

**An Old Irish Poem.**  
*Written on the Death of Father Proulx.*  
 In deep dejection, but with affection,  
 I often think of those pleasant times  
 In the days of Fraser, ere I touched a razor,  
 How I read and revelled in thy racy  
 rhymes:  
 When in wine and wassail, we to thee were  
 vassal.  
 Of Water-grass Hill, O renowned "F. P."—  
 May "The Bells of Shannon" be  
 Toll blithely and blantly on  
 The pleasant waters of thy memory!  
 Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,  
 In this social city have I heard since then—  
 (With the glass before me, how the dreams  
 come o'er me  
 Of those attic sappers, and those vanished  
 men!)  
 But no song hath woken, whether sung or  
 spoken,  
 Or hath left a token of such joy in me,  
 As that "The Bells of Shannon"  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.  
 The songs melodious, which—a new Har-  
 monium  
 Young Ireland wreathed round its rebel  
 sword  
 With their deep vibrations and aspirations,  
 Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive  
 board:  
 But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre  
 Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee—  
 "Of the Bells of Shannon"  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.  
 There's a grave that rises on thy swaid  
 Devices,  
 Where Moore lies sleeping from his land  
 afar;  
 And a white stone flashes over Goldsmith's  
 ashes  
 In the quiet cloister of Temple Bar;  
 So where'er thou sleepest, with a lot that's  
 dear,  
 Shall I still remember thy sweet song and  
 cheer.  
 "Who is it?" "The Bells of Shannon"  
 Shall sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.  
 D. F. MCCARTHY.

**TALBOT.**  
**THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.**

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

**CHAPTER XV.**

The next day was a dark day for Ireland. Ah, many a dark day has poor Ireland had since that unhappy hour when she became subject to a foreign despot. The newspapers were filled with accounts of the removal of Fenian arms from haystacks and old sheds. Thousands of brave young men were rudely torn from the heart of their families and thrown into filthy dungeons.

It was rumored in Carrick that forty leading Fenians were to be arrested during the course of the day. It was no wonder, then, many of the young men absconded. The towns even now fill my eyes as I think of that unhappy morning when many of my dearest, truest, best companions became doomed men.

The friends of the O'Connell family hastened to the cottage to tell Richard to fly to some place of safety. This was not necessary, for early that morning Richard had fled from his childhood's home, never again to return.

About six o'clock in the morning, by the chime of the old town clock—the ever dear old town clock—young O'Connell, as he knelt in humble and fervent prayer, heard something like a pebble strike his window. The being repeated several times, attracted his attention. He arose from his knees, blessed himself, went over to the window and looked out. To his surprise he saw Captain Slasher making signs to him to hurry down. He descended in haste and passed the cottage threshold. The moment he came near Slasher, that individual whispered in a deep, husky voice:

"Fly from this place at once. You have been basely betrayed. The police will be here in a short time to put you in irons like a felon, and drag you off to prison."  
 "Impossible!" cried O'Connell.  
 "Love no time, Richard, I warn you," said Slasher in a grave, low tone.  
 "Where shall I go?"  
 "Follow me instantly. Your liberty is in danger and my life at stake."

Richard followed him without another word. They crossed the bridge in haste. Both thought as they glided along that the voice of the Suir and the music of its weir were far more melancholy than usual. A few long-winged swallows sped by, as if giving them a hint to haste away from the town. Many and sad were the thoughts that filled Richard's mind. He thought of the cottage, of his father and mother, and of Maurice and Ellie. But his sadness increased a hundred-fold when he thought of the tears and sorrows that would soon be the inheritance of Katie O'Donohue. He thought, too, of a dear and noble friend, Mr. Kelley. He must also be in danger; perhaps he was already in a gloomy dungeon. In the generosity of his soul he turned to his guide and said:

"I will go back and warn my friend Mr. Kelley of his danger. It would be base in me not to do so."  
 "Who told you of his danger?" asked the Captain fiercely.  
 "No one told me of it; but if any one in Carrick is in danger he certainly must be."  
 "Think not of him," said Slasher. "He is in no great danger at present. His time will come, though, and the speaker knit his brows, and fire flashed from his deep-set eyes.

