### THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

### SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOINS M'DONELL, EXOWN AS SPANISH JOHN,' WHEN A LIEU DENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES F THE REGIMENT HILANDIA, IN THE BERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OFERAT-ING IN ITALY.

EX WILLIAM M'LENNAN.

#### 1740.

1740. How Angus McDonid of Clanranald and I set out for the Scots College in Rome; how we fell in with Mr. O Rourke and Minuel the Jew, and with the latter saw strange conputy in Le horn; how we were presented to Captain Creach, " of the Regiment Irlandio," at the Inn of Aquapendente, and what befel there-atter.

In the early morning, accompanied by Mr. O'Rourke, we made our way to the Canal, where we found Manuel awaiting us by the boat, somewhat similar to the d'Eau by which we had travelled to Auxerr. with a basket filled with frait and the sweetmeats we most ad mired. He begged us not to forget him. and seemed so down at parting that we could not refrain from embracing him, ough in Mr. O'Rourk's presence, who behaved very handsomely himself in thanking Mannel, which I thought the himself in more of than our own action, as we were drawn to him and he was not. At last we moved slowly off, waving our adjeux to the two best friends we had so far

met in our travels. It must have been Manuel who made the difference, for I remember but little of Pisa or the first part of our journey, save that the open caléche was pleasant, and that we were much taken with who allowed Luigi, our interpreter, who allowed neither postilions for innkeepers to get the upper hand of him or us, and who was always in good humor. The inns were mostly bad, and we suffered cruelly from fleas, which were nearly as many and as hard to get rid of as the beggars.

About noon, one day in December, we drove into a small town most strongly placed, called Aquapendente, and there, before the door of the Tre Corone, we caught sight of Mr O'Rourke, standing head and shoulder of Mr. above the crowd.

We were so overjoyed to see him once more that we flew into his arms, and there was great laughing and outery for a few moments. At length he shock himself free and pretended to rate us. "Here! Here! You young rufflans! Where are your manners? Don't you see I am talking to a gentleman, or was, until you two Highland caterans fell on

-Now let me see what you have learned by your foreign travel," he continued.

"Captain Creach," said he, turning to the gentleman who was looking on and laughing, but who, on being addressed, at once took an air of atten-tion, "this is Ian-or, in English, John --McDonell of Scottos, of the mature age of twelve, the scion of an illustrious family, whose ancestors have ruled in Knoidart and parts adjacent from the days of Noah downwards. "And this," he said, waving his hand

towards Angus, "is Mr. Angus Mc. Donald of Clanranald, who confesses to fourteen years, whose name is known with distinction in the Highlands, and with fear through the countries towards the south.

"They are traveling to Rome, there to complete their studies in the Scots College, and may afterwards enter into ition for the higher offices in the gift of His Holiness, provided secular callings have not a greater charm. I have enjoyed the honour of travelling in their company, and can answer for their not always for their discretion. . . . ' And so on, with much more of his Irish balderdash, with out sense or meaning, until Captain Creach, who was a small, genteelappearing man, with a very white face dressed in a habit, half civil, half mil-tary, cut him short and shook hands with us, saying he was sure we would prove a credit to our names wherever we might go, though he would be sorry to see two such fine lads hiding their figures in black petticoats a senti ment which warmed me to him at once and when I learned he had actually been in the Regiment Irlandia, my de light knew no bounds. I questioned m at once, but found he did not remember my Uncle Scottos-he was too young for that-though he knew his well, which did not astonish me

me, I had no intent to frighten you." I was the angry one now. "I know nothing of your intents, Captain Creach," said I; "I am only sure of one thing, and that is, you did not and can-not trighten me. I have just enough money for us to get to Rome, and conditioned make a loan to you or to any could not make a loan to you or to any other were I ever so willing. So there

the matter rests.' The words were barely out of my mouth before he rushed at me. I was on my guard, and, throwing a chair in is way, nearly upset aim; but he re-overed before I could get at him, and in a minute more had me by the collar sbaking the life out of me. I did my butt him with my head, but best to could not get room; so I was kicking

and striking and biting like an otter, making noise enough to bring the house when the door flew open, and i down. ed Angus. He never waited a monent, but attacked the Captain behind, atching his legs very cleverly ; where upon I, g ving a sudden shove, down we went, all three together, rolling over and over among the chairs and under the table. Angus and I were both as strong as

ponies, and such a fight had no terrors for us; and the Caption, being a small, we were not so ve v unequal min, we were not so ve trus it was in a thrice we had him fiat a his hack, Angus on his two legs and straddling on his chest, with my kneeson his arms, doing my best to get at my French knife, so I might cut h wicked throat, when in burst Mr. O'Rourke, who, catching my hand just

