

THE BALLAD SINGER.

A STORY OF TROUBLED TIMES IN IRELAND.

By Denis A. McCarthy.

It was a Fair Day in Carrick—a Fair Day indeed, in spite of the fact that it was so far from the weather was concerned. From early morning, the drizzling rain had resounded the tramping of hoofs, the lowing of cattle, the squealing of pigs, the hysterical squawking of hens, and the voices of men and women calling, shouting, laughing, talking, scolding, buying and selling—for the monthly fair was a big event in Carrick, and the little town was flooded with country visitors on such a day.

Besides those who had legitimate business in Carrick on a Fair Day there also gathered a horde of hangers-on—blind fiddlers, hoary old pipers, a street acrobat, a dancer or two, trick-o-the-loop men, "scobeen" men, a tribe of tinkers, perhaps, and always and ever one or more ballad singers. On this day there was a ballad singer in Carrick who was attracting more than usual attention. He differed in no way, so far as his ragged garb was concerned, from the rest of his tribe, but his voice, instead of being raucous was pleasing, and now and again he rolled forth some galloway old song far above in quality the "mournful lamentation" which were his usual stock in trade. When he wasn't singing he kept up a continual flow of conversation and comment, and when he went around with the hat or to sell his ballads, printed on long strips of paper, his remarks delighted the fun-loving audience of idlers who stood around him.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, men and women, boys and girls, gossips and collectors," he was saying, "if ye'll just gimme a little more in-contingent in the way of ha-pence I'll sing ye another good come-all-ye. Or maybe 'tis a lively song ye'll be axin'?" Which'll ye have? Arrah, man dear, I'm tired o' singin' 'Willie Reilly.' Give us a rest wid it. Here's the 'Mournful Lamentation' of Murty Madden—what do ye say to that? A fine hearty song, gentlemen—to sing at wake. Well, never mind, never mind. Whisht, now, an' I'll give ye a lilt that none o' ye axed for. Here it is—'Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight.'"

Now, such a song at any time from the lips of a ballad singer would attract an audience in Ireland, but more particularly at the time of which we write for it was a period when revolutionary forces were at work under the surface of the body politic. A huge secret conspiracy against British rule had spread itself among the young men all over the country, and many a patriotic soul looked forward to an outbreak soon and sudden. And so as verse after verse of this rebellious lyric rolled from the ballad singer's lips, men who ordinarily would not waste their time upon such a wandering minstrel, gathered to hear him.

Among these was a young farmer named John Fennelly, who, unknown to the world at large, was the head of the local branch of that organization mentioned above. Almost as soon as he joined the crowd surrounding the ballad singer, the eyes of the latter rested upon him with a searching glance, and then to the young farmer's astonishment he saw the ballad singer, even in the midst of his singing, make a sign which proclaimed him one of the Brotherhood. Before he had recovered from his surprise the song was ended and the ballad singer was again circulating among the crowd selling his ballads.

"Come now, boys," he said, "buy a couple o' ballads from a poor man. 'Tis mortal hard on the throat to be 'lawlin' this way, even on a day like this. In spite of the wet 'tis myself is mighty dhray. Wet under an' dhray widin', begor. Come now, boys an' girls. Buy a ballad, at last, if ye won't give me anything for singin' it. Here's 'Erin's Gallant Sons an' Daughters goin' off to Ameriky'—that's a grand ballad. I'll sellin' them at a penny apiece. I'll make it a ha-penny begor, the weather is so bad. Thank ye, sir. Thank ye, ma'am. That's the darlin' girl. Sure Carrick is a great town after all!"

Thus he went on as he pushed his way to and fro among the crowd. Coming to where Fennelly stood he looked at him significantly and thrust a ballad into his hand, then began immediately to sing the "Mournful Lamentation of Murty Madden," the first two lines of which as with all other such lamentations were:

"Come all ye faithful Christians
I hope ye will draw near."

Immediately the crowd surrounded him again.

It was now growing dark, and Fennelly turned into a public house the better to examine the ballad which had been thrust upon him. On one side was a "Lamentation," sure enough, but the other side contained a message written in pencil, much more startling. It ran:

"Talbot is an informer. The sooner ye leave the country the better. Destroy all papers. On account of the fair a train leaves Carrick to-night for Waterford at 9 o'clock. Try to go by that, but look out for the police."

Fennelly was fairly dazed as the purport of this message flashed upon him. A few minutes before he held himself to be a possible leader in the Irish army of freedom. Now he saw himself only a hunted man. Yet he by no means fell into a panic. First he must go home and destroy those documents pertaining to the Brotherhood. The seizure of those by the police would involve a hundred others in ruin—it might mean the ultimate overthrow of the cause. His farm was five miles away, but he had a good horse. Quickly wending his way to the place where his horse was stable, he rapidly threw on saddle and bridle and in less time than it takes to tell was galloping swiftly through the gathering darkness home to Ballin-derry.

