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THE IRISH WIDOW'S SON;
OR,
THE PIKEMEN OF NINETY-EIGHT
BY CON. O'LEARY.

(From the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

"I know it, my son," said the priest; "and my most earnest wish is that you see to your own protection as quickly as possible."
"Protection to myself?" said Cormac, "is not the only thing I must think about. I intend, with God's help," he continued, "to leave the country as soon as I can; and if you have no particular objection to offer, dear Father, I should like to be accompanied by one other person."

"And leave the poor old priest to live and die alone?" replied Father McAuley.
"I know I am selfish; pardon me," said Cormac.

"Not selfish, by any means, my dear boy.—In fact, I half-suspected this the moment I saw you to-day. I was only in jest, Cormac. I have full faith in your honor and integrity.—Go and consult with poor Kate, and I am willing to be guided by your conclusions."

Cormac bent his knee, and humbly requested the old man's blessing; after which he took leave of him till the day following.

He requested Kate's company a part of the way,—a request which the good-hearted girl yielded quite readily.

"Mind you don't go too far," said Brigid, as she saw Kate prepare to accompany Cormac.

"Only a short distance," said the latter, "and Brigid will accompany us."

Brigid refused, but acknowledged her willingness to await Kate's return, if Cormac promised to return with her.

The promise was given, and Mrs. McQuillan hurried on her way to prepared something nice for Cormac.

It was a beautiful July evening; the air odorous with the fragrance of flower and leaf. The sun was awaiting the presence of Cormac and Kate. All around was still and silent.

Cormac soon made known to Kate the nature of his interview with Father John. He renewed the pledge of his unalterable love to the dear sweet girl by his side. Frankly he acknowledged his poverty, but was strong in hope that, under other circumstances, he would be able to offer to the girl he sought, a happy and a pleasant home.

Kate listened silently to all she heard. The beating of her heart prevented the use of many words; besides, that heart was too full of the past and the future to permit her to indulge in the free expression of all she wished to say.—Her true maiden modesty filled her breast with some sort of grief. She loved Cormac Rogan well and truly, and she knew he was aware of that,—yet she felt troubled and sad.

Cormac continued his suit with renewed warmth, and, if possible, with stronger promises of his fealty through life.

"I doubt not your love, nor its continuance, Cormac," said Kate; "but you ask for too much. I can never consent to be your wife and leave this place at once. Had providence so ordained it, I would willingly have joined my lot to yours, but for some time to come that cannot be."

"You refer to Father John," said Cormac.
"I do," was the reply.
"He is willing to abide by any arrangement we see fit to make."

"I know it. His good heart would prompt him to greater sacrifices still; but, my own dear Cormac, believe me, his days would be few if his Kate were far away."

CHAPTER XXX.—PARTING OF CORMAC AND KATE—HE LEAVES FOR AMERICA—CONCLUSION.

"Then here's their memory—may it be For us a guiding light, To cheer our strife for liberty, And teach us to unite."

Cormac kept his promise to Brigid. He returned with Kate, and showed such a disposition to renew his visit, that Brigid and Kate were necessitated to remind him several times of Mrs. McQuillan's last injunctions, not to remain long behind. He had, therefore, no resource left but hurry after the good woman, who had promised to have "something nice" for him on his return.

Father John had said that Mrs. McQuillan was a shrewd woman. All who knew her gave her credit for that character. Cormac found her most valuable as an adviser. He did not attempt to conceal from her that he ran some risk in coming to that part of the country, just then. Next he informed her of the real nature of his visit, and the success that attended it.

"And did you really believe that Kate O'Neill would marry you right off, and start for America?" inquired Mrs. McQuillan.
"I certainly did; but I confess I did not view the matter in the same light as I do now," replied Cormac.

"Then you don't know the girl you intend

to make your wife," composedly remarked the good woman. "Kate O'Neill," she continued, "owes a good deal to Father John's care, and she knows that if she left him now, it would shorten the old man's days, and she would never forgive herself afterwards."

