

SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN DONNELL, KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN, WHEN A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES IN THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN DURING THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE FIFTH.

BY WILLIAM MELNANS.

L. 1740.

How Angus McDonald of Clanranald and I set out for the Scots College in Rome; how we fell in with Mr. O'Rourke and Manuel the Jew, and with the latter we were presented to Captain Crauch, of the Regiment Irlandia, at the Tan of Aqueducts, and what befel thereafter.

"Hoot!" scouted my Uncle Scotto, with much contempt, "make a lad like that into a priest! Look at the stull there is in him for a soldier!"

Without waiting for a reply, he roared: "Here, megra Radhan duh! (my little black darling), show your father how you can say your Pater-noster with a single stick!"

"Well, well, Donald," he said, in reply to my Uncle's argument, "I'll at least promise you his schooling will not be any harder than that you would put him at."

"Perhaps not," answered my Uncle, still in some little heat, "but mine is at least the schooling of a gentleman."

And he looked so gallant as he stood there before the big fireplace, full of scorn for the ignoble fate he dreaded might be in store for me, that my heart swelled with a great pity for myself, and for my father too, who should be so bent on sending me to Rome, so far away from my Uncle, who knew so many pretty turns with the sword I might learn from no other, and so many songs I might never sing now.

"I might worship my Uncle, Donald McDonald of Scotto, but always known as 'Scotto,' as is our custom; he was called the Younger, not to belittle him, but because my Grandfather, old James of Scotto, was still alive. He had been in France and Spain and Italy, first as a cadet and afterwards as ensign in Colonel Walter Burke's regiment of the Irish Brigade serving under the Duke of Berwick, and many a night have I been kept awake with his stories of his engagements at Cremona, Alicant, Barcelona, and other places—how they beat, and sometimes how they were beaten—till I knew the different Dillons and Batters and Mac-Baells and O'Rourkes, and other gentlemen of the regiment, not only by name, but as though I had met with them face to face. He had no great love for the Church, for he hated the sight of a priest, and was continually railing against my being sent to Rome lest they should make a 'Black Petri-coat' of me."

"That 'a' McDonnell must be either a soldier or a priest; may be a very good saying in its way," he went on to my father, for there was not inter-ruption in their talk, "but mark you which comes first! If all our forebears had bred but little shavelings, and no soldiers, where would the McDonnell family be now, think you? 'Tis not in reason you should give up your one son for the sake of an old saw like enough made up by some priest himself. If one of nine chooses to take to it, he will not be missed out of the flock; but depend upon it, brother, God never gave you this one to waste in this way. Let me train him until he is ready to go abroad into the service, and I'll answer for it to stand him in better stead than all the fangle fangle whinneys they'll teach him in Rome!"

But my father only smiled in his quiet way, and, then across the hall, soft voice, so different from my Uncle's: "Donald, Donald, you watch the lad! You have my word that when the time comes he shall be free in his choice; but, priest or soldier, he'll be no worse the gentleman for a little of the book-looking you make so light of. Now, say good bye to your Uncle, lad, and we'll be off."

As we rode homewards, I on the saddle before him, my father talked all the way of what my going to Rome would really mean. He told me of the Scots College there, what it looked like, where his room was—and there, if he have not whitewashed the wall, Shonaidh, which may well be the case, you'll find written near the head of my bed:

"Half over, half over to Aberdeen, The road is long, but it is not so far, And there lies quiet Sir Patrick Spens, With the Scots lords as his fair."

"That I wrote one afternoon at the slata when my heart was big and I was wearying for home, as you may do, and I thought I heard my mother singing, and wrote down the old words for my comfort. Perhaps you'll find them there still," he added, slowly, as if he were back in the old days rather than talking to me.