Arrived there he lost no time in consigning to the flames to the tell-tale papers connected with the conspiracy,

even those which were in cipher. Then he explained matters to his mother, a widow, bade her an affecting though hurried farewell, secured a good sum of money against all possible contingencies, and then mounting his horse again rode back to Carrick, to follow out the directions given him by the ballad singer. His mind was in a whirl at the way events had shaped themselves within the past few hours, and yet he could not help wondering as to what manner of man this ballad singer might be who seemed to know him, and yet whose face Fennelly could by no means recollect. How came this poor beggar man to be a member of the Brotherhood? And how came he to be entrusted with such secrets? These were the questions which arose in Fennelly's mind as he rode along.

As he drew near the town he passed many carts rattling home from the fair, and once he drew aside to let a side-car pass which was approaching at a rapid rate. It was night now, but the sky was cleared, and thin curves of a new moon was gleaming in the West. Not much light it afforded, but as the side-car passed it glinted on a rifle barrel, and that was enough to inform Fennelly that a half-dozen policemen were bound in the direction of his farm. He was convinced they were after him, and he rejoiced that he had had time to destroy the evidence which might have told so sorely against other members of the Brotherhood.

He entered the town cautiously, dismounted at a public house in a little-frequented street, and telling the barmaid to have the horse looked after for the night, he made his way through the dimly-lighted streets to the railway station, which lay somewhat remote from the business part of the town. Here he found a large crowd of people waiting for the train.

Not caring much for company in his present state of mind, Fennelly walked to a distant part of the platform where there was little or no light, and waited. The train was almost due when Fennelly's eyes discerned two policemen elbowing their way through the crowd. They seemed to look closely at everybody, and Fennelly divined that news of his flight from home had reached the barracks, and that these two constables were at the station to apprehend him. Fennelly did not recognize either of the policemen. They were strangers to him though he knew by sight a number of the Carrick policemen.

He hoped therefore that they being unfamiliar to him, he would be unfamiliar to them, but he reflected that they would without doubt have an accurate description of his personal appearance.

In order to get on the train it would be necessary for him to walk down the platform in the glare of light from the lamps and the station windows. Each moment the time of trial was drawing nearer. He heard the whistle of the train far away up the line. If he could only lose himself in the crowd! Yes, he must do it—he must walk boldly into the light and trust to good fortune. He pulled himself together, and as the train almost reached the station he walked coolly toward the two policemen. The eyes of both were on him, and they had almost, as it seemed, recognized him, when suddenly, right beside them, two, three—a half-dozen men fell to pummeling and pounding each other in the most savage and bewildering manner, yelling and shouting and roaring at the top of their lungs. In one solid knot of humanity they plunged against the two policemen, bearing them almost completely off their feet and whirling them entirely away from Fennelly. In the hubbub and confusion the train had come in. Fennelly heard a voice he seemed to recognize saying, "In with you," and he felt himself half lifted, half pushed into the train. Then the train started, and Fennelly felt himself, for the time being at least, safe.

The identity of the man who had befriended him in his sore need puzzled Fennelly for many years. One night in New York, where he had settled after his escape to America, Fennelly attended a gathering of former members of the Brotherhood. There was something pathetic in this meeting of those who had taken part in a lost cause, and yet there was something inspiring, too. There was lessening of love for the Old Land. Speech and song were as rebellious as of yore. When a burly man of middle age stepped forward and sang in a ringing voice "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight?" there were thunders of applause. Something in the voice touched a chord of memory in the breast of Fennelly. The voice seemed strangely familiar. But when the singer sang on to an encore, "Boys, I'll now give ye a good old come-all-ye. 'The Mournful Lamentation of Murty Madden'—when he said that, and began—

"Come all ye faithful Christians
I hope ye will draw near."

Fennelly remembered. It was the man who had given him warning to escape on that Fair Day, long ago in Carrick, and who, he was convinced, had prevented the police from arresting him at the railway station by getting up that bewildering row which began so suddenly.

"Who is this man, that has just sung?" asked Fennelly of the man who sat beside him.

"Why don't you know him?" was the answer. "Why, that's Devine, who organized the last rising. Nobody knows his real name, but that's the name he goes by. He completely puzzled and outwitted the police of England and Ireland. He appeared in all manner of disguises, and after the rising failed helped lots of good men to escape. They say at one time he traveled all over Ireland as a ballad singer. I think it must be true, from the way he sings that song."

The Patron of Fathers.

The fact should not be forgotten that the month of March is especially devoted to the Father of Jesus Christ. As such he was the head of the purest home and most perfect family on earth; therefore, in particular the patron of all fathers and the one after whom they should fashion all their conduct.—Church Progress.