Cormac confessed that he saw it in that light now.

"But, I'll tell you, Cormac," added Mrs. McQuillan, who was delighted at being made a confidant in the matter,— "to ease your mind my boy, get married, and proceed as soon as you like to America. You will have up-hill work there for some time. Then, when you have a competence earned, send for Kate, or return here; but don't ask her to leave her uncle."

Cormac promised to consider the matter, and retired.

Next morning, Mrs. McQuillan told him that she had a "trifle of money" saved, which she did not then require to use. She offered it to Cormac, and gave her blessing with it. The sum amounted to twenty pounds, and Cormac, after thanking her, told her he would repay it the first thing he did.

During another interview with Father John, Cormac informed him of his intention to depart as speedily as possible. He had changed his mind, and would postpone his intended marriage. He had wished, all along, to have that ceremony performed by the kind old priest who had been his adviser through life, and at whose hands he had received the holy water of baptism.

"You have my heartfelt blessing on your projected union, wherever and whenever it takes place," replied the priest; "and I can see the time when your days will pass pleasantly and peacefully," he added.

Nothing now remained for him but to take his leave of Kate, and the parting was sorrowful enough on both sides.

During the day, Cormac received word that he must not return to Roddy Flynn's. Dolan and Mullan had left, and Cormac was to proceed at once to Carrickfergus. A sailing packet would leave Belfast next day, and remain in the Lough for a fair wind.

This intelligence had been communicated by the faithful Milliken, who also informed Cormac that he had secured a passage in the ship for him, under the name of "Patrick Muggen-nis."

The last words were spoken between Cormac and Kate in the old chapel yard, standing beside the graves of their parents. A kind farewell had been bestowed on Brigid, with the hope that ere long they would all be reunited in a happier land, and Cormac took his departure.

There was a deep and openly-expressed sorrow in the old priest's house that day; but when the inmates learned that Government police were hunting up and down through the country for these men, they felt satisfied that one, at least, was likely to elude the clutches of his enemies.

Three days afterwards, Cormac was on the Atlantic. He had not the privilege of bidding farewell to his friends, whom he had hoped to see before his departure.

CONCLUSION.

Three years had elapsed from the time when Cormac sailed for the Land of the West. Often and again, during that long period he suffered in mind and body. Twice only did he receive a letter from Kate O'Neill, while he had written a dozen of times. He had renitented the money lent him by Mrs. McQuillan, together with a handsome present; the latter she retained for the sake of the giver, but the money she privately bestowed upon Kate O'Neill.

Matters had quieted down in the North of Ireland, and, after long and tedious wanderings, Pat Dolan had returned to his own place. At first he felt rather insecure; but if danger appeared, he went out of the way for a while till it passed over.

Strange as it may appear, the first wedding among our friends was that which followed the nuptials of Peter Mullan and Peggy Dolan.—Peter had proved himself an honest man in the absence of the master of the place, and when offered payment by Pat Dolan, gallantly informed the latter that he thought he was entitled to his own terms. Pat's wife was of the same opinion,—hence the changed condition of Peter's life, and the happiness of Peggy Dolan.

"Mrs. Mullan, will you please to close that door, and let us all sit around the stove, for it is a bitter cold night?"

"Yes, Mrs. Rogan, I was just peeping out to see if Cormac was coming."

"Oh, he'll be here presently," was the reply.

As the words were spoken, in dashed a strong and stalwart looking man, wrapped in a huge coat, and covered with snow.

"Behind time, good wife," said Cormac.— "But I just thought I would make a call on my way home, and learn if our young priest had any objection to spend a part of Christmas Day with us."

"And he is sure to come," said Mrs. Kate Rogan, with one of her pleasant, happy smiles.
"Yes; and he promised to bring John McAuley Rogan a Christmas present," added Cormac, taking a young cherub from its mother's arms.

Next evening was a happy one in the house of Cormac Rogan. There was the priest at the head of the table. There were John Mullan and his handsome wife, Brigid, a contented pair, and well-to-do in the world.