(5) Rolling, why, Cale Imag by Just Just and dragged the Captain to his feet. "What's all this jerrymahoo about, you young savages?" he should ; but I could not answer, as I was wild to get to the Contain could not answer. at the Captain again, now I had re-covered my wind; and a good day's work it would have been for me and others had I done so. However, Mr. O Rourke held me at arm's length until quieted down, and, after sending away the inn people who were crowding through the door, now they saw all danger over, I panted out the story. "You damned scoundrel!" said Mr. O Rourke, though he was a most relig-

us man and almost as good as a priest. scoundrel; faith I'm sorry I let this baby finish you! But didn't let this baby finish you ! we'll tan your cowardly hide for this or my name's not O'Rourke!

But look at the creature's ears!" he broke out of a sudden; "he has them as big as the Prophet's ass! And to think of me being taken in by the animal!" Thereupon he turned him round and bade us mark the way in which his ears stuck out from his shaven pate, now his wig was knocked off, while he roared with laughter.

But this all went sadly against my grain, as I was all for punishing th gae then and there, and I knew Mr. Rourke would soon make this imposible if he went on with his jesting, However, he pointed out that to such an the disgrace would mean as much as his punishment, and he would hand im over to the magistrate hunself. The creature sets up to be a gentle man, but if we can get one of his shoulders stamped with a hot iron, as is their fashion hereabouts, 'twill take a aighty fine coat to cover that same," he explained, much to our satisfaction. the innkeeper was called and bidden to lock him up securely; and off marched the Captain with his white face, look-ing half dazed, but offering no words or

apology whatever. When we were alone, Mr. O'Rourke burst out, blaming himself for leaving he alone with such a man, calling him elf every name he could lay his tongue to for being taken in with the first scoundrel he picked up. "'Tis a pretty ass I have made of myself, turning up my nose at your consorting with

said I much disgusted. "Can't you see a joke when 'tis under your nose?" "I've been carrying my nose in my pocket, according to Mr. O'Rourke's pocket, according to direction, ever since I came into the country, and I don't find your joke so fine that I need take it out," he re-turned, with a silly air of conceit which

angered me mightily. "See here, my fine fellow!" said J, stopping short; "if you have a mind to stopping short; "if you have a mind to try any of your Prester John airs with me, you had best put your head ur nose is, or the one will soon be as little use to you as the other." "'Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen !" cried Luigi at this, much distressed ; "I have not even yet begun my story !" "Don't mind us, Luigi," said Angus,

quite cool; "go on with your story. are only getting the laugh in a at the wrong end. I did not mean to ruff you, Shonaidh," he added, very handsomely. for Angus could be quite the gentiewhen he desired.

'I know you didn't," I returned, without offence; but you shouldn't laugh at me when I am trying a joke. My temper is short."

My temper is short." On this we made up without further words, and both turned to Luigi, begging him to continue with his tale. "Well, as I was saying, 'twas in the days of Innocent the Eleventh, when a ung Polish friar, on his way towards Rome, was here arrested by two robbers, who, after relieving hin of his purse, which they found much too light for one of his comfortable appearance, threatened him with torture unless he revealed where the rest of his money was hid. He thereupon owned to having some gold pieces in the solas of his shoes, on which they bade him sit down and started to strip his Now, he being very powerfal, and marking the favorable position of his tormentors, seized his opportunity and the robbers at the same moment, and brought their heads together with so happy a crack that he rendered them senseless. Seeing their state, he repeated his experiment with such access that he soon put an end to their ogueries forever. Rejoicing at hs rogueries forever. good fortune, he took all their effects. piled them on one of his horses, and, mounted on the other, made his way

into Rome with all the honors of war. However, we saw no robbers, great or mall, perhaps because were small, perhaps because were so well prepared, though we went through a untry full of woods and wild places well fitted for this class of gentry. W continued our journey without further matter worth mention until, as we drove out of a little village called Baccano, Luigi jumped up in great excitement, and, crying to the postilion to stop, fairly shouted in his joy, " Ecco Roma!"

