

A FANCY.

BY JAMES HENRY BENNEL.
The tide goes out and the tide comes in,
And gulls hang white about the shore;
Our ears grow used to the water's din,
And we heed the bird's quaint flight no more.

The roses bloom and the roses fade,
The green leaves wither and brown and fall;
The rook from its old-time course has strayed
And what does it matter, after all?

We gather moss, from the rolling waves,
Or pluck a rose that is red and rare;
While their comrades sink into nameless graves,
We lay these by with a careless care.

And so with friends that are dear and true—
We love them, as I with a love like flame;
But when they pass from our daily view,
This near—ah, me, is it quite the same?

We put the thought of their loves away—
A picture, flower, a ring, a book;
We breathe a prayer that they used to pray,
And shrive in our hearts a tender look.

But redder roses shall come with spring,
Sweeter and larger than these by far;
And new, bright mosses shall grow from spring,
A fresh face shine for our beauteous star.

So, what does it count that the sun goes down,
That waves roll out and the roses fall,
That eyelids close and the eyelids open,
Ay! what does it count us, after all?

IRELAND'S SUFFERING FOR THE FAITH.

The Condition of the Catholics of Ireland One Hundred Years ago.

(Bishop Patrick Francis Moran of Ossory in the Dublin Review.)

Mr. Froude has laid great stress on a memorial presented to Government by some Irish Catholic noblemen, in 1775, in which, after referring to a subscription towards the American war, which had been declined, they solicit permission to take arms against the rebels. These few noblemen, however, no more represented the sentiments of the Irish Catholics of those days, than did the few Catholic Peers of the present day, who, in the House of Lords, voted against the Compensation for Disturbance Bill a few months ago. There was one other peculiar enactment, so peculiar in its restriction, that it merits to be referred to.

CATHOLICS WERE ALLOWED TO HAVE HORSES.

but it was not permitted them to have any horse of greater value than £5, and a clause was added in the Statute, that no matter how valuable the horse of the Irish Catholic might be, a Protestant proferring five guineas in purchase was entitled to become the owner. In the deeds of sale and in the leases of the last century, many singular clauses are met with from time to time, such as the prohibition to sub-let to Papists, or to permit a Catholic place of worship on the property; but, perhaps, the most curious clause of all is that which required the tenant to keep "Protestant horses." This clause had a double effect: it ensured horses of higher value than £5 for the cultivation of the land, and it kept the tenant more and more at the landlord's mercy, for at any moment, by proffering the legal amount, these horses could be appropriated by the landlord or his agents. Some curious incidents are narrated in connection with this penal restriction. A gentleman of the County Meath, named MacGeoghegan, had his carriage horses seized by some low Protestant neighbor. He did not lay aside his carriage, however, but trained a pair of Spanish oxen, and with them continued to drive his carriage as before. In Waterford, a Catholic merchant, who had realized a large fortune, excited the jealousy of the Protestant gentry by the splendor of his equipage, and his horses were accordingly seized on. He had his revenge. He trained four fine bulls, and whenever the "Grand Jury" met in Waterford, he drove his four-in-hand through the streets.

THE GENTRY FLYING BEFORE HIM IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

A few Catholics continued to retain, in remote places, some portions of their family estates, but they found it necessary to court obscurity, for they knew too well that their hold on such property depended on its being hidden from the gaze of Irish Protestants. When Mr. Smith was in search of materials for his "History of Kerry," and visited Glencara, a small estate belonging to the O'Connell family, so happily hidden in the Kerry mountains, that he had escaped confiscation, he received a great deal of kindness from its proprietor, but the request was made to him that the family should be left unnoticed in his work. "We have peace and comfort here," said Mr. O'Connell, "we love the faith of our fathers, and amidst the exclusion of glens we enjoy a respite from persecution. If you make mention of me or mine, the solitude of the sea-shore will no longer be our security, the Sassenach will scale these mountains, and we shall be driven upon the world without house or home."