Richard understood not the meaning of Slasher. He saw not the thoughts that burned in the brain of his companion. A long silence ensued.  
 When they had advanced some distance into the Coolnamuck woods, Captain Slasher halted and drew a large brass-headed pistol from one of his deep pockets.  
 "Do you see this, Richard," he exclaimed in a tone of wild excitement.  
 "What do you mean, Captain Slasher?" asked Richard indignantly.  
 "Do you see this pretty little darling?"  
 "Yes, I see it."  
 "That never missed its aim but once, and that was when pointed at the greatest tyrant in Ireland. What an unlucky shot it was. Though I love my little darling, I can never forgive it for missing so fine a mark."

"Slasher," said O'Connell, growing horrified at the fellow's manner, "I cannot understand such strange and wicked conduct."  
 "Richard, I was once like you—peaceful, honorable, virtuous. My youth was spent in a happy home. I loved but my books, my dogs and my rod. I had a hatred of blood-shedding. But now—but now I am a changed man. Thanks to some bad companions who led me into secret societies, I can now drink the blood of tyrants and traitors and find a pleasure in shooting an oppressing landlord than in shooting a snipe or a wild duck. Give me permission to shoot him who basely sold you, and your will shall be obeyed before the sun sets to-day. My little darling is ready and promises not to miss its game this time."  
 "Ruffian, what do you mean? Was it to witness this diabolical conduct of yours that you brought me here?"  
 "O'Connell, do you call me a ruffian. I am as good a man as you are and have far better blood in my veins than you. Retract that opprobrious word, or I'll give you the ball I put in this for your enemy," and he leveled the pistol at O'Connell's temple.  
 "Ruffian," exclaimed O'Connell, "you may fire if you will, but I'll never retract my word."  
 "You are a bold and fearless fellow, Richard, I cannot but admire your courage. I have not the nerve to shoot you here unarmed and under my protection. I would regret it during the remainder of my days if I should have your innocent blood upon my head. Let us be friends and keep cool. Do you know who has betrayed you?"  
 "I have no idea who the wretch is. May God forgive him."  
 "Guess who it is."  
 "I cannot; that would be against charity."  
 "Guess, man."  
 "If it be not Hall," said Richard, "I cannot imagine who it is."  
 "It is not Hall. It is one who has wormed himself into your family and into your friendship. It is one who showed you a fair and noble exterior, but carefully hid from you his Judas heart."  
 "Who is it?"  
 "It is one who led you into plots and treasons only to betray you. It is one who is as dear to you as the apple of your eye, though he has cruelly deceived you and sold you to the tyrannical Government of England for a few paltry pieces of silver. Do you not yet divine who the wretch is?"  
 "No, I cannot. I know of no such monster."  
 "Give me permission to bring you his traitor-heart black with his foul blood and stained with every crime against honor, friendship, and hospitality."  
 "Ruffian, why do you thus torment me. I abhor your thirst for blood. If you desire tell me his name."  
 "His name," said Slasher, tightly grasping his pistol and looking into its muzzle, "is Kelley. He will never again sell innocent and generous blood. He will drink the fiery contents of this little darling. Oh, the accursed scoundrel, the dog of a traitor."  
 "Away from here, foul-minded man! You are a blood-thirsty slasher. I would not believe you on oath that he is guilty of such perfidy. The sun above us looks down upon a truer, braver man than Kelley, my dear and faithful friend."  
 "I knew full well that you would not credit me, Richard. Still I speak the truth and nothing but the truth. I know well his wiles and art for concealing his treachery. For three long nights I have hid in a hedge-row waiting for a chance to send his hateful soul before the Living God, who alone can deal in an adequate manner with such crimes as he has been guilty of."  
 Richard shuddered and grew deadly pale. He would have fallen to the earth, had he not caught hold of a branch of a tree which stood within his reach. Captain Slasher was moved to pity, and caught the youth in his arms. Hot tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks of Slasher as he gazed upon the pale face of confiding, generous, noble Richard O'Connell.  
 "Talk not of tears till thou hast seen tears of wretched men."  
 "I am a wretched man," thought the captain, as he seated Richard on a patch of soft green moss that grew at the foot of an aged oak that stood hard by. "Accursed be the man that first allured me from the path of innocence and peace! Accursed be the societies that made me what I am! I was once as noble and good as this generous youth. Now I am a demon, resolved on the destruction of order. But I must not weep and complain like a woman, the fault is all my own. Why did I not take the advice that was kindly given me to keep clear of secret combinations and plotting men. I have now gone too far to dream of turning back. My existence must continue to be a curse and burden to myself, a reproach to our nature, and a terror to lovers of peace and virtue. I am an outlaw, an outcast, and both I will remain to the end."  
 After a few minutes Richard fully recovered his strength and energy.  
 "Lead me on," he said to Slasher, as he sprang to his feet. They had to walk a considerable distance through the dense brush-wood and high ferns; they had to tear their way through many a wild berry bush before they arrived at the place of their destination.  
 "All right now," said Slasher, as they approached a group of huge rocks that lay half concealed among bushes and leaves, "this is our resting place. You will be safer here than in the strongest castle in Ireland."  
 "Where?" asked Richard with surprise.  
 "Here," answered his guide with a smile, as he drew a curiously-shaped silver whistle from his pocket. The captain put the whistle to his mouth, and, in an instant the woods resounded with a sound as sweet and clear as the song of a blackbird. As Slasher returned the whistle to his pocket, Richard fancied that he perceived the ground move between two of the largest rocks. It seemed as if the