And far away in the distance, over the rising mists of the morning, v cross of St. Peter twinkling like a star of gold. We were all impatience now

onged for no more adventures, but, despite our longing, it was nearly evening before we drove in by the Porte del Popolo, and black night before we passed our biggages at the Dogana, and Luigi deposited us in safety at the Scots College, in the via delle Quattro Fontane.

1740-1743.

How, out of a school boy's quarrel, it ame that 1 kissed the hands of His Majesty, James III.; that I met with H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and other npany, both high and low, until, from e thing to another. I took leave of my Books to follow the Drum.

No sooner was our arrival announced than we were ushered into the recep-tion-room, where, in a moment, the Restor, Father Urbani, came to meet

-the first of which was to be put into the stocks, hands and feet, and receive as many lashes on the bare back with a cat as might be thought proper; the Horse was for less atrocious crimes, for which the offender was made to stand on a backetstool and was flogged on the small of the legs. Soon after our return from school a

essage was sent to Father Urbani, giving an account of the crime com mitted by Giovanniai McDonell. as in due course called for by the aperior, in presence of all my fellowcollegioners, and accused. Without hesitation I avowed my guilt, and was besitation I avowed my gnile, and was thereupon told by the Superior I must undergo the punishment of the Mule. There was a dead silence at this, and all looked at me and waited.

write this as an old man who has lived through a life of action, not with-out his reverses, but as I write I can distinctly recall the wretched misery that chilled my blood and turned my heart to water as the Superior gave hi No distress I have ever gone sentence. through since has equalled the helpless despair that wrang my lonely, miser-able little heart as I stood there trembl ing in every limb before my judge. I was sick with the shame and humilia tion; I was indignant at the injustice;

I was overcome by my powerfulness, bat I do not think I was air id. "Sir," said I, when I could speak, "I was falsely accused by a coward and a liar for his own dirty trick, and I did the only thing in my power to right myself. If my way was wrong, I am myself. If my way was wrong, I am sorry, but I will not be tied up and myself. punished like a soldier or a thief. Iam a gentleman born, sir, and I Bat here I had to rather die first !' top, for I could trust my voice no

longer. Well, well, my lad, we won't talk of any such heroics as dying yet,' said the Superior, smiling; whereapon my fellows, taking heart joined in, vowing they would rather leave the Collegio nano and go to the Propaganda than submit to such punishments. But the only result of their protest was that they were packed off to school, as usual, and I was kept at home.

After the others were gone, and I one in my room, I had begun to won der what was in store in me, when word is brought that the Rector. Father Irbani, waited for me. I entered his resence with a heavy heart, for a boy in disgrace sees a possible enemy in every one; but that kind old man beckoned me to his side, and, instead of questions or reproaches, patted my cheek, and, calling me his "caro Gioannini," asked me if I would not like to accompany him in his coach and see me of the sights of Rome.

I was so overcome I could not help pursting into tears, through which " Dear, dear Father Urbani will go with you anywhere, but I will ever take a Mule or a Horse !

" My dear Giovannini," said he, "the only Horses we will think about are those for the shafts of our coach. Be ready after the siesta, and let me see a more smiling face when next you neet me. So take me he did, and was so sum-

ptuously received at all the great houses he visited-and I as well-that I soon forgot my terrors. Father Urbani was a gentleman of

many of the birth, connected with highest families, and whatever his real name was, he well deserved that of his profession, for no one could be more rbane than he, and his softness of voice always brought my dear father before me. He was full of drolleries, too, for, when we visited St. Peter's he