And, Shonaidh, he went on, after a little, "just when your heart falls in the time to play the soldier you truly as if you had a broad sword in your hand. Homesick you'll be—I'd be sorry for you if you were not—but remember, I went through it all before you, and, though I have done nothing for it, my time in the old Scots Col-

lege was the best gift my father ever gave me. If God wills it, you will be a priest, but neither I nor yet the Rector will force you. You are going under the care of one of the best of men, a nobleman and one whose slightest word you should be proud to treasure; and, remember, the first duty of gentleman who would some day command is to learn to obey."

And so on we rode; he told me much, much more than I had ever known, of all he had done and all he had hoped to do as a boy, but he had given up his own plans that his brother Scotto might go to serve under the Duke of Berwick in Spain, how, Duke of Berwick had borne himself therein though he had borne himself therein fighting abroad had brought nothing to those at home, and, after the dis-appointment of 1715, how he had no longer heart for foreign service, for he was committed to the Royal Cause beyond everything, and so remained that home in spite of danger, hoping for the day when the King would come again.

He warned me that I must not make too much of my Uncle's railings against the Church, for he had seen many a young man in Spain that were in a measure hard to see, and, whatever were his words, he was a good son of the Church, and in his heart did not believe his own sayings—which made me wonder, I remember, why my father should so punish me for lying—and so on until we reached Croilin, as our house was known.

It was in the month of August when I left home, I being just twelve years of age, and Angus McDonald of Clanranald, who was to be my comrade, fourteen. He was a much bigger lad than I, and at home could handle me readily enough, but from being so much with my Uncle Scotto, who was never done talking of what he had seen in foreign parts, I was in a measure travelled, and no sooner were we the lead to me, which I kept in all the years we were together.

My Grandfather, James of Scotto, gave me his blessing and a bright new guinea and much good advice; my father kissed me fondly, and, with many a direction for the road, gave me a letter to Father Urbani, the Rector in Rome; my sister Margaret hung about my neck and refused to be comforted; but at last, with a cousin of Clanranald's and a party of their people, we started for Edinburgh.

My Uncle Scotto rode with us as far as Inchlaggan, and when we said good-bye he commanded me, sternly, "Don't let them make a little priest of you, Shonaidh, or I'll back you with a wooden sword when you come home!" Then he swore somewhat in Spanish and kissed me on both cheeks, and rode off with his head down, waving his hand at the top of the hill, though he never looked back.

Our stay in Edinburgh with Bishop Hay, and our journey to Bonlonge, and thence to Father James, of the Scots College in Paris, with whom we lodged for three weeks, produced nothing of interest; indeed, we did not fall in with much I can now recall until we drove into Marseilles and were there lodged in the house of the Benedictines.

Here we saw much to wonder at—soldiers in uniforms, sailors in petticoats, galley-slaves in chains, Jews in gabardines, and others dressed in such outlandish habits we could not help staring at them, though had we worn our own Highland clothes I do not believe any would have remarked on us; and we heard, I doubt not, every language on earth save the Gaelic, which is but little spread beyond the Highlands.

A more lively people than the Marseillais would be hard to meet. On the very one evening we marked a fellow carrying something like a long, narrow drum, which he tapped with his fingers as he strolled. Presently he stopped at a clear space, and, drawing a little pipe from under his arm, began to play both instruments at once cleverly enough. Hardly had he begun before the crowd gathered round, and on some lusty fellow setting up a shout and leaping into the middle of the space and holding forth his hand, he was caught by one, who in turn invited another, and then another, while from the tavern opposite rushed men and women fairly tumbling over one another in their haste, laughing and shouting as they came, till all were at it, footing it merrily as they swung in and out and twisted and turned in a long tail. Round the posts, jumping over the ropes that marked the limits, then across the street and into the tavern by one door and out at another into the street again, with such mad laughing and singing and holding forth of hands that Angus and I could stand it no longer, and so caught hold; and, though we could speak no word of their language, we could laugh as hard in English and give as wild shrieks in Gaelic and foot it as high as any of them. It was a grand play, and only ended when we were all out of breath.

