By P.J. Smyth in the "Rosary Magazine."

on Christmas Eve.

"And double welcome to her a of the local type, tall and dark, stood watching on the cliff, "for ow we'll have some heart in us to keep the blessed time that's in it."

Out of the sunset she came sailing a fierce Irish winter sunset, all slack and gold, like volcanic fires flashing between the ledges of an sarthquake-shattered cliff—onward, with all her white sails set and shining, until she glided as serenely as a awan into the little haven, and her anchor chain rattled off a brief song of relief and rejoicing, Very bleak and desolate seemed her berth, anear gaunt ranges of precipices, more sain their season's wage than kingly scowl, with beyond them the stark and snowy inland heights. It looked like the wild coast of some unexplored Arctic land.

But suddenly, out from the shore, like startled seals, darted a number of dark objects, boats of wood and boats of hide-the primitive Celtic curragh-and the beach, lately lone like the abomination of desolation, became a scene of lively and noisy bustle. As the small boats returned men bore to the shingle bolts of silk and other cloths, ankers of brandy, and other commodities favored by the contraband trade between Ireland and France; these were placed in creels or panniers on the backs of mules, and donkeys, that were immediately driven off with their bur-

"My faith, Dan Loughney," said a young man to the skipper of the muggler, as the pair came ashore 'I see you are master of your trade in all its branches. bourgeois of Le Havre or La Rochelle could not make better business dispatch."

lively in our business, Captain." re- the discharges of a battery. plied the rugged sea-dog. "How else thy gentry hereabouts get the comforts of life without the foolishness of paying duty on them? Very loyal ter find a safer berth for the Sarspeople, alanna, are some of our Tirawley gentlefolk, especially those who came in with Noll Cromwell and Dutch Bill, but they like to cheat the excise just the same, and good customers are they of Dan Loughney, although with his head in the hal-

"Hurry up there, Shemus, my boy" -to a flannel-clad contrabandista-"that roll of silk is for Major Palmer's lady, and a finer piece never went on her broad back; see that she gets it in the morning. There's a cask of wine for Billy Webb, royal stuff that it's a pity to waste on his Sassenach palate. But ne's good pay gins. as well he can afford to be, with the robbed lands of the Philbins and the Paddens in the Lagan. There's another cask for Edmundson, and another for Arthur Knox, and another for Captain Meredith. The foreign cuckoos are in the Irish blackbird's nests, and more's the pity. 'Och fareer gair, mille tonnerres, quel malheur !'

The smuggler spoke in Irish, but interjected French phrases with curious effect.

"Strange, that men can't swear enough in their own language, and have to go to France for oaths," said tall Maurice Casey, approaching. "How are you, Captain Dan ?"

"Musha, Maurice, go dhe mos tha thu-I mean, comment vous portez wous ?"

"You do, do you? Thank you kindly for telling me. But a hundred welcomes, old friend, anyhow. And the young stranger is welcome, too. "A stranger, Maurice Casey !-I'm shocked at you," said the skipper's companion, in affected indignation.

The young man had a handsome almost girlish face, framed in flowing cavalier curls, dark and abund-His alert and upright form was draped in a large blue roquelaure or military cloak, beneath which gleamed the brass end of a scabbard.

"A stranger indeed, Maurice-what, one who fished with you many a day all round the coast, from Carrick-Patrick to the Stags of Broad-

The tall fisherman's eyes grew large "My soul to glory for ever—young Farragh MacDonnell!"

The Sarsfield made her lonely Irish | man his full title-Captain MacDon nell, of the Regiment of Bourke."
"No titles needed among friends,"

that same account," said Maurice protested the young officer of the Casey, as with other peasant fisherman, his eyes dimmed with tears, was shaking in a solemn, dazed, perfunctory manner. "Welcome home, Farragh, a thou-

sand welcomes home. Mavrone, how sad and lonely and mournful has everything been since you and other boys sailed away ! summer, sun or shine, the field is silent, and the shore is dreary. The old women are crying, and the young ones are moping. The light gone from our lives and the hope from our hearts. The black stranger lords it over us, the grand old gen try are gone or ruined, and the foot of the cruel tyrant is on our necks-"Tut tut ! For shame ! What

doleful Jeremiah you nave become Maurice Casey! Nice, cheerful greeting this on Christmas Eve for a re turned exile. But courage, friend, the boys of Bourke's are well and hearty, and your own son Donal is a credit to the regiment. You may yet see them home again, in their scarlet coats and white cockades, to cross bayonets with the old nemy and avenge the Boyne and with their loads, both men and wo- Aughrim and the broken treaty with Limerick. How is my father

