

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN McDONNELL, KNOWN AS "SPANISH JOHN," WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES, F. THE BRITISH REGIMENT, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OPERATING IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN. IV. 1744-1746.

How would old friends and an older enemy in Rome when I was forced to surrender to the Duke of York; how it came that I fled from the Duke of York's camp.

Through General MacDonnell's kindness I was allowed to spend a few days in Rome as being on his staff, and at my first freedom took my way to the street of the Quattro Fontane and my old College.

What a welcome I received! Good Father Urbani held me in his arms as if I had been his own son, and would not hear of my sleeping outside the College, although 'twas a downright breach of their rules; and the old porter, of whom I once stood in such awe, waited up for me, no matter what the hour for returning might be, and nodded and winked knowingly, as if he too had once been young. Not that I would imagine there was anything of levity in my conduct, for I have always had a too just regard for my position as a gentleman and an officer to indulge in any thing unbecoming, more especially where I was so carefully observed.

Angus I found the same as ever, quiet and contented with his lot, as seemed most of the others, though I could see my appearance caused something of a ruffle among them. I seemed to have grown so many years older, and was surprised to find how small and almost mean many of the old surroundings looked; even the Fathers did not appear as formidable as before. All that is, save dear old Father Urbani, of whom I never stood in awe, and who had only grown older and more frail; to him I told all that was in my heart, not even holding my first fright from him, which I would not have then confessed to any other living man.

On the second day of our stay, the General and I took our way by the Corso and through to the Piazza Santi Apostoli to pay our respects to His Majesty King James. As we ascended the staircase I thought of the two poor awe-struck collectors who in sordid and soot-stained coats had climbed the same stairs two years before, and the amazement that had filled their hearts when they saw and talked with Royalty for the first time. Now I was a man, though but sixteen, for I had carried a sword honorably in company with some of the bravest men in Italy, and had been personally presented to King Carlo as worthy of his garter and notice. The General, in full dress, with his Spanish and Neapolitan orders, and I wore the full uniform of a Lieutenant of our brigade, which was genteel enough even for a presentation.

In the ante-room the General was well content on all hands, and I met many I knew, including Mr. Secretary Murray, Mr. Sheridan, and the Abbe Lamsay, and was much made of though without flattery, save by those at whose hands I could fittingly receive it. What was my disgust, though, to see the white face of Creach again in the crowd; he, however, did not come near me, and out of consideration for the General, I refrained from speaking of him, as it might lead to mention of my former meeting with his son, the Colonel. I may say here that I never knew the result of the meeting between Creach and the Colonel, as the latter never saw fit to refer to it, and I could not well question him.

The sight of the man was so distasteful that it fairly took away all the pleasure of my presentation, and even the gracious presence and words of His Majesty, and of the Duke of York, who accompanied him, did not altogether dispel my uneasiness. In words as fitting as I could choose at whose hands I might justly receive it, I thanked His Majesty for his generous and unexpected honour, whereupon a smile passed over his grave, dark face, and he said, "But hold! are you not my little Highlander of the Santi Apostoli?" "I am, please Your Majesty," I answered, reddening at my childish adventure.

Then the King smiled again, and, much to my disappointment, took the story which all seemed to find mighty amusing, save myself, who could see nothing therein but a very natural and exact distinction. In telling a story, however, a king has this advantage over others, in all must laugh whether they find it to their liking or not.

I had hoped we would have seen the Prince of Wales as well, for in my heart he was the member of the Royal Family I most longed to see again, but we were informed he was engaged in a tour of Northern Italy.

When the King and the Duke withdrew, they signified to General MacDonnell that he was to follow, and when we bowed them out, and the doors closed upon them, conversation at once became general.

I withdrew to a window, for I was in no frame of mind for talk, when, to my astonishment, I saw Creach advance towards me, holding out his hand with an assured air. I drew myself up at once and looked him over slowly, seeing everything but the outstretched hand.