Provided with money sufficient to carry us to Rome, we took passage for Leghorn, or Livorno, as they call it, in a fair-sized barque, but the dirt and the evil smells on board disgusted us beyond measure, and we almost longed for the bone-breaking coaches again. However, we were not long aboard before we fell in with a tall, decent man, a Mr. O'Rourke by name, who was an Irishman, on his way to finish his studies as a priest at the Propaganda in Rome, but the merriest and best natured man I had ever seen. He was bigger and broader and had a greater hand and foot than any one else on board.

It is laughed at our touchiness at what he called "a few smells." "A few smells, sir?" said I—"it seems to me they are fairly crowding one another so close there's but little room for any more."

"Oh, isn't there? It strikes me you have never put your nose inside a Roman uesteria on a wet day in July! Until then, my lad, you are not qualified to speak of smells in the plural. And let me tell both of you," he went

on, after he had finished laughing, "you had best get your noses into training at once, for if they are going to cook up at every stink that comes under them you'll be blowing them over the backs of your heads before long, unless you do like the elephant and carry them in your trunk." Which we took to be an excellent jest, the more so as we found by evening he had two hammocks by swung for us on deck near the round house. The weather was so mild and the passengers followed our example, and even in the bow was one solitary old man, who now and then had to put up with a douse of salt water when the barque dipped deeper than ordinary.

The next day we made a closer acquaintance with our fellow passengers, most of whom were but fearful sailors with but little stomach for anything of an even keel. In the cabin with us and Mr. O'Rourke were an Italian Count and his lady, some priests, and a Spaniard named Don Diego, with whom we soon made friends, though he was ignorant of both English and French, and had no Gaelic; but we could get in a Latin word or two, and we laughed much and made signs for the rest. Mr. O'Rourke was found to be of the same family as the gallant Major O'Rourke who was killed at the battle of O'Rourke through my Uncle Scotto, who was an ensign there at the time; this made us fast friends, and I told him much of the Regiment Irlandia and the Irish Brigade of which he was ignorant.

But we came near to falling out at the very beginning of our friendship, which happened in this way. Being that day with Angus up in the bow of the barque to mark the play of the waves, I was trying some little French on the old man, who was still crunched there miserably enough, when up comes Mr. O'Rourke and, without preface or apology, breaks in upon us, taking no more notice of the poor old man than if he had been a dog.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" says he, in a loud, hectoring style of voice, and raps out before I can answer: "This man's a Jew! A Jew!" he says, and spits on the deck as if he had a bad smell by him.

"I don't care if he's a camel!" says I, much nettled at his tone. "No more would I," says he, "for then he'd be where he deserves, wandering about in the Desert."

"Mr. O'Rourke, when I get to Rome I'll be under a master, but until then I am answerable to no one save myself, and I'll thank you to leave me in peace to such company as I may choose."

I returned, making a mighty strong inflection on my words. He moved away, laughing.

"I was only a foolish boy, his laughing hurt me more than his anger, and had he taken no notice I dare say I would have thought little more of the Jew than of any other on board; but now, part from curiosity—perhaps, too part from mulishness of which I had my share when a boy—but afterwards from a personal feeling, I was kept nearer the old man than would otherwise have happened."

True, my Uncle Scotto had no great softness for the Jews while in Spain—more he had for the priests, for that matter—but this was the first I had ever fallen in with, and the old man was so uncomplaining and gentle I felt I was taking his side, and that ended it. His name was Manuel, and he was a Portugal by nation, but lived in Leghorn, about which he told me much.

As to his business, I could not get at the nature of it, for his occupation was a matter of indifference to me. So, in spite of the laughter of many, and Mr. O'Rourke's gibes about my visits to the "Ghetto," as he called the bow of the barque where the poor old man was, I never missed a day without a visit to him, and learned much that was useful to me afterwards.

