

THE BATTLE OF ENISCOORTHY.

Brave Father Murphy.

On the banks of a pleasant Irish river is a pleasant little Irish town. The river flows down from the white mountain. Green elms hang over it; willows, too, and now and then a stately, smooth-barked beech. Sallows are on its banks also; and the tall reeds they call in Ireland flags rise above the rushing stream. But there are sand and pebbles beneath the bright waters beside, and here and there a large round stone, beneath which the trout lurks as if he wished to avoid the sunlight. Nevertheless, when the evening comes and the trout insects drop upon the stream, the trout jumps up and takes his evening meal, and frequently becomes a meal himself for that biped man.

This little Irish town is called Eniscorthy; and it is famous in Irish history. Americans have no idea how picturesque it looks with its great old castle and its houses with the tall, slanting roofs. Everything is so big, the pure picturesqueness is simply impossible. The eye goes so far to look to catch its image of the beautiful, and we cannot see the sublime short of that spot where George Francis Train stood when he shouted to the most restless race in the world, "passengers for China this way!" and there was nothing sublime in that.

They have got no Rocky Mountains in Ireland; but they have got pleasant hills and valleys and bright streams—hills and valleys for average men to live upon, and crystal streams for boys and girls of the old race to wander by and whisper their love-tales as they went along. No man who has lived in Ireland can cease to love it, in spite of the alien rule that still lies heavy on its breast.

One of the brightest of those trout-streams of Ireland is the Stoney, and near its mouth lies the little town of Eniscorthy. It might be a big town worthy of the brave men of Wexford if Ireland were free of the English tyranny and embraced in close alliance with America. I hope to see an Irish college there yet where youths of this republic shall be educated in such scholarship and manhood of the old "insula doctorum" as shall give the great Commonwealth of America a new lease of generations of patriotism and loyalty.

"Soldiers!" exclaimed Cromwell, as he stood upon that Irish mountain and gazed down on plain and valley and river below, "this is a country worth fighting for!"

And it is not a country worth, to Irish exiles here in America, the labor of fighting for and conquering again?

But let me tell what occurred in that little town of Eniscorthy seventy years ago.

A British army was there drawn up in the line of battle; and an army of Wexford peasants was coming down to meet them. It was a bright day in early summer, and the bayonets of the British glittered in the sunlight. The Irish had few bayonets and few guns; but they had the courage of brave men who had already trampled the red uniform and the blood-stained flag of England in the dust. Their leaders, too, were a couple of patriotic priests, true as steel to the cause of their country, and brave as lions.

The enemy stood before the gates of the town, infantry and cavalry; and they saw with contempt that Irish peasant "rabble" approach. But they had not sufficiently estimated the strength of Irish peasant arms and the valor of Irish hearts.

Their cavalry rushed down upon that advancing crowd of Irish, tired and hungry with their long march. A whole day these peasants had been coming on, armed with any chance weapons they could get—guns, pikes, pitchforks, anything. On rushed the cavalry with fiery steed and glittering steel. But hastily they retreat again; with all their scarlet bravery, they find these ragged Irish peasants too much for them.

The infantry give them shelter, and stand in solid array, ready to open such a fire on the advancing peasant as shall scatter them over the three roads that meet at that particular point. But the priestly general, who commands the Irish, has a game on his cards worth two of theirs. There is a herd of horned cattle following in the rear of the peasant army; he orders it up, and charges it full upon that proud and insolent military array of the enemy.

The results are ludicrous but decisive. The cattle, goaded by John Murphy's laughing pikemen, rush headlong and bellowing against the British ranks. The infantry discharge their firelocks at random. They become a rabble; the peasants, with their pikes, charge upon the British with a wild Irish cry; and the scarlet-coated minions of the Sassenagh are driven headlong over the bridge. In five minutes a hundred of them lie outside the town, never to enter it again.

The British rallied when they got back into Eniscorthy; but in vain! They rushed into the houses and opened a deadly fire on the advancing patriots. In vain still. Those fiery Irish peasants pursued them up staircase and landing, and from chamber to chamber, and slew them hand to hand.

The English, brutal and savage to the last to their Irish foes—to whom they never showed quarter, but always killed as they would kill wild beasts, whenever they fell into their hands—attempted one last act of cowardly vengeance as they fled pell-mell from the town. In the jail a hundred or

more prisoners were confined, old men and females principally, arrested "on suspicion," as is the infamous English system in Ireland to the present hour. The flying royalists stopped at the gates to murder the unhappy inmates—a favorite custom of theirs. But, fortunately, the governor and turkeys had been struck with a fit of terror early in the day; they had locked up all the gates and fled to Wexford. The ruffianly soldiers had no time to break open the gates, for upon them; they coming down fast upon them; they accordingly continued their flight helter-skelter.