told me of the German in Rome who had never seen the church, though he had started several times with that in view, but always found the sun too hot that one and the taverns too cool for the long walk, and so kept out of the one and in He knew all about our people, and, ndeed, had a knowledge of the families the other until his day was done before his pilgrimage was accomplished. At length, on being rallied by his friends, as if he had been brought up in the Highlands; he enquired after one in he made a great effort and passed safely turn, asking for news of good Father Innes of Paris, and Bishop Hay of by his dangers, saw the great church, and returned fall of satisfaction. "But," says he, "I think it strange that they should put St. Peter on Edinburgh, both old friends of his. Nor did he forget even Luigi, but thanked him handsomely and paid him horseback before the high altar !"-a his care, bidding him return speech which mightily piqued the curithe next day to take his farewell of osity of his friends, until they disovered he had been no farther than When he bade us good night he said the loggia, and had taken the statue of "You will be the youngest the Roman Emperor Constantine for boy in the College, and you have a face that of the Saint worthy of your holy name, John ; but I On the third day of our travels we shall call you Little John, Giovannini.' went into the Church of the Santi And by that name it was that I went Apostoli, and there Father Urbani

#### OLD DAN.

Farmer Henderson came in from the Farmer Henderson cane in from the barn one morning with his hards and clothes wet and covered with mud, his face red and his eyes flashing. "Ned !' he shouted, as he entered the kitchen. "Where's Ned ?" "Here I am !" came a cheery voice

in reply ; and an instant after a bright, strong boy of some sixteen years entered the old fashioned country kitchen from the adjoining woodshed, where he had been cutting potatoes fo " Do you want day's planting.

anything ? I want to tell you this," said Mr. Henderson, as he washed himself at the sink, and rubbed his weather-beaten

face with the coarse towel until it was even more red than before. "Old Dan must be killed. Just see the state I am in, and all from that worthless old rascal! I won't have him around anther day. He's good for nothing but to make trouble, and he must be before night !" added the farmer, wrathfully. Ned was about to plead for his pet,

"1 am right. They are the very spoons ! The very same ide spoons that my friend lost when h when his little sister came into the a boy ! How lucky it is that I have found them at last!" roon. "Why, papa, what is the matter ?"

she cried, running to him in astonish bow, the rascal opened the door and slipped away with the spoons and the ment. " Did you fall into the creek ? "I might as well," he said, half ughing. "Old Dan butted me into laughing. "Old Dan butted me into the watering trough !" There was a shout of laughter from silver cream pitcher down the path toward the gate. For an instant Carrie stood motion-

both the children, in which their

mother joined. "Well, Jedediah," said Mrs. Henshrieked : derson, coming into the kitchen, and still shaking with mirth, " what could my mother's spoons, and you are trying to steal them! You are a thief, a you have been thinking about to let an thief! Bring them back, bring them years old, knock The man, however, paid no attention to the child's cries, but ran rapidly 'most twenty old ram you into the watering trough ?' down the path, carrying the

"But," explained her husband, "he ok me unawares. I had just filled one pail to carry to the barn, and was dip the other, when the ooping to old rascal came at me like the wind, and knocked me completely into the water ! He scampered, I tell you, before I could get out. He knew he had done mischief. Anyhow, he's only a nuisance, and I'll shoot him to night when we come back from town, if he's on the farm !"

shot after him like a cannon ball. Two hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson drove away to be absent from home until night. As they ratiled out home until night. As they ratiled out of the yard Old Dan suddenly appeared, fairly in front and knocked him, half senseless, flat on his back, scattering the silver in all directions. lose to the gate, and wag ging his tail as if in derision, gave utterance

oarse "Ba-a-!" The farmer turned, shook his whip at the fellow, and cried: "This is your last day, my boy; make the most of it!"

Ned and Carrie were the only chil dren. Leaving Carrie in the house alone, after they had considered awhile whether there was any way of averting Old Dan's sad fate, Ned shouldered his hoe and marched off to his work, plant

ing potatoes with Bronson, the hired man, in the "back lot." But the little girl of thirteen had no thought of being afraid. She had the breakfast dishes to wash, some sweeping to do, and the dinner to get. all before o'clock.