We now met with some heavy weather, and were so knocked about on the third day that, as these coasters are not very venturesome, our captain thought it prudent to put back into Toulon, where we anchored in the midst of the fleet of the King of France there lying.

The next day we were eager to get on shore, though it was blowing hard, but were dissuaded by Mr. O'Rourke. However, the Jew and a Cordelier Irish resolved to risk it with a crew of six, and the boat was hoisted and they were got up sail before the boat was overset and all were thrown into the water.

The first to lay hold of the boat was the Cordelier, who scrambled up on the keel, followed by the sailors, who pulled their fellows up one after another. All this time I was in an agony of fear for the Jew, who, though he had hold of the boat, was old and feeble he could not draw himself up, and no one so much as stretched out a hand to his aid. Worse than this, the ship's company and crew screamed with laughter at each new struggle he made, as if it were the merriest game in the world. Meantime the unfortunate one was fast ditting into the ollie, and would infallibly have been borne out to sea had not a Spanish sailor made sail and succeeded in overhauling and picking them up.

Then, though I was shaking with fright, I turned to and thrashed Angus McDonald for his laughing with the others until he cried mercy.

"A pretty Christian you are to be going to Rome and laughing at a man as old as my grandfather!" I admonished him when I had finished. "Pough!" scouted he, still angry. "Mr. O'Rourke says Jews have no souls!"

"Indeed?" said I. "Mr. O'Rourke had better be looking after his own, and make certain of it, before he is so sure about other people." And off I stalked, mighty indignant and mighty hot against Mr. O'Rourke, who but laughed merrily at my saying.

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pride by telling me I had surprised him in the handsome outcome of my attack on Angus. Of course Angus and I needed no making up whatever, for I could generally thrash me twice to my ounce.

So, with Mr. O'Rourke and Don Diego, we went on shore and rambled about merrily enough. In the afternoon we were strolling about in the Place d'Armes waiting for Mr. O'Rourke and Don Diego, off on some affairs of their own, when a gentleman passed having on the greatest wig imaginable, most generously powdered. He carried his hat under his arm and minced in his walk like any madam, holding his long cane as gingerly as a dancing master.

Without a word, Angus pulled a handful of nuts from his pocket and flung them with all his might at the great wig, which gave out a burst of powder like a gun going off. Round wheeled its owner and was after us with a roar; but we separated and ran in different ways, making for the lime-trees along the edge of the Parade.

We dodged round the trees, and the one of us pursued him as he made after the other; but he would not be dissuaded by this, and kept after me until, at last, I began to lose my wind, and shouted to Angus for help, who, however, could do nothing against an angry man armed with a great cane; and I began to grow anxious in my mind, when who should come up but our Spaniard, who, seizing the situation, at once turned the tables completely by a flank attack, and our Frenchman was seen left lamenting, with his wig up a tree, his cane broken, and more Spanish gibes ringing in his ears than I dare say he had ever heard before. It was like my Uncle Scotto's swearing.

Off we went post-haste to the port, where, on entering a tavern, being mindful of my obligations as a gentleman, I ordered and paid for a bottle of wine for our rescuer, at which he was greatly pleased, though, like most of his countrymen, he was modest enough in the use he made of it.

The little he did take, however, was sufficient to warm him up, when, forgetting we did not know a word of what he was saying, he poured out a long ramble to us in Spanish, which he wound up by whipping out a stiletto—a long, thin dirk much used in those countries—and gave us to understand he would have killed the Frenchman with much pleasure. Not content with this show of friendship, he pulled out a purse, very comfortably filled, and offered me a part, but I refused with my best manner, and with the help of my Latin made him know I was sufficiently supplied.