priests was never broken. As was to be expected, however, many were the sufferers of those devoted men whilst they endeavored to minister to their flocks. It was enacted under William III. (7th and 9th William III. chap. 25) that all the Catholic archbishops, bishops, and other clergy should depart the kingdom under penalty of imprisonment and transportation; and did they at any time return to Ireland, they were to be considered guilty of high treason, and to suffer accordingly. In 1704 this Act was in part relaxed. A certain number of the parochial clergy, who were registered, were to be tolerated in each one, but were to exercise his spiritual duties except within that district he incurred all the former penalties. New difficulties, however, very soon awaited the privileged clergy thus registered. An edict was published commanding them to take the oath of abjuration; and as all, with scarcely an exception, refused to stain their conscience by such an oath, alike were they thenforward subjected to the direct penalties of the law. At any moment they were liable to be arrested and thrown into prison, and sent into exile. The better to give effect to those enactments, the Irish Parliament, in 1709, passed a resolution declaring that

TO INFORM AGAINST A PRIEST

was an honorable act, deserving the nation's gratitude. A reward was voted of £50 for the discovery of a bishop or vicar-general or other dignitary, and of £20 for the arrest of any other clergyman, secular or regular. Besides these Parliamentary grants, other rewards were offered from time to time by the grand juries, and as late as 1743 a proclamation was issued by the Privy Council in Dublin, offering for the conviction of a bishop or dignitary the sum of £150; for every priest, £50; and for the discovery of persons who, being in the possession of a certain amount of property, had nevertheless been guilty of entertaining, concealing, or relieving a priest, £25. Other Acts of Parliament offered annuities and large rewards, to such of the clergy as might choose to apostatize. But neither bribes nor threats could sever the pastors from their flocks. With heroic courage the clergy braved every peril to break the bread of life to their faithful people. Except during short intervals of comparative peace, they were obliged to travel from district to district in disguise; and they joyfully endured the privations and humiliations and hardships to which they were every day exposed.

WHILST THEY OFFERED THE HOLY SACRIFICE

they wore a veil over the face, or the altar and sanctuary were screened by a curtain, so that the faithful could hear the voice without recognizing the celebrant. During the day they were clad in frieze like the peasant, and they usually carried a wallet across the shoulders, the better to conceal their ministry. Thus they passed from cabin to cabin, dispensing blessings, instructing the young, and administering the sacraments; and they lived with the peasant and the poor of their humble fars, which was at all times heartily shared with them. Mr. Lecky does not fail to recognize the heroism thus displayed by our devoted clergy.

THEIR CONDUCT, he says, in many respects was very noble. The zeal with which they maintained the religious life of their flocks during the long period of persecution is beyond all praise. In the very dawn of the Reformation in Ireland, Spenser had contrasted the negligence of the "idle ministers," the creatures of a corrupt patronage, who "having the livings of the country opened unto them, without out pains and without peril, with either for any love of God, nor for zeal for religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn forth of their warm nests to look out into God's harvest," with the zeal of Papist priests, who "spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims, by long and dangerous traveling, where they know peril of death awaited them, and no reward or riches to be found only to draw the people unto the Church of Rome."

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Mr. Lecky, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," having at considerable length set forth the sufferings and disabilities of the Irish Catholics, which I have thus briefly sketched, concludes with the remarkable words:—"It would be difficult in the whole compass of history to find another instance in which such various and such powerful agencies concurred to degrade the character and to blast the prosperity of a nation." And he adds the following glowing eulogy on the fidelity of the Irish people:—"They clung to their old faith with a constancy that never has been surpassed, during generations of the most galling persecution, at a time when every earthly motive urged them to abandon it, when all the attractions and influence of property and rank and professional eminence and education were arrayed against it. They voluntarily supported their priest-hood with an unwearied zeal, when they themselves were sunk in the most abject poverty, when the agonies of starvation and death were continually before them. They had their reward. The legislator, abandoning the hopeless task of crushing a religion that was so cherished, contented himself with providing that those who held it should never rise to influence or wealth, and the Penal Laws were at last applied almost exclusively to this end."

