THE MAID OF LIMERICK.

When faithful Ireland, so runs our story, took arms against crafty Dutch William, the Stuart cause found no warmer defender than Sir William Patrick O'Gorman of Fenny Moor. Unhappily his loyalty was soon put to the severest test. He fell into an ambush of William's soldiers, and after a gallant struggle, was captured. Great was the joy of the enemy as the brave Irish soldier was led through the streets of Limerick to the prison of the city. Greater, however, was the pity of Limerick's old men and women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sarsfield—as they saw the brave soldier, still in the prime of life, a prisoner of their conquerors. Many a fervent prayer was uttered that God would be pleased to deliver him from out of the hands of his enemies.

In times of civil strife, the distance from the prison to the scaffold is not great. Sir William was brought before a court-martial. He did not seek to deny the crime of which he was accused—that of defending his king and country by his sword. His doom was pronounced. He was to be beheaded as soon as the warrant for his execution arrived from Dublin. One after another his friends and his family had visited the condemned soldier in his prison and had taken their last farewell of him. All had come—all save one. That one was the pride of his life, the hope of his house, the joy of his heart—his daughter Jane. Why had not she came to receive a last blessing from her father?

The light of day was fast fading away. The setting sun had shot its last rays between the iron bars of the small window of the prisoner's dungeon. With them had come and gone the last rays of earthly hope in the captive's heart. Seated on a stone ledge beneath the window of his dungeon, the brave soldier buried his face in his hands and sought to prepare calmly for the morrow—that morrow that too probably would be his last day on this earth. The struggle to calm himself was intense. Now and again he would start up as if to encounter some advancing foe. Next he would fall back hopelessly on his stone seat, as the clanking of the chains on his hands reminded him of his helpless state. Then with the calmness of despair he would think of his dearly-beloved child. Was he never to see her more? To-morrow? Alas! to-morrow was too probably his last day on earth. May God protect my child! May God give me strength to make this sacrifice of my life for my country—would that it had pleased God to have allowed me to have shed my blood on the battle field instead of on the scaffold! But God's will be done! Such must have been the thoughts that occupied the captive's mind when, on a sudden, the iron bound door of his prison rolled heavily back on his hinges, and a red-coated gaoler, with a bunch of keys in his hand, ushered in a young girl of remarkable beauty. Tall, of noble bearing, her dark eyes were bright and undimmed, yet showed a sorrow too great for tears. Her dark hair fell in thick tresses on either side of a forehead pure as white marble. The prisoner looked up, and the girl rushed forward to his embrace, crying:

"My father! my own dear father!"

"Your interview must be short," interrupted the gaoler, in a harsh tone as he withdrew, furtively, however, wiping a tear from his eyes, touched by the scene before him.

"May Heaven keep and console you, my child!" said Sir William, as he pressed his child to his heart with fatherly affection. "I feared that you would not come to me, that I should die without giving you my last blessing, and this thought was more cruel than that of death itself. But you are come, my love, you are here—you have come to receive my last blessing."

"No, father, no!" cried the girl; "do not speak thus! Do not be so cruel. Father, you shall *not* die!"

"Be calm, child. May God enable me to console you. Hope there is none, and in less than three days my child will be . ."

"Fatherless," he would have said, but the word died away on his lips.

"But three days!" she answered, suddenly looking into her father's face. "Three days—then there is still hope—my father shall live. My grand father is a friend of King William's favorite minister. He will beg for his son's life, and my father shall not die."

"No! do not think so, Jane. There is no hope now. The usurper William has already approved the death warrant. The messenger has ere now left Dublin, he is well on his way here with the royal order for my speedy execution."

"What matters? My father must not, shall not die thus." The poor child kept energetically repeating these words, looking upwards as she spoke, then as if she had received fresh hope from above, she took her father's manacled hands in hers, kissed them fervently saying: "We must now part—but we shall soon meet again."

"What does my child mean?"

"Do not ask me."

"In whom are you placing your hopes?"

"In God and myself."

"For heaven's sake, my child, do not, expose yourself to danger!"

"Father, pray that I may succeed."

"What are you about to do?"

"My duty." The gaoler at that moment returned, and with a last loving embrace, the young girl left the cold dungeon.

Late on the day following this sad scene, a traveller might have been seen crossing the drawbridge at Shannon Ford, and passing by Margate, taking his seat on a wooden bench placed before the door of an inn. Evidently the traveller did not care to enter the inn which appeared to be beyond his means. Indeed Dutch William and his consort had lodged there not long before the date of our story. Our traveller wore a grey woollen jacket, tightened around the waist by a leather belt, and over it a cloak of a coarse brownish stuff. He seemed to be a young man, though a broad brimmed hat slouched over his face hid his features. He carried a small bundle in one hand, in the other a stout walking stick. Having refreshed himself with some coffee brought him from the inn, after a short rest, he rose and went his way. Darkness was coming on apace, and the gathering clouds threatened a wild night. The wind howled through the streets of the city, a cold rain fell, and the Shannon was white with waves. "Heaven keep you, young man," said the sentinel to our traveller, as the latter left the gate of the city, "heaven keep you, if you needs must travel on such a night!"