In the midst of all this friendship and wild talk who should discover us but Mr. O'Rourke, who, on hearing of our adventure, broke out, "Pon my soul, but this is a pretty jerry-mahoo you two young barbarians have started up! You're likely to have the peace-officers down on you before you can say Peter Donovan's prayer; and 'tis proud your people will be of you, no doubt, to have you beginning your education under the whip in a French prison, instead of under the holy fathers in Rome!" And with that he hurried us off in all speed to a boat, in a white fear of the officers, making us lie down in the bottom until we reached the ship's side, when we lost no time in scrambling on board.

We found we were the last passengers ashore, and Mr. O'Rourke relating to the captain our adventure, and the possibility of our being followed, he had up the anchor even before the moon rose, and we were on our way towards Leghorn again.

The rest of our time on board went fast enough, for we had nearly as many friends as there were passengers. Finding I had begun my education in finding, Don Diego gave me lessons in the Spanish method, of which I was not entirely ignorant, and in turn I showed him something of the single-stick, wherein he was altogether lacking. To our surprise, Mr. O'Rourke turned out to have no small skill with both single-stick and the small-sword—a great waste of education, as my Uncle Scotto would have said, for a priest.

Mr. O'Rourke now left me to my own devices with Manuel the Jew, for whom I was more full of pity than ever, as he, poor man! had not got over the effect of his fright and long exposure in the sea. Not a soul on board, save myself and Angus, ever gave him a word, unless when a sailor might curse at him for being in the way.

I was much exercised in my mind that he never seemed to eat anything—he certainly never went to meal with the other passengers—and the only reason I could conceive being poverty, I proposed to Angus we should help him out of our store, to which he, as once agreed, provided I would do the talking. So one day, when we were quite alone, after a hard fight with my shamefacedness, I lagged out my purse and offered him what I thought needed by his occasion.

"Put up your purse, my dear child! Put up your purse! You must never show your money to people like that," he said, anxiously; and then seeing, I suppose, my disappointment, he added, speaking very slowly, that I might understand: "My child, do not be offended that I do not take your gold; your gift to me is already made without that, and in my heart I repeat the words of the Mozabites and ask, 'Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing I am a stranger?' As he looked this his voice became so broken I sided at him in surprise, and to my great distress saw the old man was crying. Why, I did not clearly understand, and he added to my discomposure by catching up my hand, kissing it, and pressing it to his bosom, repeating something in the Jew's tongue, and saying much I did not deserve, in French.

So we continued friends, and every day Angus and I sat with him under the shade of the forest and listened to his stories of foreign countries, for he had travelled far and took a pleasure in telling of the wonders he had seen.

At last we sighted the port of Leghorn (we were not in reality so many days on board as I may have led you to suppose in my telling, but the impression left on me is of a long time)—we sighted Leghorn, I say, with marvellous

fine quays filled with much shipping, and the first craft that passed us was one of the galleys of the Grand Duke, with its crew of horrid wretches of slaves pulling the long oars with an even sweep, like one great machine, under the eye and whip of their captain. Sorry enough were we to put foot on shore, for we realized every day was bringing us nearer to Rome and the end of the pleasant life we had been leading.

In company with Mr. O'Rourke we found a respectable lodging near the Place where the statue of the Grand Duke with the four Turks stands, and here everything was surprisingly fresh and clean after the ship. Indeed, the whole town is wonderfully clean and bright, and in that part called "Little Venice" we loved to stroll, admiring the barges and the canals, which are there in the middle of the streets, and the loading and unloading of the great bales of goods.

On the second day after our arrival, while in that street which serves as an Exchange for the merchants, to our great surprise we saw our friend Manuel the Jew. But how changed from the sickly, poor old man we had known on board the barque! He was decently dressed in sober black, with a long cloak and a well-carved periwig, and spoke to one who looked like a person of standing, as a man speaking to his equal.

On seeing us he came forward, and after shaking hands with me and Angus, he saluted Mr. O'Rourke, who returned his bow, but not over warmly. After a few words he excused himself and spoke for a little with a gentleman of good appearance, indicating us the while.

