

SPANISH JOHN.

BRING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN MACDONNELL, KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN, WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES OF THE REGIMENT OF SPAIN ORIGINALLY IN ITALY.

III.

1743-1744. Of the wedding Father O'Rourke and I did in the Roman Campagna together; how we were divided among the walls of Rome, during which time I was more than one promotion. There's a whirling noise across the night. To "Will-o'-the-wisp" are a wing. Wide-eyed, he looks at me with surprise. How much, he would, come far, come foul. No more, he will, I will, he will, he will. Of the St. James of the Campagna!

fulfilled his promise of fitting me for a soldier, for I was allowed to go out on active service whenever a company or battalion was given its orders, my duty being to report faithfully to the General every transaction that happened to the command I was in. I made many and pleasant acquaintances, not only in our own troops, but also among the Neapolitans and Spaniards, who formed the bulk of our army, and was rapidly getting on with my education, a much easier task than any put to me at College. Mr. O'Rourke, now Father O'Rourke, probably through the high favor he held in the Saint Apostoli, had joined us as Chaplain—although, I believe, such a course was unusual from the Propaganda—and was soon friends with every one, from the General downwards. Though he had lost nothing of his old lively disposition, he was a different man from what I had ever seen him when he stood up in his robes before us at the Holy Office of the Mass. No one who has not seen it performed in the open field, for men who, by their very calling, should have a more lively sense of the uncertainties of this life, can have any idea how grand it is in its simple surroundings. The altar is raised beneath an awning, and the service goes on before the kneeling men, without any of those distractions which meet one in a church; the Host is elevated to the roll of drums, the celebrant is half a soldier, and his acolytes cadets. Surely no more grateful service is ever offered to the God of Battles. I shall not attempt to go into the details of my experience in the army; it was that of a lad well introduced and handsomely befriended, and hundreds have gone through as much, and more too; but perhaps it would be hardly honest to pass over my first trial under fire.

Colonel, and a Captain and a Lieutenant, and that poor little orphan, Angus, you left behind in Rome, and now they must needs make an hero of you. Faith, you're so plentiful hereabouts, I begin to believe the story that you had a boat of your own in the time of Noah. "Indeed we had not, Father O'Rourke," I returned, indignantly, "that was the McLeans." "Oh, well, McLeans or McDonnells, 'tis all one. And Noah showed his wisdom there, too, for had he let any more Highlanders into the Ark, they'd have been sailing it themselves inside of a month, for they're a rare sort for all the high places." he went on, with a roar of his Irish laughing. And I went off angry, but thinking how strange it was so sensible a man in many things should find a pleasure in this childish way of jesting on any subject, and should so often choose me for his funning, who didn't relish it at all. Colonel Macdonnell confirmed my rank as Ensign on the morrow, and for days we were hard at it marching across Italy to cover the northern frontier of Naples, next the Ecclesiastical States on the Mediterranean, where we got news that the Austrians were advancing in force under Prince Lobkowitz and the famous General Browne. They had an army of forty-five thousand men, Austrians, Hungarians, and Croats, while we were joined by thirty thousand Neapolitan troops under King Carlo, so our forces were fairly equal. We took possession of the town of Velletri, within the Pope's dominions, the king making his headquarters in the Casa Ginetti, a handsome modern palace fronting on the principal square, while our army occupied the level country and the heights above. The Count di Gages was at the head of the Spanish, and the Duke of Castro pignano of the Neapolitan, troops, each taking command of a division. By some oversight the enemy were allowed to gain possession of the heights Monte Artemisio and Monte Spina, which occasioned great inconvenience to us, as by this means they commanded the high-road to Rome, and cut off our supply of water by the conduit which led the great fountain in the principal square, so that we were obliged to search for water every evening at the cisterns and fountains about the country, or at the river, which ran in the great ravine between the two main armies, which lay about four miles asunder. To add to this, there was constant and severe enough fighting almost daily, but without any result proportionate. About an hour before daybreak one morning, being on sentry, I was alarmed by the tramping of horses and the stir of men advancing towards my post. I challenged, and was answered by Lieutenant-General Macdonnell, whose voice I knew, and he knowing mine, called out: "Is that you, McDonnell?" "Yes, your Excellency," I answered. "Get yourself relieved then, and come with me." While the relief was coming, I asked, "Where is your Excellency going?" "To beat these rascals from their post," and nothing more was said until I got relieved and joined.