**A Dead Shot**

may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

**THE HANDKERCHIEF OF VERONICA.**

THE FACE OF OUR LORD ON THE YELL—A TOUCHING CATHOLIC LEGEND DISPUTED BY PROTESTANTS.—TESTIMONY OF A MOSLEM WRITER.

To the Editor of The Catholic Record:  
 The legend of St. Veronica is simple enough as it stands in the traditions of the Church. Catholic belief and faith has the warrant of reason and of faith for believing that Veronica, among other women, met our Lord on his way to Calvary; that, as he was sinking from exhaustion, blinded by sweat and blood, she offered him her handkerchief or veil—and a miraculous image of the face of the Sacred Face was withdrawn from it, an exact picture of the lineaments remained. It was exhibited in Rome in the year 700, and is at present preserved in Milan. It has been frequently reproduced in paintings and engravings, the most celebrated of the former by Michelangelo, the latter by a painter, surnamed "the divine," on account of his favorite subject, the countenance of our Blessed Lord, in the "Ecce Homo" and similar studies, including the one under notice.

While most Catholic writers maintain the legend in all its particulars, some, notably Mabillon and Papebroch, urge objections. One point is agreed on by these two authors, viz.: that the name of Veronica was hardly the name of the woman in question, since it was probably derived from *veronikon* (Gr. *verikon*) signifying the "true image"—that is, of Christ. But there are many analogies in Scripture and tradition, wherein the miracle, type, or office of person becomes his name. Thus it was with Peter. It is only natural to suppose, then, that Veronica was similarly named, after the wonderful and awful event which manifested the great miracle, and the name of the painter, surnamed "the divine," on account of his favorite subject, the countenance of our Blessed Lord, in the "Ecce Homo" and similar studies, including the one under notice.

It is otherwise with unscrupulous adversaries, who, relying on the ignorance of their audience, boldly deny the whole legend, on the ground of its absurdity. As if we were more absurd than a list of other miracles recorded in Scripture, if it not more touching, more ennobling, more heart-subtling, than the miracle of the demons and the swine? Protestants should be chary of making this charge else they may find the whole scaffolding of Scripture miracles tumbling about their ears.

But this sweet, grand, and holy legend of the saints does not depend wholly upon Catholic tradition or Catholic testimony. I am about to quote a confirmatory passage from Elvia Effendi, a Moslem writer of an early period. Elvia was a great traveller in his day, and the volumes he has left are full of curious lore, and throw light on many an obscure historical problem. (Elvia was his true name, Effendi being a title of honor, something like our modern university degrees, when bestowed upon distinguished men.) At all events he seems to have been very careful and accurate in his statements. Not only is what he says here carefully and clearly stated in simple language, but there is a kind of natural, unconscious eloquence in the way he discovers his knowledge, which renders any further comment useless. I may remark that perhaps the handkerchief was brought after the time Elvia wrote, from Orfa to Milan, by the Crusaders.

