

listed under the banner of Sarsfield. He served in all the battles of the war from Derry to Limerick, and on the surrender of the latter place sadly retraced his steps homeward, sturdily refusing to quit his native land though Sarsfield had offered him a commission in the French army. His family had remained unmolested during the strife, as, fortunately, the tide of battle had not drifted near their home, and, under the tuition of Father Dominick, his children were progressing rapidly in their studies in Irish, English and French, for the good Father, who had been educated in France, was a professor of the latter.

For five years they remained in peaceable possession of their lands, and though many of the old families, and especially those who had espoused to the cause of James in the contest, were dispossessed, and many murdered in cold blood because they were "rebels," by the Scotch and English mercenaries who came "a-hungering for spoil," so respected were the Mullens by all parties that they remained in undisturbed possession of their property, and were never molested by those who arrogantly styled themselves their conquerors. About this time Owen, the eldest boy, with the sanction of his father and mother, went to France to finish his studies at St. Omers. He received many letters of introduction from Father Dominick to his old college friends of Irish birth who would aid him in his endeavors to obtain an education which would qualify him for any profession he might choose. They parted with mutual feelings of regret on both sides, but with their hope in the father and mother's hearts that the boy would some day return a priest, or perhaps a bishop. But Owen was never destined for the Church, as we shall see.

The departure of Owen was the first great grief which the family had experienced for years, but, though unknown to them, it was trifling when compared to those which were about to follow. Their landlord (for in common with all their other Catholic neighbors their property was confiscated to the Crown and given to some Protestant), Captain Evans, was a good and humane man, and one who was beloved by all classes. Though an Englishman and a

Protestant, he entertained no feelings of hostility to his Catholic tenants, but endeavored, as much as in his power lay, to assuage and restrain the animosities which existed and were fomented between them. But suddenly dying, and having no heir to inherit his property, for he was a bachelor, it was sold to Major Crosby, one of the most tyrannical and bigoted of all the Scotch undertakers in Ulster. No sooner was he in possession than his tyranny began to crop out. He visited the estate, inquired the number of his Catholic tenants, the amount of acres occupied by them, &c., &c., and two weeks after every Catholic was served with a "Notice to Quit." His design was to drive every one from the estate who professed the old faith, and put in their stead an equal number of his Scotch countrymen, who were followers of John Knox. And well he carried out his design. Before one month elapsed the house of every Irish Catholic was burned over his head, and the unfortunate tenant was forced to quit the home and lands where his fathers resided for centuries, and eke out a miserable subsistence toiling for his oppressors, or life a beggar on the bleak hill side. Among those who were destined to such a fate was John Mullen. The persecutions of this Crosby were so notorious, and his fame as a priest-hunter such that he became the terror and scourge of the Catholic priests and people. Father Dominick, with Mullen and his family, escaping the clutches of Crosby and his minions, fled at night whither they knew not, but, as fate directed toward the waters of the Finn. Erecting a small cabin at the base of Croghan Mountain, and on lands over which Crosby had no jurisdiction, they made themselves a home. The place was sparsely and thinly settled at the time for almost all the inhabitants had fled to the West to escape the dreadful persecution waged against them. The lord of the soil, who happened to be one of those rollicking blades who cared neither for religion nor politics, provided they did not interfere with his habits or taste, was glad to meet with one who would mind his fat bees and flocks that browsed on the banks of the Finn. So John Mullen became a shepherd and sort of servant to Mr. Ogelby, an