

ters they were—could not be seduced from their allegiance by any golden lure the craftiness of their church's indetigable enemies could hold out to them. The duties of our religion could be at this time of course but imperfectly performed. The awful penalty annexed to a priest's being taken in the act of offering the Holy Sacrifice, was sufficient to make the stricken shepherd cautious in leading his timid flock to the shady bowers and cooling streams of religious exercise; not for his own sake, for he rose superior to the injuries which his enemies could inflict on him, but for the sake of the suffering people, who looked up to him for consolation amidst the trials which surrounded them, and who learned by his example to suffer in silence the heartless privations that were heaped upon them. Some solitary glen or darksome cave, were often the only temples in which for a few moments the fugitive pastor could impart to his simple auditors the knowledge of the awe-inspiring truths of our redemption, or by relating to them the tortures and sufferings of the first Christians, encourage them to persevere to the end in bearing with resignation the indignities which were daily heaped upon them.

Often have the sacred ceremonies been disturbed by the preconcerted signal of the distant sentinel, posted for the purpose of apprising his suffering companions of danger, warning them to disperse, and the reverend pastor been obliged to seek safety in flight from the persevering attempts of their oppressors, who were following on their footsteps with the keenness and sagacity of the bloodhounds. Yet even amidst this general persecution of an innocent and unoffending class of men—whose only crime was their attachment to the religion of their forefathers—many of a different persuasion beheld with horror the atrocities perpetrated on their ill-fated countrymen, and willingly afforded shelter and protection—as far as the unsettled nature of the times would allow—to many a suffering Catholic. Against this there were several even among the higher grade, who eagerly wielded the pitchcap and faggot when less powerful arguments failed to make impression on their victims. So true it is that the demon of bigotry and religious intolerance is not confined to any class or sphere of life.

The following little tale forms a single

instance of the many stratagems made use of to entrap the Roman Catholic clergy during this awful period, the leading facts it need scarce be said, are true:

At the foot of the Gaultie mountains, lived a man named Craig, a member of that persuasion commonly called Dippers or Anaks. This person, in his youthful days, had always lived on terms of friendship with his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, and what in Ireland is of rare occurrence, he had married a young woman of that religion, with the free consent of her friends; but during the period to which we allude, he had become suddenly tainted with the bigoted prejudices which predominated at the time, and had rendered himself remarkable by the eagerness he manifested in pursuing his priest-hunting career. The soul-harrowing feelings of the unfortunate woman, to whom he was allied, may easier be imagined than described; language is incapable to express the tortures and anguish of her mind on finding the husband of her early affections leagued in the destruction of the friends and companions of her childhood, and above all, seeking the blood of the reverend pastors of her religion—men, who from her infancy she had been taught to view with the highest feelings of enthusiastic respect—but prayers, and tears, and protestations were alike thrown away on the hardened wretch; he had become callous in iniquity, and continued in the same reckless course despite the earnest solicitations of his neglected but still loving consort. He had heard of a priest having arrived in the neighborhood, but his utmost sagacity failed to discover the place of his retreat. Days and weeks were spent by himself and two confederates in exploring caverns and dens, which abound in the Gaultier mountains; but unavailingly. The holy fugitive still found means to baffle their most scrutinizing researches; the hand of the Lord was still his protection amidst the dangers which surrounded him, and the simple covering afforded by a few faggots of the withered heath, was often the only screen which concealed him from the eyes of his indefatigable pursuers. At length, wearied by unavailing attempts, he determined on performing by private treachery what he was unable to do by public violence. He feigned himself sick for several days, pretending to be touched with the deepest