

The Singer's Aims

[An incident in the life of the great tenor, Maria]

His guardian angel warned him not to lose this voice of pearl to another good...

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied into the woman's lap, who drenched with...

Her kiss upon the hand of her 'twas answered in her glad heart drove forth her...

The singer, pleased, passed on and softly thought: "Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage, Queen's choir went up from that wide...

And sweetly sang, with a covered face. The tumult of the welcome gave the song...

For the two legends in the market-place. —HENRY ARBY, in Our Dumb Animals.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER LVI.

CARTER CONFRONTED WITH HIS GUILT. "Egad, Danier! but you are the big...

And after that, Harry, you shall hear one of the strangest stories I ever have...

"Well, well," said Danier good humoredly, "this evening, I fancy, will end it all; and after that, Harry, you shall hear...

"Let me see how much I already know," said Crawford playfully, and holding up...

"I am not, Harry; not till after to-morrow," was the cautious response.

"Will you come to me, no matter what the hour, when the business, whatever it is, is over?" asked Crawford.

"Yes, Harry; I give you my word—I shall either come to you, or send you a message to come to me."

"Ugh!" repeated Crawford; "by Jove! Walter, but you have me as excited as myself!"

Denier laughed; it was so like one of his olden bursts of merriment before either had left England, that Crawford could not refrain from saying:

"Well, whatever this latest mystery is, it has had a most refreshing effect upon you."

The young ex-officer did not reply, but waving back a laughing salute, he left the room.

The hour arrived which had been appointed for so strange an assemblage within the walls of Dublin Castle, and then at last the four anxious and mystified persons who came from the hotel met Denier; he awaited them in an apartment belonging to Lord Heathcote's suite, to which they were conducted, and he met them with so beaming a face, and so joyful a manner, that the hope which had fired the hearts of the two girls now flamed more ardently.

Clare's eyes turned eloquently upon him as she said: "You have favorable news to give me, my brother?"

"I cannot tell you anything yet, Miss O'Donoghue," was his response; "I have only to request you to be very patient for a little while. And now"—turning to Father O'Connor—"Lord Heathcote would see you first alone."

The young priest related to one of the ladies present, to whom the attention was attracted by Denier, conducted him. Lord Heathcote met him; not sitting as Father O'Connor had seen him on the two previous occasions, but standing, and nervously tapping the floor with a cane.

In Dromonacool with a boy in his charge who answered to the description of one of your sons?"

"Pshaw!" said his lordship impatiently, "the assertions you make are not proofs—my wife having died in a no evidence that she was not guilty, and this boy whom Carter had in his charge—who is to prove that he was my son!"

He paused, waiting some reply, but Father O'Connor was silent.

"No," resumed his lordship, "I am not convinced; and if Carter, who is here in the castle by my order, denies the charges brought against him, I shall refuse to credit what I have heard."

The priest ventured to say: "Egad, my lord, in the face of the evidence given by the picture about your neck?"

"No, no; I do not mean that; this young woman whom you brought to the castle, and whom I saw, to be my daughter"—his voice trembled—"but I mean regarding the guilt of Maria Dougherty."

"Well, my lord," Father O'Connor said again, "if you rely for your full conviction on a confession from this man, Carter, you will be disappointed—unless some influence can be exerted which will force him to confess; otherwise, if he finds there are no important proofs against him, he will be as effrontery enough to perjure himself."

"And in that case," said Lord Heathcote sharply, "in the case of his refusal to confess, and my refusal to believe, and consequently to acknowledge my offspring, would you still keep my secret—would you retain from this young woman the story of her birth?"

"In justice to my lord, I could not do so; she has been literally sacrificed herself for a man whom she still believes to be her father, as you are already aware from my recent tale, and so devoted is she, that she has not ceased to be anxious about this poor wretch since her arrival in Dublin. No indecent man can make her leave him, and cause her to share any of that immolation which she deems to be her duty; would it be just, my lord, to permit this to continue for the sake of sparing your pride?"

"You would then tell her," said the nobleman somewhat bitterly, "that she is the daughter of an English peer?"

"Yes, my lord; but when she tells that information, I must also tell her that the English peer, referring to credit the testimony which has been given him, refusing to obey the prompting of his own heart, believes his wife, the mother of this girl, to have been a wretched, guilty woman, how much of sweetness will be left in my announcement? Ah! my lord, your daughter would rather have an hellish name of stain than all your titles and estates."

The nobleman bit his lip, and was silent for a moment; then he said with startling abruptness: "You have not yet told me the name of the boy whom Carter had in charge, nor where he can at present be found."

"Pardon me, my lord, I think I told you at our first interview, that he was leading an obscure life among the Irish poor, with no desire save that of performing well his humble duty; he will not trouble your lordship."