Time fled. The dishes stood in shin. ing rows upon the pantry shelves, the broom had performed its work, and Carrie was preparing the vegetables to be boiled, when there came a faint knock at the door. Supposing it to be the neighbors, the little girl did not rise, bat called:

'.Come in." The door was slowly opened, and a

into something like a race-course, the air was filled with very bid language, very angry "baas" and a great cloud He wore a long, black coat battoned He wore a long, black coat battoned of dust. But after some five minutes, victory his chin, and very threadbare. His declared itself upon the side of the trousers, too, were black and shiny, and much too short for him. On one foot was a boot, while the other was quadruder; and, bruised and bleeding, with clothes in rags, minus hat and shoes, the vanquished man suddenly turned away and ran limping down the graced by a ragged shoe. He carried a ttered silk hat in his hand. ' His face

# THE LATE FR. BERTRAND WIT

**FEBRUARY 4. 1905.** 

for my digestion. Ruined my digestion while I was in the army, you see," and he winked solemnly. "By the way,"

he winked solemnly. "By the way," he continued, picking up the silver teaspoon from his saucer, "have you any more of these? They are as near actions as Lower saw and edd

a pattern as I ever saw, and odd, too.

I should like to see the rest of the dozen, if you have them." "Mother has only eleven," said

very proud of them ; but I will show

Then she brought the little box with

the precious table silver-eleven tea

spoons, four tablespoons and an ancien

brightly-and placed them before her

That is, the pie was demolished and

the teapot empty. As the little girl

took the box to the window, examined

moment, and then, as if in joyful sur

With these words, and a very low

less, then, rushing after him, she

"Give me those spoons! They are

arms; and the spoons would have been

lost forever if a new party had not appeared on the scene.

Old Dan was quietly nibbling the

grass near the gateway. Hearing his little mistress' voice, he looked up at

the very instant that the tramp passed

turbed him I don't know; but, erecting his head with a hoarse "Baa-a-a!" he

efend himself, but the ram struck h

The man turned to receive him and

For an instant the fellow remained

arose, limping and groaning, and with

out a glance at his enemy, began to

He had partly completed his task

when old Dan, who all this time had been watching the proceeding from

eneath his shaggy eyebrows, shook his

long beird, and with another tremend-ous "Baa-a-a!" dashed at him again, and over he went a second time, his

And now began a strange battle. With cries of rage and pain, the man

recovered his feet and turned upon the

am, kicking and striking at him furious-

ly, while Dan, accust med to such war

are from years of experience with the boys of the countryside, easily eluded

him, and in return butted him to the

The spoons and cream pitcher were

knocked hither and thither, as the com-batants stroggled, the road was trampled

treasures flying from his hands.

earth again and again.

then he

What he saw about the man

his head with a hoarse

sprawling in the dust,

gather up his stolen spoils.

handed him the treasures he aros

its contents with a critical eye

had finished his " light lunch."

eream jug-all pure silver, and shin

inquisitive visitor to admire.

" and she

identica

Carrie, in her innocence,

them to you.

prise, cried :

## BERFORCE, O. P.

FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

CONVERT GRANDSON OF THE GREA ENGLISH EMANCIPATOR.

Father Bertrand Wilberforce, who death (on the 14th ult.), says the Lo don Tablet, will be regretted by a wid circle of friends, was the bearer of name associated in some ways more in mately than any other with the revis of the Catholic religion in England di ing the nineteenth century. When M Gladstone wanted to illustrate his co tention that the converts to Rome we drawn from the Low Church and m from the High the name of Wilb force was one to conjure with. W but knew of "the Clapham sect," and the diary of William Wilberforce diary on which, if truth were told, M Gladstone seems at times to have m elled his own? Three out of the f sons of the Emancipator were amo Rome's recruits; and their secess was the more observed inasmuch as remaining lagging brother became remaining lagging brother becam Bishop in the Arg'ican communi Bat everybody in the Anglican Chu was "Low," or was nothing, at beginning of the last century; t therein lay the flaw in the Gladston logic. But for the Oxford movement statistic acides Debet I have With certainly neither Robert Isaac Will force nor Henry Wilberforce, who we both in Anglican orders, would,

manely speaking, have come into to ith the Church of Rome. Henry Wilberforce was a Ken with the Church hose conversion was immedia aided by an influx of Irish hop pic to whon his charity was extended to whon his charity was extended ing an epidemic of fever. That del his was repaid a thousandfold, one say, by the multitudes of miss preached to the exiles of Ireland by on-the Father Bertrand Wilbert whose loss we now lament.