"This is a place for friendship and not for boyish quarrels, Mr. McDonnell," he began, "I wish to congratulate you on your promotion."

"No plane, Mr. Creach, can be for friendship between us, and as for congratulations, they are not only out of place but insulting from you," I said, quietly, and in a low voice, so no one might overhear.

"In the first place, my name is not Creach," he said, trying hard to keep his temper, "and in the second, you may find it not so foolish but even dangerous as to try any of your airs with me. Remember, you can't always have a man at your back to fight your battles for you."

"You clay-faced hound!" I said, "don't dare to take the name of the Duke of York's dog, or I will strike you where you stand. What you object in thus seeking me I do not know nor care, but as sure as the sun is above if you dare speak to me again I will forget the roof we stand under and treat you like the dog you are."

His face turned greyer than ever, and he stood hesitating a moment, but presently bowed ceremoniously, and moved off before my anger got the better of me.

I stood staring out of the window trying to recover myself, when he should come up but Father O'Rourke. "Well, well, my little Highlander, who has been ruffling your feathers?" said he, "Look there! Father O'Rourke!" I said, paying no attention to his nonsense; "do you see that man?" "I'm not hard of hearing yet, my son, thank God! and you needn't make a sign post of yourself. Do you mean the claret-colored coat and the bag-wig?"

"Yes," I said, more quietly. "That is Creach!" "The devil it is!" he said, and then he became confused, and glanced at me to see if I had observed his slip; but I have always held that an honest statement of opinion may excuse the expression. He was silent for a moment, looking hard at the man, and then went on in his old lively manner. "Well, Giovanni, we are not responsible for the company; they cannot be all lieutenants and priests. Let us wander about and get a mouthful of air." So, taking my arm, he led me off, nor would he speak on the subject until we were alone on the terrace. There he changed his tone, and said, shortly:

"Are you sure of the man?" "As sure as if I had seen his car." "Faith! they were big enough to swear by," and to my impatience he began to laugh at the thought. "Do you remember how they stalked out? The bundles of a jag would be flat beside them," and he laughed again. "Now I suppose you promptly insulted him?" "Indeed I did not. I only told him he was a dog, and if he spoke to me again I would not answer for myself."

"Humph! I have frequently noticed a Highlander's conception of an insult is materially altered by the fact whether it proceeds from himself or from another; but I don't suppose you ever got as far in metaphysics as this. Now comes the question, what you intend to do? Remember the gentleman seems fairly well established here. Will you fight with him?" "Fight with him? A thief? Indeed I will not! I will simply keep my word."

"You're a rare hand at that, and I'm not saying 'tis a bad habit. But here comes the General. To-morrow I'll be at the College about eleven," and so we parted.

The General was in great spirits. "Hark you, McDonnell, something touching 'the North' is on foot. I'll not say more now, and this is in strict confidence, but you'll know what it means some day when I signify to you that you may apply for leave of absence. To-morrow, at four, you will attend again at the Palace; the Duke desires to see you. You will enter by the door you know of, and the word is 'Velletri'—but you know nothing," he added, with emphasis.

The next morning Father O'Rourke came as promised, and was introduced by me to the Rector with some little pride. Indeed, he was no mean figure of a man, this Chaplain of ours, with his broad shoulders and great head, that looked fit for a soldier's tricorne than a priest's calotte.

After the usual compliments we fell to talking, Father O'Rourke as much at home as if he had known the Rector all his life, and it was easy to see the old man warmed to him as he told him of his work as chaplain in a marching regiment, though making light of it, as was his manner.

"Ah, Father," said the Rector, smiling, "I am afraid it is somewhat to you that the College owes the loss of this scholar; he would have been a credit to the schools some day."

"I doubt it, Most Reverend," answered Father O'Rourke, dryly, "as he is lacking in one of the senses."

"In what, pray?" asked the Rector, a little stirred. "I have never observed any lack; Sight, Sound and Taste, Touch and Smell, he has them all."

