

OWNEY AND OWNEY-NA-PEAK.

BY GERALD GRIFPIN. Ay, marry, sir, there's nought in this young fellow...

When Ireland had kings of her own—when there was no such thing as a coat made of red cloth in the country—when there was plenty in men's houses, and peace and quietness at men's doors...

Both the owners of a humble station. They were smiths—white smiths—and they got a good deal of business to do from the lords of the court, and the knights, and all the grand people of the city.

Money, he was told, was the surest way of getting acquainted with the king, and so he began saving until he had put together a few hogs, but O'owney-na-peak finding where he had hid them, seized on the whole, as he used to do on all young O'owney's earnings.

One evening young O'owney's mother found herself about to die, so she called her son to her bed-side and said to him: "You have been a most dutiful good son, and 'tis proper you should be rewarded for it."

It was all in vain for poor O'owney to throw himself on his knees, and ask mercy, laid beg and implore forgiveness; he was weak and O'owney-na-peak was strong, he held him fast, and burned out both his eyes. Then taking him by the back, he carried him off to the bleak hill of Knockpatrick.

"To Heaven erishidin?" (does he say) said the man in the chimney corner, opening his mouth and his eyes; "why then, you'd be doing a Christian turn, if you'd take a neighbor with you, that's tired of this bad and villainous world."

"My good youth, I have been marking you through the fair the whole day, speaking about with that cup in your hand, speaking to nobody, and looking as if you'd be wanting something or another."

"I'm for selling it," said O'owney. "What is it you're for selling, you say?" said a second man, coming up and looking at the cup.

"Why, then," said the first man, "and what's that to you, for a prying meddler, what do you want to know is it he's for selling?"

"Bad manners to you (and where's the use of my wishing you what you have already) have you a right to ask the price of what's in the fair?"

"'Tis the, the knowledge of the price is all you'll have for it," says the first. "Here, my lad, is a golden piece for your cup."

"That cup shall never hold drink or diet in your house, please Heaven," says the second; "here's two golden pieces for the cup, lad."

"Why then, sell it now—if I was forced to fill it to the rim with gold before I could call it mine, you shall never hold that cup between your fingers. Here, boy, do you mind me, give me that once for all, and here's ten gold pieces for it, and say no more."

"Ten gold pieces for a china cup!" said a great lord of the court, that just rode up at that minute. "It must surely be a valuable article. Here, boy, here's twenty pieces for it, and give it to my servant."

"Give it to mine," cried another lord of the party, "and here's my purse, where you will find ten more. And if any man offers another fraction for it to me, I'll split him on my sword like a snip."

"I outbid him," said a fair young lady in a veil, by his side, flinging twenty golden pieces more on the ground.

There was no voice to outbid the lady, and young O'owney, kneeling, gave the cup into her hands.

"Fifty gold pieces for a china cup!" said O'owney to himself, as he plodded on home, "that was not worth two! Ah! mother, you knew that vanity had an open hand."

But as he drew near home, he determined to hide his money somewhere, knowing as he well did, that his cousin would not leave him a single cross to bless himself with. So he dug a little pit, and buried all but two pieces, which he brought to the house. His cousin, knowing the business, on which he had gone, laughed heartily when he saw him enter, and asked him what luck he had got with his punch-bowl.

"Not so bad, neither," says O'owney. "Two pieces of gold is not a bad price for an article of old china."

"Two gold pieces," O'owney, honey! orro, let us see 'em maybe you would?" He took the cash from O'owney's hand, and after opening his eyes in great astonishment at the sight of so much money, he put them into his pocket.

"Well, O'owney, I'll keep them safe for you, in my pocket within. But tell us maybe you would, how come you to get such a mort of money for an old cup of painted chancy, that wasn't worth, may be, a penny bit?"

"To get into the heart of the fair, then, free and easy, and look about me, and to cry old china, and the first man that came up, he to ask me, what is it I'd be asking for the cup, and I say out bold: 'A hundred pieces of gold, and he to laugh heartily, and we two huxter together till he beat me down to two, and there's the whole way of it all."

O'owney na-peak made as if he took no note of this, but next morning early he took an old china saucer himself had in his cupboard, and off he set, without saying a word to anybody, to the fair. You may easily imagine that it created no small surprise in the place, when they heard a great big fellow, with a china saucer in his hand, crying out: "A raal chancy saucer going for a hundred pieces of gold! raal chancy—who'll be buying?"

"Erra, what's that you're saying, you great gomeril?" says a man, coming up to him and looking first at the saucer, and then in his face. "Is it thinking anybody, would make a mut-han of himself to give the like for that saucer?" But O'owney-na-peak had no answer to make, only to cry out: "A raal chancy! one hundred pieces of gold!"