Sublime Devotion. Translated for the Catholic Mirror from the French. It was in the month of January of the terrible year. In a little village, a few miles from Mans, Father Lefrancois had just finished saying the Mass. He was taking off his sacerdotal vestments when a woman whose face was bathed in tears, entered the sacristy and threw herself on her knees, exclaiming: "Oh! Reverend Father! the wretches will shoot him!" "Shoot him! Who?" "My husband! my poor Victor!" And the sobbing of the unfortunate woman nearly strangled her. The priest, with tender sympathy, pressing the trembling hands of the poor woman in his, bade her rise and then offered her a chair: "But how, your husband?" "Yes, because several Uhlans were killed last evening by the Franctireurs. Whereupon the Prussians caused lots to be drawn this morning, there are three to be shot. My husband is among the number. Save him, Reverend Father!" "But in what way?" replied the priest, whose emotion grew deeper and deeper. "I do not know, Father, but for heaven's sake save the father of my children." Father Lefrancois said no more. With head bowed down he began to read. His heart was broken at the thought of the great misfortune visited upon his parishioners. But, what could he do to save them all? God alone can touch the heart of the enemy. And yet, how could he let this weeping woman go away, who, in all confidence, came to ask him to save her husband? He knew well, this Victor Dubuisson. He was one of those workmen who had wandered away from the path of salvation, misled by reading bad books and frequenting gaming-houses, and who looked upon the clergy as an enemy. On more than one occasion the good Father had to complain on account of Dubuisson's waywardness. But, at this time it could not be considered: "I must save him at any price," he muttered. Then raising his head: "Well, let us go, courage, my poor Henrietta; God is good; hope and pray." Father Lefrancois hastily put away his vestments, and after spending a quarter of an hour before the tabernacle in prayer, left the church and proceeded to the court house, where the captain commanding the platoon of Uhlans was stationed, after capturing the village without striking a blow. After some parley, the priest was passed into the council chamber. He stood erect, with a note in his hand from one of the staff officers, while the captain was dictating orders to two non-commissioned officers. Presently the officer looked at the priest squarely in the face, for he had boldly planted himself before him—Father Lefrancois was a man of fine stature—and in a gruff tone of voice, said to him in French: "What brings you here, Monsieur le Cure?" The priest, with a slight tremor in his voice, replied: "I come to ask you to spare the inhabitants of this village. . . they are innocent." "Not entirely so. They encourage those Franctireurs, who are killing our men daily. It must end, and a lesson be given to the other villages who might also be tempted to offer their hospitality to these irregular soldiers. Moreover, I have my orders." Father Lefrancois tried to argue the case, but all his pleadings made no impression against the unrelenting logic of the German. Finally, convinced of his powerlessness, he made an effort to save one of the men condemned to death and selected the husband of the unfortunate Henrietta. "Grant me at least the pardon of Dubuisson. He has five little children and is anticipating the birth of the sixth child." "I wish I could, Monsieur le Cure, but I cannot do it. I repeat, I have formal orders from Prince Frederick Louis, King of Prussia. I am a soldier. Three Uhlans were killed, three Franctireurs must be shot. The law is severe, but it is the law." The priest, inclining his head for a moment, did not utter a word. He asked God to come to his aid. Suddenly he raised his head, his face betrayed a sudden pallor: "Captain, will you accept me as the victim in his place?" The officer looked upon him with sympathy upon the priest who was anxious for an answer. After a pause, the captain finally said: "Monsieur le Cure, it is a very serious question to ask. You are still young, perhaps you have a mother of whom you are the support and the joy and the honor. . . and yet you wish to die. . . Consider well. . . I have considered the matter. The pastor should give up his life for his flock. The discipline is surely not above the Master. Captain, I beg you."