"Your pardon, you have omitted Humor," returned Father O'Rourke, quietly; "and he has no more of that than a crocodile has of mathematics. A deplorable lack in a scholar, and useful anywhere—though for the barging there's less required than in almost any other profession;" and at this he burst into his foolish roars of laughter, much to my dislike, for I wished him to make a good figure before my protector. But, to my surprise, the Rector did not seem half as much put out as myself, and said, smiling:

"Well, well; this killing is a serious business in any case."

"But not so serious it could not be tempered by a little cheerfulness. Smiling 'in modo' goes a long way towards making your enemy's end comfortable," ranted on Father O'Rourke, with much more that I have not the patience to put down. Indeed, I hold him wrong throughout, as I have quite as keen a sense of humor as is fitting for any gentleman in my position.

But to go on. When we were alone he listened quietly enough to my recital of my conduct, merely saying he understood that the Rector had not been north of the Tweed, which was no answer whatever.

He then recurred to our matter of the day before, saying:

"I have been making some inquiries about this man Creach."

"Yes, and what do you find?" "I find, Mr. McDonnell, that if you are going to have the run of the Santi Apostoli, you must number him amongst the Elect, for His Saintship is in high favor. He not only is there day in day out, but is a bosom friend of the Prince of Wales to boot."

"That I cannot credit," I returned. "His Highness could not be so mistaken."

"Faith, I'm not so sure of that," he returned, bitterly; "he has some sorry cattle about him, and, to say the least, he is easily pleased in the way of company."

"Father O'Rourke, it is not for the likes of you or me to discuss the doings of princes, and I'll thank you to say no more on the subject."

"Very well, Your Highness. I merely thought a word in season might save you from a like error, and that, coming from a descendant of kings, like myself, it would not give offence. But to leave that aside, you'll have to humble your stomach, and swallow this Captain, claret-coat, chalk face, big ears, and all, or I will prophesy that you'll cut but a small figure with your betters."

This was as unpleasant a piece of news as I could well receive, and though I could not quarrel with it, I at least could resent the manner of its conveyance, so I turned upon my informant at once. "Perhaps this is an example of your 'suaviter in modo,' Father O'Rourke; if so, I'll be obliged if you'll put things in plain, sensible English, as between gentlemen."

"Oh, very well, Mr. John McDonnell of Scotos—do you think it sounds better to say that His Royal Highness has no ordinary common taste in choosing his companions, and if you follow the example of the Duke of York, who happens just now to be in his favor?"

"Pon my soul, Father O'Rourke, you are the most provoking man I ever met! If you were a sword, I'd make you answer for this!" I roared, beside myself with anger.

"Oh, I can waggle a sword, if need be," he answered very cool, "but I was thankful it wasn't a sword but a calash of good old brandy, which I had the night I fell in with you after Velletri. There, there, Giovanni; 'tis nothing to make such a pother about, only you and I are too old friends to quarrel over such gentry as Mr. Creach."

"But it wasn't Mr. Creach, Father. I never would have lost my temper over him; I thought you were poking fun at me."

"Ah, Mr. Lieutenant, in humor, like in the flying, a sense of direction is a great thing. And so we made it all up again, and with Angus we had the chant and fruit which the Rector had thoughtfully provided in my chamber."

At 4 o'clock I took my way to the secret entrance of the Santi Apostoli, found the familiar passage and a lackey awaiting me in the garden to conduct me to the Duke.

He was then about nineteen, though I did not think he appeared much my elder save in his manner, which was that of a Prince, though most lively and engaging. He soon opened the reason of the visit.

"Mr. McDonnell," he said, "I am sure you are faithful and can be trusted."

"Your Royal Highness," I answered, "my people have been true to you and yours for generations, and it would ill become me to have any principles other than those we have always held. You can count on me to the very end."

"I was sure of it," he answered, smiling, holding out both his hands, which I grasped with emotion. "Now to business," and he civilly invited me to be seated in an embrasure of a window.

