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THE PROPHET OF THE RUINED ABBEY.

By the Author of "The Cross and Shamrock."

CHAPTER XIII.

On approaching the town of Cloughmore, the captain saw the necessity of extreme caution, to avoid being recaptured by the enemy.

In the name of wouders, O'Mara, is this you, or is it your ghost I see? exclaimed the captain.

I am no ghost, you may be sure, captain, but the same old three and four-pence that I was when we met last evening at the battle of the Nore.

Indeed! How did you come to hear these reports, or have you been to the town?

When I parted with you after the rescue, I fell in with a hachey-cochan returning from Dublin, whom I persuaded to give me a ride, on account of the danger which I represented as likely to occur to him on his riding to travel alone through such a disturbed district.

What had I best do under these circumstances?

Why, let us come in first, and have some refreshments; you must be both hungry and tired, and after putting the mare, my colleen das, Seagull, in my stable to feed and rest, I will next put you in a place of safety, where you will be secure from the search of the open foe and the treachery of secret enemies.

Well, then, hand me the reins, if you please, and while I am taking care of Seagull, you go in and see what Nelly has ready, and if she has anything you can eat, don't wait for me, but commence as soon as you can.

Nelly had not only a good repast of chickens and ham, with some greens, ready for her husband, but besides remained up all night to keep these things warm for expected guests.

Yes, I suppose, answered the captain; I am brother of your late pastor, Father O'Donnell, who, I know you will be glad to learn, has escaped the hands of his cruel persecutors.

Thanks be to God, sir, I have heard of that. You had better sit down, sir, she continued, fatigued, cold, and hungry as you must be, after your journey. You didn't see this man of ours anywhere, sir?

Oh, yes, ma'am, he is just coming in. He is becoming a great stroller of late, sir; but if it be for the good of the poor old country, we must not complain, said this patriotic matron.

Terry soon entered, saluted his wife with a God save you, Neil, and sat down to the table, on which was spread a snow-white, home-made, bird's-eye linen cloth, two large blue delf plates, and in the centre, on a large dish, the substantial viands before mentioned.

for the base of the western peak of Knockmell-down, followed by the captain.

When they went off, the matron took her beads, and said an additional decade on them, and having gently crossed herself, and sprinkled the holy water on her children, for, she said, kissing them, I feel something in my mind that makes me sad, she betook herself to rest.

The 'enchanted warrior' again, by Jove! exclaimed the officer of the party.

The troop of yeomen was commanded by Sheriff Juggler, who volunteered to conduct the yeomanry to Dungannon, whether they were on route, on account of the rumors of invasion which prevailed, since it became known that a French vessel was seen in the offing of that seaport.

The fatigue of the previous night and the day before now overcame Terry and his companion, and in a few moments they were both sound asleep in a bed of heath and canavawaw, with which the subterranean cell was provided.

O'Mara had only slept a few hours, however, when he suddenly awoke forth from his sleep, exclaiming, Oh, my wife, my darling wife, and my dear children. Oh, captain, I fear I am undone.

It was now the afternoon, and all traces of the savage yeomanry on the mountain had disappeared; but when Terry advanced a few hundred yards, so as to command a view of his own house, nothing of it remained but a smoking ruin.

Great God! he exclaimed, my dream was true! Oh, may the Lord save my wife and children, and he bounded like a wolf-dog over the brown surface of the uneven sward.

Poor patriot! the Lord has saved the souls of those most dear to you, but expect not that their lives are safe after a visit of the cruel soldiery of England. Now for the first time since the razor touched the manly cheeks of O'Mara, did the scalding tears, in torrents, rush from his flaming eyes.

O God! O God! what a sight is this! cried the heart-broken patriot, falling down on the earth, which drank in his tears, and which he smote with both his hands and his forehead.

of the 'glorious British constitution,' this a sample of the civilization of England.

'It's all over now, captain,' said he, as he rejoined O'Donnell in the cavern. 'I am now alone again in the world. My dear wife and darling young ones are hanged, with their bodies butchered and transixed on the cursed tree that stood at my very door.

'O Lord, what a wretched country; what dreadful times,' said the captain. 'Blame me not, friend, for not letting you go up to be murdered by these bloodthirsty yeomen. What could you do among so many?'

'Be calm, my friend. A day of retribution will come, when you will receive satisfaction for these things. Let us prepare for the decent burial of your beloved wife and children, and then turn our minds to avenge your injuries.'

