

English undertaker. The cabin was situate in a wild and romantic spot, deep in the woods, which often supplied their table with game brought down by the unerring rifle of Brian (Mr. Ogelby allowed him to keep a rifle; he was a conscientious and good man), and convenient enough to the river to make it pay tribute from its funny treasures. Father Dominick celebrated Mass every morning at sunrise, Brian and Mabel by turns mounting guard to give warning of the approach of any foe. Thus two years passed on in quiet, if not in actual contentment. Brian and Mabel were both verging on maturity, and under the hospices of Father Dominick became proficiently versed in the knowledge and languages which he taught.

One night in December—it was Christmas Eve the good Father, as was his wont, celebrated Mass in the deep and secluded valley of Glenmorran. For miles around the people stealthily crept, amid the snow and shadows of the night, to the appointed place to worship God according to the custom of their fathers, and kneeling by the rude rock which served as an altar, receive from the priest's hands the Holy Eucharist—the Bread of Life. While they were in the act of adoration, while the priest was chanting the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, and while every heart was filled with charity and good will to men, the tramp of Crosby's troopers was heard, the flash of their rifles lit up the darkness of the scene, and a dozen worshippers fell—killed or wounded—on the snow. Among the latter was John Mullen, who died soon after, but not before receiving the last rites of his Church. Father Dominick escaped, but was afterwards captured and cruelly murdered by the same troopers. Mr. Ogelby was angered when he heard of the death of Mullen, for, though caring nothing for a mere Papist, he did not like any of his Papist tenants to be shot without his leave, and on meeting with Major Crosby plainly told him so. Hot words ensued, and the consequence was a duel, in which old Crosby received a bullet in his thigh which lamed him for the remainder of his life. Brian obtained his dead father's position from his generous master, and remained in the cabin with his mother and sister, but Mrs. Mullen

never thoroughly recovered from the shock occasioned by her husband's violent death, which occurred two years before our story opens. Father John O'Farrell succeeded his brother, Father Dominick, leaving St. Omers and its classic surroundings for the bleak cave and rocky bed on an Irish hill-side.

CHAPTER III.

They were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces.

—SHAKESPEARE.

The red wine flowed around the board,
And all with eager breath
Agreed to chase at headlong pace,
A priest of God to death.

—OLD BALLAD.

WHILE these sad scenes were passing at the widow's lone cabin in the woods, others, but of a different character, were being enacted in Major Crosby's Hall. It was a large and commodious building, erected in the reign of James I., of pleasant memory, on the banks of the Mourne, and given by that monarch to the worthy grandfather of Major Crosby, a well-beloved countryman of the Scotch King. The grant at first was small, for James was as niggardly and avaricious as he was bigoted and pedantic. But so loyal and devoted was his servant Crosby to the interest of the Crown, and so vigilant was he in hunting down malcontents and Papists, that the Royal Commissioners rewarded him with the lands of those whom he robbed and plundered. He lived to the age of sixty, and left to his son his name, his violent passions, his hatred of Catholicity, and his lands. How this worthy scion of the house of Crosby followed in the footsteps of his father has been seen. He married, early in life, a Scotch heiress, and a son and daughter were the fruits of this union. He endeavored to instil into their young minds a hatred of everything Irish, and to imbue them with the same feeling as his own. He was partly successful, but not altogether so. Young Richard, or as he was called "the young Major," was an apt pupil, and often accompanied his father on priest-hunting expeditions to the great delight of his parent, and gave promise that in time he would become as proficient and accomplished in that loyal