"My brother, the Prince of Wales, is traveling, it is true, but not in Italy; he left here secretly in January last, and since then has been in France, and at any day an expedition may be formed for Scotland, for we have the surest hope of the hearty co-operation of the French Court."

"Now I and His Majesty must have messengers at hand on whom we can absolutely rely; and my request to you is that you will not volunteer for service when the news comes, but will remain with your company here in Italy; we have positive assurances you will be permitted to leave at any moment we may signify. I know that I am asking you a hard service, but it is an important one, for there are but few men whom we can trust for such a mission."

"It is impossible to say when you may be needed, but your reward will be such when the time comes that others will envy your choice, and I and the king, my father, will ever remember the man who was ready to sacrifice the empty glory of the parade of war for the trust laid on him."

"You must keep yourself free of all entanglements, for your absolute freedom to move at once will be of the utmost importance to the Prince and to your country. Surely I may count on you for this?"

"And I swear faithfulness from the bottom of my heart."

Then changing his tone, he began more lightly: "There is another small favor, a personal one, I would ask of you yet. There is a gentleman here in our court named Mr. Graeme—"

"Mr. Creach, Your Highness," I could not help interrupting.

"Mr. Graeme, I said," he returned, with something of hauteur. "You will be required to meet him, possibly to have business with him, and I desire as a personal favor to me, and he laid much stress on the words, 'that you will lay aside all previous difficulties or misunderstandings between you until your engagement with me is at an end. Surely I am not asking too much in urging a favor at this beginning of your service,' and I was so overcome with the graciousness of his manner that I promised, although sore against my will."

We then had a private audience with the king, who was pleased to recall the services of my grandfather, old James of Scotos, and his brothers Glengarry, Lochgarry, and Barisdale, whom he knew personally in 1715, and flattered me by saying he congratulated the Duke of York on having a messenger of such approved fidelity; "for, Mr. McDonnell, your General tells me he would trust you with his own honor."

"His Excellency has been like a father to me, Sir," I answered; and shortly afterwards our interview closed, the Duke paying me the honor of accompanying me to the door and insisted on shaking hands, nor would he admit of any ceremony at leave-taking.

The next morning some one knocked at my door, and on opening it, there, to my surprise and disgust, I saw Creach, dressed in the most foppish manner. However, I dissembled my feelings, and to his greeting said, with civility:

"I wish you good-morning, Mr. Creach."

"By God, sir, if you repeat that name to me, I will run you through!" and he laid his hand to his sword.

I glanced quickly to see my own was within easy reach on the table, and then, "Mr. Creach," I said, "I promised His Royal Highness the Duke that I would not quarrel with you, and nothing will make me break my word, so don't go on pretending to find insults in my conversation, Mr. Creach, or it will become one-sided. I am a man of very few ideas, and one of them is that 'Mr. Creach'—no, 'Captain Creach'—was the name by which you were introduced to me, and so Creach you must remain till the end of the chapter, Mr. Creach."

But he had recovered himself with great address, and said, with an air of much openness:

"Mr. McDonnell, what is the sense keeping up this farce of quarrelling? We must meet, therefore let us do it with decency, as befits the cause to which our honor is pledged."

"Mr. Creach, if I were not a man moderate in all things, and were not my word pledged to the Duke, nothing in the world would prevent me throwing you down these stairs, and I could have no greater pleasure than to see you break your neck at the bottom; but since I am forced to treat you as a gentleman, kindly deliver yourself of your business and leave me to mine."

"I am doubly fortunate then, Mr. McDonnell, first to the Duke and second to your high sense of honor. But I will not bask in compliments. His Highness bade me deliver this letter and his regrets that he will not see you again, as he hears General MacDonnell leaves for the army at Spoleto to-day."

"My humble duty to His Highness, sir," and I bowed him mighty stiff, and he withdrew, leaving me very thankful that I had not been betrayed into any heat nor broken my word to the Duke.

Oh! how I longed to the General's quarters I found the news was true, and that he had already sent for me; so, after short farewells, we rode through the Porta del Popolo and took the highway towards Spoleto.