True, they were three or four thousand miles away from the kith and kin of their own dear Ireland. But such is life.

After many a cheerful discourse on times and friends now passed away, Mrs. Mullan insisted on having a song from Cormac.

"I would willingly comply, but I'm afraid I would make Kate too happy and too proud."

"Never mind me," replied his wife. "I am happy and proud as it is, and not likely to have my vanity increased by anything you can say or do just now."

"All right, then, here goes," exultingly exclaimed Cormac, who sang the following:—

"MY OWN DEAR KATE,
My own dear Kate, my peerless queen,
Girl of my heart, I love thee!
The proudest maid that e'er was seen
I would not place above thee.
Dear to my heart in days gone by,
When danger hovered o'er me,
When love-light beamed from every eye,
To see was to adore thee.

"My worship was the flame of youth,
As pure as incense burning;
My heart the censor filled with truth,
And yours the truth returning.
No wonder I recall the spell,
That held me closely bound;
It wove my destiny so well,
A prize was by it found.

"A prize? ah, yes; a priceless pearl,
A gem so brightly gleaming;
And thou'rt the prize my own dear girl,
With love and virtue beaming.
Then here's my Kate, my wife, my all,
My joy, my light serene;
And here's the men who at my call
Came forth to guard the Green;"

saying which, Cormac dashed off the contents of a glass that stood before him.

"No increase of vanity Mrs. Rogan?" inquired Mrs. Mullan.

"Not in the least," answered Kate.

"Before song and sentiment," said the young clergyman, who, by the way, was a relation of the Rogans, "I like to hold conversation with those who took part in the Irish Rebellion of NINETY EIGHT!"

The conversation was resumed by Cormac and John. It consisted chiefly in rehearsing the facts already related in the foregoing chapters.

That was a happy meeting. Cormac became eloquent in telling how Father McAuley died—full of innocence and hope, expressing his love of Ireland, and Ireland's glorious Church.

Pat Dolan kept his promise, and lived out his time in the Old Land. His son-in-law, Peter, helped to make his last days glide on in peace and prayer.

Cormac Rogan faithfully remembered his promises to all those who had befriended him. When he and his wife were dead and gone, his family fulfilled his wishes in every respect.

There are descendants of that family alive and well. No truer hearts beat for Ireland to-day than theirs; and whether they are members of a certain Irish organization is left to the reader to imagine. One thing may be said of them: they are the worthy descendants of the IRISH WIDOW'S SON!

"Alas! that might can vanquish Right—
They fell and passed away,
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day."

THE END.

THE LITTLE BATTLE OF BOTTLE HILL.

From Legends of the Wars in Ireland, by Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D.

"Saddled and bridled
And booted ready he;
Toom's name came the saddle,
But never came he!"

Amidst the wild tract of country lying between Cork and Mallow rises Bottle Hill, remarkable only for its barrenness, and for a fight that took place there between the partisans of King James and King William. The following is the traditional account of that fight.

At the foot of Bottle Hill might be seen, some few years ago, a spot conspicuous for its greenness amidst the surrounding heath and shingle. Traces of the foundations of buildings might then be observed over its unequal surface. Now the heath has encroached upon it, so that it is scarcely distinguishable, except by a few stunted hazel-bushes, from the general surface of the barren and broken moorland around. On this spot once stood the strongly

fortified house of Master Grimshaw Stubbles, son of the stout and godly Ephraim Stubbles, one of the victorious Undertakers, who settled down in the country to enjoy the conquests of their bows and spears, after the termination of the disastrous wars of Cromwell.

Master Grimshaw proved himself a worthy successor to his father, when that sanctified and redoubtable hero condescended to look his last on the broad domain he had won by his conjoint labors as drummer and expounder of the Word in one of the Great Protector's regiments of cavalry. As a consequence of the desolation caused by the Cromwellian wars, the wolf still prowled almost unmolested over the barren moorland and woody fastnesses of the neighborhood. Ephraim amused himself occasionally by a hunt after one of these fierce animals; but his propensities as a Nimrod were often gratified in a more bloody manner,—namely, in chasing with sleuthhound and horn the unfortunate men who some years before had met him face to face bravely in battle, but who now, reduced to outlaws and Rapparees, broken-hearted and despoiled, tried to gain a subsistence, as best they could, amidst the sterility of the wild region above-mentioned.

