

was heard from afar; it was the midnight office ringing in Our Lady's chapel at Einsiedeln.

Berthold understood that Mary's influence had paralysed the fearful power which was dragging him down to hell; and, hastily making the sign of the cross, he fervently recommended himself to the protecting Virgin, who seemed to interpose between him and the punishment which his conscience told him, he so well deserved. The bell ceased ringing, and the young officer felt his heart sink as he saw the knights once more moving on their black coursers. But the voice of repentance had ascended to the stary throne of Mary; and the demons, with a gesture of rage and despair, plunged headlong into the chasm, leaving Berthold alone on the brink.

The moon, just then emerging from a mass of dark clouds, shone brightly down, and the officer discovered, to his great surprise, that he was on the highest ridge of the mountains, and that it would be with great difficulty that he could descend. Invoking once more the aid of Mary, he began the descent, which he accomplished in safety after many hours' labor.

Some days after, to the great amazement of his companions, he went barefooted to Our Lady's chapel at Einsiedeln. Here he made a vow never to drink any other beverage than the pure water from the spring, and by prayers and penance to atone for his many sins.

### THE IRISH DRUMMER BOY.

"Among the regiments terribly decimated at the second battle of Bull Run were those belonging to Sickles' brigade. Held in reserve during the fierce carnage of the earlier part of the day, they had only seen the battalions of stretcher-bearers and trains of ambulances loaded with their groaning burdens. Late in the afternoon came the orders to go to the front. The drum-corps, contrary to custom, accompanied the brigade into the line of fire. Army drummers were generally the lowest of the low, but Tommy Gowan was worthy to be branded as the "wickedest boy in New York." Under twelve years old, he was yet plunged to the eyes in every possible vice. No gentler prophecy was ever made than that he would yet dance in the air at a ropes end. A street Arab, with all the most hideous defects of his clan, even the tenderness that soldiers generally felt for their boyish pets of the drum corps extended not to him. The order was given to dislodge the enemy holding a section of dense woods and

underbrush. The position was very strong and obstructed by all the contrivances of the engineer. Three times the brigade charged up to the jaws of the cannon, and each time was rolled back like paper shrivelled in the fire. Again the officers marshalled them into a line of attack. A deadly storm from the yawning artillery again tore through the bleeding, broken ranks. The last of the color-guard, the fifth man who had appeared the fatal banner within an hour, went down, shot through the heart. It was a critical moment. The officers could hardly make themselves heard in the horrid din. The line wavered and shook, as a wild, impassible panic shot through the hearts that had thrice charged on those appalling woods with such a lavish waste of life. At this moment the drummer-boy Gowan rushed forward, seized the dishonored colors from the earth, and, faced the regiment backed towards the enemy for several rods. The hero's heart, under all the foul rags and tatters that had swathed and buried it out of sight, burst through its bonds under the inspiration of that terrible moment. Shrilly he shrieked, as he waved the ponderous colors over his head, "Fie! Shame on ye boys! would ye desert the old flag?" and the next moment tumbled into a lifeless heap, literally torn in two by a shell. The Irish regiment gave one frantic yell of wrath that stilled the rattling fusillades, and swept on with the impetus of an avalanche. Nothing human could endure before that frenzied onset, and in a moment the Confederates were hurled back in route and confusion. The name of young Gowan is carved in no marble tablet, stamped on no medal of honor, and was mentioned but by one newspaper. Yet in the memory of all who witnessed that transcendent outburst of the divine and heroic through a corrupt and galling crust, it sends a burning thrill through all the nerves at the recurring thought. Victor Hugo could put in the mouth of Cambonne the foulest of words to express his boundless despair and rage when ordered to surrender the shattered fragment of the "Old Guard" at Waterloo; he could make Gavroche die at the barricades of Paris with the gay laugh quivering on his shrunken lips. But he never conceived anything more supremely grand than the death of that Irish drummer-boy."

Thrice up against their battery,  
We rushed to the attack.  
And thrice with fearful slaughter  
Our lines were driven back;  
Once more our Colonel marshalled us,  
And on we rushed again,  
But torn and shattered, back recoiled  
With scarcely half our men.