ONE OF THE LITTLE VICES.

THE DISCORD AND UNHAPPINESS THAT SPRING FROM IRRITABILITY.

Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., in the New Freeman.

Much of the discontent, worry and unhappiness of a good many people arises from causes which, upon examination, appear ludicrously disproportionate to their undoubted effects. In the moral world, as in the physical, disregarded trifles often lead to momentous consequences. The slightest match, carelessly thrown aside, yet setting fire to a whole city block, finds its counterpart in the bitter word, hastily spoken, but not unfrequently causing a storm of sinful passions to rage with fury throughout a whole social circle. Occasional serious reflection upon the real importance of what we are accustomed to regard as "little" things would probably result in our contributing somewhat more generously than we do at present to our neighbors' happiness, and incidentally to our own.

What a marvellous transformation, for instance, would be effected in the average household if all its members should set themselves resolutely to the practice of what St. Francis de Sales calls the "little virtues." He enumerates them thus: "Humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burden, condescension, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity and candor." If we ourselves, and all those with whom we come into daily contact habitually practiced these virtues or the half of them life would assuredly be much more pleasant than our actual experience warrants our pronouncing it to be.

Unfortunately, it is to the little vices, rather than the little virtues, that most of us are addicted; and the qualities directly opposed to those mentioned in the foregoing series of St. Francis come far more natural to us than do the sweet dispositions which he so highly commends. To instance one such little vice, not at all uncommon among people whose lives are absolutely free from any notable irregularities and in whom indeed great virtues are normally conspicuous—what a miserable growth of discontent and unhappiness springs from irritability! Is there any other slight defect of character which, in the ordinary routine of everyday life, is quite so destructive of peaceful joy and cordial kindness? Is there any other minor fault which is quite so successful in aggravating one's own discontent and disturbing the serenity of others?

The presence of this unlovely fault obviates any necessity of defining what it consists. The child who finds his father or his brother "as cross as a bear," the schoolboy who, from long observation of his teacher, has

"learned to trace
The day's disaster in his morning face;"

the servant girl who confides to the milliner that her master "must have got out of bed on the wrong side this morning," or that her mistress is "in one of her tantrums to-day;" the clerk who comes out of his employer's private office with news that "the old man had like to have snapped my head off!" the subordinate official who, in an interview with his superior, meets with sharp inquiries and testy answers that irresistibly suggest "quills upon the fretful porcupine;" the friend or acquaintance whose kindly salutation is acknowledged by merely a surly nod or the briefest icy word—all understand perfectly what is meant by an irritable person, and all have reason to resent his lack of an equable temperament.

The use of several of the adjectives in the paragraph just considered suggests a reason for believing that irritability is especially prevalent among English-speaking peoples. Some philologist, writing of the morality in words—we forget just now whether it is French or Alford, Moore or Marsh, Muller or Mathews—says that a vivid idea of the slight account which Italians take of human life may be gained from the fact that their language contains twenty-five or thirty distinct terms, all meaning "to deprive of life," in one or another of more than a score of different ways. Applying the same tests to our own language, we should be inclined to form rather unfavorable opinions of those whose variations of ill temper necessitate the use of irritable, petulant, fretful, peevish, querulous, waspish, cross, capricious, testy, snappish, crusty, snarling, pettish, churlish, crabbed, surly, uncivil, ill-natured, bitter, sharp, irascible, touchy, cholerick, hot, fiery, peppery, spiteful, acrimonious, and not a few other similar synonyms.

The comparative frequency or infrequency of irritability among different nations is, however, purely an academic question; the practical point to which our attention needs to be directed is that all too often perhaps in our personal experience some one of the epithets quoted above may justly be applied to ourselves. If this be the case, if either habitually or occasionally we are so lacking in self-control as to inflict our spleen and ill-humor on the members of our family, or on our inferiors, equals or superiors in the circle of our acquaintances, then we need to work forthwith a reformation in our mode of action. When we are dominated by irritability we are safe to give utterance to remarks which, in themselves, or in the manner of our making them, are rude and uncivil; and it is well to remember that, as Dr. Johnson puts it, "a man has no more right to say unkind things than to act unkind no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

Those who hold positions of authority and influence should be especially careful in so disciplining their temper that any interior dissatisfaction which they may feel may be kept interior, and not vented at random upon their unoffending inferiors. Employers, teachers, heads of departments and clergymen ought, above all people, to cultivate habits of judicious restraint and thorough self-control, for a considerable amount of the happiness enjoyed by their workmen, pupils, subordinates and parishioners is dependent thereon.

And there is really no good reason why any one should be characterized by this little vice of irritability, since "a man's being in a good or a bad humor depends very much upon his will."