THEROUGHOUT THE WHOLE PERIOD OF PERSECUTION

in Ireland, the succession of bishops and

the bishop found a boat, and got in safety to Fannett. They were only a short time gone.

THEY REPORTED that "they found the best, indeed, but the bird was gone." Soon after, this good bishop, worn out by anxieties and fatigues, was summoned to his reward. Two priests sat by his bedside in his last moments; and one of them has recorded his dying words, spoken in the Irish language, which he knew and the Blessie in well. "My soul to God and the Blessie in Virgin." Dr. McColgan rests in peace in a lone churchyard in the parish of Cullifin, where once stood a noble monastery, embosomed in the mountains, and in sight of the waves of the western ocean. Some few months ago an English gentleman paid a passing visit at the house of the venerated Bishop of Kilmore. He was very much struck by the portraits of the bishop's predecessors which adorned the sitting room, but could not conceal his surprise that the place of honor between two of these portraits was allotted to

A MOUNTAIN HERMITS IN FULL COSTUME.

Still greater, however, was his surprise when he learned from the lips of the hermit that that was the portrait of one of the most illustrious of his predecessors, who being a skilled musician, availed himself of such a disguise in order to visit and console his scattered flock. Mr. James Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe, when holding a visitation in the parish of Killygarvan in the year 1737, partook of the hospitality of his parish priest, Father O'Hegarty, whose humble residence stood on the left bank of Lough Swilly, opposite the fair and fertile district of Fahan. It soon began to be whispered about that the bishop was in the neighborhood, and without delay the priest-catchers were on his track. One evening a note was handed him from a Protestant gentleman inviting him to dinner. Whilst he read the letter, the messenger said to him in Irish, "As you value your life, have nothing to say to that man," a hint of intended treachery, which the bishop easily understood. That night Dr. O'Hegarty retired to rest at an early hour; but as he could not sleep, he rose at midnight and resolved to depart. The good priest, however, would not listen to his doing so, and insisted on his retiring again to rest. "The way is dangerous and lonely," he said, "and will be quite in time for you to leave at dawn of morning." The bishop tried again to take some rest, but sleep had fled from him, and after a short time he again rose, and long before the morning sun had lit up the cliffs of Benbulbin, Dr. O'Hegarty was on the bridge road to Cathmullen. At sunrise a troop of the military was seen hastening from Millfield. They surrounded Father O'Hegarty's house, and soon the shout was heard from them, "Out with the Popish Bishop!" A local magistrate, named Buchanan, was their leader, and great was their rage and disappointment when Father O'Hegarty assured them that the bishop had been there, indeed, but had taken his departure. They should have some victim, however, for they did not wish it to be said that their nocturnal excursion from Millfield had been made in vain. They accordingly seized the aged priest, and binding his hands behind his back, carried him off a prisoner. The news spread along the route, and the cry was echoed from hill to hill, that the loved pastor was being hurried off to prison. A crowd soon gathered, and showed their determination to set him free; but Buchanan, raising a pistol, shot him dead on the spot, and threw his lifeless body on the roadside. It is only a few miles from the town of Killybeggs, on the Lord Leitrim. His driver received at the same time his death wound, and fell lifeless on the roadside. The name of that driver was Buchanan, and he is said to have been

THE LAST OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE

who thus went in the pursuit of the Bishop of Raphoe, and murdered the loved parish priest of Ballygarvan in 1734. Dr. O'Hegarty sought for a time a refuge in one of the small islands of Lough Erne, and a few years later was translated to Kildare. No less hardships and perils awaited the Catholic bishop in the rich plains of Leitrim than amid the rugged hills of Donegal. The illustrious Dr. Doyle, whose name shines so brightly in the roll of the bishops of Kildare, has left the following sketch of the labors of Dr. O'Hegarty in this See:—"This Bishop was eminent in the most perfect sense of the term, pious, and zealous. He seldom had a rest, but went about like his Divine Master, doing good, preaching the Gospel, encouraging the faithful, and consoling the afflicted people. For some years previous to his death he resided for a part of each year in a small hut of mud walls, thatched with straw or rushes, near the Bog of Allen, to which he might fly when sought after by the myrmidons of the ruling faction. The remains of his cabin still exist on the road from Allen to Robertstown, on the right hand as you proceed. They form a sort of ill-shaped mound or mound, with straw or rushes near the Bog of Allen, which passes over a small eminence which looks down upon the vast moor or bog beneath."