His funeral took place from Dominican Priory at Woodcheste December 17, and his body was bu in the graveyard where his father mother rest. Father Viagent M O. P., preached at the funeral Mass quote some interesting reminisc nd character suggestions of th parted priest, who, like his cul-was a brilliant writer as we

preacher: "The life that has just fled, in its flight has brought us tog for a few moments of common p and sympathy, was that of a prea Nature and God had fitted hi speak the word, to deliver a me to enforce a truth. The very to his voice, bell-like and silvergave him sway over thousands. blood of Liberators filled his The tongue of masters of his m tongue spoke in his words. He o to the stock from whence he cam he loved freedom, and that he fel self but half-free and half-ensla the sight of slavery. Nor was it out influence over his whole life t the land he trod again and again tireless zeal the only slavery h was the most bitter to him becau most painful to his Master, the of sin. The sight of sin weight him like a disease. True, he has to see it, emotions to feel it, a h be saddened by it, and boldness it. He could not put it from si yield to it. To have been blin or to have cowed before it h have put an end to those intuition energies which, in their tru strength, he owed to the 'roc Add to whence he was hewn.' a certain manly self-forgetful disregard for the comforts of lack of solicitude for to-morrow viction that life is a duty rathe pastime, and it will be seen that had made him as it had made of his name, fitted in life and to speak the truth between m

man " Nor had God long delayed His gifts to those of nature. A he received the priceless He used to look on the faith. spent outside the Church with of fear for all the ill that th

We spont the morning merrily, I pay-ing for a bottle of wine for him and Mr. O'Rourke, and Angus and I readily agreed to wait over the day that we might enjoy their company, as the Captain was on his way north and Mr. "Rourke was not yet ready for Rom Luigi we sent off to enjoy himselt after his own fashion. Whilst the dinner was preparing,

Angus and Mr. O'Rourke set off to see fall of water near by, but I re ned in the upper room with my new mained in the upper room with my new iriend, as I had much yet to inquire concerning the Regiment. But after a little he seemed to grow weary of my uestioning, and suddenly, without any troduction, asked me if I had any money by me.

I answered, honestly enough. "Well, then, I'll have to accept a loan from you," he said, carelessly, as if wo had been long discussing the mat-

ter. "I'm sorry I cannot oblige you, sir," said I, "rising frem my place and be-ginning to walk up and down, feeling mighty uncomfortable.

"Come, come, my lad," said he, in a voice he tried to make very friendly, we soldiers have our ups and downs. and always help each other. Your Uncle Scottos would be proud to help a brother officer.'

"That may be, sir, but, according to your own shewing, you never had the honour to know my Uncle Scottos, who is not here to answer for himself."

"You little puppy !" he roared. "Do you know nothing of what should be between gentlemen ?"

He saw by my face he had made a mistake, and at once went on a new tack. "But there, there 1-you must pardon my heat. I am only a rough soldier and slow to take a jest. Beleive pardon my

armless Jew, and then to take p myself with a picaroon of a captain. hearts warmed to him at once. and perhaps play second fiddle to the hangman! Job no doubt had me in his eve when he said that 'multitude of

ears should teach wisdom ' (et annorum nultitudo doceret sapientiam), but my visdom was a fool to your folly. However, after awhile we all cooled own, and by the time dinner was on the table were in our sober sen Then in comes Luigi, who must hear the whole story over, and sets us all laughing merrily with his antics, feigning to weep when we told how Mr. O'Rourke would not let me slit the to me : Captain's throat; but when he heard

what we had done with the scamp, he was off in a trice and back as soon, dragging the innkeeper with him and bursting with anger. It was soon ex plained. The Captain had escape and Luigi was for haling the innkeeper

before the judge; but the poor man cried so pitcously, and so besought us not to undo him, that we took compassion and contented ourselves with ordering our caleche and starting again on our journey, Mr. O'Rourke promising to see us in Rome.

again.