"But who is he—I would know—give me his name—speak!" And the stern eyes were bent upon the priest.

"Since you would know, my lord—I am he."

And Father O'Connor stood with folded arms and bowed head. He made no motion to approach Lord Heathcote—he did not even look at him, but kept his eyes turned to the floor.

"My God! my God!" came from the white lips of the peer; still neither did he make any motion to the clergyman; he only continued to look, his gaze growing more wild and thrilling as it traversed every part of the priest's person. "If I could only fully believe," he said, gaspingly; "but it may not have been my son whom Carter had in charge; and yet my heart believes me that it was; and the resemblance comes out now as I did not notice it before—the profile of the face, the form, are like Walter's—yes, it must be my son—my son!"

The thrill of that heart-cried pierced Father O'Connor—with one simultaneous movement the priest and the peer were in each other's arms.

The delay seemed long to the little party which Father O'Connor had left—all the longer because every nerve was strained with hope and expectation; and the excitement and anticipation of the two girls were increased by Denier's unassuming yawns and animated manner. Even Father Meagher had caught the extraordinary eagerness, but the man with restless longing for one of the doors of the apartment to open and admit some one who would put an end to all this suspense.

At last his wish was gratified; a door opened, and Lord Heathcote, accompanied by Father O'Connor, entered. Both bore traces of recent agitation, but the nobleman had recovered his wonted manner sufficiently to bear himself with his accustomed dignified carriage, and to throw upon all sides of him his old piercing glance; the latter, however, was tempered by a smile which softened his countenance, and imparted to it a singular charm. Denier immediately approached him.

"Introduce me to these people, Walter," he said quietly; and Denier, with his own courtesy grace now enhanced by the joy which shone so unmistakably in his manner, offered his arm to the nobleman, and conducted him first to Father Meagher. The gray-haired priest returned the kind salutation in his simple, hearty manner, and Clare was next introduced, her brightened color and animated eyes forming a pretty picture as she responded to his lordship's greeting. Nora was next, and to her Lord Heathcote said, as he extended his hand: "We have met before, and I have not forgotten you, young lady; the request which you asked of me then."

His manner, even more than his words, seemed to indicate that he had given her some most favorable reflection; her heart beat high with hope and gratitude, and she could have fallen at his feet and embraced them in the excess of her joy. Her ardent feelings were portrayed in her beautiful face, never more beautiful than at that moment when she stood directly under the rays of the chandelier; and the nobleman, as if suddenly impressed, and struggling with feelings which he could not master, continued to hold her hand and to gaze into her eyes. But he turned away, saying loudly, and looking from one to the other of the little party:

"I thank you, good people, for obeying so promptly my unjust summons to me; but your presence here was necessary to help to prove the innocence of a certain party, and I have adopted this means in order to stifle my error. I must crave your patience a little longer, and then all shall be explained to you."

He gave a signal to Denier; the latter left the room, but returned in a moment, and in a few seconds more—seconds that were like hours to some of the mystified and anxious party—another door opened, and Mortimer Carter was ushered in. With his very first glance of the assemblage he comprehended its import, and he bowed himself to meet it—throwing about him an unobtrusive look, he advanced to the nobleman, and with startling firmness made his obeisance.

"Look about you, Mortimer Carter," said Lord Heathcote sternly, "and meet the evidence of your guilt—acknowledge the innocence of Maria Dougherty—confess the crime which despoiled me of my wife, and stigmatized my children!"

"I know not the child of my first wife, my lord," and Carter drew himself up undauntedly, even defiantly.

Lord Heathcote, despite his efforts to be calm, was growing strangely agitated. "Restore to me my son, whom you abducted from his home after you had caused his mother to leave him! Here is a witness—a sweep of his hand I demand. If you remember,—"who can prove where you fled to on the disappearance of my family, and also that you carried with you a boy who corresponded in size to my son?"

"Which does not prove, my lord, that it was your son," answered Carter; "and I know my innocence in the matter, shall not take the trouble to show that the boy you speak of is the son of one who was an intimate and dear friend of my own—a Charles O'Connor; the baptismal certificate of the boy has proved his identity long ago. I perceive that you have him present, my lord,—and he indicated with a most brazen bow Father O'Connor."

The nobleman, to Carter's secret triumph, was evidently disconcerted; a look of bitter disappointment came into his face, but he resumed after a moment's painful silence:

"Will you deny, also, that my daughter lived in your vicinity, within your sight, from her infancy to her womanhood?"

"No, my lord; for that would be a falsehood," the same effrontery marked Carter's manner.

"And you are the son of Lord Heathcote—who was taken to England in your infancy?" said the priest, when each had released the other.

"Yes," and then followed from Denier, or rather Walter Berkeley, a brief account of the strange events in his life, and long and tender was the embrace which united the two brothers.