'O captain, my heart will break within me. I shall never again know peace till the tomb enclose my wretched body. Alas! alas!' he continued, covering his eyes with both hands and giving vent to the pent-up fountain of grief within his manly breast.

As the wild hurricane succeeded after its prelude by the plaintive moaning of the careering wind, so the heart of O'Mara, when the first violence of its passion subsided, gave way to the habitual grief of the Celtic temperament, and vented its sorrow in melancholy laments.

Leaving the captain and his companion, Terry turned to discharge the sad office of burial to the dead, and with the favor of the serene night, let us, good reader, combine yet in safety in the secret of the rock of the ill-fated Joan d'Arc, to see if we can find any trace of our hero, the escaped Father O'Donnell.

There is on the western coast of Ireland, in the county of Clare, an extensive country district designated on the map of the island by the proper Celtic name of Moher. It will be hardly necessary to acquaint the intelligent reader that the cliffs of Moher rank among the most stupendous works of nature, and present to the tourist as well as to the naturalist subjects on which to gratify the most intense curiosity, or to exercise the profoundest speculation of geological science.

It was at the base of these precipitous steep that the unlucky Joan d'Arc was finally crushed on the day of her wreck, and on a shelf formed by a protruding table flag at the mouth of a dark cavern reached by the water in stormy weather, that Father O'Donnell found himself the sole survivor of the late disaster.

The cold shadow of night gradually spread her fading influence over the face of Nature, enveloping alike land and water in the gloom of her melancholy covering, and the keen breeze from the western billow reminded our hero of the prudence of seeking some shelter from its chilling effects.

Two full moons had waned and disappeared, and a third was rounding her gibbous shoulders, and Father O'Donnell had not heard the voice of a human being. The shrill, clarion-like notes of the eagle returning with his prey, the hoarse croak of the cormorant, or the melancholy plaint of the bittern or seagull, were the only voices that broke in on his solitude.

mouth of the cave was spacious and lofty, and he was surprised to find it not only draped with creeping woodbines and carpeted with a rich coat of luxuriant vegetation, but the soil from which it sprung was dry, rich, and several feet deep. 'I do not know on what coast I am cast,' he said to himself, 'but if the evergreen shamrock and friendly woodbine are a conclusive sign, I am still indebted to my native land for this necessary protection.'

The cold shadow of night gradually spread her fading influence over the face of Nature, enveloping alike land and water in the gloom of her melancholy covering, and the keen breeze from the western billow reminded our hero of the prudence of seeking some shelter from its chilling effects. Accordingly, retiring some distance into the cave, with a stone for his pillow, the earth his bed, and his dripping cloak his only covering, he yielded his wearied limbs to the embrace of a sound and undisturbed sleep.

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living beings around him, our hermit's well-instructed and active mind drew reflections to entertain himself with, and keep up his spirits, during the few hours of the day that were not occupied with his devotions. His first employment in his cave was to smoothen the top of a fragment of rock which had fallen from its roof, so that he could use it as an altar, on which to offer the holy sacrifice, and, after some months' labour he shaped it, by the aid of some iron instruments found on the wreck, so that there was not only platform, table, and steps, but even a rude tabernacle, crucifix, and candlestick, were all formed out of the one ledge of rock, by rude but necessary chiselling.

After living in the manner above partly described, his time alternating between short slumbers, frequent and protracted mental and vocal prayer, the reading of the Divine office, the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, and patient labour around his little sanctuary, and in his little garden, when about eight months of his novitiate were expired, our hermit one day heard voices above him in the air, and looking up he saw baskets with men in them suspended over the face of the awful precipice, but at a dazzling distance overhead.

The Te Deum concluded the exercises of this day, and he prepared to offer a mass of thanksgiving on the morrow, for having heard the voices of his fellow-beings, the first since the shipwreck, and having in this providential manner gleaned very agreeable information regarding the state of the country from the protracted dialogue of two industrious bird-snarers overhead.

Leaving our hermit in his solitude, and his ascetic exercises in his vast cave, we must return to the captain and his faithful Achates O'Mara, in their new mode of life on the favouring declivities and haunts of old Knockmell-down. When the report of the rescue of the state prisoner became general, and it was authenticated by Cuddihy, whose laziness led to his arrest, that O'Mara was the principal agent in that disloyal exploit, a large reward was offered for the es-