At the end of such a hunt, and when the poor human game was at last run down and captured, not one of all the followers of old Ephraim Stubbles had such a deft and masterly hand as his son at tying the hangman's noose, and adjusting the fatal cord by which they generally suspended the body of their tortured victims to the branch of some neighboring tree. It will not therefore be thought wonderful, when, at the end of the reign of Charles the Second, his father died, and when a slight change came over the management of affairs under the authority of King James, that, with such training in his youth, Master Grimshaw Stubbles, in the prime of life should long for another ruler of the land and for a return of the old license.

Master Grimshaw had not long to wait.—After a reign that brought more trouble and disaster to Ireland than any of the preceding ones, King James fled to France; and the south was occupied by the victorious armies of William, who was just beginning the memorable siege of Limerick. Then it was that the Undertakers rose rampant and furious from under the weak restrictions that had been imposed upon them during the rule of the preceding Stuarts. The hunting horns rang amidst the woods, and the sleuthhounds were let loose once more; and many a brave peasant, who had fought and bled in the cause of the worthless Stuart, met his cruel fate after the chase, under the hands of his triumphant and ruthless foes.

The lands now held by Master Grimshaw formerly belonged to Donal MacCarthy, a gentleman distantly related to the Earl of Glencar, and who, like his more powerful relative, had fought in the cause of Charles the First against the Parliamentarians. Driven from his home, Donal retired to the woods with his wife and only son, and the few dependents who were faithful enough to share his broken fortunes. Here, season after season, he fell deeper into misery; his followers died, or left him to eke out their own miserable subsistence in other parts of the country, but not before they had aided him in driving off two preys of cattle from the lands of Ephraim Stubbles. He was outlawed, of course; so that any man who wished might legally kill him, and get a reasonable reward for his head.

At last the indefatigable Ephraim Stubbles ferreted out Donal's retreat in the woods, surrounded the wretched hut early one morning with his confederates and followers, dragged out the poor old gentleman and his wife, and shot them at their own door. Young Donal Riagh, or the Swarthy, their son, would have shared the same fate as his parents, were it not that he was saved by a merciful and jolly old Round-head magistrate, who, instead of the draughts of the Word he had drunk so deep of in his youth, had taken in his latter days to jovial stoups of Schiedam and fuming tankards of October ale.

With the memory of his parents' fate for ever in his mind, it was no wonder that Donal Riagh, as he grew up, hated with his whole heart the son of their murderer. By his daring exploits against the Williamites, and by his hereditary influence amongst the people of the surrounding country, he had become the leader of a numerous band of Rapparees, by whose aid he was now planning to pay back the debt he owed to Master Grimshaw Stubbles. On the other hand, Grimshaw was by no means idle, and with his followers, and an occasional troop of dragoons from Mallow scoured the woods several times in search of his mortal foe. And thus matters stood between the two on a fine sunny morning in the beginning of August, 1690.

Grimshaw, accoutred in morion and corselet and the other warlike habiliments of his defunct father, was mounted outside his own gate. Around him were grouped several other horsemen,—namely, two or three officers from the garrison of Mallow, who had come all the way over to see the sport; about a-dozen other landholders of his own stamp, amongst whom might be seen Adam Blundel, the jolly old

topper who had saved the life of Donal Riagh; dependents, horse and foot, armed to the teeth, and ready for any cruelty, however atrocious; while behind, under the archway of the gate, stood a man, with a leathern leash in his hand, holding in check a brace of strapping, tawny bloodhounds.

