his heart. My friends, there is a mystery in this name, a power, a sweetness that won the heart of the great St. Paul. There is salvation for us in this holy name, and certain, it produces a subtle and interior sense of mysterious influences working by grace within us, leading to higher conditions of Christian life. By the power of this name, the dead have been restored to life, and the spirits of darkness cast out in every quarter. Would you see a change in your life in the short space of three months? Then say with the morning beams, "Blessed be the sweet name of Jesus," and repeat this many times during the day; and as the evening shadows fall, and the memory of sin arises, say, "My Jesus, mercy." These simple words leave more power with God, more virtue for salvation than can be found in the most eloquent sermon of learned length and thundering sound. The utterance of these simple words in a prayerful spirit, with faith, and hope, and love, is greater than prophecy, and is more valued above than the most brilliant deeds of heroes. The one is a work of supernatural grace, the other is merely in the natural order. The name of Jesus was brought from heaven by the Archangel Gabriel, and it is the only name that expresses the excess of love He bears us. This name represents an abyss of goodness which is infinite, an ocean of sweetness which will inundate the heart of the true lover with an unspeakable delight. The airs of Paradise, the scent of the pomegranate, and the rich perfume of honey will at last inebriate the soul that calls lovingly upon this miraculous name. Let us often dwell upon this beloved name; let us revel in the graces that it brings; let us enjoy in unutterable rapture this foretaste of Eden; let us say a thousand times a day: "Blessed be the sweet name of Jesus!"—Baltimore Mirror.

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