I will not follow our campaign through the winter, except to say we were fairly successful and saw some brilliant service, particularly at Rocchetta and during the investment of Tortona.

During this winter I lost my best of friends, General MacDonnell, who died of a fever occasioned by the fatigue of our forced marching on Genoa; and a few days afterwards he was followed by his brother, the Major General, of a fever also, resulting from the breaking out of an old wound he had received in the shoulder some fifteen years before.

aid of Mr. Deland or for the tender sympathy of his wife. Mrs. Deland, on the morning in question, sat embroidering by the window. Now and again she would look up from the pany gowning beneath her fingers, and glance toward the center of the room. On the edge of a huge arm-chair, his elbow resting on the table before him, sat a boy. He was reading. The long slim fingers of one hand thrust through his bowler, wavy hair served to hold back the wayward locks and brace the pale high forehead. He was absorbed in the story of Fabiola.

Suddenly he pushed the book away, and said with a sigh: "Mother, I'd like to be a martyr, too." "Mother, I'd like to be a martyr, too," said the boy, and his eyes looked inspired like those of a young Raphael seeing the ideal of some future canvas.

"You a martyr, Donald?" "Yes, when you read about the saints doesn't it seem grand to suffer all that they did? There's the Panerius—he was killed by wild animals, and then great St. Sebastian—!" After a wondering pause, the boy continued, "They don't use arrows now, mother, do they?" "No, dear, but there are other weapons."

"But mother, everybody likes us. Catholics aren't persecuted now. We can't be martyrs," and the little childish form seemed to breathe a futile enthusiasm as though he suddenly realized the awful prosaism of this nineteenth century.

"Donald, dear, if you were a martyr what would I do?" "Oh, you would be a martyr's mother; and you would be great, too, for you would have to give me up, and that would be a sacrifice, wouldn't it, mother?" And he went over and leaned on the arm of her chair. Her eyes filled with tears as she held him close, and his blue eyes opened wider and he said:

"Mother, dear, you would be just as much a martyr as I, but you would be alive and I'd be dead, that's all the difference; but God would love us both I was in heaven and soon we would see each other there again. Think, mother, how sweet it would be to die for God. I wish it was old Rome, and I could die for my faith as the boys then did."

"Donald, dear, some people have to live for God. There was a poet, a sad exile from his native city, who in his loneliness sang of Heavenly City. He told how happiness there was harmony, and he sang about the saints, and though like the stars they differed in glory, they were all perfectly happy, because they were in the places God, in His great design, had planned for them, and so heaven was harmonious. Now, dear, here on earth we start on our journey heavenward. We too can only find happiness in doing the things that God laid out for us to do. If we throw down our work, who will take it up? Besides, God's scheme is perfect, and if we abandon our place we shall find another open for us. He who made us all knows best, Donald, and we must say, 'Thy will be done.' Sometimes that is harder than to be eaten by wild animals or buried alive, for it is a slower kind of martyrdom."

"Then, we too can be martyrs, mother, like Panerius?" "Yes, dear," and his mother kissed his brow reverently.

He saw the innocence of that young soul, the purity that brought the other world so near to this, that the gateway of death seemed but a golden portal, to be opened by the sesame of happy sacrifice.

That morning a seed had been planted in the fresh soil.

PART II. Twenty years have passed. There is a meeting of the medical authorities of a little more bustle than usual in the great university city of Heidelberg. Even the students, between their duels, and over their tall mugs of beer, are somewhat excited over the new aspect of medical affairs.

Some five years, a young physician from America had come to pursue his studies at the great university. To evident talent he had added unceasing study and research, until it seemed that where he came to learn he would remain to teach. After he had taken the honors of his class, he had stayed to develop and perfect his theory on brain diseases. On this very day, at a meeting of the medical authorities of this university and of Paris, in a terse speech, the young physician had startled them, not with the data of his cases, but with the new but logical conclusions he had drawn from them. At the end of the meeting not a few of the enthusiastic younger men had rushed up to congratulate him on the evident impression he had made. He was accorded a place to pursue his experiments in the interests of science. He had made a decided sensation, and this is why old Heidelberg was aroused a trifle more than usual.