"By my soul!"—said old Adam Blundel, who had long done away with the sanctimonious twang with which he was wont to garnish his words in the days of Cromwell—"but by my soul, and by the hand of Oliver! but I little thought that the boy whose life I saved twenty years ago should come to this,—that he should be chased, caught, and strung up, as he will, I fear, before the day is over."

"You fear?" remarked Grimshaw Stubbles, with a fierce and dissatisfied look; "what a tender heart you have got, Master Blundell!"

"I tell you what it is, Grimshaw," retorted the old toper, "from your father the drummer, up to Oliver the general, there was not a man in the army that had a harder heart than mine while I was filled with the Spirit; but"—

"But since you have taken to filling yourself with another kind of spirit," interrupted one of Adam's ancient bottle-companions, with a grim smile, "your heart is softening to mankind in general, especially to this damned Rapparee, Donal Riagh."

"Yes," remarked another, "we'll soon have him petitioning King William, I suppose, for the Rapparee's pardon, and for the lives of his followers, who harry our lands worse than their brothers, the wolves."

"Donal Riagh has never done harm to me or mine," returned the honest and blunt old magistrate, "and why should I pursue him to the death? I have come here to-day to prevent unnecessary bloodshed; and yet, as for Donal Riagh, I fear he must die at last, else there can be no peace in the country. Master Grimshaw here, however, knows that Donal has suffered enough wrong to drive a wiser man mad."

"Die!" exclaimed Grimshaw, unheeding the latter part of Old Blundel's remark, "ay, if he had twenty lives; and, if we catch him, he shall die to-day. But see, by heaven, Blundel! but the Lord has delivered the rebel dog into our hands without any trouble. For look yonder!" And he pointed towards a little wood, something more than a furlong in front of the house.

Blundel looked in the direction indicated; but his eyes were none of the best, and he could barely distinguish the figure of a man leaning against a tree. Not so with the eyes of Master Grimshaw; which were rendered doubly sharp by hate.

"Look, gentlemen all," continued he, "for there he stands yonder, and alone and unarmed; for that purpose, I know not. I suppose the Lord hath blinded him, so that he comes to us to sue for mercy, and imagines he shall obtain it. Unslip the hounds, Wattie; and away, gentlemen! It is a pleasure we can hunt at sight." And, with that, he threw his bridle loose, gave his horse the spur, and dashed off in the direction of the wood, followed by the others.

But Grimshaw Stubbles little knew the daring and subtle man he had to deal with. The moment he had given his horse the spur, Donal Riagh disappeared from beneath the tree, and darted through the wood; so that by the time his pursuers had gained the outskirts next the house he was at the opposite side, and running away with extraordinary swiftness over the sloping moorland that extended beyond. At the other side of this moorland, the country became rough and woody; and towards this wild fastness Donal Riagh was flying at full speed, when the two bloodhounds, with horse and foot behind them, burst with wild clamor from the copse, and stretched out eagerly and fiercely upon his track.

The moorland was soon crossed, and Donal disappeared in the rugged and stunted wood that skirted its opposite side. As he pushed onward, the wood, however, became denser, the trees more large and lofty, and the glens by which it was intersected more difficult and dangerous. Now and then his pursuers caught sight of him as he crossed some broken glade, but that was all. They continued, however, uncaringly upon his track; for they had only to follow the two bloodhounds that were all the while making the woody dells resound with their fierce baying. But Donal Riagh took it all very unconcernedly, pushing on and on, and drawing his pursuers deeper and deeper into the intricacies of that wild forest, with every foot of which he was so well acquainted.

After about an hour's chase, he plunged into a deep and wooded gorge, through the bottom of which a broken bridle-path led in through the innermost depths of the forest. Midway in this lonely ravine, he turned round a boulder of rock, plunged into the thick underwood that clothed its rugged side, and disappeared, just as the bloodhounds came about a hundred yards behind, making the whole forest ring with their loud and triumphant howling. On they came, their black noses scattering the fresh dew from the morning grass, till, just as they reached the crag around which Donal Riagh had turned, two stalwart young Rapparees darted out from

Empty.