A few minutes later, the young man had left the fortifications behind him, and began crossing a wild, uncultivated tract of country, mere heath. Slowly he made his way to the top of a hill whence he could see for some distance the road he had before him. The darkness was rapidly deepening, the storm was at its height, the wind roared in its fury. Still the traveller kept on his way, in spite of wind and rain, until he reached a large oak-tree, gnarled by years, and split in many places by the innumerable storms to which it had been exposed. This tree, known throughout that country as the Bloody Oak, is two miles distant from Limerick. There, as if he could go no further, as if he were tired of battling against the storm, the young traveller halted, leaning against the tree's trunk sheltering himself beneath its branches. Darker and darker grew the night, and the storm did not slacken in its violence. For more than half an hour our traveller crouched down by the tree, in vain striving to avoid the drenching rain. Suddenly a horse came galloping along the road. Its rider bent down on his horse's head to avoid the fury of the gale. Suddenly the horse was seized by the bridle and brought to a standstill. The rider sought to discover who the stranger was who so rudely accosted him; but a pistol was levelled at him, and he was bidden: "Dismount or die!"

The horseman shivered with fear and cold, recognizing the dreaded oak, tried to seize his weapons in the holsters, but the robber, letting go the horse's bridle clutched the rider violently and threw him to the ground. He fell heavily on the road and lay there stunned. The robber undid the rider's post-bag, took from it despaches sent by the Viceroy at Dublin, and disappeared rapidly across the heath. On the following day, crowds came from the city to visit the scene of the robbery, but of the robber no trace could be found.

Sir William Patrick O'Gorman still lived. The order for his execution, signed by the Viceroy, had been taken from the king's messenger who had been robbed of his despatches while passing the dreaded oak. Before a fresh order could be sent from Dublin William's favorite minister would be able to plead on behalf of the prisoner in Limerick gaol. Hope began to revive in Sir William's breast, especially since his daughter Jane had returned to him, to lighten the gloom of his prison by her presence and the sorrow of his soul by her words. Fourteen days had passed away since the despatches had been stolen, when news came that all the efforts made to obtain a pardon from King William had failed and that the fatal order would arrive in a few hours.

"God's will be done!" exclaimed the prisoner when this was told him.

"Amen!" replied his daughter Jane; "but nevertheless, my father shall not die thus."

The horseman carrying despatches from Dublin to Limerick, and with them the order for Sir William O Gorman's execution had reached Broad Marsh. He was spurring his horse forward, keeping a good lookout around him, and holding a loaded pistol in his hand. The moon shone out from a cloudy sky, casting an uncertain, sickly light over the waste lanes around. The rider had turned an angle of the road when the flash of a pistol caused his horse to swerve. The rider returned the fire, but his horse rearing violently, throw him heavily on the road. Quick as thought the robber was on him and, threatening him with a dagger, bade him: 'Give up your weapons, or you are a dead man." The despatch-bearer obeyed. 'Now get up and be off Your horse and bag, I keep." The man, terror stricken, obeyed, and, without once looking back, returned by the road he had come.

Meanwhile all was in readiness for the execution of the loyal, true hearted soldier of the Stuart cause. The guards only awaited the arrival of the despatches to lead him to the scaffold, when suddenly a rumor reached them that the king's messenger had been again waylaid and robbed. The rumor proved true. The prisoner was respited for yet another fortnight. "The hand of God is visible in this," he said to his daughter. Yes, father, 'tis indeed a mercy!" she replied. 'I said my father should not yet die."

Two weeks passed away. Then the prison gates opened and Sir William O'Gorman stepped forth a free man, accompanied by his aged father. Fresh efforts had been made to obtain his pardon from the king, and they had succeeded. The Lord of Fenny Moor returned home welcomed by all his family and his numerous retainers. But his daughter Jane, the faithful companion of his captivity, was no where to be seen. Where was she, one asked of another, as the crowd thronged the rooms of Sir William's home to congratulate him on his escape. Presently a stranger asked to speak with Sir William O Gorman of Fenny Moor. He was the same traveller whom we saw in the storm sheltering himself under the dreaded oak, the same man whom we twice saw way laying the king's messenger. He wore the same coarse garments, the same broad-brimmed hat which he did not remove as he saluted Sir William. To the latter, he handed a bundle of papers. "When you have read these, throw them on the fire."