A crowd soon collected about him, and finding he would give no account of himself, all fell upon him, and beat him within an inch of his life, and after having satisfied themselves upon him, they went their way laughing and shouting. Towards sunset he got up, and crawled home as well as he could without cup or money. As soon as O'owney saw him, he helped him into the forge, looking mournful, although if the truth must be told, it was to revenge himself for former good deeds of his cousin, that he set him about this foolish business.

"Come here, O'owney, orro," said his cousin, after he had fastened the forge door, and heated two irons in the fire. "You child of mischief!" said he when he had caught him, "you will never see the fruit of your roguery again, for I will put out your eyes." And so saying, he snatched one of the red-hot irons from the fire.

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when he saw a small skiff making towards the pint. He hailed her, and learned that she was about to board a great vessel from foreign parts, that was sailing out of the river. So he went with his bag on board, and making his bargain with the captain of the ship, he left O'owney na-peak with the crew, and never was troubled with him after, from that day to this.

As he was passing by Barrygowen well, he filled a bottle with the water; and going home, he bought a fine suit of clothes with the rest of the money he had buried, and away he set off in the morning to the city of Lunneneach. He walked through the town, admiring everything he saw, until he came before the castle of the king. Over the gates of this he saw a number of spikes, with a head of a man stuck upon each, grinning in the sunshine.

Not at all daunted, he knocked very boldly at the gate, which was opened by one of the guards of the palace. "Well! who are you, friend?"

"I am a great doctor that's come from foreign parts, to cure the king's eyesight. Lead me to his presence this minute."

"Fair and softly," said the soldier. "Do you see all those heads that are stuck up there? Yours is very likely to be keeping company with them, if you are so foolish as to come inside these walls. They are the heads of all the doctors in the land that came before you, and that's what makes the town so fine and healthy this time past, praise be to Heaven for the same!"

"Don't be talking, you great gomeril," says O'owney, "only bring me to the king at once."

He was brought before the king. After being warned of his fate if he should fail to do all that he undertook, the place was made clear of all but a few guards, and O'owney was informed once more, that if he should restore the king's eyes, he should wed the princess, and have the crown after her father's death.

This put him in great spirits, and after making a round upon his bare knees about the bottle, he took a little of the water, and rubbed it into the king's eyes. In a minute he jumped up from his throne and looked about him as well as ever. He ordered O'owney to be dressed out like a king's son, and sent word to his daughter that she should receive him that instant for her husband.

You may say to yourself that the princess, glad as she was for her father's recovery, did not like this message. Small blame to her, when it is considered that she never set eyes upon the man himself. However, her mind was changed wonderfully when he was brought before her, covered with gold and diamonds, and all sorts of grand things. Wishing, however, to know whether he had as good a wit as he had a person, she told him that she should give her, on the next morning, an answer to two questions, otherwise she would not hold him worthy of her hand. O'owney bowed, and she put the question as follows:

"What is that which is the sweetest thing in the world?"

"What are the three most beautiful objects in creation?"

These were puzzling questions; but O'owney having a small share of brains of his own, was not long in forming an opinion upon the matter. He was very impatient for the morning; but it came just as slow and regular as if he were not in the world. In a short time he was summoned to the court-yard, where all the nobles of the land assembled, with flags waving, and trumpets sounding, and all manner of glorious doing going on. The princess was placed on a throne of gold near her father, and there was a beautiful carpet spread for O'owney to stand upon while he answered her questions. After the trumpets were silenced, she put the first, with a clear, sweet voice, and he replied:

"'Tis salt," says he, very stout, out. There was a great applause at the answer, and the princess owned, smiling, that he had judged right.

"But now," she said, "for the second. What are the three most beautiful things in the creation?"

"Why," answered the young man, "here they are; A ship full of salt—a field of wheat in ear—and—"

What the third most beautiful thing was, all the people didn't hear; but there was a bling and trumpeting among the ladies, and the princess smiled and nodded at him, quite pleased with his wit. Indeed, many said that the judges of the land themselves could not have answered better, had they been in O'owney's place; nor could there be anywhere found a more likely or well-spoken young man. He was brought first to the king, who took him in his arms and presented him to the princess. She then, with a help and consent, signed herself that his understanding was quite worthy of his handsome person. Orders being immediately given for the marriage to proceed, they were made one with all speed; and it is said, that before another year came round, the fair princess was one of the most beautiful objects in creation.

NORAH'S CONVERTS.

Marie de Marie in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The deep toned bell of St. Luke's was calling in dignified peals, or appeals, to the fashionable residents of that fashionable part of Hemmington, in which this highly respectable and highly exclusive Episcopal church was built. The gentle frou of silk and the scarcely audible footfalls on the carpeted aisles were soon hushed as the Rev. Ambrose Holmes, with measured step and slow, mounted the pulpit, and in modulated tones began the exhortation, "Dearly beloved brethren,"

Truly the profound silence and breathless attention would have been most edifying were it not a potent fact that the "dearly beloved brethren" were almost all dearly beloved sisters, most anxious to propitiate the elegant new curate whose advent had caused a marked revival of devotion amongst the eligible part of the congregation. Their assiduous attendance at all the services was only equalled by the shopping and dressmaking tours.