"Well and hearty, thank the Lord, though aging, of course, like the rest of us. Happy man he'll be this Many of the good old stock now live in poor smoky cabins, while strangers enjoy their castles and lands, but the Major, the saints protect him, still holds part of his own, and hospitable is his hearth at Ballinglanna. I must find some kind of an animal to carry you over there. Come up to the house avic-come,

The waves roared hoarser on the shingle, the red sunset bars grew dimmer, the wind blew the We have to look sharp and dance snow over the cliffs like smoke from

"Keep the cargo moving lively, could we give Queen Anne's jolly tars Shaun," shouted the smuggler to the slip, and how else could the wor- his mate, who was working kneedeep in the foam. "There's a big storm coming to-night, and we'd bet-

As if crouching for shelter in hollow beside the sea lay a lowly little cabin, its bonnet of thatch tied down with straw ropes to keep it from blowing away. A cheerful light shone through the low doorway.

"Welcome and welcoming sight to the returned exile, an Irish turf fire," exclaimed the young soldier as he bowed himself in. Then he coughed, and his eyes watered at the sudden gust of the peat smoke.

Maurice Casey poured a sparkling, colorless liquor into wooden

" 'Tis wheat poteen from Moygow nagh," he said, "and better than all the foreign wines and brancies, Farragh avic, that ever you met your travels. Cead mile failte, and slainte to the Wild Geese.'

"Slainte to the Wild Geese!" "Tell us something of our own

poor boys from these parts," said the fisherman, when they had solemnly drunk the toast. "How is Henry Barrett ?" "Henry sleeps in a hero's grave."

'Lord rest his soul! And Andy Murray ?" In Paris, with a wooden leg

pension."

"And Wat Cawley?" "A short time ago Wat forsook Mars for Venus. He married a fat and well dowered Dutch vrow, and he

now has a fine tavern in Amsterdam." "You haven't come over recruiting, Captain?" inquired Casey, as if the encouraging last report had given him a sudden idea. "If so, be cau-

tious; it's a hanging matter." "No recruiting for me," said the Brigade captain. "Small blame to our poor boys if they fly from misery nd oppression at home to be brave soldiers 'abroad, in hopes they may some day return to free their coun-But, hanging or no hanging, shall not try to induce them. Let them, say I, stay in ireland where they may be useful some day, 'tis seldom abroad we Brigade mer get a chance of striking at England. It went to my heart when I saw best blood of Ireland some of the "My soul to glery for ever—young Farragh MacDonnell!"

"Pardonnez moi, ma bouchal," said the skipper, "give the young gentle"Bound for ever—young puddling the streets of Cremona, and realized by whom it was shed. When "Dios be praised, what a fine people you Irish—how plous, how good! The skipper, "give the young gentleside, broke the squares of the RegiHow glad I am that I vowed to San puddling the streets of Cremona, and



ment of Dillon, on the French, it Diego to visit your noble insula from Irish sabres. When the fire of Bourke's strewed the square with the fine fellows of Taaffe's was more of the same kind of fratricide. I don't hae to see us Irish killing one another for king or Emperor, and that is why I shirk recruiting-that and not the dread of the English hangman. However, if any of the boys still wish to learn the art of war, my friend here, Captain Dan Loughney, is as usual extensively in the Wild Goose trade"-Wild Geese being the description given, on the books of the smuggling vessels, of Irish recruits taking passage to enter the military service

"It's very simple for some middle ing strange things to happen," explained Dan Loughney. "You see, Maurice, I happened to be at La Rochelle, everything right and ready for sailing, when, anam a diaoul and sacre bleu, I happened to meet the Captain here, just going on a month's it may mean muerta-death ! Graleave. A glad meeting that. Allons, mon enfant-a little run across the water to see the old place and the old people. On board he came, uniform and all, and here he is; back he'll go with me, the Lord willing, starting New Year's Day, to take his place again under the fleur de lvs. Voila tout, avic voila tout And he'll be with us this blessed night at midnight Mass."

"Please God. Where will it be said, Maurice ?"

"At the usual place for years past," replied the fisherman lowering his voice, "over at Downpatrick Head."

"Such a bleak, desolate place in the midst of winter !"

"Yes, avic, the better to puzzle the priest-hunters; they don't like the cold."