THE IMMEDIATE SUCCESSOR OF DR. O'GALLAGHER

in the United States of Kildare and Leitrim was Dr. James O'Keefe. He ruled these dioceses for thirty-six years, and throughout the great part of his eventful episcopate was subjected to all the hardships and dangers of the era of persecution. The following brief MS. sketch of his life is

FROM THE PEN OF DR. DOYLE.

"At the time when he was called to the care of these dioceses, the persecution raged violently, yet his courage and his zeal sustained him. He visited every part of his extensive dioceses frequently, sojourning for a time at Kildare, again at Tullow, often at Dunleekney, and still oftener at the houses of his friends; he was scarcely any income, and when money was given to him, he only retained it until he was met by some victim in distress. From his letters which I have perused, it may be collected that he was often in want of the most common necessaries, yet he never complains. He preached the word of God incessantly, often in glens and bogs, for chapels in his time were few and wretched. In all things he bore the appearance of a man of God, and so gained upon the minds and hearts of those with whom he conversed, whether they were of his own

fold or of the strayed sheep, that his virtue stemmed, as it were, the torrent of persecution, and gave peace to his people in his days. Religion seemed to arise at his call from the grave in which he was buried, and the vineyard assumed by him changed from a state of desolation to comparative fruitfulness. God blessed his words and works, in both of which he was powerful. I cannot find that he made any will, unless to desire that his remains would be interred in the grave, a piece of ground adjoining the town, which in the time of persecution had been granted to the Catholics for the burial of their dead, their parish church and its cemetery having been appropriated to the use of the despoilers of the country. Here he desired that his remains should be laid amongst the poor for whom he had lived and with whom after death he desired to be associated. A faithful servant of his Lord attended him attached to him more by love than reward or gain, had secreted from his master for some time five pounds. He had rescued it from the hands of the poor for whom it was destined, and reserved it to purchase a coffin and a shroud for the body when he would be borne to the tomb. These five pounds defrayed the funeral expenses of Bishop O'Keefe."

THE HERMITAGES IN THE PYRENEES.

All along the great chain of mountains from the Mediterranean Sea to the Bay of Biscay are to be found traces of the, for the most part, nameless heroes who overcame the world and ended their lives in the lonely caverns and abrupt cliffs. At the end of the valley you come to the hermitage; here you are welcomed with cordial simplicity by a hermit of saintly mien. A grotto seventy feet deep and twenty wide serves as a chapel. Eight steps lead to the marble altar, on which is the statue of the patron saint with the mysterious Tan on his mantle, beside him the animal symbol of all uncleanness. We remember the legend of the many aspects under which the great adversary was allowed to tempt St. Antony, and how the victorious saint forced the malign spirit to remain beside him under the most suitable of forms. The chapel enjoys great celebrity, and several runs have been built into the side of the cliff for those who wish to pass some days in meditating in the contemptu mundi. In one room there is a shelf in the rock that used to serve as a bed for the hermit, and which certain would not tempt him to remain long in it. The place reminds one of St. Lancelot who, "after reading all night, became aware of a hermitage and a chapel that stood between two cliffs, and then he heard a lute bell tinge to Masse, and thence he rode, and alighted and layed his horse to the gate." But he that said Masse in this case was not the "Bishop of Camburges," but a poor friar of the Order of St. Francis. In 1482 this hermitage was taken possession of by the Observantine Fathers, who occupied it for more than a century. They were succeeded by lay hermits. For some years past members of different religious orders have succeeded each other here, and by their assistance recalled the ancient solitudes of the desert. In 1843 Pere Main, of saintly memory, was the hermit here, and might have been daily seen hollowing out his tomb in the rock. He was succeeded by others who were desirous of passing in their apostolic life, and refreshing their weary souls by spending a season in retirement and prayer among the caves of this lonely mountain.