We will leave the Rev. Ambrose and his fair congregation, and with the privilege usually accorded story tellers transport ourselves to the house of Squire Raymond.

The Raymonds had been for several generations the wealthiest and most prominent people in Hemmington, decidedly the uppers of the Upper Ten. They were Norman Raymond, or "Old Ironsides," as he was more generally called by his clerks; his gentle wife; "Bert," the son and heir—his father's hope and his mother's idol; Constance, a debutante of 18—then a gap, which had dimmed the lustre of Mrs. Raymond's bright blue eyes and thickly sprinkled with silver the raven locks of her husband; for that gap came when two beautiful boys of fifteen and thirteen were carried home one July evening, both drowned by the capsizing of a boat on the river. Then God in His mercy had sent winsome Marjorie, to bring back the smile on the frowning father's face and to be the balm of healing the mother's broken heart.

Now that we are introduced, as it were, to the Raymond family, we can enter without further ceremony into—parade me, dainty readers, and ye, sticklers for conventionalities—but it is into the kitchen.

"Ah, Nonie dear, just one weeny little story about the fairies and truly I'll go right straight to bed, honor bright!"

"Sure, now, Miss Marjorie darlin', I haven't a notion to tell ye, so I haven't; but it's Sunday night, and it's meself is turnin' saythen altogether not to be talkin' to ye about the holy angels instead of the little people."

When Dr. Hamilton came he saw at a glance that the child was stricken with the virulent fever and at once ordered isolation. All was consternation. Mrs. Raymond, almost distracted, was useless, but Nora, who loved Marjorie so dearly, determined to take full charge of her, and at once entered on her new duties.

"You can get a cook easily enough, but not a nurse, and by Miss Marjorie I'll stay day and night till it please God to give her back to us."

"You're a noble girl," said Dr. Hamilton.

"I'm a McCarthy," said Nora, drawing herself up; "and the McCarthys were once kings. Of course, though, 'twas before my time. Nevertheless, I'll go to the horrors of that time, when Hemmington was almost decimated by the terrible epidemic. Rich and poor suffered, and almost every day a new grave was dug. Father Reardon was a giant of strength, and Ambrose Holmes, stimulated by such heroism, nobly battled side by side with the good priest at last the scourge abated; but a friendship sprang up between the two men which never died."

At the Raymonds poor little Marjorie tossed on her bed, delirious and burning with the intense fever, sometimes begging the good, beautiful angels to put out the fire. At all times Nonie's cool, firm hand and low voice would have a quieting influence. Ambrose Holmes came daily to see the little patient, and he and Nonie became quite friendly. As the crisis drew near the doctor looked very grave, but Nora redoubled her prayers and through her tears would often softly sing:

"Lady, help in pain and sorrow, Soothe those racked on beds of pain."

"Ah, Nonie," sighed Mr. Holmes one day, when he caught her singing her favorite hymn; "how much confidence you Catholics have in the Mother of Christ! I have seen it so often lately that I sometimes wish I might share it."

"I think," returned Nora, half timidly, half defiantly, "that ye share it, but ye don't dare it."

Mr. Holmes started guiltily, for this simple girl had put in a nutshell just where he stood, and with a quick, "Well, Nonie, pray for me," he hurriedly left the room.

When the dreaded day came on which little Marjorie would either live or die, Nonie's face was set and white, and she stole out to Mass in the early morning, and after a long conference with Mr. Reardon came home, though traces of tears and a big struggle were visible on her honest, kind face.

In the excitement and suspense of the day no one noticed that Nonie's step was slow and her hands hot and dry; but at midnight when the doctor came to the room where the Raymonds were waiting his verdict, and told them to thank Almighty God for giving them back their household treasure, with one accord they exclaimed: "Yes, thanks to God and to dear faithful Nonie."

Marjorie grew stronger each day, but when she asked, "Where is my dear old Nonie?" she was gently told that Nonie was resting. Yes, Nonie was resting on a fevered bed tossing in wild delirium, and only then did the faithful watchers realize the love and loyalty of their devoted Nonie; for in her ravaging all came out—the sacrificed hat, and lastly the offering of her life that Marjorie might be spared and that Mr. Holmes might get the strength to openly profess his love for "Mother dearest, Mother fairest." Then she would babble on about her dear old home in the old country, all unconsciously the anxious watchers who were pondering their efforts to save one whose real value they were only now finding out. But no, the sacrifice had been accepted, and when the fever passed poor Nonie McCarthy, the devoted of Kings, quietly flattered for a few moments on the confines of eternity, then, with sandals loose, silently went to sleep—the sleep that knows no waking.