Such is the story of the capture of Eniscorthy in 1798, in the face of a formidable foe, by a band of almost unarmed peasants, driven to madness by the fearful cruelties they endured at the hands of the English supremacy.

This one incident shows what could be done in Ireland to-day by an orderly and disciplined force of Irish soldiers led on by such veterans as have been disciplined in the four years' war of America.

A curious and significant event contributed to the defeat and dispersion of the royal forces. It may as well be mentioned here that they were marching out through the Duffray Gate in fully and imposing military array, they loudly swore that they would not return whilst one of the "rebels" was alive. They did return, in a very un-military fashion, actually before one of the rebels was dead. They naturally thought that the poor, ragged peasants, who had snatched any arms, as Virgil says, which fury suggested to them, were a rabble rout, whom it would be easy to disperse and slaughter at pleasure; and what pleasure that foul murderous atrocity would be to them their previous conduct had proved.

But when that sublime Irish joke was perpetrated (Father John Murphy had been a careful reader of classic lore), of driving a herd of maddened cattle into their midst, they were pretty soon a rabble rout themselves. They fled headlong, as I have said, and they left a hundred dead behind them. Irishmen are accustomed to rush headlong on the bayonet's point, and cut down their enemy with sword, or pike or any weapon in hand. This accounts for the unusual slaughter of the foe wherever they fight, and for the amount they themselves suffer in killed and wounded.

When the enemy got safe across the ridge and lodged themselves in the houses, from which they could keep a sharp fire with comparative safety, I have mentioned how the patriot force suffered. But the tide of battle was finally changed in this way: A number of inhabitants of the poorer region of the town, whose sympathies, of course, were all with the "rebels," actually set fire to their own dwellings, destroying what little property they possessed to cause a diversion in favor of the patriot army. The result was all that could have been wished for; an alarm spread among the English that a new army was advancing, and that the town had been set on fire.

"Twas now *save qui potuit* with them; and they fled from the town in the disorder of a frightened mob. It is a curious instance of the wild panic which prevailed in this flying army, that the officers, who regarded themselves as chief objects of popular wrath (and naturally, for they were great criminals who led their brutal and ignorant subordinates to incendiaryism and slaughter), actually tore the epaulettes from their shoulders and flung their scarves away that they might not be distinguished from the common soldiers.

But those who escaped the weapons of the patriots in the town were safe in their flight. For Father John's little army had no cavalry to pursue them; and the yeomanry cavalry in the service of the English were, as usual, the first to fly. These men who represent the dominant Cromwellian and Williamite landlord element in the country, were notoriously as cowardly as they were blood-thirsty. But yeomanry and militia they were the same, with their English and German hiring allies. The great British General, Abercrombie, exclaimed of them, when in sheer disgust, he flung up his command in Ireland: "They are formidable to everybody except the enemy." I need not stop to mention that the "enemy" so spoken of was the rabble of infuriated peasants who thrashed them in so many a field. Again I say what a lesson is to be taken from the capture of Eniscorthy.

The anti-Irish tyrants who fled from the captured town left their wives and daughters behind them. The peasant victors, led on by their gallant priest, treated their captives with every respect. Vengeance might have tempted them to commit any crime; but with the holy self-control of authorities, they stayed their hands; no woman was insulted—no home was plundered. The humble patriots contented themselves with peacefully collecting all the arms and ammunition they could find. After that they quietly retired from the town and encamped on Vinegar Hill.

And these were of the noble old race which is so shamefully libelled by its malignant foes!

Nine Long Years. Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

Timely Wisdom. Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps, and all summer complaints of loose bowels.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF FAITH.

A Trick by Which Its Operators got Good Measure for a While.

Our esteemed contemporary, the New York Tribune, in giving space to a communication from a staff-correspondent who writes pleasantly "about the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, forgets itself to the extent of joining with the superficial pettifoggers of bigotry and agnosticism in a sneer at what it affects to call "the good old days of faith." In certain schools of modern literature in which the sensational journalist is wont to luxuriate, it is considered a mark of cleverness to make sport of all that is held sacred by the vast majority of the Christian world. The deep veneration now manifested in the Cathedral of Treves by devout Catholic pilgrims from all parts of the world for the sacred relic which they believe to have once covered the person of our Divine Redeemer has afforded the Hessians of the pencil an inviting theme upon which to exercise their peculiar talents.