On the left bank of the Agly, about a mile and a half west of St. Clair, is the modest hermitage of St. Pierre del Villar, surrounded by poplars and archbays of olives. It wears an aspect of antiquity, and the chapel is in great veneration, restored it and added a belfry, and on St. Peter's Day and other festivals they come here in procession and Mass is solemnly sung. Would it not make a pleasant autumn trip to visit the hermitages of the Pyrenees?—London Lamp.

BIDDY O'GORMAN AND THE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

Since the opening of the new school-chapel at Tottenham, where the Catholics have just emerged from the Catacombs of a little back court, into the high road, we can easily understand that the ire of some of the neighbouring Protestant clergy has been excited. One man, a Presbyterian minister, whose chapel happens to be next to the new Catholic chapel, has given out in his pulpit that the "man of sin" has come to live next to him, "yea, even to his very door." Another man, an inveterate hater of the Catholic Church, the Rev. Hugh MacSorley, determined to crush the Catholic body, and got the fact of the chapel, and being forgotten, he sent Biddy O'Gorman to come and give two lectures at Tottenham at the Drill Hall on Monday and Tuesday. In the prospectus of the two coming lectures it was certified that numbers of Catholics had been converted by the lectures of Biddy; and so it happened that the parish priest, anxious for the conversion of his flock, bought a number of tickets, and urged some of them to go and be converted. Half an hour before the hour, there appeared on the scene a detachment of the "League of the Cross," who no doubt were also anxious to be converted. As soon as Biddy saw the Leaguers she seemed as if seized with a panic; she had evidently seen them before. The doors were shut and bolted, and guarded by the police, and a number of Catholics, and especially the Leaguers, were excluded. However, sufficient gained admission to oppose Biddy, and contradicted boldly her extraordinary "stories" about priests and nuns. &c.—London University.

"Became Sound and Well."

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly, THOMAS J. METIVIN, Hatcher's Station, Ga.

The Life of Plants

depends on absorption, so does man's. The Day Kidney had cured disease of the kidneys and all the principal kindred maladies, 82 of all druggists or by mail post-free. Children's Pad (cures "bad wetting") 81.50. DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Buffalo N. Y.

When Doctors Disagree, who shall decide?

Nothing is more variable than the different opinions of medical men, but when they fail to agree, or to perform a cure in a chronic disease, the patients often decide for themselves, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, and speedily recover. It is the grand key to health that unlocks all the secretions, and liberates the slave from the captivity of disease. "Did you ever see a winter look like this?" "Yes, sir." "Whin?" "Last summer, sir."

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THE TRAPPISTS WHO CAME FROM FRANCE

last summer, and established their first Canadian monastery on the farm donated to them by the society of St. Sabino at Oka, on the Lake of Two Mountains, are progressing very favorably and are meeting with every encouragement. From all appearances they will not be under the necessity of sending to France or any foreign land to have their population increased, as they are already seeking admission into the order. A young Montrealeur named Michael Brunet has the honor of being the first. He has just been received into the novitiate by the Rev. Fr. Superior, who gave him the habit of the order. He has taken the religious name of Fr. Victor. The ceremony of the reception was very touching. Among the clergy present were Rev. Abbe Rousselot, cure of Notre Dame, and Rev. Fr. Leclair, cure of Oka. These two gentlemen are among the most devoted friends of the Trappists.

Shrewdness and Ability.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of those Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—Examiner and Chronicle.

Science is a very contemptible sort of ignorance when accompanied by piety and virtue.—Smyth.

Great men study in order to know; little men, in order to be known.