

MARY, QUEEN OF MERCY:

By J. G. MANGAN.

There lived a knight long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, dothless.
He took no thought, but undismayed,
Pursued his course of wickedness,
His heart was rock; he never prayed
To be forgiven for all his treasons;
He only said, at certain seasons:
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Years rolled, and found him still the same,
Still dreading pleasure's poison-bowl;
Yet left he now and then some shame;
The form n. of the Prodigy Worm
At white walks in the broad world;
And though he had no power to reform,
Would he, like the lion, that sternest
Avenger, ery, and in ire, curse;

"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

At last youth's riotous time was gone,
And loathing now can enter sin;
With looks yet brown he set alone
Greedy, heart-bent, and cold, with tears
He left, but not in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years
One flower of hope; yet, more and more,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning;

"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

A happy mind, a quiet mood,
A poor man's life, a simple soul,
No man in flesh so strong and bold,
He took a pilgrim staff in hand,
And, under a religious vow,
Travailed his way to Pommernland;
There entered the unshod elector,
Exclaiming while his eyes grew monstros;

"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowed, he hid his woes
Aside, and wrought for God alone,
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
Nor met in hymn, nor find could learn,
He uplifted his flesh to stone,
And, though the sun was too stern,
And the day shone like a honey,
Cleft each at night, but still shone only;

"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with Mass and song
Aneath a little green hill green;
But, ho! a wond'ring! Ere long
Rose, exulting, from that verdant
The fairest, ever seen;

And on its petalled ways round,
Rehoving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness;

"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And would gods give thee power,
Thou dearest knight, to slay the bold
The tides of this day's war;

Uprising from the dead in his heart
In tremulous fight of instant good;
They would, they chose the better part;
And then forth the Star's suggestions;

They sole response to mocking speech;

"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'RILEY, D.D.,
Archbishop of Boston.

To put an end once to the disturbance and to restore order in the Pontifical, General Kanzler was led a march against the Garibaldians on the 10th of November. General Lévy headed up the design wished to send a column of French troops to support him, if necessary, and to give France a share in the task of freeing the Roman States. Accordingly, a column of Pontifical troops numbering 2000 men of various arms, of whom 1500 were zaves, and a column of French of nearly 2000, were got ready. General Count de Courten commanded the former, and Brigadier-General Barre de Polhes the latter. At four o'clock A.M., they passed out by *Porte du Po* and wound along the Nomentana Way to the bridge of that name. After crossing the bridge the companies of zaves under Major Troussures were sent by the Salaria Way to create a diversion on the western side of Montana, while the main body would advance on the eastern.

About midday, at a distance of about four miles from Montana, the first Garibaldian entrenchments were met. They were favorably located on a height which commanded the line of march of the Pontifical troops. The advanced-guard consisted of a squad of cavalry, three companies of zaves, and a section of artillery.

Morgan and Lorenz were among these zaves. It was the long-expected moment of encounter; now was the time proved devotion to St. Peter. Every soldier felt it, and without hesitation the zaves charged their bayonets. They dashed up the steep redoubts of the dying battle, who were writhed around their heads. Morgan seemed to be scaling again the cliff by the St. Lawrence in the wild freedom of a holiday. Even the lances of the zaves near him proved true to his nature by exclaiming, "This is me evening than donkey-sitting over the hills." The whole regiment of zaves was soon engaged in the attack; investing the place with drawn steel the enemy was soon compelled to retreat higher up the hills towards Montana. Almost in the first moment of attack death claimed a noble victim: Captain de Veaun, at the head of his company, was pierced to the heart, and fell a glorious champion of justice. A battalion of the German sharpshooters and two companies of the French Legion took part in this brilliant assault. Every advantage of number and position was on the side of the enemy, but the rapid charge of the zaves with the bayonet threw consternation into their ranks. They were quickly driven in disorder from the first entrenchment, but they reformed in a more formidable one, in the walled enclosure of the Santucci vineyard.

The enemy's situation was now such as might dishearten a brave army: the rugged brow of the broken range of hills was difficult of ascent even with no hostile encampment on its summit. The strong walls of Italian masonry which surrounded the vineyard were proof against rifle bullets, and would render comparatively harmless balls from a field cannon. The buildings within the enclosure were likewise of solid masonry, and were equal to covered forts. Add to this that three-quarters of a mile distant the Castle of Montana was occupied by the foe and provided with canon which could sweep the rugged ascent to the Villa Santucci. Higher up still stood Monte-Rotondo, the enemy's headquarters, from which every movement of the Pontifical troops could be seen, and from which reserves could be speedily sent down to any required point. If this formidable position of the enemy be borne in mind, and also the fact that not until long after did the French troops fire a shot, it will easily be seen that the assault on Villa Santucci was as daring and as brilliant an attack as that of the Guards at Waterloo, or of the French on the Malakoff.

Scarcely had the Garibaldians time to form themselves in their favorable locality when they were called upon to defend it. The gallant soldiers who fought for

St. Peter's Chair did not stop to compute numbers nor to weigh the difficulties of the situation. They were face to face with the impious revolution which had striven to overthrow the Pontifical throne, and they were resolved to crush it. This was their thought. They knew there was danger; they knew that many a lifetime would ebb away into the ocean of eternity on that hillside. But what rock they of this? He of them who falls will fall a glorious champion in the cause of Right and will receive the martyr's crown at the hands of welcoming angels; he who lives will, in some respects, be more unfortunate than he who dies, but he will be the chosen avenger of outraged justice. They, too, can cry, "Rome or Death," but in a different sense from that in which it is shouted by their enemies—they will fight to the death for the liberty of Rome.