In one particular those would-be humorists who write so "pleasantly" on sacred subjects are all alike. Their disregard of obvious facts is only surpassed by their vulgar and unmannerly disrespect for the convictions of their fellow-men. Although the sacred relic which had been so vigilantly guarded for over fifteen hundred years in the venerable sanctuary of Treves has not been exposed to public view as often as once in a century, and then only in response to urgent appeals from pious Catholics throughout the world, they associate with the rare occasions when that appeal of the Christian world is granted the same mercenary motives which inspire their vulgar criticisms. Although the most eminent intellects of the world, whose names are regarded by enlightened men of all denominations as the synonyms of sincerity and regard for truth, have proclaimed their conviction after investigation that the Holy Coat of Treves is the same worn by our Saviour, those anonymous intellectual pigmies of infidelity affect to sympathize with the credulity of the pious and the believing, and dishonestly suggest a similar claim to identity for other relics treasured in other sanctuaries. Although it is generally held by Catholics, and was distinctly proclaimed by the Bishop of Treves several weeks ago when announcing that the holy vesture would be exhibited for the veneration of the pious, that "the authenticity of no relic, be it the most eminent of the oldest church in Christendom, falls under any pretext of Catholic faith;" but that, on the contrary, the authenticity of a relic is proved on human testimony, "like any other historical fact," nevertheless, the scoffers at religion insist on conveying the false impression that Catholics are under spiritual obligation to accept the genuineness of those sacred relics, whether satisfied by their own judgments or not.

This flippant and discourteous treatment of the religious convictions of our fellow-men may take with facious and superficial cynics, who would destroy if they could all forms of Christian religion, but "the good old days of faith" still continue, and their light is the beacon of Christian civilization.—*Irish World.*

On the same Platform.

Catholic Columbian.

Three Protestant ladies attended the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which was held in Washington last week, and three delegates from the Union were chosen to visit the meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which is to be held in Boston next November.

This friendly association of Catholics and Protestants on common ground, is a pleasant sign of the times, and the honor of bringing it about is due to the Protestants and to the women among them.

It would be a good thing for the cause of Christianity in these days of Agnosticism and Infidelity, if Catholics and Protestants would beridderily personally and as bodies, and admit one another's sincerity while holding as tenaciously as they choose to their respective ideas of truth and right. They should try to find out how much they have in common, not how widely they can stand apart. By personal friendliness, by the removal of prejudices, by mutual explanations, they could draw closer together, and so present a less broken front against the common enemy of Christ.

Twenty Years a Protestant Bishop—Now a Catholic Priest.

Two years ago the secular papers announced the conversion to the Catholic faith of Bishop Joseph Legard, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who, at the time of his conversion, resided in Rome.

Through the kindness of a student of theology who has been living with Joseph Legard the past year, we are able to give our readers some interesting facts.

Like L. Silliman Ives, once Protestant Bishop in North Carolina, so Joseph Legard, acting in the capacity of Episcopal Bishop for eight years in China and twelve years in the city of Rome, became a Catholic. Attracted by the learning and deep religious spirit of the Fathers of the Resurrection, who have their central house in Rome, and also a flourishing college in the same city, Joseph Legard asked for admission into the congregation.

After his time of probation, Joseph Legard spent some time in the study of Catholic theology and was ordained priest.

Father Joseph Legard met with insults of all kinds from those who opposed his entering the Catholic Church, and, finding his life threatened, his superiors sent him to America.

Father Joseph is acting as professor of foreign languages at St. Mary's College, Ky., a position he filled many years ago at Williams College, New York.

GREASING THE GROWLER.

A Trick by Which Its Operators got Good Measure for a While.

The "growler rushers" all over Philadelphia, and notably in the vicinity of Lombard and South streets, by an ingenious scheme have succeeded in out-witting the wily saloon-keepers for a couple of weeks past. About two weeks ago the saloon-keepers noticed a wonderful and new characteristic concerning the beer they had on draught. One night about that time a stalwart negro, black as a coal, came into a saloon with a pitcher nearly big enough to hold a keg of beer and called for "ten cents wuff."

The barkeeper eyed the pitcher for a moment, and then proceeded to draw the beer. To his surprise the beer would not foam in the pitcher, which heretofore had been its principal characteristic. No amount of shaking and sloshing around would make the amber-colored beverage assume a frothy appearance, and before the bar-keeper could realize it the pitcher was brimming full. The negro remarked in an off-hand manner:

"Dat beer done looks dead an' flat, but I laik de kaine ma'nself."