the officer said to the priest deferentially. "Please enter, sir." At the class door Father Lefrancois requested the officer of the guard to call Dubuisson. Overwhelmed, his eyes filled with tears, the unfortunate prisoner seized the priest's hands, exclaiming: "Pardon me, Father, pardon me for the wrong I have so often sought to commit against you." "Do not say a word about that, my friend," said the good priest. "I come to inform you that you are free. You can go and see your wife and children." And then quietly he informed him that he was pardoned on account of his family. They then left the school house together and proceeded to the humble home of the Dubuissons. When they entered, Dubuisson's wife, surrounded by her children, was weeping and crying. "Cry no more, my good Henrietta, God has heard your prayers and those of your little angels; I bring your husband back to you. He will not be shot." Husband and wife then threw themselves in each other's arms, cheek to cheek, silently crying, while the children jumped about the room in joy, clapping their hands. "Finally, the woman said, how can we thank you. And yet, without you . . ."

God. They are ready to die as Christians and as Frenchmen." Then, with great simplicity, but not without warmth, he addressed them on the subject of duty, the sacrifices of life and the love of country. He pointed out how God rewarded for all eternity those who in order to faithfully discharge their duties did not even fear death. He concluded by quoting the words of the holy liturgy: "In hauribus coelis." These words caused a chill to run through the congregation, many of whom present were inclined to look upon the ideal side of the present life in that which constitutes its enjoyment. At that moment, every one within the hearing of the good Father's voice, understood that there was for man something greater and better than the goods and pleasures of this world. The benediction given, Father Lefrancois, turning toward the congregation, said: "Now we will sing the De Profundis for those who will presently fall under the fire of Prussian bullets." And then he intoned in a firm voice the doleful chant, the assistants responding. Finally he blessed the people, exhorting them to be calm and resigned, inviting each one to retire to his or her home and there remain in order to avert further trouble. His object in this speaking to them was to spare his dear flock the harrowing sight of the tragic death of their pastor and the consequent explosion of wrath such a tragedy would provoke. This hero had concealed from them his sublime devotion. When the church was emptied Father Lefrancois came out alone, slowly crossed the courtyard place which was deserted and reached the schoolhouse where his two condemned companions were waiting for him. An unforeseen circumstance caused the delay of the execution of the three martyrs until next morning. This was their salvation. Toward midnight, during a thick fog, a small body of Franctireurs, led by an intrepid commander, entered the village unnoticed by the enemy's sentries, killed the guards at the court-house and set the prisoners free. It was not until the morning following when the inhabitants of the village, which had been cleared of the enemy by a battalion of chasseurs and pique, learned that their pastor was condemned to be shot by the Germans in place of Dubuisson. Then they rushed in a body to his house to congratulate and thank their beloved pastor for his sublime devotion. He was not at home. Father Lefrancois had already gone to the church, and to it the crowd rushed. In seeing this enthusiastic mass of people pouring into the house of God without having been called there, the priest readily understood what had happened. Then rising from his knees and turning toward the people, he exclaimed: "Be calm, my friends, be calm, I entreat you. Well yes, God, Who holds in His hands life and death has preserved me to remain longer with you, the object of your affections. Always pray to God that I may continue to do my duty among you as your pastor." And, falling on his knees, he began in a loud voice the Master's prayer: "Our Father, Who art in heaven."

WHERE THE LAST STAND WAS MADE FOR THE OLD FAITH IN ENGLAND.