The Brigade officer's face grew grave. Mass under the bleak out in the cold and snow, with sentinels posted to warn pastor and flock of a possible raid by the enemy in quest of prey and blood-money A year ago, as captain of a guard of honor, he had heard Christmas Mass in the stately cathedral of Milan, in company of warriors and nobles, of an immense congregation of prosperous people-witnessed it with all the majestic ecclesiastical ccessories of throne-like altar girt with surpliced ranks that suggested cherubim and seraphim, gorgeously vestmented prelates and floating incense, blazing lights, pealng organ and grand chant of psal-

ody. And now—
"Well," he said, shrugging shoulders, "we are in Ireland. Come, Maurice, I'd better be on the march. Where's that noble steed you pro-

"Under the new law no Catholic, not even your good father, is allow- hedge school master. Ora, Capi

nule, Farragh?" "Trot out the beast! Friends.

"The midnight Mass-ah, mes amigos, what a blessing !" said a voice Mass there to-night." which came from a figure sitting in the shadows by the hearth.

"Who the devil's that?" inquired the smuggler, startled.

"Not the devil, Dan," replied Caey; "only a poor Spanish friar in hinding from the bloodhounds. Here, nave a drink, Brother Sancho, you need it; besides, 'tis Christmas time.

"Ah, misericordia, gracias,

amigo-a little." He was meager and sallow, ose like a bird's beak, and dark, keen eyes that twinkled under hood of his brown habit. The hand rom which he dropped his large wooden rosary to seize the proffe

was Irish blood that was whirled torum! How happy to-night will 1 be to meet you all and your good padre at the grand midnight Mass at—as you call it, eh—Downpatrick! To you, my children.

He drank the potent liquor, then smiled to express pleasure and gratification. The smile was unbecoming an amiable friar; it suggested wolf stripping his fangs.

"Do you not run great peril, brother, in travelling in that habit?' inquired Captain MacDonnell

"Bene, puer, no. I have no fear, I know where the wicked priest-hunters are, ah, yes! And where the cruel soldados are. They cannot harm me; the poor Espagnol is too wise for them. Caramba, yes! And you, young senor, amigo mio, are you not an officer in one of King Louis' brave Irish regiments ?"

The soldier bowed. "Ah, bravo, bravo! Then there is gold offered for you, too, like the poor padres. Let the senor beware; cias, Senor Casey, for your kindess. And now, amigos, as I have to prepare for Christmas, I will say buenos noches—good night."

Then happened a curious thing. As the friar moved towards the there was a sudden metallic crash; ne had dropped from the bosom of his habit a large brass-mounted horse-pistol.

Quick as thought he repossessed himself of the weapon, his keen eyes flashing a look of alarm and suspi-cion. "Pardon, amigos, if a poor friar carries something to protect himself, since his life is in constant danger. Again, until to-night, adjost He dispensed another wolfish smile and disappeared in the growing darkness and whirling snow.

For a moment the three men gazed into one another's blanched faces. Then, suddenly, the smuggler drew a pistol and dashed towards the door But, as quickly, MacDonnell intercepted him.

"Not that way, Dan; we must have no bloodshed on Christmas Eve.

mille mollaght, unless we "But, kill or take him we are ruined. As for killing, it is no sin to kill such a serpent any day or night in the But stand aside, Captain, and—"

"Would you slay a friar, Dan?" demanded Casey. still rather mysti-

"Friar the diavul! No Spanish friar that, but one of those infamous Portuguese Jews that been brought over by the Sassenach government and set to priest-hunting disguising themselves as soggarth and friars the better to humbug the people and earn their dirty" bloodmoney-anything from fifty gold sovereigns for a Bishop to ten for a ed to own a horse worth over five avic, 'twas a big mistake not to English pounds," said the fisherman. kill him like a dirty rat. He said 'Could you manage a good Ross rightly that he'd be at Downpatrick to-night. And now there'll be murder of innocent people by Sassenach maybe I'll see you at midnight troopers, and poor Father William nay be shot or put in handlocks -

that is, of course, if we are to have "Of course, not at all, Dan," said the soldier emphatically. "The old rendezvous must be abandoned for to night, but the Holy Sacrifice will be celebrated in another and more comfortable place, more unsuspected, too, though there the soggarth ten raised the sacred chalice, even before the evil days of Queen Bess and Noll Cromwell. Hearken." As he whispered to them they vigorous ly nodded their approval.