Meanwhile our young American had mounted the stair of the quaint old house, whose owner keeps apartments for professors or students, and locked himself in his room. There he is, the idol of the hour, alone, sitting with head and arms thrown crestfallen across the table. In this the victor? His thick wavy hair is tossed about his damp temples, but no laurel wreath is there. The white hands look tragic in their helplessness; but hush, he groans: "My God, my God, is there no escape?" He lifts up his head and his large blue eyes were a look of unutterable misery. There were a few flecks of blood on his white cuffs. There was a hectic flush on his cheeks. A hacking cough told the tale. It is Donald. Donald, the beloved and only son! Donald, rich! Donald, famous! Donald, a consumptive. Fame knocks at his door; he cannot rise to receive her. The world listens for the development of his theories; it must wait in vain. His voice is too weak to reach it. Another will come and tread the path he has but indicated.

"I am, indeed, afflicted. Oh, my God. You have blessed me with such talent and have given me strength to go so far; must I halt and go no further? I am young, must I already put this world aside and let my name lie buried with my unaccomplished deeds? The day is young about me, but my twilight already overshadows the noontide sun. I am of use to my fellow man. May I not live to work for the One Who died for us? 'Is he dead to die?' and Donald, by his knees by the table and buried his face in his hands. Sobs, uncontrolled, shook the sensitive frame till they died away.

Patrick made a short visit to Magh Rath plain around Island church there, for added in the Book of the men went to the men to Aghad Bohair, remarks, "Bishops d to show that, at th of Armagh was writt now strangely corr gower, an Episcopu dition over the men The account given in the Book of the men, mented by the ac artie, is extremely i

Patrick at f Aghagower is a margin of a clear by a group of shel St. Patrick and his camped on the gra stream, it would ap to seek his marden (Mathona daughter of the Cl can judge—who aft baptism, begged to give all the hanc veil at the hanc request he gladly g the maiden's fath instructed by Patr hold; and Patric be a very holy man disputation—his wif been dead—had h and consorated B Murcower, he gage name. Before h but Patrick call God's Lamb—and t prate, as the th of Patrick clearl might never suffe under a grade, th secondly, in th which his churc name from himse of being call always retained the Fohair or Aghazo asked Patrick the from his own lif it, might be add son, Angus, wh dain a priest, w with his own hand or Alphabet, as Christian Doctrin priest, that he mig himself, and be th others, and he ad of their seed wou It is clear that this holy Senach, virgin daughter, Kibarra and the think he spent the 411 with them at came to love the wished to remain God's will.

"I would choose," F "To remain here an After a fine reud of waters, I am wea

It was no weary, for he w years. He had and founded ch in Antim to Tar the way across far West. Seven spent founding c rivers, living fo open, oftentimes much suffere brother, he w with the Lamb family, beside and within the sling hills? Bu God's high will, Patrick and tol

"Then shalt you shall go, Eeers hand. Both mountains a Both giens and w After a fine reud of waters, I am wea

Yes, indeed, he had to go, to soaring hills, and rushing waters, through plains, through glens, from the Reek, round the northern seas, Kibarra and the him at the Munster—he was to go and baptising—his own for ever— he allowed by G his hand.

With sorrow and obedience he west to surmount he saw so often heavenward in the western air, but especially up its rugged top seemed to pur upon the Holy world commu Moses on Sina like the Saviou hills; there f for the great

"I would pray his own words him at the end for them only down to their day of doom.

Patrick an Patrick had only with men also. I frequented the rocks, with his dog, with regret. The Apostles waters, and of men. The in the Greek bols, and hen wells and st used in Bapti thing of a acts, and say encouragement not yet disap our people.

"My two sailm Swimming a Harmies and Will aad them."

The vener

Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt Its Pure—That's Sure.