Sir William looked at them, started, grew pale, He held in his hand two copies of the decree condemning him to death.

"My preserver," he cried, seizing the stranger by the hand; "how can I ever reward you—you to whom I owe my life?"

All, young and old, crowded round the stranger, with words of thankfulness on their lips, with gratitude in their hearts. 'Your name, for heaven's sake, tell us your name!' they cried.

The stranger lifted his hat. Sir William's daughter Jane stood before the astonished throng. "Good heaven!" cried the happy father, "my daughter Jane—my preserver! Now, indeed, life is sweet to me!" He embraced her to whom he had given life, and who had saved him from death.

France is justly proud of her maid of Orleans. Ireland has a right to be proud of Jane O'Gorman, whom we have ventured to call the maid of Limerick.—Catholic Progress.

INTENSE CATHOLICITY OF SPAIN.

A correspondent of the London Standard writes to that paper an account of Catholicism in Spain, from which we make the following interesting extracts:

'Catholicism has still such a deep hold of the great majority of Spaniards that no question of interior or of exterior policy has excited so much interest, or such widespread curiosity, in all ranks of society, as the possibility of Leo XIII. landing in a Spanish port to ask hospottality of his most Catholic Majesty. Even the lower classes have discussed, quite as much as journalists and politicians, the coming of the Pope. The *prestige* and the influence of the Church are so great still that not a single politician of note—not a statesman of the first rank—has dared publicly to say that the Government ought to decline to admit the august fugitive from the Vatican, were he to disembark suddenly in the dominions of King Alfonso XIII."

THE CATHOLIC FEELINGS OF THE NATION have been revealed with much spontaneity and force during the Madrid Catholic Congress. It had been observed that churchmen and friars, with very few exceptions, refrained from taking any prominent part in the manifestations in favor of the reestablishment of the temporal power that were made at every sitting of the Congress by distinguished laymen, professors of State universities, statesmen, writers of note, politicians belonging to Christ and Alfonsist parties equally. The Catholic press of all shades took up the cudgels for the Papacy, and advocated as zealously as the orators in the Catholic Congress the reestablishment of temporal power as the best means of ensuring the independence, liberty, dignity, and imprescriptible rights of the Head of their Church. The Congress was attended, not only by Ultramontanes and Carlists, but by the *elite* of the aristocracy and of the Conservative party, with Senores Cenorsa, Silvela, Pidal, and others, and the two last sittings were entirely filled up with speeches by Senor Pidal, ex Minister of Public Works and Education in Alfonso XII.'s last Conservative Cabinet, and Senor Menendez Pilapo, a member of the Spanish Academy, professor of the Madrid University, and a staunch Conservative. Both orators bitterly attacked Italy, and pleaded the cause of the temporal power.

When it was rumored that Pope Leo XIII. had discussed with his Cardinals the expediency of selecting Spain as his abode if any yet unforseen circumstances obliged him to depart from the Vatican, not only the Catholics, the Ultramontanes, but civic and provincial Councils and Corporations, men of all ranks in society, men of all shades in politics, joined to send the Pope addresses couched in terms of warm regard and sympathy, and invitations to come over at once. Seville and Valencia, towns of Republican inclinations and Radical antecedents, competed with the Balearic Islands and with Salamanca, the Alma Mater of Castilian Universities, in these manifestations. Andalusians and Catalans showed as much Papal enthusiasm as Basque and Navarrese cities, the old strongholds of Carlist risings.

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THE GREAT STRIKE.

Cable Cor. N. Y. Times.

The moral and personal aspects of the strike are even more impressive now at the close of the strike than they were a week ago. Cardinal Manning has single-handed brought this colossal conflict to a peaceful end. Earlier in the week, when he was hampered by the co operation of the flighty and fussy Lord Mayor and the fat witted (Anglican) Bishop of London, his efforts at mediation failed, but when these two embarrassing coadjutors fell by the wayside the "wonderful old man" went on all alone, and to him alone the credit is due.

New York Herald.

Cardinal Manning bears the burden of more than eighty years, but like a man in his prime, with dignity and a due respect for the rights of both contending parties, he handled the London strike and brought it to a happy conclusion. He is a great prelate in a great Church.

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Merry's coquetish, and charming is Milly;
Dora is gentle and fair.
Sweet as a flower was her face when I kissed her,
"Love is the romance and glory of life,"
Milly, my playmate, I love "like a sister,"
But Dora I choose for my wife.

That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if she will have you. Should her health become delicate and her beauty fade after marriage, remember that this is usually due to functional disturbances, weaknesses, irregularides, or painful disorders peculiar to her sex, in the cure of which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. See the printed certificate of guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

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2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides, the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual price charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to the Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of Houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything, send your orders to

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