"Send the word to the coun Flash it around. See that the folks look out for that sickle-nosed demor in the garb of God's people. soir, Dan. Bannagth, lath, Maurice -but first, where's that mule?"

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their officer, Captain George Mere dith, was very tired, very hungry and more mad than either. Mad at thought of the lost festivities in Deel Castle, the banquet and the wines, and the dancing, and the pretty women under the mistletoe. Mad at eing sent to such a place, and at such a time, and on such a miserable, contemptible, unsoldierly duty -faugh ! it was an outrage, he cursed the priest-hunters and Papists in the same breath. For he was not a penal-law warrior, having but lately returned from ample, so lid military service on the continent.

He felt considerably mollified,

however, when his host, old Major Randall MacDonnell, who had his left arm at Aughrim, conducted him up a flight of stone steps to a omfortable arras-hung apartment in the old massive-walled keep, where there was a cheerful fire blazing, and there had set before him some gener ous, smoking viands and a broadshouldered flagon of very excellent Bordeaux, of a brand specially ommended and thoughtfully vided by Captain Loughney, of

And there the old, maimed, Irish soldier and the robust young ish one sat and talked war vimful interest, ignoring with proessional indifference all causes nerits of their respective battling,

(Continued on Page 7)

Society Directory,

T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY -Fell T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY — Patabolished Morch Sth. 1956 Incorporated 1840. Mosts in St., Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexandes street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director. Rev. M. Calleghan, P.P.; President, Hog., Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, Lat Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd. Hoz. Mr. Justice C. J. Boherty in Justice, F. H. Bevlin, M.D.; 2nd. Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Transurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Heavestary, J. Kahaia; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tanney,

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The Return of the Wil

By P. G. Smyth, in the

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and dealing with it from a

(Continued from Page

standpoint. The hoary me ibed the fatal turning p Aughrim, when the Regin rke, stationed in and a old castle on the left of line of battle, and supplied chery or blunder with bu unable to prevent the horse from passing the caus overlapping their flanks. Meredith told how, a few y fore, when an officer of great the service of the Emperor with his men into Cremons the sewer nigh the house Abbe Cassioli and took par prising and taking the city described the desperate str ing, ending in the rout of and rescue of the city by Brigade, when i the final melee his own life was sav intervention of a stripling ter. And so they talked

The conversation was brid terrupted by the entrance o sergeant, who presented a n the captain perused with brow. Then he drew his su aside and whispered : "Accompany Garcia whit shall lead you. Dispose y

so there can be no escape, fire unless you have to. W arrest the priest bring him b The sergeant saluted and The captain re-applied him the flagon and to the discus war and war's alarms and A dark and dreary night

that for the dragoons, as th

ed through the snow with bridle-chains and creaking In summer the Glen of th running northward to the coast of Tirawley, in Mayo, tiful as a poet's dream, wi lawny hillsides and blue s on the bank of which stan hoary castle of Ballinglen. the Bourkes and afterwards inheritance to the MacDonne bernally bleak as a gorge i Siberia. The troopers swo the lurid vigor and plenitu those Flanders-war days, ar a black look was cast upo cause of their mission, the nosed, beady-eved man who their midst, no longer in br nastic habit and rattling but in comfortable civilian recting, that Christmas Ev sinister Magi in quest of a

celebration of the Nativity. Here and there through th ness and falling snow, dimly ed a cabin light. Nearer an grew the melancholy boom breakers, until, after a pr floundering ride of some mile party drew rein on Dow Head. They dismounted and cautiously, the priest-hunter eagerly peering for his expec

Terrific is that promontory

hanging the pallid billows, a

ly defiant upheaval of the rock strata of the Old World yet solemn place, invested gends as wild and solemn; from the main cliff and outit, an immense rock pillar-D ta, the broken fort, result curse pronounced by St. Pat the pirate, Deodrutsg. Acre ontory is a huge ancien the rampart of the plunderi morians; a rude stone mo the altar built by the saint he visited this strange corne world in response to the cry dream: "We entreat thee youth, to come and dwell And the terrific Pul-r thana, the "pit of the ancie down which he cast the my of the Druids, quenching in th the weird ignis fatuus of pa The whole a place where, or eve of eves, evil spirits migh in wrath and malice to bewa ming of the Saviour.

"It seems, master Jew, ye brought us on a fool's growled the sergeant. beast, I'll smash your reapi "Patience, and we will catch the fox."

Where is he, then, you where are the Papists? With Popish priest? You sure expect them here in this weather?"