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choer Clare by whispering her own reasons for confidence.

Father Meagher was so bewildered and so agitated by all that he had heard that he could not keep his chair. He pressed the room with his hands behind him and his head down—his whole appearance indicating troubled thought.

One by one he was liking incidents of the past; going over in minute detail the death of Maria Dougherty, every circumstance that had attended that strange and sad demise; then his thoughts reverted to the arrival of Carter in Dromonacool—Carter having in possession a noble-looking little boy—and succeeding these reflections came others, equally as agitating, on the remarks which had passed relative to Father O'Connor; and then, with still more startling anxiety, his thoughts reverted to all that had been said of the child of the poor dead mother.

He looked at Nora; could it be that she was the daughter of whom Lord Heathcote had spoken? Unable to contain himself longer, he hurried to impart his startling conjecture to Father O'Connor, who, absorbed in his own melancholy thoughts, sat with his head so deeply bowed that his chin touched his breast.

He never for a instant doubted Rick's veracity—the earnestness, the truthfulness of the poor creature had been too manifestly taken; and he gazed now, not that his father's heart which had just opened to him, had closed again because of Carter's miserable falsehood, but because of the sorrow which Carter's wretched life would bring to other hearts than his own.

He looked up at Father Meagher's touch, but at that moment Denier entered. "What had occurred to so change the young man? his joyful mien had utterly disappeared, and his mouth was compressed as if from intense inward suffering."

"I would see Father O'Connor alone for a moment," he said; "and you, my friends, be patient a little longer."

The two withdrew into one of the adjoining rooms, and there, when the door had closed upon them, Denier turned abruptly, and faced his companion. All the mysterious longings which on the occasion of their first meeting, six months before, had shone in his eyes, came into them now, and the singular feeling by which he had been actuated then aroused again with renewed force; but now he understood its cause. He extended his arms, and cried:

"William! I have heard the whole story, and I feel that you are my brother."

The young priest needed no second invitation to clasp to his breast one whom he had already learned to esteem and to love; and long and tender was the embrace which united the two brothers.

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trator is of little worth—this man must have already perjured himself many times in the deplorable service in which he has been engaged, so that it required little effort for him to take a false oath now."

Carter affected to bear silence, but he was secretly inwardly waiting respectfully for Lord Heathcote to speak. His Lordship said quietly, after he had turned over nervously some papers on the open cabinet before him:

"You have expected, I believe, as your reward for recent information a sum of money sufficient, if I mistake not, to purchase the estate of the prisoner, Carroll O'Donoghue?"

"I have had your own assurance of it, my lord," answered Carter, his eyes brightening to sparkle.

"Well, Mr. Carter,—the nobleman arose, and placing his hands with a careless gesture behind him, bent his sternest look upon the mercenary,—"perhaps you are already aware that my gracious Majesty, the Queen, has pardoned recently some of these Fenians?"

He spoke very slowly, as if he would give his listener ample time to comprehend:

"Feeling grateful for the care which was given to my children by this O'Donoghue family, I have interested myself in behalf of the doomed prisoner; the result of my efforts reached me to-day—it is an entire pardon of Carroll O'Donoghue, and an order that his estate be purchased and restored to him."

The wild color of Carter's face changed to purple, becoming so deep that it threatened to end in an alarming blackness; the veins in his forehead and neck swelled to a feverish heat, and he could not give himself air.

"My lord," he gasped, "you do not mean that I am to lose my reward—I told for it night and day!"

"I regret, Mr. Carter," said the nobleman ironically, "that you are so little the Christian as to desire your reward at the expense of a few creature's lives;—you dishonored a spirit would induce deliberate error in the matter of your sworn statements."

Carter bit his lip until the blood came in his effort to repress his baffled rage. "Am I, then, to have no reward for my work in behalf of the government, my lord?" he asked, his voice husky and trembling.

Lord Heathcote answered quietly: "None, Mr. Carter, save the testimony of your own conscience."

He touched the bell; an attendant entered, and he, discomfited, humbled Carter was obliged to leave the room without uttering another remark.

By a recent decree of the Sovereign Pontiff a new Apostolic Vicariate has been created in Arabia and Aden. That part of Arabia which lies to the west of the thirty-fifth degree of longitude, east from Greenwich, remains subject to the Apostolic Vicariate of Egypt. The vicar-generals of the Red Sea, belong to the new jurisdiction. The Apostolic Delegate for Egypt will become the Delegate for Arabia.

Hundreds of people gathered last Sunday at 1136 First avenue, where the funeral services were held over the body of the late Michael Ward, one of the soldiers who fought in the memorable Battle of Brinkley. The remaining members of the Irish Papal Brigade who reside in this city and Brooklyn were present in full uniform. But twelve men now remain of the fifty who formed this noble company and fought for this glorious cause—Catholic Review.