These are the thoughts which animate every heart and nerve, every arm to the deeds of heroes. As the lines of attack on Villa Santucci are quickly forming, an officer gallops to the front. His bearing, his fine military figure and his flashing eye proclaim him the worthy descendant of the great Vandean chief. It is Colonel de Charette. The loyal blood of his grandfather urges pure and undegenerate through his veins, the faith of his sire burns undimmed in his soul and lights up his countenance with a glow of splendor. Turning to his well-loved zaves, who recognize in him a leader worthy of their valor, he says, unsheathing his sword:

"I need not encourage you; the enemy of Holy Church is before you. Your lines are ready? Yes. Suivez moi, mes enfants. En avant! Dieu et Pie IX!" ("Follow me, my children. Forward! God and Pie IX!")

"En avant!" Dieu et Pie IX." shouted the heroic Vandean. "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX." increased the impatience of the zaves. Off they dash quickly, almost wildly, but in perfect order. Ahead of them all files Charette, a conspicuous mark for the enemy's rifles. He told his men to follow him, and he is resolved to set them an example worthy of imitation. On they rush over the broken level and then up the rugged slope. It was a grand sight to see the prancing steed of Charette glowering, as it would appear in the sun and trumpet-bearing boldly onward his dauntless master, to see the pale figure and flashing sword of the leader rushing upward and onward; to see the symmetrical lines of the zaves moving boldly in the steps of their general. It must be one moment of glory to tread than anotio the life of a general than to be one moment of glory in the life of a zave.

The heights of Villa Santucci having been conquered, some artillery was planted so as to bear on the Castle of Montana. Charette, mounted on a horse which some of his men had captured, still gave forth his cry of "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX." The Pontifical troops of every description pressed on from the heights of Villa Santucci towards Montana. They had numbered scarcely three thousand at first; some had been killed, many disabled; moreover, they had to disperse over a wide tract of country to cut off, if possible, communication between Montana and Monte-Rotondo. Hence the columns which advanced on the enemy's new position were intermittingly weak. Two strong columns of the Garibaldian forces were now hurried forward to attack both flanks of the Pontifical army. A battalion of German sharpshooters which had pushed itself close to Montana was caught between two fires, and suffered heavily; but they courageously maintained their posts.

It was now three o'clock; the short November day would soon come to an end. Both sides felt the importance of making one final effort. All the Pontifical reserves, with the exception of a few, had been ordered up; the enemy had still plenty. Two dark columns moved out from Montana and spread out like the wings of a huge vulture on each side of the Pope's soldiers. General Kanzler did not doubt the courage of his men; he knew that they would rush against all odds to the cry of "Dieu et Pie IX"; but they had left Rome at 4 o'clock A.M. had marched fifteen miles, and had fought for hours. Moreover, night would soon be on, and it would be well to put an end to the battle at once. The Pontifical troops had done enough to wreath their banner with undying fame; there was no policy in exposing them to unnecessary danger or in excluding the French allies from a share in the active duties of the day.

Moved by these considerations, General Kanzler invited General de Polhes to support both wings of his battle-line. The French soldiers, who had rallied and lifted under their orders not to stir until next, were quickly posted in line. With all their stony ardor they threw themselves on the advancing columns of the enemy's reserves, and when within 200 yards opened such a terrific fire as never before had been heard on Italian plains. It was not the usual volley, first of one line, then of another; it was a continuous crackling, as if ten thousand men were advancing instead of a thousand. It was the murderous fire of the Chassepot rifle, the first time it was ever employed in battle. Colonel Frémont, on one wing quickly beat back the Garibaldians, driven, entered Montana, and would have reached Monte-Rotondo before the retreating troops had not thought himself too isolated from the rest of the force. Lieutenant-Colonel Sausset rallied a similar movement on the other wing and gallantly opened on 1500 of the enemy who were on the heights of Monte-Rotondo. Just then the three companies of zaves which had been sent along the Salaria Way under Major Troussures came up; desirous of doing their share, they deployed with such agility and dexterity that they paralyzed the movements of the Garibaldians of the right wing. These three companies even entered Montana, took some prisoners, and crossing the whole line of the enemy encamped on the extreme right, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all with equal courage advanced, and by nightfall, Montana was girded by a circle of iron. From all the surrounding vineyards the enemy had been driven; behind their fortifications they could repose for the night with the unpleasant reflection that on the morrow they must surrender at discretion. Thus ended a day of which the Pope's soldiers may well be proud. There have been battles more widely celebrated; there have been more men engaged on one field; but in no battle was a bolder cause upheld or greater courage displayed than by the Pontifical army at Montana.

Upward and onward! Now they have reached the Villa; the shots of the enemy cease as they are obliged to defend themselves at the point of the bayonet. Hand to hand now the battle rages; the artillery on both sides is silent, for each is afraid of hurting its own men. Swords clash, bayonets rattle, guns roar as they meet in desperate strokes. The vineyards are broken and stained, not with the rich juice of their own grapes, but with the purple gore of the combatants. The wounded and dying groan in their agony; but high above every sound rises the cry, "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX!" It has

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