REV. DR. DE COSTA.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The very many devoted friends of Rev. Dr. De Costa, now a priest of the Catholic Church, will be sorry to hear he is very ill in Rome. He has only been recently ordained and had fondly hoped to be able to return to New York. He loves Rome, but was ordained for the archdiocese of New York, and his old friends would be glad to welcome him back if God willed it so.

Thirty years ago Dr. De Costa was in Rome for the first time, and had an audience with, and received the blessing of Pius IX. He had no idea at that time of becoming a Catholic, but his fine mind and good heart even then recognized the beauties and glories of Catholic belief and practice, seen at their fullest around the throne of Christ's Vicar. His journey of those days differs from that of most visitors to the Eternal City. It does not describe any of the glorious monument raised by man there to the worship of God. Things of the inner life of the Church attracted him more. "The memories of more than two thousand years poured in upon the mind. The ages spoke to the heart."

He notes and understands the willing obedience and humility of the religious and the perfect freedom from drossy things of earth thus insured for them. He sees the negro student at the College of the Propaganda as much at home there as the others sons of Adam. He found the priceless libraries freely open to his inspection, and an Irishman to act as his guide. He studied minutely the memorials and evidences of the life of St. Philip Neri, to whom can be traced directly the movement that led so many educated and thoughtful Episcopalians—Newman, Manning, Faber and a host of others—to the true fold. He found the Italians a gentle and courteous people (whereas he had read they were very much otherwise). He was very much impressed with the sweetness and majesty of the Pope, and he blessed to find Protestant missions close to the Vatican, bringing the poor with blankets and shoes to come to their meetings. The Mamertine Prison interested him greatly. He followed up all the evidences of the life and death of St. Peter and Paul together in Rome. Of the Italian Government methods in Rome he wrote for an Episcopalian paper in Philadelphia.

"Speaking of the strict obedience demanded by the Church, one finds nothing to admire in the obedience demanded by the Italian State; for what would Episcopalians think if the United States Government should impose a tax of from 30 to 40 per cent. upon the incomes of their theological schools, after having previously confiscated outright innumerable properties, setting the rightful owners on the sidewalk? Submission to such things is the obedience demanded outside of the Propaganda; the rights of property are being shamefully violated, American Protestants standing by and cheering the Italian Government."

MARY ANDERSON.

There stood last evening on the stage of the People's Palace in the East End a priest, who, with his biretta perched far back on his head, was blowing justly through a policeman's whistle, says the London Express.

By his side was a tall, slender and beautiful woman, who, with one white hand pressed against the bosom of her white dress, was laughing softly. This quaint little tableau represented Father Vaughan introducing Miss Mary Anderson (Mme. de Navarro) to an audience of two thousand of the poorest little Roman Catholics in London. And all these little Roman Catholics were shouting wildly.

"Two thousand children," when one writes the words, do not seem to be very many, but when 2,000 children are packed in one big room, their presence is a trifling overwhelming. It is a tremendous task to keep 2,000 pairs of lungs from clapping, 4,000 little hands from stamping. But Father Vaughan and Miss Mary Anderson, who undertook the task, succeeded very well.

Father Vaughan quelled them with his whistle and a bugle, while Miss Mary Anderson achieved the same result by a smile and a little pleading gesture of the hands that hypnotized the vociferous multitude into silence. She sang to them some sweet and simple ditties. There was one all about "Cicely, Cicely, dear," that was so sweetening that it seemed as though the applause would never end. But then the mere sight of her was enough to capture every heart. No one could withstand that infinite kindness of her smile, as she stood resting one white arm on the top of the piano against which she leant, one small satin slipper foot tapping the time of the music.

The impression one got was not that of a great artist, but of a pretty young mother singing from the fullness of a happy heart to a large family gathering. M. de Navarro sang, too, in duet, with his beautiful wife. The song was in Italian, and therefore not very understandable, but as Father Vaughan had announced that it was all about "Macaroni," and as that word occurred very frequently, it was halloed with much shrill laughter.

When the interval came Miss Mary Anderson slipped her hands into the sticky mass of eatables stowed in deal boxes, and distributed buns and smiles.

In Church.

When you reach the church, never stay outside; go in at once. Time spent within is exceeding precious, and in this holy season you cannot make too many visits to the Blessed Sacrament. In church, bow down at once, very humbly, and pray. Spend the time that remains in holy thought. In prayer, remember the Presence into which you have come! Never look about you to see who are coming in, or for any cause whatever. It matters nothing to you what others may be doing; attend to yourself; fasten your thoughts firmly on the holy service; miss not one word. This needs a severe struggle, so you have no time for vain things. The Blessed Spirit will strengthen you if you persevere.

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