"Near the Convent of Abraham (at Orfa), is an ancient cloister called Ishan Kilise, the church with bells, where the handkerchief is preserved with which the Messiah wiped his face. They guard it with the greatest care. Treating at home is eager to enrich himself with such a treasure, should carry it away, and accordingly they refuse to show it. Myself, having much mingled in my travels with Greeks, I begged of the monks the favor to be shown that handkerchief, but they assured me that there was no such thing in their convent."  
 Having taken my oath on the Evange-

ment, "for I am very anxious to learn his name. The man who insults a dog belonging to the O'Connells, insults me. I knew Master Richard's grandfather, and good kind people they were. Many a fine turn they did me in the foolish days of my youth. And sure, a finer or better man than his father never crossed the Carrick bridge. Please tell me, whisper to me, traitor's name, that I may go and lie in wait for him. Perhaps, Captain dear, it is the last chance I'll have of doing my duty. My pistol has been long loaded waiting for some worthy mark, let me go and discharge it now. My limbs are growing weaker and weaker every day, and my hands are becoming more unsteady. My old eyes are fast growing dim. Ah, Captain, you never before refused me anything I asked; you always put your trust in me when a good job was to be done surely, quickly, and well. Did I ever yet miss a woodcock, an agent's head, or a landlord's heart? Trust me yet, though I am growing feeble and old. Do not deny an old man's last request. Tell me the traitor's name, for I cannot die easy unless I have the honor of sending him to a traitor's grave."  
 "I must refuse you, old man," said the Captain, with much of a determined air. "I have reserved him for myself. Three nights ago I primed my little darling for him; this instant I go to find him; if you should happen to hear the voice of my darling, be sure that he has gone to his last account and say in your heart, thus perish all traitors."  
 The Captain immediately arose from his seat.  
 "Boys," said he, as he prepared to leave his den, "I place Mr. O'Connell under your protection. Treat him as you would treat me. If his enemies should by any chance find out, or if he should be betrayed before you allow him to be taken by them. Good-bye, Mr. O'Connell; good-bye, my faithful boys."  
 The Captain was soon in the woods, more anxious to meet his game than ever a hunter was to meet a wolf or a wild deer. A thirst for vengeance is a terrible enemy.

We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of Mr. O'Connell in his new home. The reader can easily fancy what the feelings of a virtuous and noble youth would be in such a place.  
 TO BE CONTINUED.

**THE DRINK DEMON.**  
**A Plain Talk to St. Paul's Guild by Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.**  
 An enthusiastic temperance meeting was held on Sunday evening, August 12, in Manhattan Hall, Eighth Avenue. After reading the resolutions of the recent Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, Father Elliott addressed the meeting as follows:  
 "These resolutions proclaim war on the vice of drunkenness; and that is the object of the Union. The vice of drunkenness is one whose malice is so mingled with weakness that pity for its victim has often palliated its guilt, and its occasions are often subjects of delusions. Not all that the Church can do is able to persuade many of her members that their foolish hospitality in lavishly serving drink to visitors sets a bad example to the children, sets up a false standard of enjoyment, leads the children as they grow up to deem beer or punch essential for the entertainment of friends, and fosters the delusion that the absence of intoxicating drink at social entertainments is a mark of stinginess. Gentlemen, such practices are based on false maxims. For it is clear as day that drinking to entertain friends is very apt to become a convivial habit which is the fruitful source of intoxication. Some men, rather than be called stingy, by those whose praise or blame is of no account anyway, run the risk of teaching their children at their own hearth the lessons of a vice the most destructive of all to human welfare. Then, too, who does not know that young men should confront the allurements of the saloon and the beer garden armed with a certain wise distrust of the use of drink in any quantity? But, if drink is a common cause of false maxims, for it is clear as day that drinking to entertain friends is very apt to become a convivial habit which is the fruitful source of intoxication. Some men, rather than be called stingy, by those whose praise or blame is of no account anyway, run the risk of teaching their children at their own hearth the lessons of a vice the most destructive of all to human welfare. 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