Evidently at his invitation, the gentleman came up to us addressed Mr. O'Rourke: "Sir, I am Signor Antonio Arnaldi, one of the merchants of this place, and not ill-connected. My friend Manuel tells me he is under some obligation to your young gentlemen for kindness received, and begs your permission to allow their attendance at some festivity among his people to-night. The son of the Grand Duke, I am told, intends to honor it with his presence, so you may judge it is an occasion of unusual importance. He assures me he will take every care of the young gentlemen, and asks my word for his trustworthiness, which I can give from the bottom of my heart, as can any honorable merchant in Livorno." So saying he bowed most graciously, and, after some further words and compliments, Mr. O'Rourke as handsomely gave his full consent, when there was more bowing and compliments on all sides, and the merchant betook himself to his affairs. Though we were in no way bound to Mr. O'Rourke's consent to our coming and going, we did not hold it necessary to protest when others took it for granted he stood in this relation towards us.

Manuel then led us through the Exchange, and though Mr. O'Rourke was somewhat stiff at first, this soon wore off when he saw what people saluted our guide and their manner of so doing. Manuel knew every one; he pointed out to us the most considerable merchants, showed us the harbor and the Duke's galleys, making plain much we would not have understood, and left us at the dinner-hour, promising to call for us at our lodging in the evening.

That afternoon we went to the great baths, which were managed after the manner of Turkey, as Manuel had explained to us, and though somewhat alarmed at first by so much steam and heat and water, and the slappings and punchings and rubbings of the naked Turks who waited on us, we soon got used to it and came out some hours feeling like different persons, clearer in English. "May the bride have long life and abundant health and happiness," at which the weeing thing laughed very merrily, though she could not have known a word; from which I gathered a higher opinion of her intelligence than her looks.

On tables and buffets were confections and fruits, wines and sweet drinks in vessels of every form and color and of inconceivable richness. To music increasing the dancers advanced and retired, bowed and turned until we could see but a changing maze of silks and velvets, of flashing gold and jewels under the lights that seemed to wave and dance before our dazzled eyes; and when, at last, the hour came to leave, the music kept ringing and the lights flashing about us through the still, dark streets until we dropped asleep in our lodging.

On our awakening the next morning the first thing that met our eyes was our fiery of the night before, which, in our excitement, we had forgotten to return to Manuel, and on his appearance later, to our surprise, he would not hear of such a thing, though we pressed him hard.

"When you offered me money to fill an empty stomach, was I ungrateful?" he asked; and part for this, and part that he should not think that we scorned to accept from a Jew, we desisted and made such return as we could.

Mr. O'Rourke now came for us with an invitation to breakfast with two Scottish gentlemen making the Grand Tour, who had sent their servant to our lodging with their compliments and the message. But I cannot recall anything further than one was a Mr. Ramsay, over whose lap Mr. O'Rourke upset a dish of tea, and great was the outcry and many the apologies thereat.

We joined our friend Manuel again, who had undertaken to engage for us a reliable interpreter, with whom to journey to Rome, for, much to our disgust, we found the little French we had been at such pains to acquire during our stay at Paris was as useless as our English in these parts, and we were now to lose Mr. O'Rourke, though he gave us a hope of joining us at some point before we reached our journey's end.

After consulting with Angus, I took the precaution to buy two good French folding knives, one for each, which would serve both for the table and defence, if need be.

In order to avoid the dangers of a bad road across an unsettled country, where many lowly characters abounded, it was decided we should go to Pisa by way of the Canal, and thence hire a calesche and take the main highway to Rome by way of Bolsena and Viterbo.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When our hunger was satisfied, our host led us into another room, where from a high press he took down two rick cloaks, and, telling us we were going to a wedding, where we must not shame our host, he put them over our plain clothes, and bade us see ourselves in a mirror. I never saw so fine before; for not only was the cloak of the finest camel, of rich blue color, but was lined with a cherry-colored silk and had good lace about the neck, while that of Angus was quite as handsome, only more of a mulberry.