A writer in the Evening Post, New York, describing some country communities in England, says of the hamlet of Sampford Courtenay, Devonshire, that it lies with its cottages of yellow "cob," deep-thatched and with outer stairways, looking much as it must have looked when the Devon folk gathered there to make a last stand for the Old Faith. "In that very church, whose fine perpendicular tower overlooks the huddled cottages," says the writer, "was the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., read to a numerous congregation on a fair Whit-Sunday in the year 1549. On the next day the people went to their priest and called on him to say Mass as of old. 'They would keep to the old and ancient religion as their fathers before them had done.' The flame of revolt, once kindled, spread to Exeter and through all the country. The Catholic insurgents, in the vigorous language of their chronicler, Hoker, could not 'abide to hear of any other religion than the one they were first nurtured in. Wherefore, to keep and observe that was their only endeavor, and in respect thereof they regarded not king nor keisar, passed not for kin nor friendship, regarded not country nor commonwealth, but were wholly of the opinion of the rebels and would have no reformation in religion.'"

The stand for the ancient faith and the ancient language was all in vain. Lord Russell, seconded by the Carew and Courtneys—great Devon names—put down the rebellion. Russell relieved Exeter, which had been straitly besieged by the rebels, and stamped out the last embers of the revolt in the very town where it had first been kindled. For some three hundred and fifty years the gray old church of Sampford Courtenay has been given over to Protestant worship, yet even now it is not hard to call back that far-off time when the people, defrauded of their ancient faith, rose against the armed might of the anti-Catholic Government in an attempt to win back their spiritual heritage. Some day, Catholics devoutly believe, the old faith of which the English people were robbed in those days will again flourish as of old in England.—Sampford Courtenay Review.

Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt The Perfect Table Salt.

IF SCOTLAND WERE CATE

THE FRUITS OF THE REFORMATION. By a Convert. Long ago in boyhood, while sitting on the Calton Hill and gazing on the ruins of Holyrood Abbey, St. Andrew's Chapel, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh, I used to think of the question that I asked myself: why they should have no delight for me; they should have failed, of men's religion bygone age when religion was real, art more precious, God more extolled. His praises sung, and maidens, young men and met there to worship Him, and the rest, the sinful to find him. Now the bats and owls lodge in niches bereft of saints, and dark weeds cover the grave of Christian souls who a sleep. Often, pondering these things, I crept through the streets of Old and New, and wondered what a place of rest could now be. Few and far between they were. Sunday to Sunday, eloquently in silent language that the religion was limited to the week, and so only in the church I could find what I sought. I used to rest and pray. These churches had a story. Protestant days; there was light burning before the altar. Jesus was there; the same statues—Jesus pointing Sacred Heart, telling the world to seek for rest, and I was in those olden days; there was always with the same glad come, and sometimes with Jesus, holding out His little boys like Himself and bid take heart again. But the were far apart, and I used to hidden away, and I used to "Will thine old ruins ever again, and will the poor about them learn to go the find in them rest for their souls?" A Protestant lady's wife, once said to me: "I was worried or sad we go to our church and pray." I asked, half wondering at it, another that I was not a Protestant, and adding, "I practice, and adding, 'I your husband's church?' 'I go there,' was the answer. At once a call to religion that he has come to a belief in God and calling. Again, as he wanders through town and passes a way little peasant boy is his basket on his arm; beside him on the ground and says his prayer. He rises the look of a child as of old, that God had child. If Scotland were like these? Yes, once.

On the Road to Queen's. Climb the Bank on opposite the furthest look you will find a wayside ruin, but a witness of the. Thither formerly came on their way to Dunfermline for a safe passage to the shrine of St. Mary. They were the first to get to the abbey tower. The body of the saintly boy rested on and here her son, St. I. and prayed. No wonder. Make one's heart bleed. Lo they not also speak of a shrine that once presence there no longer were Catholic, would speak of Christ and His Calvary on the cliffs above. Not far outside Edinburgh, substantial, not altogether, the porchouse. It is only one of many tended by the charity man's home, where in life he and his family declining years. No self a scene, once a writer, in the tower Here in a miserable dirty street, would be a nearly days of life; his paralyzed, is no lo herself and him. The rent, unpaid for he says that as he can wait, and who For days the poor on bread and water day which now, alas, relieving officer is only say, "Come home." We could testantism provide as this, but what, thing? Off we go and before long carried off the old and all, and when days later, I saw old lady where she do be a kind she actually is been suddenly left other cases. A li suddenly left orphan and mother. Remembering Jo