Was Nora's sacrifice in vain? Ask that fervent, happy little novice at Mount St. Bernard why the feast of Our Lady's Assumption always recalls such sad memories? And she will tell you that on that day twelve years ago faithful Nora McCarthy consummated the sacrifice of her life!

Ask that renowned missionary, Father Ambrose Holmes, why he loves to gather the little children round him and join with their childish notes and voices which holds spell-bound thousands during retreats and missions, in singing their simple hymn, "Mother dearest, Mother fairest," and he will tell you that one of the noblest of God's women had first roused his latent love for the dear Mother of God by singing that hymn! And lastly let us go to the graveyard and look for the last time that white marble monument which forms a Celtic cross twined with shamrock in relief, but on which now hangs a wreath of Assumption lilies. Just moving away from the grave we surely recognize good Father Reardon, on whose head the snow has whitened; Dr. Hamilton and his fair wife, Constance, and two little girls—brown-haired Marjorie and violet-eyed Nora.

"Yes, father," Constance is saying: "we must go home now, as we must be up in time to receive Holy Communion at the early Mass. No, Marjorie, Father Reardon is too tired for a story to night, but to-morrow he will tell you about Aunt Marjorie's great pity for the billion angels that God threw out of heaven," and Nora shall sing "Mother dearest." Good! Good! night, So we, too, will say a little prayer at

taken from me, I cannot survive." Nora hastened to the little sitting room where Mrs. Raymond usually spent her time, and which was always called "mother's sanctum." Here Marjorie lay listless and heavy-eyed with a dull red burning her cheeks and brow. Nonie's fears were thoroughly roused, but assuming a confidence she was far from feeling she said quite cheerfully: "Don't worry, ma'am, it's just the heat; but you'll feel easier if I run over and get the doctor to give her a cooling draught. Maybe he'll just step in himself and set your mind at rest."

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this hallowed grave and say good-night to Nora's converts.

PIONEERS OF CALIFORNIA.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FRANCISCANS—MRS. CURTIS WOULD CANONIZE FATHER SERRA.

Correspondence of the Chicago Record Herald. San Diego, Cal., Aug. 21.

The city of San Diego dates back to the year 1769, when King Charles III. of Spain ordered an expedition from Mexico to take possession of what was then known as Alta, or upper California in his name. Frar Marcos, a Franciscan monk, came here as early as 1539, overland across the desert. In 1574 a Portuguese adventurer in the employment of Spain, named Cabrillo, cruised along the coast, spent six days here at anchor in the beautiful harbor, and christened it in honor of St. Michael. In 1602 another Portuguese he arrived, by Philip III. of Spain, made a survey of the California coast, and gave the names you now see on the maps to the harbors and other points. He spent some time in San Diego Bay, but the Spaniards never actually took possession of the country until July 16, 1769, when Jose de Galvez, a soldier of ability and good conscience, landed near the site of the present city and founded what is now called the old Junipero Serra, a Franciscan monk, and a very remarkable man, who went from the monastery at San Fernando in Mexico City to establish missions for the conversion of the Indians. They brought with them 200 head of cattle, a full supply of all kinds of seeds, grains, vegetables and tools and implements, and thus introduced the pastoral, agricultural and horticultural industries which have gained so much fame and wealth for the people of California.

A temporary altar was erected in the shade of a tree where Father Serra celebrated High Mass and blessed the waters of the Bay of San Diego de Alcala, as it was christened, while Galvez actually took possession of the country in the name of his royal master. A mission was planted and a fort erected, the ruins of which still stand; two stately palaces, planted about that time still nod in the hazy, mazy, lazy atmosphere, while the old bell that called the Indians to worship still hangs outside of the walls of the church.

There was a great deal of trouble with the Indians at first, but the monks soon gained their confidence, and they were converted to the Roman Catholic faith almost en masse, by the patience, tact and kindly treatment of the Franciscan friars. The history of the colonization and civilization of the Californian coast, under the direction of those brave, ingenious and far-sighted monks is in striking contrast with what occurred in Virginia and New England.

Father Serra, after establishing himself at San Diego, moved gradually up the coast, planting a chain of missions one day's march apart, and teaching the Indians how to farm and raise fruits and vegetables and make their labor profitable. As I have said, he was a very remarkable man, and I wonder that he has not been made a saint. I do not know of any missionary in any part of the earth—Catholic or Protestant—who accomplished more practical good for his fellow creatures; and his heroism, his usefulness, his self-sacrifice, his charity, his devotion to the service of the church and humanity, his patient and kind treatment of the Indians, his conversion of the Indians, his civilization of the Californian coast, under the direction of those brave, ingenious and far-sighted monks is in striking contrast with what occurred in Virginia and New England.

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