For himself, he kept to his black, but his doublet was of velvet, as was the cloak which he now took down, to which he added a heavy gold chain, which so became his gentle face and venerable beard that in my eyes he looked as if he should be always dressed in the fashion. And in the midst of it all I remembered that this was the man to whom I had offered money for a meal, and I was overcome with shame. I suppose he perceived my thought, for he engaged us in talk at once about the festa until my confusion passed off. It seemed mighty strange to us, who had seen Jews so contented in other places, and heard such stories of their wretchedness and cruelty, to listen to one whom we had lately seen so despaired and put upon talking as if a festa were his every day affair, and our appearance the most particular concern he had on hand.

At length everything was adjusted to his satisfaction, and forth we went in our bravery to win the envy and outspoken admiration of the people as we made our way through the crowded streets towards the house where the festa was held. The stairways up which we went were laid with carpets and the bareness of the walls hidden under rich stuffs, and when once in-doors we were dazzled by the lights in hanging silver lamps and massive candelabra on every hand.

There seemed to be hundreds of people in the rooms, which were hung with the finest of damask; and, more wonderful still, the very floor on which we trod was covered in silver tiles—the father of the bride having removed those of earthenware and replaced them by silver, to do honor to his daughter and to the Grand Duke, a great patron of the Jews, whose eldest son was to be a guest. As we went bowing our way through the crowd we were dumb with amazement at the beautiful dresses, the pearls, and precious stones, and jewels worn by both men and women.

The bride was simply covered with them, seemed to me a poor enough little creature in spite of her finery, and we were surprised to find she was little more than a child. To her every one made his compliment in Italian or Portuguese or in the Jew's tongue, but not knowing any of the three, I ventured on the best wish I knew in good Gaelic: "Soghalh fala slainte's sonas pait do fhean an Bhanne!"—which means, in English, "May the bride have long life and abundant health and happiness"; at which the weeing thing laughed very merrily, though she could not have known a word; from which I gathered a higher opinion of her intelligence than her looks.

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We joined our friend Manuel again, who had undertaken to engage for us a reliable interpreter, with whom to journey to Rome, for, much to our disgust, we found the little French we had been at such pains to acquire during our stay at Paris was as useless as our English in these parts, and we were now to lose Mr. O'Rourke, though he gave us a hope of joining us at some point before we reached our journey's end.

After consulting with Angus, I took the precaution to buy two good French folding knives, one for each, which would serve both for the table and defence, if need be.

In order to avoid the dangers of a bad road across an unsettled country, where many lowly characters abounded, it was decided we should go to Pisa by way of the Canal, and thence hire a calesche and take the main highway to Rome by way of Bolsena and Viterbo.

TO BE CONTINUED.

It is the stern duty of every Catholic man and woman to be interested and instrumental in saving souls.

Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt The Perfect Table Salt.

"There be Dann, who ran comprised the ville, slackness turn in the mo to an old stone gray bench while zango crowd it."

"It will do little lady, wh this June mor She was a d her wind-bl with an air a straw hat to boot, that m delicate blos "No harm doubtly. pleasant to h Cameron now got her tro trouble last "

"Young lady softly, my mare climb. He was monstr wonder—he foot low in strong and The old folk class, col Europe, ev spoil him on the mo was the nice that could have vote count White Hou came and th those parts "Foreve low voice. "Lord, sort to some girl to her. T hadn't got all the bac in the Cat and turned heart."

"Roma lie, I sup! It's a SI, fleck mare's eat her. I man flin man alind said the man can't to go an said he called him be is Angus O through else. I Don't he has woman gri and con "Oh, What a must go Wait her lightly in half a ceas me the smokin "It I daught strong batter often conque "B brusq board did an their eno vnder plain board and an I sit those An on the "The Pointe pain like he at year ch'a "I I mov low the cen "Of of tail bill an "I se tal th lin liv T m an ch