With that the barkeeper handed him the pitcher, and the grinning darkey walked out of the room. He was met just outside the corner by half a dozen other dusky citizens, all carrying pitchers, and at once divided up.

It was noticed that the beer immediately came to life when it was poured out of the big pitcher, and the colored rascals laughed immoderately as the creamy foam ran down the sides of the vessels they were carrying. Directly after this another customer walked into the same saloon and the beer was found to draw all right.

Here was a mystery indeed, and it took two long weeks to solve it. The saloon-keepers in the vicinity always noticed that the beer would not foam when put into pitchers. As a result these same persons got about fifty cents worth of beer and only paid ten cents for it.

An investigation was started, as the saloon-keepers knew that some trick was being played upon them. No solution was arrived at, however, until Friday, when a colored man under the influence of liquor told how the scheme had been worked.

It seemed that the plan consisted in simply greasing the inside of the "growler" with butter or a piece of fat meat. When this is done no amount of gas or agitation will put the proper head on beer. The discoverer of it reaped a rich harvest by selling the secret of it to the other "growler workers," and as a result, the saloon-keepers have been victimized.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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their minds, too, and bring them into the true fold!—*American Catholic News.*

A Family Shave.

A Maine family consists of six brothers so exactly alike that no one but their closest friends can tell which is which. One day they happened to be in a strange town and all wanted a shave. One of them went into a barber shop, was shaved, and paid the customary ten cents. Five minutes later apparently the same man came back into the shop very wrathful, his beard bristling with a three days' growth. He swore that he had not been half shaved, and demanded that the work be done over.

The astonished barber apologized and complied; but judge of his horror when not ten minutes later his customer came back madder than ever, his beard still showing on his face, and he demanded another shave. Again the barber, after some protest, complied, but when his man returned the fourth time it was too much.

"See here!" he cried, "if you're trying to sell me some patent hair-raiser I'll take your whole stock, but if you're an escaped museum freak, either you've got to get out or I'll have to close this shop."

The fifth and sixth brothers had to pay for their shaves.—*Buffalo Express.*

Clerical Beards Not Allowed.

A writer in the *Pittsburg Catholic* thus discusses a newly-opened subject: The article, "Clerical Beard," taken from the *Church Progress*, and appearing in your edition of the 20th, is in error on this subject. The Church in her canons forbids the growth of beard to its priests, either secular or regular. The wearing of the clerical beard was forbidden in the Latin Church as early as the Council of Carthage, and has been repeatedly condemned by Popes and councils until the present time. It is expressly forbidden in this country by a second Council of Baltimore, decreed 151, page 95, in accordance with the letter of Pius IX., cited in the second Council of Baltimore, page 286. In this letter of the late Pontiff, which was promulgated throughout Bavaria by the Apostolic Nuncio, Most Rev. Mathias Eustachius, the wearing of the beard was expressly condemned as contrary to the modern and prevailing discipline of the Latin Church. "And since these things are true," the nuncio says, "it was pleasing to the Holy See that I should signify to all the priests in Bavaria to take the greatest caution that the aforesaid use of wearing the beard should be forbidden, and that in dress and beard and tonsure the custom of the Latin Church be observed and any new custom arising be avoided."

By special privilege the monastic orders are allowed the wearing of the beard. This privilege is granted them in accordance with their ancient customs. The modern congregations of clerics, however, come under the regulations of the Church in this matter of not wearing the beard, the rule applying to the Jesuits, Redemptorists, Passionists, etc.

For special reasons the Bishop may extend the privilege of wearing the beard. For instance, to priests who may suffer from a throat disease, or whose tender skin would not permit of shaving, or from eruptive diseases on the face. To secure this dispensation, good and sufficient causes must be given.

It may be asked whence arose this custom of not wearing the beard. It would be difficult to give a precise answer, but it is generally supposed to date from the earliest history of the Church. The early Christians, to manifest their dislike of pagan vanity, in the effacement of long and curling hair and carefully cultivated beards, shaved their faces and kept their hair cropped close. In the time of Tertullian this was a mark of the Christian. The early tonsure, known as St. Peter's of Rome, had the entire head closely shaved, leaving but a narrow rim. Custom nowadays takes but a small lock of hair from the head.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

Messrs. Stott & Jury, Chemists, Rowman Way, writes: "We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations manufactured by this well-known house are among the most reliable in the market."

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Minned's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

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It is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lane, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:— "Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken. My strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

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