The growth of Catholicity in New York and Brooklyn is astonishing. Here is one day's record: Dedication of a new church in New York; purchase of a plot for one in Brooklyn; and, in the latter city, laying the corner stone of a parochial school. And so it goes on from week to week. By watching the local columns of the Freeman's Journal one can see an almost continuous and sometimes bewildering record in this line. New York and environs form undoubtedly the greatest Catholic city in the English speaking world.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A PALM SUNDAY CUSTOM AT THE VATICAN.—On Palm Sunday, 1886, Leo XIII, received from Monsignor Macchi the traditional palm made by the Camaldolese nuns at Sant Antonio. The giving of this palm to the Pope on Palm Sunday dates from the time of Sixtus V, and is still kept up by the descendants of a family of the name of Brezza, of San Remo, who yearly present him with one. The palm is beautifully worked, and in the middle of the stem is carved the name of Marie, surrounded by a wreath of pink beads. Over this are two branches representing abundance, laden with fruit and flowers of every kind, and over these again two smaller branches forming an oval, as framework for a beautiful little miniature picture which represents the Madonna del Rosario, sitting in a niche, in the set of giving a rosary to San Domenico, who is kneeling to the right. The infant Christ who is sitting on her knee, is placing a crown of thorns on the head of Santa Caterina (she kneeling to the left), with one hand, while with the other he is also giving her a rosary. On each side of the niche are two columns, with festoons of flowers between them, and at the foot of the picture is a wreath of roses and a lighted taper, the emblem of the Dominican monks.—Glasgow Observer.

the first time he read the reproduction of his prison. He extended his hand while he ventured to whisper:

"Clare!—may you see me this once—you will say sometimes think of me—you will pray for me—you will write with me that one day Heaven itself will interpose to send the veil before my father's eyes, and that—"

She broke from him to conceal her painful blushes, but he had read more than enough to convince him of a very blissful fact.

He bade them all adieu, confiding his newly found relatives to each other's care; and promising to visit speedily, he tore himself away, hurrying to the quarters of Captain Crawford, though it was long past midnight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Queen of Italy is a pious Catholic, and is much grieved at the intolerable insults which are heaped upon the Pope, to whom she is personally much attached.

Three Catholic Indian chiefs, including Red Cloud, will be at the Catholic Congress in Baltimore in November to represent the Catholic aborigines of America.

The Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor embraces about 300 houses in both hemispheres; it is composed of more than 400 Sisters, and shelters and supports at least 40,000 old men and women.

An association of pious women has been organized in New Orleans. It is called the Daughters of St. Margaret, and has for its object the giving of an outfit to poor children who are about to make their First Communion.

In China there are about twenty-eight Catholic Bishops, over five hundred native priests, and over a million and a quarter native Chinese Catholics. Every day the Church is receiving additions to her strength.

One hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of the Island of Madeira, being nearly the whole population, have signed an address to the Pope requesting him to choose that island for his residence in case he should decide to leave Rome.

King Oscar, of Sweden, received in a most cordial manner the Rev. Jesuit Father, Cesare Daxera, who represented the Propaganda at the Oriental Congress at Stockholm. The King expressed his great admiration for the missionary work of the Propaganda.

A school which has existed in Malabar has come to an end by the submission of Bishop Mallin, who has been absolved from the excommunication pronounced against him by Pope Pius IX. He asks his adherents to follow him in his submission.

The Jesuits of Austria have now eight flourishing colleges, seven religious houses and four stations. The Province comprises 296 Fathers, 118 scholars, and 119 Brothers. Some of the Jesuits of this Province belong to the highest families in Austria, Germany and Poland. As in former times the fields are still ploughing against the order.

The French Curie des Ecoles Libres was founded ten years ago to maintain religious schools for the poor, in opposition to the secular schools supported by the Government. Since its foundation it has collected and expended twenty-two millions of francs. Last year it had 75,000 children in its schools. Its chief directors are the Duc de Broglie, M. de Chesnelong and the Abbe de Courcy, the Vicar General of Paris.

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"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 traveler might have been seen crossing the drawbridge at Shanker Ford, and passing by Mergate, taking his seat on a wooden bench placed before the door of an inn. Evidently the traveler did not care to enter the inn which appeared beyond his means. I do not know William and his content had lodged there not long before the date of our story. Our traveler wore a grey woollen jacket, tight end 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 his broad forehead had been over his face 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 crevices of the city, a cold rain fell, and the Shawan was white with wave. "Heaven keep you, young man,"

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'Donoghue, who 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir 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 the women and children—the young men had mostly sailed away with Sir William's soldiers, and after a gallant struggle, was captured. Great was the joy of the enemy as the brave Irish