We arrived at Viterbo through a fin stretch of country, more e-pecially about the Lake of Bolsena, but passed through no towns of importance. had heard such tales of robbers that we here determined to better provide for our personal safety; so we set out from the inn, and, with the help of Luigi, found an armourer, with whom we bar-gained for a pair of pistols, and had

them at a fair price. He had some good blades as well, and, now we had egun to have a hankering for weapons I desired one greatly, but was dis-suaded by Luigi, who pointed out they were much too long for me to carry,

and, further, that for young gentlemen going to college we had weapons enough and to spare.

Wind . . .

About a mile from the town we came on a hill so steep we were forced to dismount and climb on foot. "At the top we will find a guard of archers," said Luigi, "who have been there ever since the days of innocent the Eleventh. "Not the same ones, surely ?" said I, quizzing him, after the manner of Mr. O'Rourke.

"I don't doubt it," he returned. gravely; "most of them are old and iseless enough to have been since the days of Nero. But that is not my point ; that is in the story, if you can mised me their support. find it.'

. the mark

"Go on with your tale, Luigi; he knows nothing of history," said Angus. "History, indeed, you dunderhead!" Now there were two punishments in vogue in the Collegio Romano, styled, respectively, the Mule and the Horse

when I was in Rome. drew my attention to a man kneeling in We were given a room together, and prayer before a tomb near the high altar. Though I saw nothing more I, remembering my father's word, looked at the walls near the beds, but than a dark velvet coat, the soles of could find no "Sir Patrick Spens," his shoes, and part of his powdered head, I asked, with a sudden curiosity and so knew it was not his room, but resolved to ask the Rector the next who it might be. "His enemies call him The Pre

day. Then began our regular round of

work. The Rector engaged a private tutor to instruct us in Latin and Italian, and before the winter was over we were deemed ready to go to the schools taught by the Jesuits in the Collegio Romano; for there was no teaching in the Scots College, only the learning our tasks and submission to the discipline imposed.

had sacrificed himself. It was not long before we welcomed Mr. O'Rourke again, for he was now at We were for withdrawing quietly, and had almost reached the door, whe the Propaganda, and there and else-where he gained much credit for us by publishing the story of our adventure the King finished his devotions and came slowly down the church-a thin, dark-visaged man, very grave and sad-looking, I thought, but his carriage was noble, and the broad riband on his with the Captain, which lost nothing, I can answer, in the telling. At the Roman College we met with

lads from all parts of the world, and ] made such progress before the year was out that I was put into a higher class. and there, unfortunately, fell foul of

fellow in a way that nearly put an end he would to any noble of high rank to my studies. answering him i

This was a swarthy Maronite, from near Mount Libanis, who attempted to as though speaking to an ordinary man only palm off a dirty trick on me in school hours. Not being allowed to speak then, I bided my time until the bell when telling Angus of the meeting. At the time I stood like one enchanted, devouring the King with my eyes. rang, when I made for the door, and the moment he came out gave him a

At last he noticed my absorption, and said, still in Italian. "Ah! an boy's punishment, swelling his upper English lad, I see ?" Euglish lad, I see?" "No, Your Majesty," I made bold to answer, "a Highlander." At which he smiled, gravely, and held out his hand, which I knelt and kissed with lip and sending him off holding his which was bleeding. All my fellows were rejpiced at the outcome, and pro

my heart on my lips. TO BE CONTINUED. was long and solemn, but quite red, his eyes bleared, his hands very dirty, and altogether he was a queer-looking visi-

"Is your ma at home, miss?" said he in a half whine, as he glanced sharply about the room. "No, sir," replied Carrie, wondering

why he asked; "she has gone to Under-hill. Did you wish to see her?" "Oh, no," the man replied, "I only

asked out of politeness you know," and he smiled solemnly on the little girl and winked one eve. "No. I came on business with your pa-particular, urgent business! S'pose he's around, is he

business. not.?'' "No, sir; he went to town with mother," sail "Carrie. "Now, that's too bad I' exclaimed the "Now, that's too bad I' exclaimed the visitor, as he seated himself; "and I've ome so far to see him. Bat perhap brother or sister would do as well "I haven't any sister," said the little

hostess, laughing, "and my brother's over in the back lot, He'll be in by-and by, though, if he'll do."

"Well, I don't hardly believe he will tender, his friends, the Chevalier de after all,' said the man, shaking his head thoughtfully, "and I can't wait to day, anyhow; I hain't the time. But I'm St. George, but many hold he is properly styled His Majesty, James the Third of England." said Father Urbani terribly hungry. If I could I'd stay to dinner, miss. However, under the cirquietly, but very dryly; at which my heart broke into a rapid tattoo of cumstances, perhaps you had better give loyalty in honor of the House whos me a light lunch before I go; a piece of pie, a cup of tea, and a little cold fortunes my family had always followed, and for whose sake my Uncle Scottos meat, or something of that sort.'

"Oh, certainly; only I can't give you the meat, for we haven't it in the house," said Carrie, rising : " but i will find something." And she brough " but I

from the pantry a whole apple which she placed before him with a knife and fork.

'If you'll help yourself, I'll have

was notic, and the becau riband on mis breast looking in keeping. He stopped when he reached us and spoke to father Urbani, who, to my surprise, did not seem at all put out, and made no greater reverence to the King than he mentioned to be the king than the tea ready in three minutes." "All right, my dear," said the man, seizing the knife and drawing the pie toward him. "I will act upon your advice. The last time I took dinner advice. The last time I took dinner with General Grant," he continued, as he cut a great piece to eat, "he said to me, 'Governor, governor, said he, never disregard a lady's advice,' and I his soft, quiet voice remembered this afterwards. have always remembered what he said," and he chuckled merrily, and nodded his head at the delicious look ing pastry before him.

wondered a little at the table Carrie manners of the man who had dined with Grant, but she steeped his tea. flavore it with rich cream and sugar, and passed it to him. "I am not much of a hand for tea,"

said the man, as he drained the cup, "but my doctor says I must drink it

road, leaving his antagonist in ful possession of the field and the stolen silver. Old Dan remained motionless, gazing

after his enemy until he disappeared around a distant turn in the road then, shaking the dust from his coarse wool, he gave utterance to a low grumble of satisfaction, and, wagging his tail, returned to his dinner in tront of the house. Half an hour later, as Carrie washed

the coveted spoons and the bright little pitcher, and laid them carefully away once more, she told her brother the story, and how the robber was foiled; and Ned, fall of enthusiasm, cried

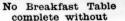
"We will not kill Dan at all, for I do not believe that father would shoot him now for \$100.

And the boy was right. The old ram won more than he knew when he fought the tramp.-Ex.

They who are faithful in visiting the Blessed Sacrament as often as they can now, from their own experience, that there is no more sure and easy means for obtaining from our Lord Jesus Christ everything we want, provided that we ask Him for it with a reversat confidence, both in the general assembly of the faithful, and also especially at certain hours of the day when He is most seldom visited, or by very fer persons ; but for this we must when we pproach Him in the church be filled with reverence. gratitude, confidence

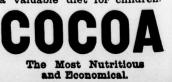
Men of vulgar minds always pay greater tribute to money than they do to talent.

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wrought in him, and of grat all the good God had wrought them. Reception into the true was to him the breaking of a s passing from a storm swept sea safety and rest of a harbor, the of day after weary hours of Later on in life he was given th ing privilege of the priestho his wholeheartedness would the honor by itself. He cou virtues rather than the pow priest. Having received one priest. sought God for the other, Giver of both, in asswer to hi sent him the call to a life of sell sacrifice. He came from the the cloister to learn; in God's was sent back to the world as one who being in the worl of it was thereby fitted to 1 wards with himself nearer Then came the last gift of al up thy cross ; and follow Me. an invitation from Him from an invitation from Him from could not refuse to learn t wisdom at its purest sour though for a moment, per flash within shrank at the sig lay before him in the wa Crucified, never did his tr will turn aside from the suf toil and patience that, in the St. James, are so needed for

speak to sinful men of their " It is now many years sin came upon him. He looked messenger of death. Inde a messenger of death. Inde his life something less pi death. And there were have seen them, my brot under the weight of pain his ancy flickered low. There too, when he thought he live mean he would have be live, when he would have be But there never was a moment that we, his breas saw when he was ready to on condition of not toilin Once his disease was at that both sight and hearing away, and he was left to the his own thoughts, which he untiring monologues with he was thinking of and sp God was made known in a very near to him in kinds pathy, to whom he wrote

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